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FOR THE YEAR 1843-4.

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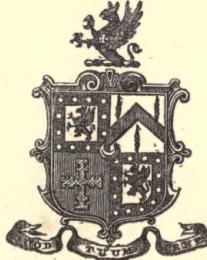
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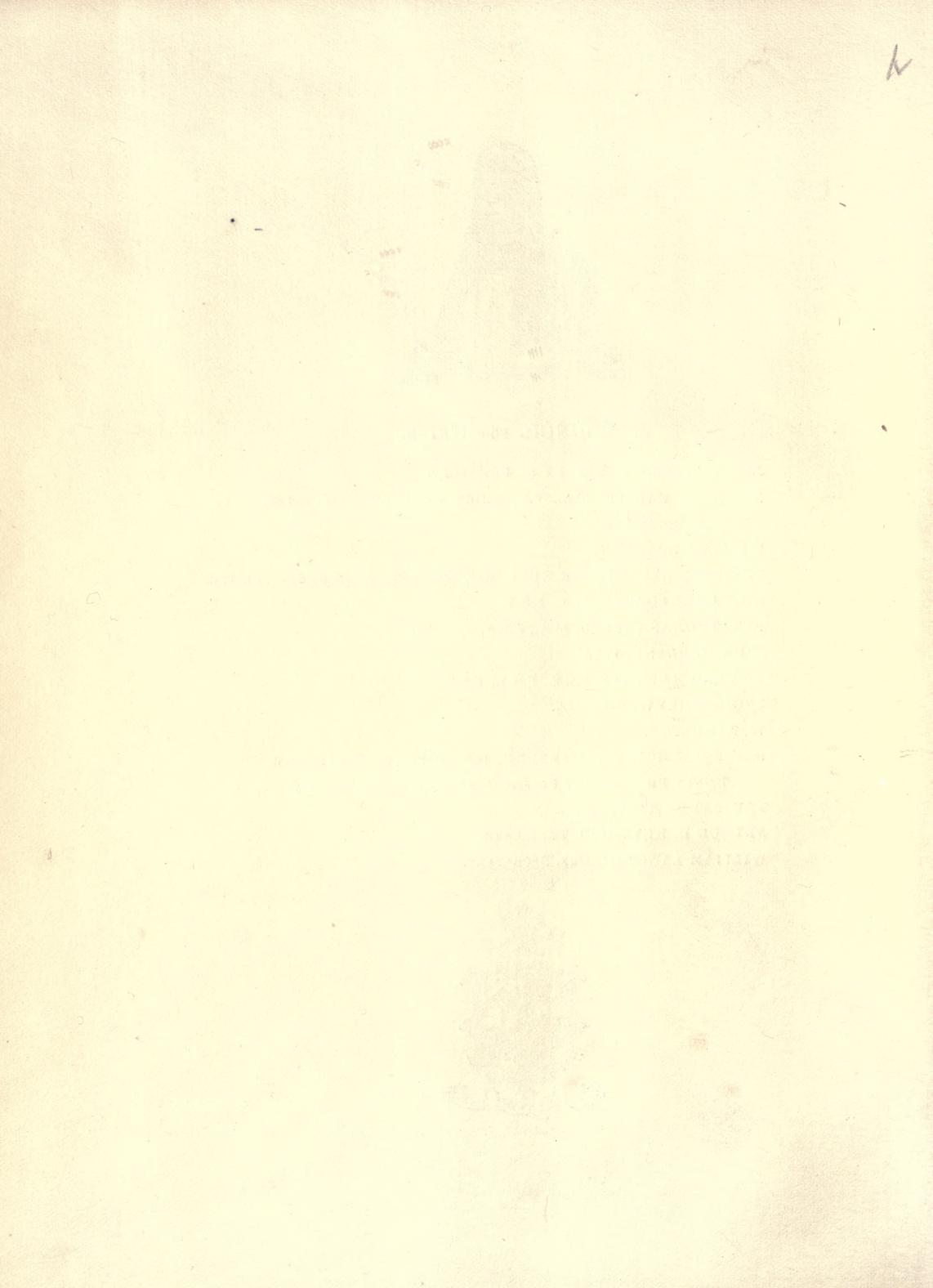
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# COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

## CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

# EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RURAL DEAN; RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND  
VICAR OF NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

## PART II.

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## COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

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### PART II.

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BASTARD, (THOMAS.) — Chrestoleros. Seven booke of Epigrams  
written by T. B.

Hunc nouere modum nostri seruare libelli  
Parcere personis: dicere de vitiis.

Sm. 8vo. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke for  
J. B. and are to be sold at her shop in Paules Church-yard  
at the signe of the Bible. 1598. pp. 190.

It was towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or at the beginning of that of James I., that the epigram in its familiar and satirical style became so great a favourite with our English writers, though it had been previously in use by Heywood and others in the reign of Henry VIII. But a multitude of writers now arose, who, adopting this low and familiar style, are many of them little more than mere doggrel versifiers; and were it not for the occasional notices, biographical or critical, which they contain of other contemporary writers, and of the manners and customs of the time which we may glean from them, they might well be allowed to remain in the obscurity which now attends them. Of this class were John Heath, Henry Parrot, Thomas Bancroft and others. And these effusions of Bastard, though not without some celebrity in his day, are perhaps more valuable for their notices of other contemporary literary and eminent characters of his time than for their poetical or epigrammatic merits. It must, however, be borne in mind that the wit and humour of much of the poetry of the period depend upon allusions which are now lost, but which were doubtless relished by the public before whom they were produced. The same remark

might even be applied to Shakespeare; many of his allusions being now apparently irrecoverable. Bastard's epigrams are dedicated, in prose, "To the Right Honourable Sir Charles Blount Knight Lord Mountjoy, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter;" the dedication concluding with an epigram to the same, signed "Your Honour's most affectionate Seruant Thomas Bastard." There are several other epigrams addressed to the same noble personage, by whom it appears that he was much patronised.

Bastard, according to Wood, was a native of Blandford in Dorsetshire, educated at Winchester, and afterwards at New College, Oxford, of which he was made actual Fellow in 1588, and B.A. in 1590; but having indulged his taste for satire by writing a severe attack upon some of the leading characters in Oxford, "who were guilty of amorous exploits," he lost his fellowship and was expelled from the University. He afterwards took orders, but does not appear to have obtained any immediate preferment; and being in poverty, he published his epigrams with a view of obtaining some pecuniary relief by the sale of the work, but without much success. On the accession of James I. to the English throne, he wrote a complimentary Latin poem to that monarch, which was printed in 1605. This probably brought him into notice, for he was soon after appointed chaplain to the Earl of Suffolk, by whose favour he was made vicar of Beer Regis and rector of Almer in Dorsetshire; but losing his faculties, or, as Wood says, "*being crazed*," and falling into a state of poverty and want, he was committed to prison at Dorchester for debt, and dying there, was buried on the 19th of April, 1618, in the churchyard of the parish of All Hallows in that place. He was thrice married, as we learn from an epigram of his own, and was considered to be an excellent classical scholar, and "*a quaint preacher*." Alluding to the objections that might be made to this kind of epigrammatic writing in one of his sacred profession, he says in the dedication, "If anie obiect to my calling this kinde of writing, in other things I woulde be glad to approve my studie to your good Lordshippe. These are the accomptes of my Idlenes. Yet herein I may seeme to haue done somthing worthy the price of labour, that I haue taught Epigrams to speake chastlie, besides I haue acquainted them with more grauitie of sence, and barring them of their olde libertie, not onelie forbidden them to be personall, but turned all their bitternesse rather into sharpnesse." And Sir John Harington makes an allusion to the same subject in an epigram addressed to Bastard in his collection:

Then let not envy stop thy vein of rhyme,  
 Nor let *thy function* make thee shamed of it ;  
 A poet is one step unto a prophet :  
     And such a step as 'tis no shame to climb.  
 You must in pulpit treat of matters serious,  
     As best beseems the person and the place :  
 There preach of Faith, Repentance, Hope and Grace,  
 Of Sacraments, and such high things mysterious,  
     That unto honest sports will grant no space ;  
 For these our minds refresh, when those weary us, &c.

\*           \*           \*           \*

Wherefore if any think such verse unreasonable,  
 Their stoic minds are foes to good society,  
     And men of reason may think them unreasonable.  
 It is an act of virtue and of piety  
     To warn us of our sins in any sort,  
     In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

There is little doubt that Bastard was well acquainted with the Greek anthology, and he acknowledges his obligations to Martial in his seventeenth epigram. With some classical taste and scholarship, he also possessed a certain amount of wit and humour, but seems never to have forgotten his sacred profession in the exercise of these faculties. He was much esteemed by his contemporaries, and had many friends among the poets and literary characters of his time. Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 270, says of him, that “he was endowed with many rare accomplishments, and was excellently skilled in Greek, Latin and poetry, and was much courted by ingenious men. He was a most excellent epigrammatist, and was always ready to versify on any subject, as his compositions proved.”

The subjoined epigram on this poet, entitled *A Bastard Poetist*, is taken from a MS. Miscellany temp. James I., and although of not the slightest poetical merit, is curious as exhibiting the feeling against him for having, as it was considered, disgraced his clerical character by becoming an epigrammatist :

Oh ! shame to you, the holie spouse of Christ,  
 The new-found clericall epigrammatist,  
 Who so debas't powere given by God  
 Shall taste the bitternesse of Satan's rod,  
 And by his ink-horne sowe the seedes  
 Of punishment for wicked deedes.

Bastard makes frequent allusions to his poverty and misfortunes, as contrasted with his former more prosperous and happy state ; and such painful reflections no doubt gave occasion to the following epigram among others of a similar kind :

*Epigr. 2.*

When I was sweetly sotted with delight  
 Each trifling cause could moue me to indite  
 A little praise would stirre me in such wise,  
 My thirst all Helycon could scarse suffice.  
 My pen was like a bowe which still is bent,  
 My head was like a barrell wanting vent,  
 Then had you toucht me, you had felt the smart,  
 What fury might, requiring helpe of art,  
 And then I thought my iudgements ayme so cleere  
 That I would hitt you right, or misse you neere,  
 But nowe left naked of prosperitie,  
 And subiect unto bitter iniurie :  
 So poore of sense, so bare of wit I am,  
 Not neede herselfe can drive an Epigram,  
 Yet neede is mistresse of all exercise  
 And she all thriuing arts did first devise.  
 But should I thriue or prosper in that state,  
 Where she is my commandresse whome I hate ?  
 For of a key-colde witt what would ye haue ?  
 He which is once a wretch, is thrise a slae.

The following, near the end of the book, appears also to allude to some calamity that had happened to him ; most probably his expulsion from the University :

*Llib. 7. Epigr. 37.*

Such was my griefe upun my fattall fall,  
 That all the world me thought was darke withall,  
 And yet I was deceived as I knowe,  
 For when I prou'de I found it nothing so.  
 I shew'de the Sunn my lamentable sore,  
 The Sunne did see and shined as before.  
 Then to the Moone did I reueale my plight,  
 She did deminish nothing of her light.  
 Then to the stars I went and lett them see,  
 No not a starre would shine the lesse for me.  
 Go wretched man, thou seest thou art forlorne,  
 Thou seest the heauēs laugh while thou dost mourn.

There is little doubt that these epigrams were published to assist in relieving his present wants, but apparently with not much hope of success, if we may judge from the subjoined epigram :

*Lib. 1. Epigr. 21. De Typographo.*

The Printer when I askt a little summe  
 Huckt with me for my booke, and came not nere.  
 Ne could my reason or perswasion  
 Moue him a whit ; though al things now were deere,  
 Hath my concept no helpe to set it forth ?  
 Are all things deere, and is wit nothing worth ?

He alludes to this subject again in

*Lib. 6. Epigr. 28 ad Lectorem.*

Reader thou think'st that Epigrams be rife,  
 Because by hundreds they are flocking here.  
 I reade an hundred pamphlets : for my life  
 Could I finde matter for two verses there ?  
 Two hundred ballets yeelded me no more,  
 Besides barraine reading and conference.  
 Besides whole legends of the rustic store  
 Of stories and whole volumes voyde of sense.  
 And yet the Printer thinkes that he shall leese,  
 Which buyes my Epigrams at pence a peece.

There are epigrams in this collection addressed to the following English poets : Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Wotton, John Davies, John Heywood, Richard Eedes, Samuel Daniel, &c. We quote those on Sir Philip Sidney and Daniel :

*Lib. 1. Epigr. 11 de Philippo Sidneo.*

When nature wrought upon her mould so well,  
 That nature wondred her owne worke to see,  
 When art so labourde nature to excell,  
 And both had spent their excellency in thee.  
 Willing they gaue the into fortunes hande  
 Fearing they could not ende what they beganne.

*Lib. 6. Epigr. 16 ad Samuelem Danielem.*

Daniell, beside the subiect of thy verse,  
 With thy rich vaine and stile adorned so,  
 Besides that sweetnes with which I confesse  
 Thou in thy proper kinde dost ouerflowe.

Me thinkes thou steal'st my Epigrams away,  
And this small glory for which now I waite.  
For reading thee me thinks thus would I say  
This hitts my vaine, this had beene my conceipt.  
But when I come my selfe to doe the like,  
Then pardon me, for I am farre to secke.

There are others also addressed to Queen Elizabeth, Lord Mountjoy his patron, Walter Devereux Earl of Essex, Archbishop Whitgift, the two Universities, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Francis Walsingham, Dr. John Reynolds, Lord Keeper Egerton, Thomas Strangeways, Esq., &c. &c. There is a curious epigram, lib. iii. epig. 17, “On Bankes horse;” and the following on another celebrated character of the day, Tarlton the jester:

*Lib. 6. Epigr. 39 De Richardo Tharltono.*  
Who taught me pleasant follies, can you tell?  
I was not taught and yet I did excell.  
'Tis hard to learn without a president,  
'Tis harder still to make folly excellent.  
I sawe, yet had no light to guide mine eyes,  
I was extol'd for that which all despise.

As examples more particularly of the author's satirical wit and humour, the reader may be pleased with the two epigrams annexed:

*Lib. 5. Epigr. 4. In Getam.*  
*Gæta* from wooll and weauing first beganne,  
Swelling and swelling to a gentleman.  
When he was gentleman and bravely dight  
He left not swelling till he was a knight.  
At last (forgetting what he was at furst),  
He swole to be a Lord: — and then he burst.

*Lib. 5. Epig. 21. In Gillorem.*  
You which haue sorrows hidden bottom sounded,  
And felt the ground of teares and bitter moane,  
You may conceiue how *Gilloes* heart is wounded,  
And iudge of his deepe feeling by your owne:  
His toothlesse wife, when she was left for dead,  
When graue and all was made, recouered.

Besides the present work, Bastard was a contributor to several other publications, viz., a poem in Coriate's *Odcombrian Banquet*, 1611; a Latin poem in *Ph. Sydnæi Peplus*, by Alex. Nevill, 1587; a copy of Latin verses “In

laudem Annæ Comitisæ Oxoniensis Carmen," among the Lansdown MSS., No. 104; and is supposed to be the author of the complimentary verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Whole Woorkes*, 4to, 1575, signed T. B. He likewise wrote, as we have mentioned, a Latin poem of congratulation on the accession of King James I., 4to, 1605, and two volumes of Sermons, 4to 1615.

Bastard was frequently noticed by his contemporaries; amongst others, by John Heath, who has an epigram upon him in his *Two Centuries of Epigrams*, Lond. 1610. There is another in the second book of *Witty Epigrams*, by Sir John Harington, addressed "To Master Bastard, a minister, that made a pleasant Book of English Epigrams," from which we have already quoted, and which is given at length in the *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 26, and another in the same collection, No. 84, "To Master Bastard, taxing him of Flattery." John Davies of Hereford, addressed an epigram to him of eight and thirty lines in his *Scourge of Folly*, 1611. See *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 19. S. Sheppard also in his *Poems*, 8vo, 1651, took occasion to compliment him, that "amongst us here in England none in our native tongue (some pidlers excepted), save Bastard and Harington, have divulged ought worthy notice. The first of these deserved the laurell, but the last, both crowning and anoynting." He is likewise alluded to in a very rare work called *The Whipping of the Satire*, 8vo, 1601, the author of which is not known. These epigrams are mentioned with commendation in William Goddard's *Mastif Whelp*, 4to, n.d., in the eighty-first satire, and in H. Parrot's *Springes for Woodcocks*, lib. i. epig. 118, and Mere's *Palladis Tamia*, p. 629. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 398; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 126; Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 227; *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 123; Collier's *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 199, and vol. ii. pp. 108, 120, 254, and his *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 24; and Rose's *New Gen. Biog. Dict.* vol. iii. p. 336.

Copies of this exceedingly rare work sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 529, for 10*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's, pt. i. No. 450, for 15*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; and in the White Knights, pt. i. No. 312, for 17*l.* 17*s.*

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A, four leaves; B to N 4, in eights.

The present was Steevens's copy.

Bound by Hayday in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

BASTARD, (THOMAS.) — Chrestoleros. Seuen Bookes of Epigrames written by T. B.

Hunc nouere modum nostri seruare libelli  
Parcere personis ; dicere de viitiis.

Sm. 8vo. Imprinted at London, by Richard Bradocke for I. B., and are to be sold, &c. 1598. Reprinted at the Beldornie Press by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCXLII.

A reprint of Bastard's work from the private press of the late Edw. V. Utterson Esq. at Beldornie in the Isle of Wight, limited to sixteen copies only. It is elegantly printed, and contains an editorial notice at the end.

The present copy was the one selected by Mr. Utterson himself.  
Bound by Charles Lewis in Green Morocco, with crimson leather joints and linings, gilt leaves.

B.[AXTER], N.[ATHANIEL]. Sir Philip Sydneys Ourania. That is, Endimions Song and Tragedie, containing all Philosophie. Written by N. B. 4to London, Printed by Ed. Allde. for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Saint Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1606.

Mr. Hunter has very satisfactorily shown, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 355, that *Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania* must no longer be ascribed on the strength of the initials N. B. (as some other works have been with no better foundation) to the prolific pen of Nicholas Breton, but was in reality written by the Rev. Nathaniel Baxter, a clergyman, Incumbent of Troy, the author of some works on divinity, who had been the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney, and whose poetical name was Endymion. The tract contains some interesting particulars of the author's own personal history, and his name is so evidently alluded to in the introductory portion, that it is somewhat singular it was not noticed earlier by some of our bibliographical writers. The poem is dedicated in a double sonnet "To his ever-honored Lady and Mistris Arcadian Cynthia, Maria Pem-brokiana," in which, under the names of Astrophil and Cynthia, Sir Philip

Sidney and his sister the Countess of Pembroke are figured; and speaking of some detractor of his, he says:

*Baxtero Mastix* may disparage mee  
That I dare make thee subiect of my pen:

and again:

But if perchaunce great *Astrophill* thou see  
And Fates with-holde thee from *Endymion*:  
He humbly sues that hee released be  
Of arrogancy, and presumption,  
That he without his knights iunition  
Should dedicate vnto thy princely Shrine,  
The treasurie, and hidden function  
Of *Jehouahs* Hexameron diuine.

After this is a metrical epistle "To the Right Honourable and vertuous Ladies the La. Katherine Countesse of Huntington: the Ladie Mary Countesse of Pembrooke: the Ladies Susan Countesse of Mongomria: and the Lady Barbara Viscountes Lisle, wife to the noble Knight Sir Robert Sidney Viscount Lisle." In this he alludes to John Lylly's tract of *Pappe with a Hatchet* and Drayton's poem of *The Owle*, then recently printed; and speaks of himself as if advanced in years, and living in retirement in the country:

The greatest Clearks of yore to trie their wit,  
Made foolishnesse the subiect of their Pen,  
And for their pleasures others thought it fit  
To proue that Baldnesse best becommeth men.  
And euerie Stationer hath now to sale,  
*Pappe with a Hatchet*, and Madge Howlets tale.

And now comes creeping old *Endymion*,  
Leauing Mysteries Theologicall,  
Scarce worth the rotten earth he treadeth on,  
And tells strange Tales Philosophicall,  
Anatomizing th' uniuersall round,  
And whatsoeuer may therein be found.

He pipeth on his homely Countrey Reed,  
Made of an olde *Aristotelian* Quill,  
He kens no Crochets of contentious breed.

&c. &c. &c.

Then follow some acrostic lines addressed "To the Right Noble and Honorable Lady Susan Vera Mongomriana" on the motto "Vera nihil verius Susanna nihil castius," and four Sonnets "To the Honourable La. Kalandra, the noble D. Hastings," "To the vertuous Ladie M. Agape Wrotha," "To the right vertuous young La. K. Musophila Mansella," and "To the Right Worshipfull and vertuous Lady the Lady Anne Daniell wife to the Right Worshipfull Sir William Daniell Knight, one of his Majesties Iustices of the Common-Pleas," each signed N. B. The *Ourania*, which is a philosophical poem treating of the universe, "and whatsoever may therein be found," is written in heroic rhyming couplets, and is preceded by a poem in seven-line stanzas, which contains some highly pleasing lines, and as it includes also some allusion to the author, may here in part be properly quoted :

It greeues my heart to se the gentle Swayne  
That kept his tender Lambes on *Ida* Mount :  
And brought them downe againe into the plaine,  
To take their pleasure by the siluered Fount,  
Folding them all, and taking iust account,  
Least one of them by carelesse ouersight  
Should wandring perish in the darke-some night.

It greeues my heart (I say) to heare his moane,  
Fast by the walles of *Troy* where once he dwelt :  
With wringing hands and many a greeuous groane,  
He did expresse the miseries he felt.  
A heart of flint I thinke would surely melt,  
To see a gentle Shepheard thus cast downe,  
By Enuies practise and great *Cynthyas* frowne.

\* \* \* \* \*

In *Troy* Towne scituate in *Cambria*,  
There dwelt this Shepheard of a gentle race :  
Neer fronting vpon great *Mongomria*,  
Where Princely *Arthur* kept his courtly place,  
Guiding great *Albion* with his golden Mace,  
Where Knights and Ladies clad in princely weeds,  
Shew'd testimonie of their worthy deeds.

There did this gentle Shepheard feed his flocke :  
There tuned hee his well contruyued Reede :  
Sitting on top of highest *Ida* rocke,  
Suffring his tender Lambes meane while to feede,  
Whiles he, clad in his homely Countrey weede,

Sang Madrigals and Stanzies of great worth,  
And descended to bring his Musicke forth.

Well could he sing diuine and sacred layes,  
With blessed notes as Poets did record,  
In siluered lines painting high *Jouahs* praise,  
And eke the death of Christians dying Lord.  
Such Musicke did he oft his flocke afford,  
As made them leue their foode to listen well,  
As if they were inchaunted with the spell.

*Satyrs* and *Syluans* at the harmonie  
Sometime came darting from the darkesome Groue,  
Approouing oft the chaunting melodie,  
And with their harsh and rurall voyces stroue,  
To sound the praises of celestiall *Loue* ;  
But when their Pipes and voyces disagreed,  
They held their peace and cast away their reed.

Sometimes he made the Rocks for to rebound  
With *Echo* of his Notes ; sometime the dales,  
And woods, and springs, to yeld a burbling sound,  
As beaten with reflexe of Madrigales :  
*Sibillas* Oracles, and prophets tales :  
Which shew the way to immortalitie,  
In perfect Hymnes of true diuinicie.

The author then enters on a long and beautiful description of Cynthia and her attendant ladies (already mentioned in the dedications), and thus addresses that celebrated person :

Renowned *Cynthia* glorie of thy Sexe,  
For learning had in admiration :  
The shine of whose illustrious reflexe  
May dazzle wits of high inuention :  
Diuine Mistresse of Elocution,  
Pardon poore Shepheards rude, and worthlesse Rymes,  
Not such as were the Layes of olderne Tymes.

Rare is thy skill, in mightie Poesie :  
Whom Poets Laureat crowne, with lasting Bayes,  
In Songs of neuer dying Memorie,  
Such as great *Homer* sung in former dayes :  
When he with Hymnes, did chaste *Cassandra* praise.  
O let me liue, I pray thee, on this Hill,  
And tune in Country sort my crazed Quill.

She engages to become his patroness, and encourages him to undertake some higher strain, "and sacred Notes, mongst learned men to chaunt." This he obediently consents to do, and "encouraged by Musophila, the Lady Bride, and Bride of happy choyce," he enters on the subiect of his *Ourania*,

A Subject fit for *Sydney's* eloquence,  
High *Chaucers* vain, and *Spencers* influence.

The poem embraces every subject connected with the present world from its first creation, the planets and elements, the seasons, earthquakes, thunder, rain, flowers, herbs, trees, beasts, insects, birds, fishes, minerals and precious metals, man, the soul immortal, and lastly the creation of woman. In his account of the silkworm, he confirms the truth of Thomas Moffat or Muffet being the author of the poem of *The Silkewormes and their Flies: by T. M. a Countrie Farmer, and an Apprentice in Physicke.* 4to 1599. Also dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke :

All princely Ladies celebrate her fame,  
Shining in glorie of the Silke-wormes frame.  
This might abate the glorie of humane pride,  
Since a poore Silke-worme hath it magnified.  
Why boastest thou thy shining Satten Sute?  
Is't not a part of the Caterpillars mute?  
Her forme, her life, her foode, her worke, her end,  
By Doctor *Muffet* is eloquently pen'd,

*Doct. Muffet's  
Booke of the  
Silke-worme.*

And in his description of *The Owl*, he again notices Drayton's poem :

Michael Drai-	Learned <i>Drayton</i> hath told Madge-howlets tale,
ton's Owle.	In couert verse of sweetest Madrigale.

The song birds of our woods and groves, which delight us so much in the spring, are thus pleasingly mentioned :

Furthermore in blessed *Tellus* coate,  
Are framed Birds, of sweet and pleasing Noate.  
Long liuing Ouzle, little chaunting Thrush,  
Singing on tops of trees, and highest bush ;  
Delighting passengers with Melodie,  
Varying their tunes so curiously,  
That Shepheards wonder how so diuers Noates  
Should couched be within such little throates.

But 'tis an admirable speculation,  
 To heare the delectable variation,  
 Of sweetest Noates, with stops vnmutable,  
 With loftie streynes, Musicke inestimable,  
 Of little *Philomela*, sacred Nightingall,  
*Phœbes* Phoenix, Organist-imperiall.  
 Let no Musitian with her voice compare,  
 No voice so sweete, so exquisite and rare.

The following is a curious notice of Tarlton, the celebrated comic performer :

But tell me, is not this a golden age  
 When Rascalls ride in Golden Equipage  
 With Princely Lords and men of highest blood,  
 As *Tarlton* clad in *Cæsars* goulden Hood ?

At the end of the poem are several other seven-line stanzas (thirty-nine), which open thus :

With that, *Endymion* cast his eyes aside,  
 And saw a gentle Knight come pricking on,  
 Swift was his pace, and knightlie did he ride,  
 Bending his race towards *Endymion*.  
 A stately Knight he was to looke vpon,  
 Complete his armes in rich caparison,  
 His horse like *Pegasus*, and he *Belerophon*.

This was the noble Astrophil, the shade of the gentle Sir Philip Sidney, then dead :

He rein'd his Steed, and lightly downe discended,  
 And with a Courtly disposition  
 Lift vp his Beuer, whereby every one  
 Knew him to be the mightie *Astrophill*,  
 Whose prayse is paynted with an Angels quill.

Prince of all Poets in *Acadia*,  
 Magnanimous of euerlasting Fame,  
 Of chiefe regard with famous *Cynthia*,  
*Appollo* parted with him halfe his name,  
 And gave him skill darke ignorance to tame,  
*Appollo* twined with his learned hand  
 The Lawrell Crowne, which on his head doth stand.

But when my *Cynthia* knew 'twas *Astrophill*,  
 She ranne to claspe him in her daintie armes,  
 But out, alas ! it passed mortall skill :  
 Inchaunted was the Knight with sacred Charmes.  
 His bodie dead of yore, the more our harmes.  
 O noble *Drayton* well didst thou rehearse  
 Our damages in dryrie Sable verse.

Drayton vpon  
the death of  
S. P. S.

The shepherd Endymion inquires if he were Astrophil :

Shepheard (quoth he) I am, and am not hee,  
 I am not perfect *Astrophill*, but part,  
 The shade which now appeareth vnto thee  
 Is substance spirituall fram'd by Arte :  
 What mortall was, is slaine by deadly Dart  
 Of *Thanatos*, corrupt, consum'd to dust :  
 Such is the end of all this worldly lust.

But what art thou that sitst among the bayes ?  
 Vnfold to me for I must needes be gone.  
 I was reader (quoth he) in former daies  
 Vnto great *Astrophill*, but now am one,  
 Stripped, and naked, destitute, alone.  
 Naught but my Greekish pipe and staffe have I  
 To keepe my Lambs and me in miserie.

Art thou (quoth he) my Tutor Tergaster ?  
 He answered, yea : such was my happie chaunce.  
 I grieue (quoth *Astrophill*) at thy disaster :  
 But fates denie me learning to aduaunce.  
 Yet *Cynthia* shall afford thee maintenance.  
 My dearest Sister, keepe my Tutor well,  
 For in his element he doth excell.

In this latter stanza we have another proof, as Mr. Hunter has remarked, of the name of the author of this poem, and "are at no loss to understand the propriety of the name *Tergaster*, which Sir Philip Sidney appears sportively to have given to his tutor, that is *Back-ster* or *Baxter*. The volume concludes with two sets of six-line stanzas, the first addressed "To the right Worshipfull Sir John Smith of Olde-Hunger Knight, a worthie fauoures of learning;" and the other "To my Worshipful friend John Stone Esquire, Counsellor at the Law, and Secondarie of the Counter in Woodstreet London."

This volume, so interesting in itself and remarkable also as adding

another name to the long list of our Elizabethan Poets, is rare, and excepting the very important notice of Mr. Hunter as to its author, has not, that we are aware of, been previously described. *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 180, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes, pt. i. No. 550, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Bright, No. 390. 2*l.* 5*s.*; Inglis, No. 300, 2*l.* 6*s.*; Bindley, pt. iii. No. 2027, 3*l.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 602\*, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Midgley, No. 91, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 39, 7*l.* Another edition, printed for Jane Bell, was published in 1655. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* pt. 40. Its contents are the same with the present impression.

Collation : Sig. A to N 4, in fours. pp. 104.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BAXTER, (RICHARD).**—Poetical Fragments : Heart Implyment with God and It-self. The Concordant Discord of a Broken healed Heart. Sorrowing-rejoicing, fearing-hoping, dying-living. Written partly for himself, and partly for near Friends in Sickness, and other deep Affliction. By Richard Baxter.

Ephes. 5, 19. Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your hearts to the Lord.

2 Corinth. 5, 4. For we that are in this Tabernacle do GROAN, being burdened.

Læta ferè lætus cecini : Cano tristia tristis.

Published for the use of the Afflicted. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed by T. Snowden for B. Simmons at the 3 Golden Cocks at the West end of St. Pauls. 1681. pp. 152.

Many of our most eminent divines, like Baxter, recreated themselves in the society of the muses in the early period of their lives, and like him also afterwards abandoned their company for more severe and laborious pursuits. We believe the present volume to be the only poetical work published by Baxter, and although not issued from the press till he had arrived at his sixty-sixth year, yet it was composed much earlier. In "The Epistle to the Reader," which follows the title-page, Baxter apologises for having been

addicted to the passion of poetry, and acquits his friends from all the guilt of the publication of these *Fragments*. "But as they were mostly written in various Passions, so Passion hath now thrust them out into the world." The first poem was intended as a historical commemoration of all the noble passages in his life, and had it been completed would have filled a volume larger than the present, but was left unfinished. Having lost his wife, the companion of the last nineteen years of his life, whose sorrows and sufferings had given birth to some of the poems, grief for her removal and the revived sense of the past, seem to have prevailed with him for their publication. In this address he praises Cowley, Woodford's *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, Mrs. Katharine Philips, George Wither, Quarles, Sylvester, Davies's *Nosce te ipsum*, but especially George Herbert and George Sandys. He says:

I know that Cowley and others far exceed Herbert in Witt and accurate composure. But Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this World is most with God. Heart-work and Heauen-work make up his Books. And Du Bartas is seriously divine. And Geo: Sandys'

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

His Scripture Poems are an elegant and excellent Paraphrase, but especially his *Job*, whom he hath restored to its original Glory. O that he had turned the Psalms into Metre fitted to the several Tunes! It did me good when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Boxley-Abby in Kent: to see upon the old Stone Wall in the Garden, a Summer-house with this Inscription in great Golden Letters, that *in that place Mr. G. Sandys, after his Travels over the World, retired himself for his Poetry and Contemplations.*

The following quotation is taken from the second part of the first poem entitled "Love breathing Thanks and Praise:"

O that my time had all been better spent,  
And that my early thoughts had all been bent  
In preparation for the Life to come!  
That now I might have gone as to my home!  
And taken up my dwelling with the blest!  
And past to everlasting Joy and Rest!  
O that the pleasures of my sports and toyes,  
Had all been turn'd to man-like holy Joyes!  
And those Delights which Vanities engrost,  
And spent on fleshly Lusts, were worse than lost,  
Had all been sweet Rejoycings in the Lord!  
And in his holy Service and his word!

O that I could my wasted Time call back,  
 Which now my Soul for greater works doth lack ;  
 What would I give now for those precious daies,  
 Which once run out in pleasures and delaies ?  
 O had I liv'd a strict and holy Life,  
 Though under hatred and malicious strife !  
 Though Men's and Devil's fury I had born,  
 And been the world's reproach, contempt and scorn !  
 Then welcome Death would but have quencht my thirst,  
 And bid the envious world now do their worst.  
 Their malice would but to my Joyes accrew,  
 And well-spent Time be sweet to my review.

This poem, or fragment of a poem, which is divided into three parts, concludes with a brief notice from the author respecting its unfinished state :

Cætera desunt, præsunt, adsunt.

I purposed to have recited the most notable mercies of my Life, in continuing this Hymn of Thanksgiving to my gracious God; but the quality of the Subject, and the age's Impatience stopt me here, and I could go no further, and my painful and spiritless Age is now unfit for Poetry : And the matter is so large, as would have made the Volume big.

Baxter seems to have taken Herbert for his model; but though he has less conceit he has nothing equal to the finer specimens of his master. Granger says of Baxter that he was celebrated "for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other nonconformist of his age." See a long article on these *Fragments* by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 185. See also Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* vol. v. p. 81, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 66, where the present copy is priced 3*l.* 3*s.*

In the original Brown Calf binding.

**BAXTER, (RICHARD.)** — Poetical Fragments : Heart-Implishment with God and It Self. The Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart &c. &c. [As before.] The Third Edition. Sm. 8vo. London : Printed for Tho. Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside, near Mercers Chappel. 1699. pp. 170.

This third edition corresponds in its contents up to p. 100 exactly with

the preceding, except in not having a table of "The Contents." But at the end of the 100th page there is a Supplement to the *Poetical Fragments*, with a fresh title :

Additions to the Poetical Fragments of Ri. Baxter. Written for himself, and communicated to such as are more for serious verse than smooth. The Contents. I. Grace, p. 105. II. Wisdom, 118. III. Madness, 122. IV. Hypocrisie, 128. V. Man, 138. VI. The Exit, 148. VII. The Valediction, 153. London Printed for Tho. Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, at the lower end of Cheapside near Mercers Chappel. 1700.

We insert a few stanzas from this part, selected from the Exit, p. 148, as an example of Baxter's serious verse, with which our extracts shall conclude :

*VI. The Exit.*

My Soul go boldly forth  
Forsake this sinful Earth,  
What hath it been to thee  
    But Pain and Sorrow :  
And thinkest thou it will be  
    Better to Morrow ?

Leave not this Darksom Womb  
Nor yet a Gilded Tomb,  
Though on it written be  
    Mortal Mens Story :  
Look up by Faith, and see  
    Sure Joyful Glory.

Why art thou for delay ?  
Thou cam'st not here to stay ;  
What tak'st thou for thy part  
    But Heav'nly pleasure :  
Where then should be thy Heart  
    But where's thy Treasure ?

Here Life is but a Spark,  
Scarce shining in the Dark,  
Life is the Element there,  
    Which Souls reside in ;  
Much like as Air is here  
    Which we abide in.

Thy God, thy Head's above :  
There is the World of Love ;  
Mansions there purchas'd are  
    By Christ's own Merit,  
For these he doth prepare  
    Thee by his Spirit.

Look up towards Heav'n, and see  
How vast those Regions be,  
Where Blessed Spirits dwell,  
    How Pure and Lightful !  
But Earth is near to Hell,  
    How Dark and Frightful.

Here Life doth strive with Death  
To lengthen Mortals Breath ;  
Till one short Race be run,  
    Which would be ended,  
When it is but begun  
    If not defended.

We have never seen a copy of the second edition, and are ignorant of the

date of its publication. Lowndes does not notice either of the later impressions. The work was reprinted in 1821. 12mo.

Bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

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BEAUMONT, (FRANCIS.) — Poems: by Francis Beaumont, Gent. Viz. The Hermaphrodite. The Remedio of Love. Elegies. Sonnets, with other Poems. 1640. 4to. London, Printed by Richard Hodgkinson for W. W. and Laurence Blaikelock, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sugar Loafe next Temple Bar in Fleet-street. 1640.

Although collected and printed by Laurence Blaikelocke the publisher as the works of Francis Beaumont, who had now been dead above twenty-four years, having died in 1616, it is somewhat doubtful how many of these poems belong to this writer, when all those that have been claimed by others have been assigned to their proper owners. Even the first poem in the collection, The Hermaphrodite, is claimed by John Cleveland as a joint performance between himself and Randolph, as the reader may see in Beaumont and Fletcher's works, in ten vols. 1750, p. 8. It appears also from the *Bridgew. Catal.* p. 27, according to the evidence of Henry Lawes the composer, by whom they were set to music, that two of the other poems, "A Charme," commencing "Sleepe, old man, let silence charme thee," and "Love's Freedome," beginning "Why should man be only ty'd," were written by Henry Harrington. Others were written by Bishop King, Randolph, &c. It includes also Bishop Earle's Elegy upon Beaumont; and the last piece, "A Sonnet," commencing

Like a Ring without a Finger,  
Or a Bell without a Ringer,  
Like a Horse was never ridden,  
Or a Feast, and no Guest bidden, &c.

is not generally attributed to Beaumont. So that although printed in Beaumont's name it is little more than a farrago of poems collected together by the publisher, who dedicates the volume in verse "To the worshipfull Robert Duccie of Aston in the county of Stafford Esq., sonne to Sir Robert Duccie Knight and Baronet deceased," and says of it :

Were these but worthlesse Poems or light Rimes  
 Writ by some common scribler of the times,  
 Without your leave I durst not then ingage  
 You, to ennable 'm by your patronage ;  
 But these though Orphans, and left fatherlesse,  
 Their rich indowments show they doe possesse  
 A Father's blessing : whom the fates thought fit  
 To make the Master of a mine of wit :  
 Whose ravishing conceits doe towre so high  
 As if his quill had dropt from *Mercury*, &c.

After these are lines "To the true Patronesse of all Poetrie, Calliope," signed F. B.; and verses in praise of the author by W. B., J. B. and J. F. and ten lines, "The Author to the Reader."

The first poem, from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iv. v. 347, "Salmaces and Hermaphroditus; Or, The Hermaphrodite," which was the only one in the volume that appeared in Beaumont's life-time, was first printed in 1602, 4to, and is written with considerable elegance and poetical fancy, but in too warm and licentious a spirit, which, had he lived longer, might have been corrected. We give one short specimen from these poems, entitled

*True Beauty.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| May I finde a woman faire,<br>And her minde as cleare as ayre,<br>If her beauty goe alone,<br>'Tis to me as if 'twere none.               | May I finde a woman wise,<br>And her falsehood not disguise,<br>Hath she wit, as she hath will,<br>Double arm'd she is to ill.              |
| May I finde a woman rich,<br>And not of too high a pitch :<br>If that pride should cause disdaine,<br>Tell me, Lover, where's thy gaine ? | May I finde a woman kinde,<br>And not wavering like the winde :<br>How should I call that Love mine,<br>When 'tis his, and his, and thine ? |
| May I finde a woman true,<br>There is Beauties fairest hue :<br>There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,<br>Happy he can compasse it.              |   |

Beaumont was the third son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and brother of Sir John Beaumont, and was born at Grace-Dieu in Leicestershire in 1586. He entered at Broadgate Hall in Oxford at the early age of twelve years; and after studying there for a time, went from thence to the Inner Temple, where he devoted himself chiefly to dramatic pursuits and to poetry, his first play, in conjunction with Fletcher, having been acted in his twenty-first year. He

married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was living at a great age in Leicestershire, as a pensioner of the Ormond family, in 1700. She is said to have possessed several manuscript poems of her father, which were lost on her voyage from Ireland. He died in 1616, in his thirtieth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 437; *Biogr. Brit.* vol. i. p. 623; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 26; Campbell's *Lives of the Poets*, p. 181; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 26. These poems are reprinted in Chalmers's collection, and in Weber's edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis, in Olive Calf extra, gilt leaves.

**BEAUMONT, (FRANCIS.)** — Poems: by Francis Beaumont, Gent. Viz. The Hermaphrodite. The Remedy of Love. Elegies. Sonnets, with other Poems. 8vo. London, Printed for William Hope, at the signe of the blew Anchor on the North-side of the Old Exchange. 1653.

In the present reprint of the poems of Beaumont, besides those which were contained in the former volume, there are many additions made, not only of poems composed by Beaumont himself, but by other contemporary writers. The metrical dedication by Blaikelocke before addressed to Robert Ducie, is here presented “To the Right Worshipfull the worthily honoured Robert Parkhurst Esq.” The other complimentary lines are the same, but after those entitled “The Author to the Reader,” are lines “To Mr. Francis Beaumont (then living)” by Ben Jonson and others, “Vpon M. Fletchers Incomparable Plaies” by Rob. Herrick; “To the Memory of the incomparable Paire of Authors, Beaumont and Fletcher;” and “On the happy Collection of their Works” by I. Berkenhead. The lines on Beaumont’s death, and Bishop Earle’s Elegy are omitted from the place they occupied before, and put in another part of the volume. After the verses,

Like a Ring without a Finger  
Or a Bell without a Ringer,” &c.,

the remainder, embracing the larger half of the book, is filled with entirely new matter. This consists of various short poems: “A Description of

Love;"<sup>1</sup> "A Funeral Elegie on the Death of the Lady Penelope Clifton;" "The examination of his Mistris Perfections;" "The Hermaphrodite made after M. Beaumonts Death by Thomas Randolph M.A. Sometime Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge;" "Upon the Hermaphrodite, written since by Mr. J. Cleveland;" "To the Mutable Faire;" "Of Loving at first sight;" "The Antiplatonick;" two "Songs;" "An Elegy," also found in Randolph's poems, p. 68; "Upon Mr. Charles Beaumont, who died of a Consumption;" and some other pieces. Then occurs "A Maske of the Gentlemen of Graies Inne, and the Inner Temple, by Mr. Francis Beaumont." This was composed by Beaumont alone, and was presented before the king and queen at Whitehall on the occasion of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and Frederick Prince Palatine of the Rhine. It is reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James I.* vol. ii. p. 591.

The Masque is succeeded by a large collection of "Prologues, Epilogues, and Songs to severall Plaies, by Mr. Francis Beaumont and Fletcher," occupying fifty-two pages. At the end of these are some additional poems: "The Honest Man's Fortune;" "Mr. Francis Beaumonts Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Mr. Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." Then the lines on Beaumont's Death and Bishop Earle's Elegy, other Epitaphs on Shakespeare, Ben Jonson (two), Edmund Spencer, Michael Drayton, and "On the Tombes in Westminster." There is then introduced the well-known piece by Meriton, "The Ex-Ale-tation of Ale;" some poems on the Praise of Sack and the Triumph of Tobacco; and the volume concludes with some lines on "The praises of a Country Life."

This edition, like the former, was published by Blaikelocke, whose name appears on the imprint in some of the copies, but why it was not publicly stated in the title that it contained poems by other hands than Beaumont's, we are at a loss to conceive. So carelessly and inattentively did the editor perform his work that, besides admitting pieces not belonging to Beaumont, after the poem "A Description of Love" he has printed six lines only of the commencement of a poem called "The Shepherdesse," (published at length in the poems of his elder brother Sir

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<sup>1</sup> This is also inserted among the poems of his brother Sir John Beaumont, p. 99.

John Beaumont, p. 101,) and which are unintelligible here. Neither this nor the former edition were in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

Baron Bolland's copy. In the original binding.

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**BEAUMONT, (SIR JOHN, Bart.)**—*Bosworth-field : with a Taste of the Variety of other Poems, left by Sir John Beaumont, Baronet, deceased : Set forth by his Sonne, Sir John Beavmont, Baronet ; and dedicated to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie.* Sm. 8vo. London, Printed by Felix Kyngston for Henry Seile, and are to be sold at the Tygers Head in Saint Pauls Churchyard. 1629.

Sir John Beaumont Bart., whose poems are here posthumously published by his son, was born at the family seat of Grace-Dieu in 1582, and was the elder brother of the dramatist. He was admitted at the same time with his two brothers as a gentleman commoner at Broadgate Hall in Oxford in 1596, and after remaining there for three years, like his brother Francis, he entered one of the Inns of Court, but soon quitted the study of the law, and retired to his native place, where he married a lady of the name of Fortescue, and in 1626 was created a baronet by Charles I. In the early part of his life he cultivated an acquaintance with the Muses, not unsuccessfully, and employed his leisure time in translations from several of the Latin poets. He also wrote *The Crown of Thorns*, a poem in eight books, of which no copy is known to exist. Besides his larger one of *Bosworth-field*, his other poems are either on religious subjects or of a moral kind. He died in 1628, and was buried in the church at Grace-Dieu, leaving three sons,—John, who was killed at the siege of Gloucester in 1644, and died without issue, to whom we are indebted for this edition of his father's poems; Francis, who afterwards became a Jesuit, and of whom there is an engraved portrait in Nichols's *History of Leicestershire*, vol. iii. p. 659; and Thomas, who succeeded to the title and estate.

After a prose dedication of “these Orphan Verses” to King Charles I. by his son Sir John Beaumont, are two elegies in verse to the memory of the father by Thomas Nevill and Sir Thomas Hawkins the translator of Horace, in the latter of which allusion is made to Beaumont's earlier poem of *The Crown of Thorns*:

Like to the Bee, thou didd'st those Flow'rs select,  
 That most the tastfull palate might affect  
 With pious relishes of things Divine,  
 And discomposed sence with peace combine.  
 Which (in thy *Crowne of Thornes*) we may discerne,  
 Fram'd as a Modell for the best to learne.

Then another copy of verses by the same, “A Congratulation to the Muses, for the immortalizing of his deare Father, by the sacred Vertue of Poetry,” by his son John Beaumont; and “Upon the following Poems of my deare Father,” by his son Francis Beaumont (not the dramatist, as the editor of the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* supposed, but the nephew of that writer). These two addresses evidently prove that a poetical taste was inherent in the family, and the first in particular shows that John Beaumont was no despicable poet himself. Then follow other tributary verses by George Fortescue, Ben Jonson, Mi. Drayton, Ph[ilip] Kin[g] (in Latin), and Ja. Cl. The first of these by Fortescue mentions his near relationship to Sir John Beaumont, and he was no doubt his brother-in-law. In the lines by Drayton he makes an allusion to the cause of the death of Beaumont, which it is not easy to comprehend :

Thy care for that which was not worth thy breath  
 Brought on too soone thy much lamented death.

The principal poem is a descriptive account of the Battle of Bosworth-field. The poem is written in rhyming heroic couplets of ten syllables each, and is not without merit. The versification is smooth and harmonious, the similes just and apposite, and the whole is much above mediocrity. It commences thus :

The Winters storme of Ciuell warre I sing,  
 Whose end is crown'd with our eternall spring,  
 Where Roses ioyn'd, their colour mixe in one,  
 And armies fight no more for *Englands Throne*.  
 Thou gracious Lord, direct my feeble Pen,  
 Who (from the actions of ambitious men,)  
 Hast by thy goodnesse drawne our ioyfull good,  
 And made sweet flowres and olives grow from blood,  
 While we delighted with this faire release,  
 May clime *Parnassus*, in the dayes of peace.

After this exordium the poem opens with a description of the hideous dreams which affrighted the mind of the king on the night before the fatal

battle, and drove him from his restless bed. He is comforted by his friends Lovell, Catesby, and Ratcliffe, and his mind appeased :

Thus being clear'd, he calls aloud for armes,  
And bids that all should rise, whō *Morpheus* charmes.  
Bring me (saith he) the harnesse that I wore  
At Teuxbury, which from that day no more  
Hath felt the battries of a ciuill strife,  
Nor stoode betweene destruction and my life.  
Vpon his brest-plate he beholds a dint,  
Which in that field young *Edwards* sword did print :  
This stirres remembrance of his heinous guilt,  
When he that Princes blood so foulely spilt.  
Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,  
Which like a twinkling starre, with trembling light  
Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire ;  
This maske will make his wrinkled visage faire.  
But when his head is couer'd with the steele,  
He telles his seruants, that his temples feele  
Deepe-piercing stings, which breed vnusuall paines,  
And of the heauy burden much complaines.  
Some marke his words, as tokens fram'd t' expresse  
The sharpe conclusion of a sad successe :  
Then going forth, and finding in his way  
A souldier of the Watch, who sleeping lay ;  
Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,  
He strikes a sword into his trembling heart,  
The hand of death, and iron dulnesse takes  
Those leaden eyes which nat'rall ease forsakes :  
The King this morning sacrifice commands,  
And for example, thus the fact defends ;  
I leaue him as I found him, fit to keepe  
The silent doores of euerlasting sleepe.

This is contrasted with the quiet sleep of Richmond, whose soul is clear from guilt, and “full of holy thoughts and pious vows.” The poem then describes the arrangement of the army of the king, the speeches of Richard and Richmond to their forces before the battle, the intended beheading of young Stanley Lord Strange by Richard, and its postponement at the intercession of Ferrers; the single combat of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Oxford, which is pictured with much spirit; the meeting between Talbot and the Earl of Surrey, and surrender of his sword by the latter;

the fight between Brackenbury and Hungerford, and the death of Brackenbury; the beautiful episode of Byron and the dying Clifton; the death of Brandon, the standard bearer; the defection of Lord Stanley to the side of Henry; and finally the death of Richard, the concluding lines describing which have been much praised, and may be added here:

Thus trampled down, and hew'd with many swords  
 He softly utter'd these his dying words,  
 "Now strength no longer Fortune can withstand,  
 I perish in the Center of my Land."  
 His hand he then with wreathes of grasse infolds,  
 And bites the earth, which he so strictly holds,  
 As if he would haue borne it with him hence,  
 So loth he was to lose his rights pretence.

The following episode will bear quotation, and will not, we hope, be found displeasing to our readers :

If in the midst of such a bloody fight,  
 The name of friendship be not thought too light,  
 Recount my Muse, how *Byrons* faithfull loue  
 To dying *Clifton* did it selfe approue :  
 For *Clifton* fighting brauely in the troope  
 Receiuies a wound, and now begins to droope :  
 Which *Byron* seeing, though in armes his foe,  
 In heart his friend, and hoping that the blow  
 Had not been mortall, guarda him with his shield  
 From second hurts, and cries, "Deare Clifton, yeld :  
 Thou hither cam'st; led by sinister fate,  
 Against my first advice, yet now, though late,  
 Take this my counsell." Clifton thus replied :  
 "It is too late, for I must now provide  
 To seeke another life: lieu thou, sweet friend,  
 And when thy side obtaines a happy end,  
 Vpon the fortunes of my children looke,  
 Remember what a solemne oath wee tooke,  
 That he whose part should proue the best in fight,  
 Would with the Conqu'roure trie his vtmost might,  
 To saue the others lands from rau'nows pawes,  
 Which seaze on fragments of a lucklesse cause.  
 My fathers fall our house had almost drown'd,  
 But I by chance aboard in shipwracke found.  
 May neuer more such danger threaten mine :  
 Deale, thou for them, as I would doe for thine."

This said, his senses fail, and pow'rs decay,  
 While *Byron* calleth : "Stay, worthy *Clifton*, stay,  
 And heare my faithfull promise, once again,  
 Which if I breake, may all my deeds be vaine."  
 But now he knowes, that vital breath is fled,  
 And needlesse words are vtter'd to the dead :  
 Into the midst of *Richards* strength he flies,  
 Presenting glorious acts to *Henries* eyes,  
 And for his seruice he expects no more,  
 Then *Cliftons* sonne from forfeits to restore.

We conclude our extracts from *Bosworth-field* with a few similes :

So when the Winter to the Spring bequeathes  
 The rule of time, and milde *Fauonius* breathes,  
 A quire of Swans to that sweete Musicke sings,  
 The Ayre resounds the motion of their wings,  
 When ouer plaines they flie in order'd rankes,  
 To sport themselues vpon *Caisters* bankes.

So painfull Bees with forward gladnesse striue  
 To ioyne themselues in throngs before the hiue,  
 And with obedience till that houre attend,  
 When their commander shall his watchword send :  
 Then to the winds their tender sailes they yield,  
 Depresse the flowres, depopulate the field.

As when the Cranes direct their flight on high,  
 To cut their way, they in a Trigon flie,  
 Which pointed figure may with ease diuide  
 Opposing blasts, through which they safely glide.

As when a Steare to burning Altars led,  
 Expecting fatall blowes to cleave his head,  
 Is by the Priest for some religious cause  
 Sent backe to liue, and now in quiet drawes  
 The open ayre, and takes his wonted food,  
 And neuer thinkes how neere to death he stood.

Our limits prevent us from giving any extracts from the translations, which are taken from Virgil's Fourth Eclogue ; Horace's Sixth Satire, book ii. containing the City and Country Mouse, capitally done ; Twenty-ninth Ode, book iii. and Second Epode ; Persius's Second Satire ; Ausonius's Sixteenth Idyll ; Claudian's Epigram of the Old Man of Verona ; the Tenth Satire of Juvenal ; and a Funeral Hymn out of Prudentius. These are executed with much spirit and closeness to the original, and contain many

couplets, which for their ease and terseness are worthy of even Pope himself. The miscellaneous poems also, many of them, possess considerable merit, and are not undeserving of re-publication. One addressed to King James I. "concerning the true form of English Poetry," has been much commended, but we prefer quoting the lines on the death of "his deare Sonne Geruase Beaumont," who died young :

Can I, who haue for others oft compil'd  
 The Songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,  
 Which like a flow'r crusht, with a blast is dead,  
 And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,  
 Expecting with cleare hope to liue anew,  
 Among the Angels fed with heau'ly dew ?  
 We haue this signe of Ioy, that many dayes,  
 While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,  
 The name of *Jesus* in his mouth containes,  
 His onely food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.  
 O may that sound be rooted in my mind,  
 Of which in him such strong effect I find.  
 Deare Lord, receiue my Sonne, whose winning loue  
 To me was like a friendship, farre aboue  
 The course of nature, or his tender age,  
 Whose lookees could all my bitter grieves asswage :  
 Let his pure soule ordain'd seu'n yeares to be  
 In that fraile body, which was part of me,  
 Remaine my pledge in heau'n, as sent to shew,  
 How to this Port at eu'ry step I goe.

In some lines "Vpon the death of the most noble Lord Henry Earle of Southampton, 1624," the friend of Shakespeare, Beaumont thus refers to his patronage of his earlier poem of *The Croen of Thorns* :

He is a Father to my crowne of thornes :  
 Now since his death, how can I euer looke  
 Without some tears vpon that Orphan booke ?

And then concludes his poem as follows :

Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit  
 My name into the roll, which ye have writ  
 Of all your seruants, to my thoughts display  
 Some rich conceipt, some vnfrequented way,  
 Which may hereafter to the world commend  
 A picture fit for this my noble Friend :

For this is nothing, all these Rimes I scorne;  
 Let Pens be broken, and the paper torn;  
 And with his last breath let my musick cease,  
 Vnlesse my lowly Poem could increase  
 In true description of immortall things,  
 And rays'd aboue the earth with nimble wings,  
 Fly like an Eagle from his Fun'rall pire,  
 Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

It is singular that all the existing copies of this book are deficient of one leaf, pp. 181-182, which has evidently been cut out. What was the subject of the missing poem thus withdrawn it would be a vain attempt to conjecture. See further Kippis's *Biogr. Brit.* vol. ii. p. 87, edition 1780; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 434; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 201; Nichols's *Hist. Leicest.* vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 659; Headley's *Anc. Eng. Poets*, vol. i. p. 29; *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 25; and Chalmers's *Collect. Eng. Poets*, vol. vi. pp. 1-48, where Sir John Beaumont's poems have been reprinted.

Collation : Title, A 2; Sig. A, 8; (a), 4; B to O 8, in eights.

Bound by Winstanley. In Brown Calf extra, gilt leaves.

**BEAUMONT, (SIR JOHN, Bart.) — Bosworth-Field : A Poem. Written in the Year 1629, and Dedicated to King Charles I. By Sir John Beaumont Baronet. With several Verses in Praise of the Author, and Elegies on his Death, by the greatest Wits then living. 8vo. London : Printed and Sold by H. Hills in Black-fryars, near the Water-side, 1710.**

This is a verbatim reprint of Sir John Beaumont's *Bosworth-field* only, with the introductory poems which were in the first edition, but does not contain any of the translations, or other miscellaneous pieces. The Elegies on his death, mentioned in the title-page, are merely the two by Thomas Nevill and Thomas Hawkins. The whole consist of forty pages only, the last being a list of other poems, &c., printed by H. Hills in Blackfriars. The present volume contains also, bound up with the above, a collection of twenty-two other poems, all printed by Hills, of a uniform size, during the years 1709 and 1710.

From Mr. Heber's collection. Bound in Brown Calf, neat.

BECON, (THOMAS.) — A newe Dialoge betwene thangel of God  
and the Shepherds of ye felde concerning the Natiuite and  
byrth of Jesus Christ our Lord and sauior; no lesse Godly  
than swete and pleasant to reade; lately compyled by *Thomas  
Becon.*

Luke ii. Beholde I bryng you tydynge of greate Joy that shall come  
to all the pepole. For unto you is borne thys day in the City of  
Dauid, a Sauour which is Christ the Lord.

i. Timothe i. This is a true sayinge, and by all meanes worthy to  
be received of us, that Christ Jesus came into the world to sauie  
synners.

Folio, **blk. lett.** [Colophon.] Imprinted at London by  
John Day, dwelling ouer agaynst Aldersgate beneath Saint  
Martins.

Cum gratiae et priuilegio Regiae Majestatis.  
The xxv. day of November 1563.

The two poems, of which an account is here given, occur at the end  
of the second part of the collected works of Thomas Becon, an eminent  
theologian at the time of the Reformation. The first poem, which con-  
sists of eight leaves, printed in **blk. lett.**, commences on fol. cclxxxiiii.,  
sig. BBbb.vi. The title is in a compartment with the royal arms and  
motto *Dieu et mon droit* at the top; on the sides, a figure standing on a  
pedestal, supported at the back by other figures; at the bottom, Day's  
elegant rebus of one person waking another asleep on the ground, and  
pointing to the rising sun, with these words on the sides, "Arise, for it  
is Day." The poem is written in short eight-line verses, headed "The  
Dialoge. Thangell speketh;" from near the opening of which we transcribe  
the following verses:

This chylde alone	He is the kynge	He is the peace
Sent from Gods throne	To whose byddynge	Whiche shall release
All kynde of mone	Euery thinge	All our disease
Shall put awaye.	Obeyeth humbly.	And greuous paine.
Who so embrace	He is the Lorde	He is the stay,
His louing face	By whose concorde	He is the waye
Shall wante no grace	All thinges restorde	By whom we may
Nor yet decaye.	Shall be plainly.	Glorye obtayne.

He is the truthe	He is the lyght	Pleasures many,
Whiche doth all ruthe	That is so bryght	Treasures plenty,
Suche as ensueth	In all mennes syght	Shall men truly
Clene put awaye.	To shewe the waye.	Of him receiue.
He is the lyfe	He is the Rocke	Who so that will
By whom all stryfe	If that we knocke	Come him untyll
Is no more ryfe	He will unlocke	Shall haue his fyll
But sore decaye.	And healpe us aye.	Without deceyue.
He is the Gyde	He is the louer,	These ioyfull newes
On euyer syde	The sauour,	Whiche Satan ruyse
Which at eche tyde	The mediatour	Without excuse
Doth his people sauie.	Of the faithfull.	God commaunded,
He is the health	If that we call,	That I, thangell
Of whom all wealth	Though we be thrall,	Shulde shewe and tell
Withouten stealth	He will us all	To them that well
Men ought to craue.	Unto him pull.	Are disposed.
The obstinate	The symple therefore	
Receiue this rate	Nowe euermore	
Earely or late	To teach this lore	
Will by no wise.	Will I deuise.	

In this way the dialogue is carried on through the poem, the portion assigned to the Shepherds being printed in a smaller type.

Then follows the second poem :

An Inuictiue agaynst whoredome and al other abhominacions of uncleanesse. A worke most necessary for thy present time. Compiled by *Thomas Becon.*

Deut. xxiii.

There shall be no whore of y<sup>e</sup> doughters of Israell, nor whorekeper of the sonnes of Israell.

Heb. xiii.

Wedlocke is honorable among all personnes, and the bed undefiled; as for whoremongers and adulterers God shall iuge and plague them.

Folio, *4to*, lett. Imprinted at London by John Day, &c.

This latter poem occupies nine leaves, and begins on fol. cclxxxxi. The title is in the same compartment as the other, on the reverse of which are these lines :

The Boke speaketh.  
Although I do here diuers reprehende  
Worthy in dede of reprehencion.  
Yet to rebuke such do I not intende,  
As be of honeste conuersacion.

The wicked to rebuke my mynde it is  
 For full wickedly theyr lifes do they lede  
 But such as from pure lyfe go not amisse  
 Do not I touch in worde nor yet in dede.

The good in theyr goodnes styl to remain  
 Is my desyre euen from the very hart :  
 The ungodly also woulde I full fayne  
 That they shoulde from theyr wickednes departe.

If any shall perceyue by readyng mee,  
 Them selfes guilty in thinges that they do rede,  
 To flee from that vice of impuritie  
 Let them endeuour them selues with all spedē.

Unto cleannes of lyfe is mine intent,  
 To allure all men, if possible it bee  
 That all men maye kepe Gods commaundement,  
 And come to gloryous felicitie.

The poem is composed in octo-syllabic four-line verse, extending to three hundred and thirty-three in all, each having a similar burthen at the end. The reader will be able to judge of the style and metre of this curious poem from the three opening verses :

Down with the whoredom of Englande  
 Which hath this realme so lōge made bonde  
 Down with hyr whelpes that are so fonde  
 Let them al go downe a downe a.

Down with the court of Dame Venus  
 And hyr pastimes voluptouse  
 Down with hyr trayne so mischeuouse  
 Let them al go downe a downe a.

Downe with cupide that wanton chylde  
 Which of longe time hath us begilde  
 Down with al them that are so wild  
 Let them al go downe a downe a.

The poem is continued in this singular manner throughout, thirty-two verses being thus addressed to wives, thirty to husbands, thirty-one to the maids, twenty-five to young men, and other smaller numbers to prentices, servants, serving men, widowers and widows, priests, scribes, &c. Various instances are introduced from Scripture, Joseph, Susanna, &c., and then examples are brought forward from classical authors; and the subjoined

verses in allusion to these, may claim the readers attention for a passing moment:

Was not Ouide for euer banished  
Because a worke he compiled  
Which of matters of loue entreated  
And by this meanes came downe a.

Dyd not Plato al wryters exile  
Which on such sort dyd direct theyr style  
That wanton matters they dyd compile  
And made them to come downe a.

Verses of loue that in youth he dyd make  
Whē he cam to age y<sup>e</sup> same he did forsake  
Because women of thē no yl should take  
And by this meanes come downe a.

In his comon weale he could not abyde  
Any suche persons as at any tyde  
Unto unthriftines dyd young persons gyde  
And by this meanes make them to &c.

He commaunded also streyghtly  
That children from theyr infancy  
Should have nourser honest and godly  
That by no meanes they might come &c.

The Lasedemonians wyse and prudent  
Commaunded al with one consent  
That archilochus bokes verament  
Shoulde in theyr citie come downe a.

They very straightly commanded  
That from theyr citie his bokes unfeyned  
Should be caryed out and none of thē red  
Because theyr children shoulde not &c.

Though his bokes were lerned and eloquent  
Yet wold not they haue theyr children bēt  
To rede thē, lest they shuld haue an entēt  
To folowe leudnes, and so come downe a.

They preferred godly maners  
Before eloquent workes euers  
Chiefly if they would make the readers  
Unto leudnes to come downe a.

Learning they dyd esteame greatly  
Yet godly lyfe dyd they set more by  
So that who so euer taught contrary  
They made him come down a downe a.

Thomas Becon, the author of these two scarce poems, one of our most popular Reformers, is believed to be a native of Norfolk, and born about 1511 or 1512. He received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he is reported to have taken his degree of B.A. as early as 1530, and whilst there was a constant hearer of Latimer, "to whom," he says "next to God, I am especially bound to give most hearty thanks for the knowledge, if any I have, of God, and of his most blessed word." Becon was ordained in 1538, and his first preferment was a small vicarage near Romney, in Kent, but after suffering some trouble and imprisonment on account of his publications, and making a public submission, he was compelled to retire into the country, and conceal himself in Derbyshire and other midland counties. On the accession of Edward VI. in 1547, he was made chaplain to the Protector Somerset, and presented to the Rectory of St. Stephens, Walbrook, of which he was deprived on the accession of Queen Mary in 1553, and was imprisoned in the Tower during her reign, along with Bradford and Veron, but escaped abroad to Marpurg, and afterwards went to Strasburg. He laboured hard, and wrote numerous tracts in favour of the Reformation, but seems never to have attained to that elevation in the Church to which his great learning and merits, and his long-suffering in her cause, appear justly to have entitled him. On his return to this country, on the death of Queen Mary, he was restored to his London preferment, presented to the Rectory of Buckland in Hertfordshire, in 1560, and in 1563 to St. Dionis Backchurch, in London; and had also a Prebendal Stall at Canterbury, where he died in 1570, being then about sixty years of age. Many of his works were collected and published by John Day the printer in 1563, and are among those frequently found in a mutilated state in our Churches and Church Libraries. Most of these have been reprinted at the Cambridge University Press in 1843-4, in 3 vols., royal 8vo, by the Parker Society, under the editorial care of the Rev. John Ayre, M.A., of Caius College, Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, with a good biographical notice of Becon. But although the editor has reprinted versions of the 103rd Psalm in English metre, as a Thanksgiving to God, by Becon, on his deliverance out of prison 1554, and of the 112th Psalm, he has entirely omitted the present poems.

See Lupton's *History of the Modern Protestant Divines*, 12mo, London, 1637; Strype's *Annals*, folio, London 1725; and Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 128.

There is a fine copy of the collected works of Becon, which are now become exceedingly scarce, in folio, 2 vols., in the Chetham Library, in Manchester.

Half bound in blue moroco, gilt leaves.

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**BEDWELL, (WILHELM.) — The Tvrnament of Tottenham. Or, The wooing, winning, and wedding, of Tibbe, the reev's daughter there. Written long since in verse, by Mr. Gilbert Pilkington, at that time as some have thought Parson of the Parish. Taken out of an ancient Manuscript, and published for the delight of others, by Wilhelm Bedwell, now Pastour there. 4to. Printed at London by John Norton. 1631.**

Warton has devoted some space in his forty-third section to the description of this curious alliterative poem, which he assigns to the reign of Henry VIII. Others have referred it to the time of Henry VI. But Mr. Wright, by whom the poem has been reprinted from another manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge, is convinced from internal evidence that it was written as early as the reign of Edward II. It was first published, as we here see, in 1631, from an ancient manuscript, but modernized in the language, along with the *History of Tottenham*, by Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of that parish, and one of the translators of the Bible, who says that it was written long since in verse by Gilbert Pilkington, supposed to have been rector of the same parish, and author of a tract called *Passio Domini nostri*. The dedication is addressed by Bedwell "To the Right Honourable, Right Worshipfull, and Welbeloued, the inhabitants of Tottenham High-crosse in Middlesex," and is dated "From Tottenham this 25 of March 1631." In the epistle "To the Courteous Reader," which follows, Bedwell, after stating that he had altered and modernized the language from the ancient manuscript out of which he transcribed, says: "Amongst sundry other treatises in this copy there is a story of Robin Hood and Little John, which seemeth to be done by the same Author." He adds: "It is now seauen or eight yeares since I came first to the sight of the copy, and that by the

meanes of the worthy, and my much honoured good friend M. *Ge. Withers*: Of whom also, now at length, I haue obtained the vse of the same. And because the verse was then by him, a man of so exquisite iudgement in this kinde of learning, much commended : As also for that the thing it selfe doth concerne none more than my selfe, and others the inhabitants of *Tottenham*, I thought it worth the while, especially at idle times, to transcribe it, and for the honour of the place, to make it publicke." He concludes by saying: "The Author, hath not any where through the whole booke, as farre as I remember, subscribed his name to any treatise, more then to one, where I finde it thus, *Explicit Passio Domini nostri, Iesu Christi, quod dominus Gilbertus Pykyngton*: Now because the character or phrase is in all the same, I haue no reason but to thinke they be all workes of the same Author." After ten lines by Thomas May, addressed "To my learned and reuerend friend Mr. Wilhelm Bedwell one of the translators of the Bible," the poem commences, and occupies seven pages. Of this the reader will be able to form some idea from the following short extract :

I make a vow, quoth *Gregge*, Tibbe thou shall see  
 Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree :  
 I shall skomfit them all, for the love of thee,  
 In what place that I come, they shall have doubt of mee :  
 For I am arm'd at the full :  
     In my armes I beare wele  
     A dough-trough and a pele  
     A saddle without a pannele  
     With a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe, quoth *Dudman*, and beare me bet about :  
 I make a vow, they shall abyte that I finde out,  
 Haue I twice or thrice ridden through the rought  
 In what place that I come, of me they shall ha doubt,  
 Mine armes bene so clere  
     I beare a riddle and a rake  
     Powder'd with the brenning drake,  
     And three cantles of a cake,  
     In ilk a cornere.

I make a vow, quoth *Tirry*, and sweare by my Crede  
 Saw thou never young boy, for thee his body bede :  
 For when they fight fastest, and most are in drede,  
 I shall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede.

Then bin mine armes best :  
 I beare a pilch of ermin  
 Powder'd with a cats skinne  
 The cheefe is of pechmine  
 That stond'th on the crest.

I make a vow, quoth *Dudman*, and sweare by the stra,  
 While I am most merry, thou gett'st her not awa :  
 For she is well shapen, as light as a rae,  
 There is no capull in this mile before her will ga.

Shee will me not beguile :  
 I dare soothly say  
 Shee will be a monday  
 Fro Hissilton to Hacknay  
 Nought other halfe mile.

I make a vow, quoth *Perkin*, thou carpst of cold rost  
 I will wirke wislier without any boast  
 Five of the best capulls, that are in this host  
 I will hem lead away by another cost.

And then laugh Tibbe.  
 We loo boyes here is he,  
 That will fight and not flee,  
 For I am in my iollity.  
 Ioo foorth Tibbe.

The former editions of the *Tournament of Tottenham*, with the exception of that by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, were all printed from the text given by Bishop Percy in the later impressions of his *Reliques*. In the first edition of that work, he made use of the printed copy in the *History of Tottenham*, by Bedwell, 1631. But in the later editions of the *Reliques*, that text was rejected, and another adopted contained in a MS. pointed out by Tyrwhitt, in the Harl. Collection, No. 5396, which he corrected by Bedwell's copy. Mr. Wright was fortunate enough to execute his reprint from an older and much better MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge (Ff. 5, 48) which appeared on examination to be the identical MS. formerly in the possession of Wither, containing the "Passio Domini nostri," with the explicit at the end, and the tale of Robin Hood and Little John, which Bedwell had mentioned. Mr. Wright has given the chief various readings of the Harl. M.S. from Percy in the notes at the end of his little volume, and has also printed another short burlesque poem, evidently intended as a sequel to the former, which

gives a longer account of the feast, and of the dance afterwards, held on the occasion of the nuptials of Perkyn and Tibbe. The poem was evidently intended to ridicule the popular and passionate love of chivalry, and as a humorous burlesque on the ancient and fashionable sports of the tournaments and tilting matches. “The whole,” says Warton, “is a mock-parody on the challenge, the various events of the encounter, the exhibition of the prize, the devices and escocheons, the display of arms, the triumphant procession of the conqueror, the oath before the combat, and the splendid feast which followed, with every other ceremony and circumstance which constituted the regular tournament.”

The remainder of the volume is taken up with “A Briefe Description of the towne of Tottenham High-Crosse in Middlesex: together with an historicall Narration of such memorable things, as are there to be seen and obserued. Collected, digested, and written by Wilhelm Bedwell at this present Pastour of the Parish. London, Printed by Iohn Norton, 1631.” This part is dedicated “To the Right Honourable Hugh, Lord Colerane, Barron of Colerane, &c.,” and is divided into two books, each containing eight short chapters. It contains some curious proverbs on the place, on which Fuller has made some remarks on his *Worthies of England*, 1662, fol. p. 178. It was reprinted along with Butcher’s *Survey and Antiquity of Stamford* in 1717, 8vo. See also Warton’s *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 338; Percy’s *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii. p. 13; Ritson’s *Ancient Songs and Ballads*; Hartshorne’s *Metrical Tales*; the preface to Mr. Wright’s reprint, 1836, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 526. *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 1857, 1l. 2s.; *White Knights*, No. 3362, 4l. 6s.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 526, 2l. 10s.

Collation : Sig A to E 3, in fours; C. 1 and 2 repeated.

Bound by Charles Lewis; in Plum coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BEEDOME, (THOMAS.)** — Poems Divine, and Humane. By Thomas Beedome. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed by E. P. for Iohn Sweeting, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the signe of the Angel in Popes-Head-Alley, near Cornehill. 1641.

The author of these poems died when very young, and the volume here published was a posthumous one. And if we may judge from the numer-

ous complimentary verses prefixed to the work, according to the fashion of those times, it would appear that Beedome was held in much esteem and regard by his many friends and contemporaries. The volume is ushered in by a short prose address "To the Reader," by Hen. Glapthorne, which is succeeded by commendatory verses by Ed. May; Hen. Glapthorne (in English and Latin); W. C.; Em. D. (two copies); H. S.; H. P.; R. W.; J. S.; Tho. Nabbes; and his brother Fran. Beedome. The principal poem has a separate title page, as follows:

The Jealous Lover; or, the Constant Maid. Written by T. B.

Sat est pro laude Voluptas.

London: printed by E. P. for Iohn Sweeting, &c., as above.

This poem, which is preceded by a short metrical address from "The Author to the Reader," is written in six-line stanzas, and contains some good lines, mixed with much that is crude and conceited, and which, probably, had the youthful author lived longer, would have received his more matured corrections. A few stanzas may be quoted from this poem for the satisfaction of the reader. They relate to the heroine Pandora after her banishment to the woods by her "jealous lover," Philorus:

Heere unfrequented, save with savage beasts,  
She spends the tedious minutes of her age:  
Her eyes upon the severall sights she feasts,  
While sorrow triumphs in her equipage:

The greedy earth cast off her covering grasse,  
To looke upon her as she by did passe.

The savage Tyger when it came her neare,  
Stoop'd to the splendor of her conquering eyes:  
The tusked Bore that broke *Adonis* speare  
Croucht downe to her, whose mercy bid it rise:

Who then in duty gently to her came,  
And hence it is that some have since beene tame.

The winged birds from heaven came downe in quires  
Each one by turne did sing his rounde-lay,  
Whose airy notes still up againe aspires,  
Which being ended each bird flyes away  
To get new songs: thus by their various layes,  
Each steales a little sorrow from the dayes.

The now-growne gentle Satyres did invite  
The wood Nymphes to compose a measur'd dance,

Each thing affords some matter of delight,  
As glad her downe-cast lookes they might advance.

The little Ermin can afford its skin,  
From the cold aire to wrap her hands therein.

The trees did gladly spread their open armes,  
To shade her roses from the blowing wind,  
And lapt their leaves so close, no scorching harmes  
Could burne her lillies when *Apollo* shin'd.

The pittyng *Bezor* when it heard her groane  
Lest she should faint, bites out his Cordiall stone.

At the end of the poem in the present copy is the following octave stanza, written in a hand of that period, entitled

*Loues Choyce.*

Loue, whose sole object's Vertue, I doe loue ;  
Loose love, whose only Period's Delight,  
Is like a Basilisk unto my sight.  
That, though below, hath fixt his thoughts aboue  
This, though aboue, a bruitish shape will take,  
And leave a Juno, for his Juno's sake.  
So spheare your Loue, y<sup>t</sup> your chaste choice may seeke  
More Beauty in y<sup>e</sup> Minde, then in y<sup>e</sup> Cheeke.

The remainder of the volume is divided into short miscellaneous poems, epitaphs, and epigrams, most of which are disfigured by conceit and extravagance, but evincing promise of better things. Take, for instance, the following spirited little poem as a specimen :

*Loves Apostacy. To his friend Mr. E. D.*

Tut, let her goe, can I endure all this,  
Yet dye, to doate upon a Maidens kisse ?  
Is there such magickie in her lookes, that can  
Into a foole, transfigurate a man ?  
Didst thou not love her ? true : and she disdaine  
To meet thy vertue ? let her meeete her shame.  
Were she as faire as she her selfe would be,  
Adorn'd with all the cost of bravery :  
Could she melt hearts of flint, and from her eye  
Give her beholders power to live or die.  
I'de rather begge shee would pronounce my death,  
Then be her scorne, though that preserv'd my breath.  
Rise heart ! and be not fool'd : S'foote what a shame  
Were it for thee to re-incense one flame

From the declining sparke ? dost thou not know  
 As shee's a woman, her whole sexe doth owe  
 To thine all honour ? her false heart and pride  
 Dare not oppose thy faith : then turne high tyde,  
 And let her, since her scorne doth so disease thee  
 By her repentance strive againe to please thee.

Among the epigrams are some addressed "To his deare friend William Harrington;" "To the excellent Poet Mr. George Withers;" "To Sir Henry Wootten Knight" (two); "To the Heroicall Captaine Thomas James" (two); and "To the memory of his honoured friend Master John Donne, an Eversary." We select the one to George Wither, chiefly on account of its allusions to some of his works :

I never saw thee : but should grossely lie  
 To say I know thee not, for silly I,  
 Or one that is more stupid, well may guesse  
 At what thou art by what thou dost expresse.  
 Oh ! that blest day, when first my willing hand  
 Op't the *remembrance* of this Sin-sicke land :  
 Trust mee, I griev'd to thinke that now my age  
 Had sixteene summers acted on this stage:  
 Yet was a stranger to so rare a soule  
 As thine : whose heaven-bred boldnesse durst controle  
 Without respect of persons, every sinne,  
 That to thy knowledge had committed bin.  
 Then next thy Satyres, and thy Motto, I  
 Made hast to purchase, where I might espie,  
 How some too base for earth, not worth a name,  
 Sought by their mire and dirt to clay thy fame.  
 And credit mee, I hardly could forbearne  
 Upon these pittied lines to drop a teare.  
 But that I know vertue oppos'd by fate,  
 Looke greatest (like the Sunne) in lowest state :  
 When other wits, who have in some base rime  
 Employ'd of late, that they might conquer time ;  
 Shall like those paper toyes, in which they trust,  
 Be eate by wormes, or molded into dust,  
 And want a name : thou by thy virtues grac't,  
 Shall live till earth by fire shall be embrac't.

Thy unknown well-wisher Th. Beed.

Henry Bold in his *Wit a Sporting*, 8vo. 1657, noticed hereafter, has made free use of Beedome's volume, and has stolen from it many of the

shorter pieces, forming the whole of the first portion of that work, including the address of the Author to the Reader. Beedome has commendatory verses before Farley's *Lights Morall Emblems*, 8vo. 1638.

See a short notice of this work in Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 268, who has given one of the poems. *Bibl. Heb.* pt. iv. 81, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Reed's Sale, No. 6562, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 423, 2*l.* 2*s.* Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 457, 4*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to I 2, in eights.

In Russia extra, marbled leaves.

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**BENLOWES, (EDWARD.)** — *Theophila, or Loves Sacrifice. A Divine Poem.* Written by E. B. Esq. Several Parts thereof set to fit Aires by Mr. J. Jenkins.

Longum Iter per *Præcepta*, breve et efficax per *Exempla*. Si *Præceptis* non accendimur, saltem *Exemplis* incitemur, atq' in Appetu *Rectitudinis* nil sibi *Mens nostra* difficile æstimet, quod perfectè peragi ab *Aliis* videt. — Greg. Mag. l. 9, c. 43.

Id peragas Vitâ, quod velles Morte peractum.

Folio. London, Printed by R. N. Sold by Henry Seile in Fleet-street, and Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1652.

Benlowes' *Divine Theophila*, as it was termed, is more remarkable for its curious plates by Hollar, Barlow and other engravers, than for its literary excellences, although not without a certain degree of merit. These plates vary very much in different copies, both in their number and condition. They are for the most part more in the form of etchings freely touched than of regularly engraved plates, and are remarkable for their spirited style of execution. The portrait of the author, sometimes found prefixed, is of the greatest rarity.

The title is followed by Latin lines, entitled "Mens Authoris," and the same in English, and some verses addressed to the ladies, opposite to which is the well-known engraving of the "Lady in a Winter Dress" by Hollar. These are succeeded by a long "Preface" in prose, a list of "The severall Cantos," and a table of errata. Then "Pneumato-Sarco-Machia; or Theophila's Spiritual Warfare," in prose and verse; and some six-line

stanzas entitled "To my Fancie upon Theophila," the capital letters commencing each stanza being formed of woodcut human figures, twisted into various attitudes. The work is preceded by numerous commendatory verses by Jer. Collier, M.A.; Walter Montague, son of the Earl of Manchester; Th. Pestill; T. Benlowes, A.M.; W. Dennie, Baronet; Will. D'avenant, Tower May 13, 1652; Arth. Wilson; T. Philipot; Jo. Gaudentius, S.T.D. (Latin); P. de Cardonel (ditto); P. F. (Payne Fisher) ditto; and others anonymous.

The poem is divided into thirteen Cantos, most of them preceded by large plates by Hollar and others, with verses underneath, and by a short argument in Latin and English. The first Canto is called "The Prelibration to the Sacrifice," and has an engraving with a full-length figure seated at a table writing, supposed to be a portrait of the author, and sometimes transferred as a frontispiece to the volume, where the portrait of Benlowes is wanting. At p. 17, after "The Summary of the Poem," is "The Author's Prayer," which has been much commended. The ninth Canto, termed "The Recapitulation," is in distichs, and has a Latin translation on the opposite pages; and at the end of this occur Latin versions of the first and third Cantos, the former alone being rendered by Alexander Ross. On p. 175 are some six-line stanzas "Upon the Vanitie of the World," by Owen Feltham, and some Latin lines, "Mundo immundo." At the close of the eleventh Canto, p. 206, is an engraving by Hollar on the letter-press of a lady, "The Spring." At p. 209 of the two hemispheres on the letter-press, and at pp. 210 and 212 two small engravings on the same of a Cavalier, in the last seated at a table drinking. Cantos xii. and xiii. on "The Sweetnesse of Retirement," and "The Pleasures of Retirement," are in the same tristich verse as the former, the latter Canto having before it an engraving by Peter Lombart of a female in the attitude of prayer, with six Latin and English verses by Jer. Collier; and on p. 245 a woodcut portrait of Queen Elizabeth praying, with this inscription at the sides:

Having reformed Religion: established Peace: reduced Coin to the just Value: delivered Scotland from the French: revenged domestical Rebellion: saved France from headlong Ruine by Civil Warre: supported Belgia: overthrown the Spanish invincible Navie: expelled the Spaniards out of Ireland: received the Irish into Mercie: enriched England by her most prudent Government 45 Years: *Elizabeth* a virtuous and triumphant Queen: in the 70<sup>th</sup> year of her Age, in most happy and peaceable manner departed this Life: leaving here her mortal parts until by the last Trump she shall rise immortal.

A Latin translation of Canto vii. by Jerem. Collier is then added ; and the volume closes with a “*Peroratio Eucharistica*,” and two leaves containing two very curious engravings, one by Tho. Cecill, Anno Dni 1632, and the other with a monogram MR. on the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Benlowes's *Theophila*, written in a sort of triplet verse, excepting Canto nine, contains many just and apposite thoughts and images, but is overloaded with conceits and far-strained metaphors ; and the effect of what would often be fine passages is neutralized by low and familiar expressions, and disfigured by his ever-prevailing mystic divinity. Any one, however, who is an admirer of the writings of Du Bartas, of Dr. Henry More as a poet, and Dr. Joseph Beaumont, cannot do otherwise than entertain a favourable opinion of Benlowes. Our readers will naturally expect to be indulged with a few passages selected from the *Theophila*, to enable them to judge of the style and talents of Benlowes, the first of which is taken from the twelfth Canto, called “The Segregation :”

## XVI.

*Vain World*, Thy Friends are *Theeves of Time* ; Twice they  
Are robb'd ; for *Times Self* steals away,  
Leaving a dull *December* for a sportive *May*.

## XVII.

Fools Chat is built on Sand ; But blest who hives  
Discourse, that on Heav'n's Sweetnesse lives,  
Such, as to raise the Fire to high-born Virtue strives.

## XVIII.

For Birds of Paradise the proper Fare ;  
Is purest Vapour of the Aire ;  
Souls nourisht from the Influ'nce of *Gods Spirit* are.

## XIX.

Dew fattens Earth, the Earth yeelds Plants, and then  
The Plants feed Beasts, the Beasts feed Men ;  
Man on *His Word* should feed, who gave him origen.

The next passage from the same canto contains some noble sentiments, and approaches near to excellence, with fewer disfigurements than usual :

## XXXV.

The low-built Fortune harbours *Peace*, wheras  
Ambitious high-roof Babels passe  
Through *Storms* ; Content with Thankfulnesse each Blessing has.

## XXXVI.

So fragrant Vi'lets, blushing Strawberries  
 Close shrouded lurk from lofty Eyes,  
 The Emblem of sweet Blisse, which low and hidden lies.

## XXXVII.

No masked Fraud, no Tempest of black Woes,  
 No flaunting Pride, no Rage of Foes,  
 Bends hitherward, but soon is laid, or over-blows.

## XXXVIII.

We rule our conquer'd Selves ; what need we more ?  
 To gadding Sense we shut the Door :  
 Rich in our *Mind* alone. Who wants *himself*, is *Poor*.

## XXXIX.

*Slaunder* is stinglesse, *Envie* toothless here ;  
 The *Russet* is well lin'd we wear ;  
 Let Citts make *Chains* the Ensignes of their Pomp appear.

## XL.

Faith linkt with Truth, and Love with Quiet too,  
 Ore pleasant Lawns securely goe ;  
 The golden Age, like Jordans Stream, does here reflow.

## XLI.

For Fields of *Combate*, Fields of *Corn* are here,  
 For *Trooping-Ranks*, *Free-ranks* appear ;  
 War steels the heart, but here we melt Heart, Eye, and Ear.

We close our extracts with one more passage from the same, which contains some pleasing rural pictures, and is deserving of attention as a favourable example of Benlowes's verse :

## XLIX.

From *Taurus* when *Sols* Infleunce descends,  
 And Earth with verdant Robe befriends,  
 And richer Showres, then fell on *Danaes* Lap, dispends ;

## L.

When early *Phosphor* lights from Eastern Bed  
 The gray-ey'd Morn, with Blushes red ;  
 When Opal-Colours prank the Orient *Tulips* Head :

## LI.

Then walk we forth, where twinkling Spangles shew,  
 Entinseling like Stars the Dew,  
 Where Buds, like Pearls, and where we Leaves, like Em'ralds view :

## LII.

*Birds* by Grovets in feather'd Garments sing  
 New *Ditties* to the non-ag'd Spring ;  
 O, how those tracelesse *Minstrels* chear up every Thing.

## LIII.

To hear quaint *Nightingales*, the Lutes o'th' Wood,  
 And *Turtle Doves*, by their Mates woo'd,  
 And smelling *Violet* sweets, how do These chear the Blood !

## LIV.

While teeming Earth flow'd Satten wears, embost  
 With Trees, with Bushes shagg'd, with most  
 Clear Riv'lets edg'd, by rocking Windes each gently tost ;

## LV.

The branching Standarts of the chirping Grove ;  
 With rustling Boughs, and Streams that move  
 In murmur'ring Rage, seem *Natures* Consort, tun'd by Love.

Granger is of opinion, and perhaps rightly, that “ his Latin verses are generally better than his English.” Warburton sarcastically remarks, that Benlowes was famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets. But the most severe criticism upon him is by Butler in his character of “ A small Poet,” in his *Remains in Verse and Prose, with Notes by E. Thyer*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1759, vol. ii. p. 119. The whole passage is so remarkable, so full of caustic wit, and has been so completely misunderstood by his editor, who, in Warburton’s opinion, “ is always in the wrong, when there was a possibility of his mistaking,” and who, never having heard of Benlowes, imagined the person here referred to was Sir John Denham, that we feel justified in quoting the entire passage :

There was one that lined a hat-case with a paper of Benlowes’ poetry ; Prynne bought it by chance, and put a new demi-castor into it. The first time he wore it, he felt only a singing in his head, which within two days turned to a vertigo. He was let blood in the ear by one of the state physicians, and recovered : but before he went abroad he writ a poem of *Rocks and Seas* in a style so proper and natural, that it was hard to determine which was ruggeder. There is no feat of activity, nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit, or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c., besides carwitches, cleriches, and quibbles. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way ; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound

of the word did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils, such as the old poet called *Sartago loquendi*. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing : as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy* : so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass.

There was a tobacco man, that wrapt Spanish tobacco in a paper of verses, which Benlowes had written against the Pope, which, by a natural antipathy that his wit has to anything that is catholic, spoiled the tobacco ; for it presently turned *mundungus*. This author will take an English word, and, like the Frenchman, that swallowed water and spit out wine, with little heaving and straining, would turn it immediately into Latin : as *plunderat ille domos — mille Hocopokianay*, and a thousand such.

Benlowes, who was styled by his friends *Benevolus* by way of anagram on his name for his generosity, was the son and heir of Andrew Benlowes, Esq., of Brent Hall, in Essex, and born about 1603. In 1620 he was admitted a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, to which he afterwards proved a considerable benefactor. On leaving the University, he appears to have travelled a good deal abroad in various countries, and on his return was much admired for his gentlemanly accomplishments and other qualities. But being improvident in the management of his worldly concerns, he contrived to run through his patrimonial estate at Brent Hall, and having imprudently become surety for others, he was imprisoned at Oxford ; but being soon after released, he spent the remainder of his life, eight years, in that city. Benlowes, who was never married, died at Oxford in great poverty on the 18th December, 1676, aged seventy-three years, and was buried in the north aisle of St. Mary's Church, the expenses of his funeral being defrayed by the contributions of several scholars, who had known his former condition. There is a portrait of him in the gallery of the Bodleian at Oxford, and another in the Master's Lodge at St. John's College, Cambridge.

Besides his *Theopila*, Benlowes was the author of several other tracts in verse and prose which are enumerated by Ant. Wood, and also of various commendatory verses prefixed to the writings of others of his friends, several of whom, including Phineas Fletcher in his *Purple Island*, dedicated their works to him. Benlowes was originally brought up a Roman Catholic, but in after life became a zealous Protestant. He was considered in his younger days a great patron of poets, especially of Sir Will. Davenant, Quarles, Payne Fisher, Phineas Fletcher, Alexander Ross, &c., who had

either dedicated their works to him, or wrote epigrams or poems on him. Wood relates that a whole canto of his *Theophila* was turned into elegant Latin verse in one day by the youthful John Hall of Durham, through his ardent admiration of that work. It is not however included we believe in any of Hall's published works.

The present copy of the *Theophila* contains a fine impression of the rare portrait of Benlowes so frequently found wanting, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and other ornaments, with his arms in one corner at the bottom, and the crest in the other, beautifully etched by Barlow. It should be noted that the bend in the coat of arms is here quite plain, without the cinque foil between two martlets. This portrait has been well copied by Richardson and is found in the illustrated edition of Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* It contains also twenty-one of the plates enumerated in Lowndes's description of the volume, viz., sixteen of the larger engravings, and the five on the letterpress. It has not the plates numbered 14, 15, and 20 in Lowndes, nor does it contain any of the additional illustrations that were in the copy formerly in the possession of Mr. Inglis, but these latter do not appear to have properly belonged to the volume. It has the verses engraved at the bottom of p. 123, which are considered very rare in that state, and may be accounted altogether a fine copy. It appears to have belonged to Benlowes himself, and has his arms and crest stamped in gold on the sides.

For additional information respecting this curious and rare volume the reader may consult Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 358; Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 38; Kippis's *Biogr. Brit.* vol. ii. p. 167; *Restituta*, vol. i p. 365, and vol. iii. p. 41; Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 432; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 20.

Inglis's copy, No. 198, sold for 4*l.* 18*s.*; Rice's, No. 830, 4*l.*; *Bibl. Hebr.* pt. iv. No. 395, 5*l.* 10*s.*, and pt. viii. No. 508, 6*l.* 12*s.*; Skegg's, No. 127, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Hibbert's, pt. i. No. 830, 7*l.* 7*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 19, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Hanrot's, pt. ii. No. 868, 10*l.* (Inglis's copy); Bindley's, pt. i. No. 189, 12*l.* 5*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 437, 26*l.* 5*s.*

There is a perfect presentation copy with the portrait and all the twenty-four plates in the curious collection of Willm. Sharp, Esq. of Broughton, near Manchester.

Collation: The Title; Sig. A, two leaves; ¶, two leaves; ¶¶, two leaves; ¶¶¶, two leaves; B, six leaves; C, six leaves, but after C 1 should come (c) two leaves, and (d) one leaf; D to V inclusive, six leaves

each ; X Y Z, two leaves each ; A a to N n, two leaves each. The paging, 1 to 268, commences with Canto I. on sheet D.

The Bindley copy, in the original Calf binding.

**BENLOWES (EDWARD.)** — The Summary of Divine Wisdome, by  
Edward Benlowes Esq.

Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World; if any man love the World, the love of the FATHER is not in him : For all that is in the World, the Lust of the Eyes, the Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life, is not of the FATHER but is of the World : and the World passeth away, and the Lust thereof; But He that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever. — 1 John ii. 15, 16, 17.

4to, London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1657.  
pp. 20.

This is a small poetical tract by the author of *Theophila*, consisting of ten leaves only, in English and Latin verse on opposite pages, the whole founded on the text of St. John given on the titlepage. The poem is divided into five sections, and is written in the same tristich verse as the *Theophila*. It is characterised also by the same forced conceit and antithesis, and the same constant attempt at the sublime, but too often failing and sinking into the bathos of bombast. A single example taken at random will serve to illustrate the truth of these remarks, and to shew the nature of the poem :

Ev'n that at which Prides tow'ring Project flies,  
If gain'd obliquely, sinks, and dyes :  
Earths Potentates ! great Aims, Plots, Fears, makes Tragedies.

*Achitophel* and *Absolon* prove this,  
(Who of their Plots, not Plagues did misse)  
To *Matchiavels* : That Ill worst to the Plotter is.

*Pompey* and *Cæsar* so ambitious grow,  
A Battel must be fought to show  
Which of those Cocks o'th' Game o're Rome at last should crow.

The World, as Great — *Cham*, *Turk*, *Mogul* up-cryes,  
*Tuscans Great Duke*, (all, no great prize),  
Great *Alexander* : The Nine Worthy — Ironies.

Ev'n Scepters reel like reeds : Who had no Bound  
     Is bounded in six foot of ground ;  
*Here lies the Great* — Thou ly'st, here but his dust is found.  
 Who lately swell'd to be his Lordships slave,  
     May trample now upon his grave  
 That levells all. Best Lectures dust-seed Pulpits have.  
 Where's now the *Assyrian Lion*? *Persian Bear*?  
     *Greek Leopard*? *Romes spread-Eagle* where?  
 Where now fam'd *Troy*, that did in old Time domineer ?  
*Troy's* gone, yet *Simois* stayes. See Fates strange Play !  
     That which was fixt, is fled away ;  
 And what was ever sliding, that doth onely stay !  
 Therefore, why gap'st thou thus for Shadowes ? who  
     Neglected lets the Substance go,  
 Led by false hope, he makes sad end in endlesse Woe !

The work, which breathes an excellent and moral spirit throughout, is scarce, and seldom met with at sales.

In Calf extra.

**BERNERS, (JULIANA.)** — The booke of hauking, huntyng and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. [Over a large woodcut of a group preparing for hawking.] Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, where unto is added the measures of blowyng. [Over a woodcut of a man blowing a horn, attended by dogs.] Here beginneth a tretyse of Fysshynge with an Angle. [Over a wood engraving of a man angling.] 4to **Vlk. lett.** [Colophon at the end of each part.] Imprinted at London in the Ventre upon the three Crane wharfe by Wylyam Copland. n. d.

The sports of the field have ever been held in great estimation and delight by our countrymen, and were also thought not incompatible with the more domestic duties or amusements of the fairer sex, who frequently varied their home pursuits of embroidery and confectionary by the more hardy and exciting diversions of hawking and the chase; and it is not a

little remarkable that one of our first printed treatises on these subjects should have been compiled and published by a noble lady, and that lady holding the religious office of Prioress of a nunnery. About the year 1481, the first two of these treatises, together with one on armoury or heraldry, were written and translated by Juliana Barnes or Berners, sister of Richard Lord Berners temp. Henry IV. and Lady Prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell in Hertfordshire, not far from the great monastery of St. Albans in that county, in whose precincts they were first printed in the year 1486 folio, and from thence the work was usually called *The Book of St. Albans*. Juliana Berners, its authoress, the daughter of Sir James Berners Knt. of Roding Berners in co. Essex, is supposed to have been born near the close of the fourteenth century, and according to Bale was eminently endowed with superior qualities both of mind and body, delighting herself greatly in the diversions of the field, and indulging also in literary pursuits, for Warton is of opinion that the work was translated from the French and Latin. She appears to have been living in the year 1460, in the reign of Henry VI., but the exact time of her decease is not known.

The first edition of this popular work is of most extraordinary rarity, the only known perfect copy being, as was supposed, the one in Lord Spenser's magnificent collection, purchased at Mason's sale in 1799 for 73*l.* 10*s.*, which has been fully described, with copious extracts, by Dr. Dibdin in his *Bibl. Spenser.* vol. iv. p. 373. But another fine and perfect copy exists in the library of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House. There are also imperfect copies in the Bodleian at Oxford, and University Library at Cambridge; in the Marquis of Bute's ditto; and one nearly perfect in the library of John D. Phelps, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. An imperfect copy sold at West's sale in 1773 for 13*l.*; at Allen's ditto, in 1799, for 21*l.*; at the Roxburgh ditto, No. 1732, for 147*l.* to the Marquis of Blandford; resold at the *White Knights* ditto, pt. i. No. 394, for 84*l.* We are not aware of any other copies of this edition. Indeed its extreme rarity even in old times may be learnt from Gervase Markham's dedication to *The Gentleman's Academie, or the Booke of St. Alban's*, 4to 1595, in which he observes that "because of the antiquite of the same, and the things therein contained, he had reuiued and brought again to light the same which was almost altogether forgotten, and either few or none of the perfect copies thereof remaining, except in their hands, who wel knowing the excellency of the worke, and the rarenesse of the Booke, smothered the same from the world, thereby to inrich themselves in priuate with the knowledge of these

delights." From this account by Markham it appears the work was almost as rare in those early days as it is at present.

The second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496 folio, with the addition of the treatise of *Fishing with an Angle*. It varies from the first also in having two woodcuts upon the first leaf, the ballad of "Euer gramercy myn owne purse," some few slight typographical differences, and the arms of England on the last leaf in place of those of St. Alban's Abbey. This edition has been splendidly reprinted by Mr. Haslewood in 1810 folio, with an elaborate and very interesting bibliographical introduction, in which he has described the various impressions of this curious work, together with biographical notices of its sporting authoress; a work of much labour and research, and of great taste in the execution. See also Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 55. A perfect copy of this edition on vellum, with the arms emblazoned, is in the Grenville collection, now in the British Museum, and another on vellum, belonging to the Earl of Pembroke, in the Wilton Library. A third, with four leaves in MS., sold at Mr. Haworth's, No. 966, for 39*l.* 18*s.* Copies on paper are in the Douce collection at Oxford, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and in the British Museum. One sold at Mr. Dent's sale, pt. ii. No. 139, for 13*l.* 10*s.*, and at the *White Knights* ditto, pt. i. No. 395, for 50*l.* 18*s.*

The present or third edition was printed by William Copland without date, and varies considerably from the two former impressions. Mr. Haslewood calls this edition the earliest one of the *Book of Sir Tristram*, or *Old Tristram's Book*, from the circumstance of Sir Tristram de Leonnois, one of the knights of the Round Table, being supposed to be the first inventor of the terms of venery and the chace; and to have first framed the diversions of hawking and hunting into a science, and therefore the book was usually referred to by English writers under this title of the *Book of Sir Tristram*. The title of this edition is over a large woodcut of a group of figures, representing the Master of the Game (at that time Edmund Langley, created Duke of York in 1385) receiving the report of the Forester with his attendants in character, bearing the hunting spear, bow and arrows, &c.; one of them with a brace of hounds coupled, and a hawk in flight above with its lure. This cut had appeared before in Wynkyn de Worde's edition, and is here repeated with the addition of a second bird. A fac simile of it is given by Mr. Haslewood in his reprint of the *St. Alban's Book*, p. 79. The treatise on hawking ends on Sig. E iii, with this colophon, "Imprynted at London in the Vyentre upon the thre

Craned wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," There is then a fresh title: "Here begynneth the booke of Hunting whereunto is added the measures of blowing," over a woodcut of a man with a hunting spear blowing a horn, of which the following is a fac simile:—



This part is in verse in rhyming couplets without regard to the measure, which gives occasion to the work being introduced into this Catalogue. After a short prose introduction of nine lines, it commences thus, on the back of the title:

*Beastes of Venerie are iiii kindes.*

Where soeuer ye fare by frith or by fell  
 Mi dere child take hede how Tristā doth you tell  
 How many maner beastes of Veneri there were  
 Lysten to your dame, and she shall you lere

Foure maner of beastes of Venerie there are  
 The fyrist of them is the hart, the second is the Hare  
 The Bore is one of tho, the wolfe and not one moe.

Instead however of entertaining our readers with long quotations on the subject of hunting, we shall quote a very few lines more as an example of the work, and then prefer giving a short extract how "To haue a faythfull freend," from near the close of this part, as a specimen of Dame Juliana's poetry :

*Note heere the age of an Hart.*

And for to speake of the Hart, if ye will it lere  
 Ye shal him a calfe call at the fyriste yere  
 The second yere a broket so shall ye hym call  
 The thirde yere a spayd, lerne thus all  
 The forth yere a stagge call him by any way  
 The fyft yere a great stagge your dame byd you say.  
 The syxt yere cal him an Harte  
 Doo so my childe while ye in quarte.

*To haue a faythfull freend.*

A faythfull freend wolde I fayne fynde  
 To fynde him there he myght be founde  
 But now is the worlde wext so unkynde  
 That frendshyp is fall to the grounde  
 Now a freend haue I founde  
 That I wyll neyter ban ne curse  
 But of all freendes in feeld or towne  
 Euer gramercy myne owne purse.

My purse it is my pretty wyfe  
 This songe I dare both syng and say  
 It parteth men of muche stryfe  
 When every man for hymselfe shall pay  
 As I ryde in ryche aray  
 For golde and syluer men wyll me floryshe  
 By this matter I dare well saye  
 Euer gramercy myne own purse.

As I ryd with golde so red  
 And haue to doo with landes lawe  
 Men for my money will make me spedē  
 And for my gooddes they will me knowe.  
 More and lesse to me will drawe  
 Bothe the better and the worse  
 By this matter I saye in sawe  
 Euer gramercy myne owne purse.

It befel me upon a tyme  
 As it hath doone by many a one.mō  
 My horse, my nete, my sheep, my swyne,  
 And al my gooddes were gon me fro  
 I went to my frendes and told them so  
 And home againe they bad me trusse  
 I sayd agayne whan I was woe  
 Euer gramerey myne owne purse.

Therefore I rede you, syrs all  
 To assay your frendes or ye have need  
 For and ye come downe and haue a fall  
 Full fewe of them for you wyl grede  
 Therefore assay them every chone  
 Both the better and the worse  
 Our lorde that shope both sonne and moone  
 Sende us spending in our purse.— Amen.

Thus endeth the booke of huntyng.

“The measures of blowynge of a horne” which succeed, commence on Sig. L iii, and occupy three pages, at the end of which is the same colophon as before.

The third part, “Here beginneth a tretyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle” has also a large wood cut representing the angler drawing a fish out of the water which has been frequently copied. It is given (reversed) in Dibdin’s *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 61; in Mr. Haslewood’s *Book of St. Albans*, in Hawkins’s reprint of *Walton’s Complete Angler*, 1815, p. 20; in Sir Harris Nicolas’s ditto; and in other works. This part which is in prose, contains other woodcuts of implements used in fishing, and is usually supposed not to have been written by Juliana Berners. At the close of the treatise, after some precepts against idleness, greediness, and covetousness, which remind us of the mild and pious spirit of Isaac Walton, and commanding the anglers to the blessing of God in these words—“And all those that doth after this rule shal haue thei blesсыng of God and Saynt Peter, which he them graūt that with his precious bloud us bought. Amen,” the volume concludes with a repetition of a similar colophon.

This work was formerly highly popular, and may possibly have been reprinted more than once by William Copland. An edition is noticed in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 27, with the colophon, “Imprynted at London in Flete streate at the sygne of the Rose Garande by William Coplande” n. d. The names of other booksellers are also coupled with

that of Copland in some of the impressions, whence it is not unreasonably supposed, that, as was not unusual with the early printers, they had a share with him in the work, each having a certain number of copies, and that the names of Vale and Toy and Tottell were added in the respective colophons to their own copies; such being a common practice at that time with books printed in partnership. Herbert has noticed several of these impressions by this printer. The following editions are mentioned by Mr. Haslewood as having been printed after these by Copland, and before the appearance of Markham's volume described in the next article. 4to. **b12.** **I**ttt. London by Henry Tab, n. d. with wood cuts, pp. 92, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; 4to. **b12.** **I**ttt. London, by John Waley, n. d. with cuts.; 8vo. **b12.** **I**ttt. London, by Wylyam Powell, 1550, with cuts; 4to. **b12.** **I**ttt. London, Printed by E. Alldie, 1586. See Dibdin's *Bibliogr. Decam.* vol. i. p. 247; and the treatise on Angling under the title of *A Book of fishing with Hooke and Line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging, &c.; made by L. M.*" (Leonard Mascall,) 4to. London, Printed by John Wolfe, &c., 1590, of which there were several impressions.

It only remains to add that Copland's edition, with its several varieties is exceedingly rare, and sells very high. A copy was purchased by Mr. Ellis at Mason's sale for 11*l.* 16*s.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 144, 12*l.*; Dent's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1076, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Sotheby's, in 1823, 38*l.* 17*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 27, 35*l.* See Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 169; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. pp. 71 and 290; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 7; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poets*, vol. i. p. 363, and Haslewood's *Booke of St. Albans*, p. 79. The signatures run through the three parts according to the following

Collation: — Title A 1; Sig A to M inclusive, in fours.

In Brown Morocco, blank tooled, gilt edges.

**BERNERS, (JULIANA.)** — The Gentleman's Academie. Or, The Booke of S. Albans. Containing three most exact and excellent Bookes: the first of Hawking, the second of all the proper termes of Hunting, and the last of Armorie: all compiled by Iuliana Barnes, in the yere from the incarnation of Christ 1486. And now reduced into a better method by G. M. 4to. London Printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard. 1595.

The subjects embraced in this work were of deep and peculiar interest in the days of Shakespeare, and there is little doubt that he was well acquainted with the Prioress of Sopewell's *Booke of St. Albans*, if not in the earlier and rarer editions, at least in this more modernized one of Gervase Markham. Independently of the love of field sports, then so enthusiastically followed, no gentleman's education was considered to be complete without a knowledge of the science of armorie or heraldry. This work is therefore doubly interesting to us in the present day, not only as one comprehended in the library of Shakespeare, and well studied by our great dramatic bard, but as conveying to us an intimate knowledge of the diversions of our ancestors, and of the manners and customs of their times. The very titles of the later editions of the work, *The Gentlemans Academie*, *The Jewell for Gentrie*, and *The Gentleman's Recreation*, show how "necessarie and behouefull" these studies then were "to the accomplishment of the Gentlemen of this flourishing Ile."

The initials in the title page are generally believed to be those of Gervase Markham, a voluminous writer upon subjects of horsemanship, fishing, agriculture, and country pursuits, whose works long continued in circulation. He dedicates the volume "To the Gentlemen of England: and all the good fellowship of Huntsmen and Falconers;" and then commences the first treatise on hawking, with "The maner to speake of Hawkes from an egge till they be able to be taken." The language is altered and modernized throughout, and all the receipts and medicines belonging to diseases in hawks are thrown together by themselves at the end. This first treatise ends on folio 24, on the reverse of Sig. G iii. Then occurs a new title, "*A Treatise of Hunting*. London Printed by Valentine Sims for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard 1595." This part, which was before in verse, is now reduced into prose, and commences after the head title with "Beasts of Venery. There be onely foure beasts of Venery: the Hart, the Hare, the wilde Roe, and the Wolfe: and these and none other by the antient laws of Sir Tristram you may onely call Beasts of Venery." At the end is added a list of "Certaine proper termes belonging to all chace;" and this part concludes on folio 38, Sig. L ii. Then a new title: *The Booke of Armorie*, with the same imprint as before. This portion is preceded by a short "Preface on the genealogie of coate-armors and how a perfitt Gentleman shall bee knowne from an imperfit clowne;" and then "Incipit Liber Armorum."

At the end of the treatise on coat armour is inserted a short account, which is not in the former editions, of "The title of Barons growne in England by dissent to the daughters and heires thereof," occupying seven pages, and is succeeded by "the Blazing of Arms," with which the volume concludes on folio 95.

It will be seen from this, that as the last edition did not contain the treatise on Coat-armour, so this is deficient in the one on Fishing with an Angle. It contains also numerous other alterations, and has not that authority and value which attaches to the earlier editions. The work was again reprinted by Adam Islip, 1596, 4to. *blk. lett.*; and by Edw. Allde in the same year, 4to. *blk. lett.*; and by John Helme, in 1614, 4to., under the title of "*A Jewel for Gentrie*," &c. These last editions contain "a briefe Treatise of Fowling," which is chiefly taken from *Batman upon Bartholemew his booke De proprietatibus rerum*," folio, *blk. lett.* 1582. The treatise on Armorie is translated from Nicholas Upton's book *De studio militari Libri quatuor*, folio, Lond. 1654. See the fourth book, *De insignibus anglorum nobilium*, and likewise Haslewood's *Book of St. Albans*, p. 91; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 70 and p. 291; *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 73 and p. 353; *Cens. Liter.* vol. v. p. 7, and Dallaway's *Heraldry*, p. 153. Sold at the Roxburgh sale, 1733, for 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title A ii; Sig. A to Y iii inclusive, in fours; W and Z omitted; then A a to D d iii; Sig. H, which should occur at the end of the first treatise is omitted, and also in the paging, probably four blank leaves; Sig. L iii and iv at the end of the second part are also blank leaves.

Bound by Mackenzie, in dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BERNERS, (JULIANA.)—The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.**

Attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, reprinted from the Book of St. Albans. Cr. 8vo. London Printed with the types of John Baskerville for William Pickering. 1827.

Although the authorship of this little treatise on fishing cannot now be ascertained, it is pretty generally believed that it was not written by Juliana Berners, but more probably by some well-disposed monk or other religious person, and is the earliest known treatise upon the subject printed in any language. It was not in the original edition of the *Booke of*

*St. Albans* in 1488, but was first introduced in that by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, who explains his motive for inserting it to be that by putting it into a large volume relating to the diversions that were used by gentlemen, instead of a small pamphlet by itself, idle persons who cared little for this sport of fishing might not be led to destroy it. It is a treatise of great curiosity and interest, and is supposed to have suggested to Isaac Walton the idea of his charming and highly popular work. It differs from the two others on hunting and hawking in being accompanied with some remarks at the beginning and the close, as we have already observed, of a truly pious and cheerful spirit, which remind us strongly of Walton's interesting volume.

The late Mr. Haworth was possessed of a copy of the original edition of this treatise, separately by Wynkyn de Worde, supposed to be *unique*, which at his death sold for 19*l.* 19*s.* The present little volume was printed for the late Mr. Pickering with Baskerville's types, and is embellished with fac-simile woodcuts of the originals, a limited number only having been taken off. Mr. Haslewood had a portion of the only manuscript upon this subject known to be extant. The present copy has the frontispiece of a man fishing, the titlepage and initial letters nicely emblazoned.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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BERNERS, (JULIANA.) — The Book containing the Treatises of Hawking; Hunting; Coat Armour; Fishing; and Blasing of Arms. As printed at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde; the Year of the Incarnation of our Lord mcccclxxxvi. Folio. Blk. lett. London Reprinted by Harding and Wright, St. John's Square, for White and Cochrane, Fleet-street, and R. Triphook, St. Jamess. MDCCCX.

Of this beautiful and exact fac-simile reprint of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of the above curious and rare work by the late Mr. Haslewood, and of his *Literary Researches into the History of the Book of Saint Albans*, only one hundred and fifty copies were printed in small folio, with the arms emblazoned, and the woodcut embellishments neatly and faithfully executed. It is preceded by a very elaborate biographical and bibliographical dissertation full of curious information, by the editor, who has shown great

ardour and research on the subject, and has left no sources unexplored that could throw light on the work, or on the learned dame who was its reputed authoress. Mr. Haslewood has thus produced a volume which is not more remarkable for the beauty and correctness of its typographical execution than for the diligence, research and knowledge displayed by its laborious and painstaking editor.

The volume commences with a biographical notice of Dame Juliana Berners, including a pedigree of her family, followed by bibliographical notices of the different treatises, of the appellative title of the work, and of the several known editions; and concludes with the fac-simile reprint of the book, and glossarial indexes.

The volume was published at 12*l.* 12*s.*, and from the limited number of copies printed, the book will always sell high.

Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

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BIBLIOTHECA ANGLO-POETICA :— or, A descriptive Catalogue of a rare and rich Collection of Early English Poetry; in the possession of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. Illustrated by occasional Extracts and Remarks, critical and biographical, LARGE PAPER. Royal 8vo. London: Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars, for the Proprietors of the Collection. 1815.

This very useful and extensive catalogue, the result of considerable time and labour, was compiled by Mr. Acton Frederick Griffith, at that period in the employ of the house of Longman and Company, to whom the interesting and valuable collection of early English poetry described in its pages then belonged. When it is considered that the collection extended to 1,166 volumes, the estimated value of which then amounted to 7,559*l.* 15*s.*, averaging at the rate of nearly 6*l.* 10*s.* per volume, the great rarity and intrinsic value of this extensive series of our early poetry will be duly appreciated. And although the entire collection was soon afterwards dispersed, and became scattered abroad and absorbed in the libraries of Heber, Freeling, Midgley, Broadley, Perry, and other eminent collectors of that period (a very large portion of it being now in the collection here described) yet the utility and value of the *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica* cannot be denied, and no library of our poetical literature ought to be without it. As one of

the earliest works of its kind, and forming no unimportant addition to our publications on the study of bibliography, in which the poetical treasures of our country were attempted to be described with accuracy and minuteness (although not always with complete correctness), and other interesting biographical and critical information afforded respecting our early poetical writers, it will ever retain its proper value. And although the extracts from the volumes enumerated are very few, and the descriptions are too much confined to the dedicatory and introductory portions of the works, still it is highly useful, and may be consulted with advantage. The editor was cut off early in life, or would perhaps have still further improved it. A limited number of copies only were printed, which are now becoming scarce.

The present copy is on *large paper* (limited to fifty copies), and has the frontispiece coloured, with a duplicate impression, and proof impressions also of the woodcuts. It is further illustrated with above four hundred and fifty portraits, many of them proofs on India paper, and original engravings by Marshall, V.<sup>der</sup> Gucht, Van Houe, and others, with additional title pages.

Bound by Bedford, in three volumes. In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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BIESTON, (ROGER).—The bayte and snare of Fortune. Wherin  
may be seen that money is not the only cause of mischefe  
and unfortunat endes: but a necessary mean to mayntayne a  
virtuous quiet lyfe. Treated in a Dialoge betwene man and  
money. Folio. Blk. lett.: Imprinted at London by John  
Wayland, at the signe of the Sunne ouer against the Con-  
duite in Flete-strete. n. d. Cum priuilegio per Septennium.

The title is within a woodcut architectural compartment, with a boy supporting the architrave on each side, and others half seen outside standing on the base; the queen's arms at the top, and a tablet at the bottom, on which is represented the rising sun, and one boy waking another asleep on the ground, with the motto, "Arise, for it is day." This was a rebus, along with the motto frequently used by Day the printer.

On the back of the title is "The Prolege," in prose, showing that avarice is the root and beginning of all evil, which thus concludes:

And now to shew more playnly that men be enclyned to gather money, and conse-

quently be subiecte to the same, I have put here in wryting a question made betwene Man and Money, by maner of a Disputacion, which vary in theyr wordes the one agaynst the other: For money woulde shewe his great power, and man speaketh agaynst hym. But after great disputacion the man abydeth vanquished because of his couetous mynde, confessing that it is a great felicity to haue money in possession.

The poem, which is in the form of a dialogue, is written in the octave stanza, and opens thus:

*Money beginneth.*

O all mankynde desyrous of honour,  
That woulde of worldly welth haue iouyssance,  
Cum hyther to me that am of wurthy valour:  
I am the prince perelesse in puissaunce,  
My name is Money, that haue in gouernaunce  
All wurthy faytes to lose or els to bynde;  
Eche man requyreth to haue myne acquayntaunce  
For good Fortune by my frendship they fynde.

No lorde there is, lady, nor chorle of kynde,  
What for my power and wyse circumspeccion  
That they ne beare to me a louyng mynde;  
And gladly woulde lyue under my proteccion:  
What man of hymselfe by myght or wise inspeccion,  
Without my mean can wurke a wurthy deede?  
None doubtles, for I set all in good direcccion:  
Who lacketh money is not lyke to spedē.

*Man aunswereith.*

Wyth boastyng wurdes thyselfe how doest thou laude,  
Presumpcion in thee appereth to be great:  
Thou art false money; full of deceit and fraude.  
In vauntyng wurdes is set thy full conceyte,  
Of cursednes thou arte the chyefe receyf:  
I am the man that shall it prooue anon,  
Agaynst thy prydē so shall I lay a bayte,  
And cast thee furth a bone to pyke upon.

In all the lawes and bookeſ many one  
I fynde how thou art roote of all mischief,  
Through thee full many a wyght hath misgone:  
For unto man thou arte so deare and lyef,  
That he becummeth a robber, and a thyeſ,  
For thee forsakyng God and all goodnes,  
And hanged is at last for thee with great repreyef:  
This wage he winneth by thy wurthynges.

*Money.*

Man I perceyue thou speakest without thy booke,  
 But I shall answer to thy foolyshnes ;  
 Thy wit is nought, it standeth all a croke,  
 Thy toung is racle, thy wit is rechles  
 Thus to reporte of me such wickednesse  
 That never knowinglye against thee dyd ne speke  
 Wyth me to dispute thy mynde is great (I gesse)  
 Speke what thou wylt, and answere shall I make.

There is a quiet vein of humorous satire running through the poem, which forms indeed its chief merit; and the dialogue is well supported throughout. On the last page is an acrostic on the author's name "Rogerus Bieston:"

*The Author.*

Regarde well all my Lordes that shal this treatise reade  
 Of man and his money, this is the disputacion :  
 Great reason make they bothe, who to the same taketh hede  
 Euer hym boasteth money as high in reputacion  
 Recordyng up his valour: but man makes denegacion.  
 Unto all men my reason I saye as I haue thought,  
 Solas is moste in season when syluer is unsought.

By peny to preferment many a man is brought,  
 In borough, towne, and citie, all men of eche estate  
 Enforce them selfe to please him, the poore is set at nought,  
 Succour he seketh, but syluer and he be at debate.  
 Therfore to make conclusion I saye now at my gate :  
 Of great good dedes by Money full many be done doubtles,  
 Neuertheles yet is it cause of many a wickednesse.

Explicit nomen authoris.

The volume concludes with this "Good Counsayle:"

Get thy goods truly,	Spende them precisely
Set thy goods duly,	Lende thou them wisely.
True getting,	Cyse spendyng,
Due settynge,	Wyse lendyng,
Haue he lyttle or muche, Kepeth a man full rutche.	
Untyll his endyng.	

Finis.

A copy of this very scarce poem produced in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 617, 3*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 396, badly wormed, 1*l.*; Baron Bolland's ditto.

It is sometimes found at the end of Wayland's edition of Bochas's *Fall of Princes*, by John Lidgate. Fol. n. d. See Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 531.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A six leaves; B four ditto; ten leaves.

Baron Bolland's copy. Bound in Calf extra.

BILLINGSLY, (NICHOLAS.) — Brachy-Martyrologia: or, A Breviary of all the greatest Persecutions which have befallen the Saints and People of God from the Creation to our present Times: Paraphras'd by Nicholas Billingsly, of Mert: Coll: Oxon.

PSAL. 44, 22.

For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughters.

Nil crus sentit in nervo, cum animus est in cœlo. — *Tertul.*

*Naz. contra Ar.* p. 113.

Εὗγε, ὁ μαρτυρεῖς ὑμετέρος καὶ οὗτος ὁ ἀθλος ὑμείς νενικηκατε τον πολον πολεμον εὖ οἴδα.

8vo, London, Printed by J. Cottrel for Thos. Johnson, at the Key in Paul's Church-yard. 1657.

This poetical bead roll or chronological index of those who have suffered persecution for the faith of Christ, is dedicated "To the Right Worshipful Jeremy Martin Doctor of Physick in Bristol, to whom the Author wishes all Internal, External, and Eternal Happiness." It is dated the eleventh day of March 1655, the author being then, as is supposed, only in his fourteenth year. On this account he hopes that the faults in the work may be "laid on the defects of his youth, as being not over-burthened with Ciceronian eloquence." In the address "To the Reader" which follows, he observes that "if the tyrannie of his affairs are so imperious, or the weakness of his purse so injurious, as to impede his perusal of the History of the Church, either in the voluminous works of the laborious Mr. Fox, or in the conciser Collections of that Reverend Divine and Famous Martyrologist (then living) Mr. Clark, (out-of whose Garden he had gathered this Posie of flowers) he may accept of this Breviary, which would not cost much in the buying, and but a little time in the reading." After the address are commendatory verses by T. C. de Ospringe Cleric. dated August 11, 1656, and some lines "Deo. Opt. Max." The book is divided into two parts, the

first giving an account of the persecutions of the church abroad to the year 1650, and the second of those of the English church to the end of Queen Mary's reign. There is a separate title to the latter portion : "A Martyrologie containing a Collection of all the Persecutions which have befallen the Church of England since the first Plantation of the Gospel, to the end of Queen Marie's Reigne. By the same Author. Printed by J. Cottrel 1657." This part is dedicated "To the Right Honourable Wroth Rogers Esquire, High Sheriff and Gouvernour of the City and County of Hereford : And to the Reverend Mr. William Voyle, William Law, Samuel Smith, George Primrose, Ministers of Christs Gospel in Hereford ;" and has also an address "To the ingenious Reader."

Poetical registers like the present of the early martyrs and sufferers for the cause of religion were by no means uncommon, and another of them will be noticed hereafter under the name of Thomas Brice. Little can be said, however, in favour of the present dull and prosaic writer beyond the praise of great industry and perseverance in the collection of his materials. A short extract or two will therefore suffice to show the nature of the work. The first is taken from the fifth persecution under the heathen emperors, which began Anno Christi 205 :

When Peace-maintaining *Pertinax* was dead,  
Severe *Severus* reigned in his stead ;  
By envious rumors, and through false suggestion  
The Christians lives were dayly brought in question.  
The King commands : his willing Subjects strive  
To bring't about, that none be left alive  
In Sun-burnt *Affrick, Cappadocia,*  
In *Carthage* and in *Alexandria*.  
So that the number slain was numberless :  
Amongst whom *Plutarch*, and *Leonides*,  
*Origen's* father, with whom *Origen*  
His son had dy'd, had not his mother bin  
An hinderance, in that she did convey  
The night before, his shirt and cloaths away ;  
Hereat, he not for fear of Martyrdome,  
But shaming to be seen, remain'd at home.  
*Tertullian, Irenæus, Andoclus,*  
*Urbanus, Satyrus, Secundulus,*  
*Perpetua, Felicitas, and Rhais,*  
Did by untimely deaths conclude their dayes.

*Caspodius*, a Divine, drag'd up and down  
 The streets ; at last was into *Tyber* thrown.  
*Cecilia* Idolatry contemn'd,  
 And therefore by the Judge must be condemn'd ;  
 The Sergeants minding how she did behave her,  
 How fair she was ; sollicite her, to favour  
 Her self, and not to cast her self away :  
 She was but young, and many a merry day  
 Might live to see : but she discreetly sent  
 Such gracious words, as caus'd them to relent,  
 And unto that religion yield their hearts  
 'Gainst which they threw their persecuting darts,  
 Which, when perceiv'd, leav gain'd, she runs her home  
 And for *Urbanus* sends : *Urbanus* come,  
 He grounds them in the faith so highly priz'd ;  
 Four hundred do believe and are baptiz'd.  
 This holy Martyr afterwards was shut  
 Twice twelve hours in a Bath ; at last they cut  
 Her head off from her shoulders : thus she ended  
 Her dayes, and up into the clouds ascended.

The following is from the tenth persecution, which began Anno Christi  
 308 :

One *Menas*, an Egyptian born and bred  
 Leaving his temporal subsistence, led  
 A solitary life, in desert places ;  
 Where he might wholly exercise his graces,  
 In fasting, prayer, meditation, fit  
 And dil'gent reading of the sacred Writ.  
 At last return'd to *Cotis*, when the croud  
 Were at their pastimes, he proclaim'd aloud  
 Himself to be a Christian : then surpris'd  
 His faith in God more boldly he agniz'd.  
 Torments ensu'd ; no torments could revoke  
 His minde, but thus he confidently spoke :  
 In my minde, nothing comparable is  
 To the enjoyment of eternal bliss :  
 Nay, all the world, if put into one scale  
 Is lighter than one soul : Who can prevail  
 To disunite us from the love of Christ ?  
 Can tribulation ? anguish ? he's the high'st ;  
 To him will I look up ; he bids me fear not  
 Those that can kill me bodily, but are not

Able to hurt the soul : but fear him who  
 Hath pow'r to slay the soul and body too,  
 And fling them into hell. Having receiv'd  
 The final sentence, up to heaven he heav'd  
 His eyes, hands, heart, and said : O Lord, my maker,  
 Thanks be to thee, in that I am partaker  
 Of Christ his precious blood : thou hast not let  
 My foes devour me, but hast beset  
 My heav'n-fix'd soul with such true constancy  
 That in the faith I liv'd, for that I die.  
 The lift up axe, upon his neck falls down.  
 And so he lost his head, but found a Crown.

According to Ant. Wood, Billingsly was supposed to be the son of a minister at or near Bristol. He received his education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Merton College, Oxford ; and having had a long illness, was allowed to have some of his terms dispensed with on taking his degree of B.A., which he did on March 25, 1658. He was then only in his seventeenth year, and must have been remarkable for great industry and labour in his early years, since the dedication to his book is dated in March 1655, when he could not have exceeded the age of fourteen. Of his after life we have no record, but he may possibly have taken orders, or may have been removed from life at an early age. He had a brother, John Billingsly, who is mentioned by Wood as having been brought up at St. John's College, Cambridge, and taken his degree of B.A. there ; but afterwards seeking preferment under the parliament party in 1648, came to Oxford, and was admitted M.A. there on the 28th April 1649, and obtained a fellowship at Corpus Christi College. This is the same person who afterwards, on taking Presbyterian orders, became Vicar of Chesterfield in Derbyshire, and was involved in some disputes with the Quakers there, and published one or two tracts against them. After the Restoration he was deprived of his preferment in the church, and preached where he could as a Nonconformist till his death. Nicholas Billingsly, the author of this work, although well spoken of by several of his literary contemporaries, is yet alluded to by one of them, Samuel Austin, in his *Naps upon Parnassus*, 8vo 1658, in the following disparaging tone :

Stand off thou Poetaster from the press,  
 Who pygmi'st martyrs with thy dwarf-like verse,  
 Whose white long bearded flame of zeal inspires  
 To wrack their ashes, more than did their fires.

One Billingsley  
 wrote a *Martyr-*  
*ology in verse,*  
 anno 1657.

See Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 213; *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 454; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 52, where a copy is priced at 3*l.* 3*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 250, sold for the same sum; Perry, pt. i. No. 536, 2*l.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 449, 2*l.* 11*s.*; and Midgley, No. 24, 2*l.* 18*s.*

Coliation: Title A 2; Sig. A to P 4, in eights, the last leaf having only the name of the work on it.

Beautiful copy (Bindley's). Bound by Winstanley.

In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BILLINGSLY, (NICHOLAS).** — **ΚΟΣΜΟΒΡΕΦΙΑ**, or the Infancy of the World: With an Appendix of God's resting, Eden Garden, Mans Happiness before, Misery after, his Fall. Whereunto is added, The Praise of Nothing; Divine Ejaculations; The four Ages of the world; The Birth of Christ; Also a Century of Historical Applications; With a Taste of Poetical Fictions. Written some years since by N. B. then of Eaton School; And now published at the request of his Friends. London, Printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Crown in Chancery Lane, under Sergeants Inn. 1658. Sm. 8vo. pp. 212.

Another small poetical work by the same writer. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Francis Rous Esq., Provost of Eaton Coll. and one of the Council to his Highness the Lord Protector;" dated from Canterbury December 29, 1656. After which is an address "To the Candid Reader," and panegyrical verses by W. Jacob, Edw. Browne, R. Cr., Tho. Wotton, John Stodder, John Billingsly (his brother), Jo. Swan, Fr. Taylor, Tho. Carter, Jo. Wind, Coll. Wadh., D. R., Coll. Mert. and Jo. Cox, Coll. Mert. From the dedication we learn that Billingsly had been placed at Eton as a king's scholar six years before, but had failed to obtain his election from thence to King's College, Cambridge, which he seems to have regretted very much. And in the address "To the Candid Reader" he informs him that "the kind entertainment of his first pilgrim that adventured abroad into the world" (his *Brachy-Martyrologia*) had emboldened and encouraged him to send forth the present work also. But he particularly cautions his readers that they are not to "expect any strong lines, high tow'ring fancies,

and soaring inventions, which were, when he penned it, inconsistent with his boyish years."

The principal poem, which is entitled "The Worlds Infancy," is preceded by some lines headed

*Deo Ter Opt. Max.*

Oh! from thy radiant throne above,  
Look down on me, great God of Love ;  
With sacred light my Soul infuse,  
And wing for flight mine unfledg'd Muse,  
That she may, like the morning lark  
Mount up and sing. Lord ! I'm a spark :  
But of thy bellow's please to blow  
Me up — oh, then I needs must glow.  
My God to me a being gave,  
To use those little gifts I have.  
Oh, may I then to after days  
Make known my All-Creators praise ! &c.

*The Worlds Infancy* is divided into ten sections, each having an argument in verse prefixed. It is a sort of versified history of the creation and fall of man, the institution of the Sabbath, and other sacred subjects. The second portion is inscribed in verse by the author, "To his reverend and much honoured Freind Mr. Francis Tailour," and is dated from Wickham-brooks June 5, 1657. Taylor was blind, and was the author of a volume of religious poems, very much resembling those by Billingsly, entitled *Grapes from Canaan : or the Believer's present taste of future Glory*, 1658, 8vo; to which Billingsly contributed copies of verses in Latin and English. At the end of the *Worlds Infancy* follow the miscellaneous poems enumerated in the title. One of the principal of these is "The Praise of Nothing," in which Drayton's *Owle*, 4to 1604, and Moffat's *Silk Worms and their Flies*, 4to 1599, are thus noticed :

The prince of Poets wrot of Frogs and Mice ;  
Virgil of Gnats ; and Heinsius of Lice :  
Witty Erasmus Folly's praise did write,  
And Drayton did upon Madge-Owle endite.  
On Hazle-nuts smooth Ovid versifies :  
And some do treat of Maggots and of flies.  
One hath such statelines t' a bald-pate given,  
That there is scarce an haire 'twixt it and heāv'n.

This lauds brave Bag-Puddings : whilst he composes  
 The admirable honour of Red-noses ;  
 And such poore petty things, and shall no story  
 Be penn'd in honour of great Nothings glory ?  
 Shal shee, from whence all things a being have  
 Lye dead, and buried, in oblivious grave ?  
 My Muse shall praise her, though she cant compile  
 Fine Silken words, nor inornated stile,  
 Blazon great Nothing, for shee seemes to be  
 A theam more fit for *Homer* then for me.  
 I marl' to her, men did not Temples frame,  
 Like that at *Ephesus* to *Dianas* name.  
 Had I a world of eloquence I know  
 'Twere scarce enough all nothings worth to shew.

Other poems succeed "The Praise of Nothing," including one entitled "Monumentum Exequiale; on the death of the reverend and eminently learned Mr. Tho. Horn, late Schoolmaster of Eaton Colledge." To these are added several copies of Latin verses, some of them having reference to Eton, and were probably school exercises, as for instance : "De Arietis ante Electionem Etonensem (pro more) venatione;" "An Acrostick Elegy upon the death of the late Reverend and Famous Divine, Joseph Symonds, Vice Provost of Eaton Colledge;" another, "In obitum Dom. Tho. Weaver M.A. Etonensis Coll. Socii Acrostico-Epicedium," in which the initial letters are repeated thrice in each line. A short poem "On Ambition," sixty lines, and some lines relating to Francis Rous, anagrams in Latin, Greek, and English terminate this portion of the volume.

A new titlepage then occurs, "A Centurie of Historical Applications, with a Taste of Poetical Fictions: being the fruits of some spare Hours by N. B. E. C. A.," with the imprint as before. This part is dedicated "To his Honored Uncle Mr. John Wooton, one of the Commissioners for the County of Hereford," dated 12th August 1657, and is succeeded by a short address to the reader. These "Historical Applications" end on p. 161, and are divided into one hundred sections or divisions, varying from two lines to eighteen. As an example of these applications we subjoin the ninety-ninth :

*Ignatius Leiola*, the first Jesuite  
 As ever I did read of, did delight  
 In giggling laughter, and why did he so ?  
 His teeth (it may be yellow) for to shew :

A Jesuite I would not wish to be,  
 Unless mine actions with my name agree,  
 Laughter is Cousen-Germane unto folly,  
 Better is the extream of Melancholly :  
 To too much Mirth it is not safe to leane ;  
 Nor too much Grief: There is a golden mean.  
 O grant, dear Lord, I may be alwayes glad  
 In thee my God, or make me alwaires sad :  
 If I must needs be proud, permit not me  
 To pride in any thing, great God, but thee ;  
 Unfold my lips, for to agonize my sin ;  
 Let me be foul without, so, fair within.

The “Poetical Fictions” extend from p. 163 to the end p. 184. They are twenty in number, on Jupiter, Apollo, Bacchus, Mercury, and other Heathen Gods and Goddesses, ending with the Fates. We select a portion of the last on the Fates :

Th' intreats of Virtue, nor the threats of Vice,  
 Melts them to mercy ; neither prayer nor price  
 Wring out Compassion, no fire can thaw  
 Their frozen hearts, nor can affliction draw  
 Their thoughts to pitty, they regard no mones,  
 Nor thunder of ingemenated groanes.  
 Noe stormy sighs, nor silent pleading tears  
 Can force the rocky portals of their ears ;  
 They'r cloath'd in white, haveing their temples crown'd  
 An Adamantine distaffe held, which round  
 The spacious orb encircled, their extent  
 And solid stableness thereby was meant.  
 By these three Fates is understood, by some,  
 Time past, time present, and the time to come.

This work has been noticed in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 643 ; by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 458 ; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 53. It sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 537, for 1l. 8s. ; Midgley's ditto, No. 25, 2l. 16s. ; Dr. Bliss's ditto, pt. i. No. 361, 2l. 6s. ; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 53, 3l. 3s.

Collation : Sig. A to N 8, in eights, except A which contains ten leaves. The book is very irregularly paged throughout, but contains 106 leaves in all, including the title, or pp. 212.

Mr. Park's copy. Bound in Calf.

BILLINGSLY, (NICHOLAS.) — A Treasury of Divine Raptures consisting of Serious observations, Pious Ejaculations, Select Epigrams. Alphabetically rank'd and fil'd by a Private Chaplain to the Illustrious and Renowned Lady Urania The Divine and Heavenly Muse. The First Part. London, Printed by T. J. for Thomas Parkhurst at the Golden Bible upon London Bridge. 1667, 8vo.

This little poetical work was apparently intended by Billingsly as the first portion of an extensive alphabetical series of short poems or verses on a variety of subjects, which was never completed, no more than the present volume having been published that we are aware of. It is dedicated “To the Truly Honorable and Religious, the Lady Mary Vaughan, virtuous Consort to the Right Worshipful Sir Henry Vaughan,” &c., at the end of which are these lines by Billingsly, dated November 5, 1666 :

Madam, these sacred Poems which ensue,  
Intended were to follow that which I  
Once tended to your honorable view,  
Excuse me that I cannot gratifie  
Your full desires ; the Stationer thought best  
To print these first, next (if these take) the rest ;  
Madam, till then accept of what is prest.

After these follow two addresses in rhyme, being acrostics upon the names of Sir Edward Harley Knight and Sir Trevir Williames Knight; an “Invocation,” two stanzas, and poetical addresses “To his much honoured Friend John Birch Esq.” and “To the Right Worshipful the Company of Haberdashers.”

The *Treasury of Divine Raptures* begins on p. i. sig. B 1., the heading “Divine Raptures” being continued throughout. These raptures consist of a series of short poems on a great variety of subjects, ranged under the first three letters of the alphabet, letter A containing 104 pieces, B 161, and C 290. Some of these consist only of two lines; the longest appears to be that on Covetousness which extends to 184 lines. The subjects are exceedingly miscellaneous, as may be seen from the mention of only a few in each letter, *e.g.* A : Abba, Abettor, Ability, Abjuration, Abecedary, Abridgment, Absence, Absolution, &c. B : Babel, Baby, Back-biting, Back-sliding, Bag of Money, Ball, Ballance, Balm, &c. C : Cabinet, Cable, Cage, Caitiffe,

Cake, Calamity, Calendar, Calends, Calls, &c. The verses of Billingsly are not at all attractive, so that a single specimen from such a medley may suffice. The subject is—

149. *On Burthens.*

Come unto me, I hear my Savior say  
 To ev'ry sin-press'd soul, O come away  
 All ye that groane under sins massie weight,  
 And I will ease you, and refresh you streight :  
 My yoke is easie, and may well be worn,  
 My burden's not too heavy to be borne :  
 Yield, yield my soul, his are no Tyrant Laws,  
 His spir't will help thee ; If the Loadstone draws  
 The Ir'n, the Iron easily may move,  
 So thou . . . . . out of a principle of love  
 Obey thy Savior, serve him with delight ;  
 Love makes sin heavy, and Christs burden light.

God never burdens us, but that he may  
 Un-burthen us of sin, there's in the way  
 Of duty, joy, and Heaven at the end,  
 O think of the reward, that doth attend  
 Your service, and bless God you are not under  
 The curses of the Law, the Law rores thunder.

At the foot of the last page occur the following lines :

*The Post-script to the Reader.*

1. Thus (Reader) have I finish'd as thou seest,  
     The first three Letters of the Criss-cross Row,  
     More Grapes I have, which shall not now be prest,  
     How well thou wilt like these, I do not know,  
     If this Tast please, thou mayst command my store,  
     The Vineyard of my Muse can yield thee more.
2. I pray thee let my absence from the Press  
     Obtain that of thee, which thy presence shall  
     Obtain of me, (a favour I confess)  
     T' amend the Errors *Typographical*,  
     So shall the Printer, and the Author too  
     Be bound to serve thee in what we can do.

FINIS.

See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 54, where a copy is priced at 3*l.* 10*s.*; Jolly's sale, pt. ii. No. 321,\* 15*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 510, 1*l.* 7*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i.

No. 251, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 23, 2*l.* 3*s.* There is a copy in the British Museum,<sup>1</sup> which had belonged to Pearson, and in which Mr. Park observes, "I have seen no other."

Collation: Sig. A to Q 4; pp. 240.  
In Calf extra.

<sup>1</sup> In the British Museum (*MS. Sloane*, No. 1161) there is another unprinted poetical work by the same author in 8vo, written in a plain hand of the close of the 16th century, upon 69 leaves (pp. 138), entitled: "Ανθρωποτοια: Theological Reflections on God's Admirable Master-piece: or Profitable instructions from the Creation of Man relating to his {visible} nature his {body} {soule}. As also the Originall excellency of both. God's Image shining most cleerly in the whole man, in the state of integrity before his woful fall." Written by the much lamented Nicholas Billingsly, Lecturer at Blackney in Gloucestershire; Quotations from *Ps.* viii. 4; *Cic.* 1 *Offic.*; and *Ovid. Met.* lib. i.\*

This had once belonged to Baxter, who has written on the next leaf, "The poetricie of this booke I leave to the judgment and relish of the Reader. The Philosophicall and Theologicall matter, so farre as I had leisure to peruse it, is such as is agreeable to the authors that are commonly esteemed.—Richard Baxter." On the next leaf are six stanzas, of which we give the first, headed "The Proposition of this worke."

1.

"Of all Gods works, which visible appeare  
Man was the noblest, best, and most divine;  
O what heart can conceive, what tongue declare  
The Glory which in the first man did shine.  
The Sacred Spirit onely can set down  
Man's primitive, unparagon'd renown."

The "Theological Reflections" &c. commence on fol. 4 with part i. "Mans visible nature."

*Chap. 1. Sect. 1.*

"The world's great Architect, when he had made  
All other Creatures by his word of Pow'r,  
Made mankind last by whom they should be sway'd,  
And placed him in an entrancing bow'r.  
Man male and femal did the Lord create  
His Image in the world to propagate."

This first part extends to sixteen sections of various lengths occupying seventy pages.

\* It appears from this work that Billingsly was in holy orders, and Lecturer at Blackney in Gloucestershire at the Chapel of All Saints, which he resigned at the Revolution, a point in his history unknown to Wood and his other biographers.

**BILLYNG, (WILLIAM.)** — The Five Wounds of Christ. A Poem.  
 From an Ancient Parchment Roll. By William Billyng.  
 4to. Blk. lett.: Manchester: Printed by R. and W. Dean.  
 MDCCXIV.

"The following theological poem, with fac-similes, is printed from a finely written and illuminated parchment roll, in perfect preservation, about two yards and three quarters in length: it is without date, but by comparing it with other poetry, it appears to have been written early in the fifteenth century: the illuminations and ornaments with which it is decorated, correspond with those of missals written about the reign of Henry V.; the style may therefore fix its date between the years 1400 and 1430. The author gives his name and mark at the bottom of the roll — William

A few of the headings are "God's consultation about making man; Uses of the fabrick of man; The efficient cause of man; The matter of mans body; The parts of mans body; Lessons from mans bones; Instructions from the reins of man; Do. from the head of man; Do. from the eyes of man;" &c. &c.

The second part commences on fol. 39 with a similar title, and relates to the invisible nature of man, or his soul. This also contains numerous sections, of which the following are some of the subjects discussed: "The spiritual nature of the soul; The immortality of the soul: The ends of mans creation; The state of man before the fall; The whole man made after Gods Image; Paradise mans habitation; Marriage instituted for perfect man a useful good" &c. This second part ends on fol. 65. Then occurs "An Appendix. Of the fall of man." 14 stanzas. After which follows a short poem "On the same," which closes the MS. It consists of 26 couplets, and commences thus, references to the texts of Scripture quoted being given in the margin:

"Adam, that spring of man, at one clap rents  
 Both tables and all the commandments.

1. He chose him then another god, when he  
     Followd the Divel, and from God did flee.
2. He idolized his belly, when he did  
     Make it his god, by eating fruit forbid.
3. He took God's sacred name in vain (forgot  
     Alas his fear) when he believed him not.
4. He did not keep the Rest, and blest estate  
     God set him in, but did prevaricate.
5. He disobeyed his Father's just comand,  
     Therefore his dayes were not long in the land."

&c. &c.

Billyng, probably a monk." Such is the account of this curious poem (which was formerly in the possession of Mr. William Yates of Manchester), given by William Bateman, Esq., of Darley, near Matlock, the gentleman at whose expense the impression of this ancient poem was printed as presents to his friends, being limited to forty copies only for private distribution. It is printed on thin tinted paper, with ornamented borders, the plates being given in outline on the reverse of each page. The present copy has also a duplicate set of the plates beautifully coloured, with the glory in each plate done in gold.

The poem is written in fifteen seven-line stanzas, and the five wounds of Christ are made emblematic of the five wells of 1. Mercy; 2. Pitie; 3. Everlasting life; 4. Grace; and 5. Comfort. At the end of this poem are two other short pieces, with two embellishments — a cross with a wreath round the top, and a figure of death with a mattock in his hand and a spade at his feet. Instead of quoting from the principal poem, we prefer giving a short extract from the verses illustrative of the last plate :

Erth owte of erth is wondyrly wroght  
 For erth hath geten of erth a nobul thyng of noght  
 Erthe upon erthe hath set alle hys thoght  
 How erthe upon erthe may be hygh broght.  
  
 Erthe upon erthe yet wolde be a kyng  
 But how erth shall to erth thynketh he nothyng  
 But when erth bydeth erth his dute hom bryng  
 Then shall erth fro erth have a petrus partyng.  
  
 Erth wynnyth upon erth both castellys and towris  
 Then sayth erth unto erth this is alle owres  
 But whan erth upon erth hath blyldy all his bowrys  
 Then shalle erth for erth suffer sharpe showres  
  
 Erth byldyth upon erth as molde uppō molde  
 And erth goth uppō erth glyttryng alle gold  
 Lyke as erth unto erth never goe sholde  
 Ann justly thā shalle erth go to erth rather yn he wolde.

A copy of this work sold at Midgley's sale, No. 316, for 3*l. 5s.*

Elegantly bound in Blue Morocco, with broad tooled gold border; a cross in the centre, inlaid in red, surrounded by a glory, with leather joints, gilt leaves.

BIRKHEAD, (HENRY.) — Verses by the University of Oxford. On the Death of the Most Noble, and Right Valiant Sir Bevill Grenvill, alias Granvill, Kt. Who was Slain by the Rebells at the Battle on Lansdown Hill near Bathe, July the 5, 1643.

Aut spoliis ego jam raptis laudabor opimis,  
Aut Letho insigni. — Virg. *Aeneid.*

4to. Printed at Oxford in the year of our Lord, 1643, and now Reprinted at London, 1684.

The valour, loyalty, and worth of the illustrious Sir Bevil Grenville ; his gallant and heroic conduct in behalf of his king during the civil war, and his glorious death at the Battle of Lansdown, near Bath, whilst fighting against the parliament forces under Sir William Waller July 5, 1643, are circumstances too well known in our history to be enlarged upon here. The present verses are an epicedium of the muses of Oxford, composed to celebrate his memory, whose character has been so well drawn in prose by Lord Clarendon. The work is dedicated to his son, “The Right Honourable John Earl of Bathe, Viscount of Lansdown, Baron Granvill of Granvill, Bideford, and Kilkhampton, Lord Lieutenant and High-Steward of the Dutchy of Cornwal, Lord-Warden of the Stannaries, Governoour of Plymouth, Groom of the Stole to his Majesty, First Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber, and one of the Lords of his Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council :” by Henry Birkhead of the Inner Temple, the only survivor, with one exception, of all the contributors to the volume, which had been originally printed at Oxford in 1643, and was now reprinted and dedicated to the son. In the long and interesting “Epistle Dedicatory,” prefixed by Birkhead, he gives an account of the ancestors of Sir Bevil, and especially of Sir Richard Greenville, the celebrated admiral ; and is not unmindful of the deeds of Lord Bath, the ennobled son of Sir Bevil, whose acts of bravery are thus recorded :

As the name and fortune of your Ancestors are descended to your Lordship, so is their Virtue too, which appeared so early in you, that before you were Seaventeen years old, you enter'd into your Fathers Command ; and after you had serv'd the King upon several Engagements in the Army, and particularly in *Cornwall*, at the Defeat of the *Earl of Essex*, you brought those Valiant Companies, in the Head of which your Father was slain at *Lansdown*, to fight for his Majesty at the Second Battel of *Newbery*, where you were like to have undergone your Fathers fate, as well as imitated his Virtue, for being engaged in the Thickest of the Enemies, and having

receiv'd severall wounds, and one most dangerous One in the Head, with the blow of a Halberd, whish beat you to the Ground, you lay for some time without Sense or Motion, 'till a Body of the Kings Horse charging the Enemy afresh, beat them off the ground upon which you fought, where you were found amongst the Dead, cover'd with Dust and Blood; and being known, were carried into that place of the Field, where the *King and Prince of Wales* (his now present Majesty) were, who sent you to *Dennington Castle* to be treated for your Wounds. It could not my Lord, but be matter of great Contentment to you, to have his Majesty himself a witness of the Blood you had lost for him, and a Spectator of that Loyalty and Courage, which are the Hereditary Qualities of your Family.

No sooner were the Armies drawn off from the Field of *Newbery*, but you were presently besieged in *Dennington*, where for some time you lay in extream Danger of your life, not only by those desperate Wounds you had got in the late Battel, but in the hazzard you were in, of receiving new ones from the Enemy, the Bullets flying continually through the Room where you lay under Cure, 'till you were releived by the Victorious Forces of his Majesty at the Third Battel of *Newbery*: Nor have you only serv'd the King with your Sword in the Field, but been another way a chief Instrument of the greatest good that ever came to *England*, I mean the Restauracion of his Majesty, and of the Laws and Liberty of your Oppressed Country. This, my Lord, was brought to pass by your prudent and successful Negotiation with my *Lord General Monk*, you having a particular Commission from the King to treat with him; with whom when you had consented all things for his Majesties Return, and that without imposing the least Condition upon him, you posted away to *Bruxells* to give him an account of it: In which Journey as well as in the rest of your Conduct in this Affair, you exposed yourself to no ordinary Danger, and most certainly serv'd the King your Master more effectually, then if you had won more then one Battel for him.

The contributors to the volume are Thomas Masters, Robert Grove, Jasper Mayne, William Cartwright, William Barker, Dudley Diggs, John Birkinhead, Robert Master, William Creed, Peter Mew, Henry Love, Henry Birkhead, and Martin Llewelin. These contributions are not remarkable for any poetical excellence or beauty; we shall therefore content ourselves with quoting a few lines only from the opening of that by Jasper Mayne :

Could I report, Great GRANVILL, or repeat  
Thy famous Actions in thine own stout heat,  
Could I write as Thou fought'st, the World might see  
Perhaps some Picture of thy Deeds, and Thee,  
And thus inspir'd from thy bold flame, my Verse  
At once would come for rapture, and reherse.

But as those ravish't Prophets, who of old  
Sick of their God, and much too frail to hold  
Their strong Inspirer, first felt trance, then spoke,  
And utter'd answers, which from Labours broke :  
So meeting things too high to be exprest,  
I find my self whilst I describe, opprest.  
Thou dost at once possess, and hinder ; still  
Risest, and multipliest between my Quill.  
Still bring'st new various matter to my Dress,  
Which still begins, and still shews Endlesness.  
So *Homer* strove with his *Achilles*, who  
Should bravelier write, or who should bravelier do.  
So what at first he meant an Ode, and Song,  
Swell'd to a work, and Story ten years long,  
And what at first was destin'd to one Shade,  
Spread in the Writing, and prov'd *Iliade*.

At the end of the poetical portion, which occupies only eighteen pages, are some letters and other documents collected by Birkhead the editor, and annexed to the volume. These include 1. A Letter from Charles I. to Sir Bevil Grenvill after the Victory obtained by the Royalists at Stratton ; 2. Another from the same to the County of Cornwall after the death of Sir Bevil Grenvill, dated from the Camp at Sudeley Castle, September 10, 1643 ; 3. The gracious Patent of K. Charles I. to the County of Cornwall for their Loyalty ; 4. A particular account of King Charles II's Grace and Favour to the Loyal Towns and Burroughs within the Dutchy of Cornwall by the Mediation of John Earl of Bathe on the renewal of their Charters December 2, 1684 ; 5. A List of the several Surrenders of the Towns and Burroughs within the Dutchy of Cornwall presented by the Earl of Bathe ; 6. A Relation of the Famous Sea-Fight August 31, 1591, between the Revenge commanded by Sir Richard Greenvill, Vice Admiral, and the Armada of the King of Spain, written by Sir Walter Raleigh Knight ; and 7. His Majesties Royall Warrant to the Earl of Bathe, then Sir John Grenvill, at Brussels, immediately before his Restauration : granting him the place and office of Groom of the Stole and First Gentleman of the Bed Chamber, together with the Title and Dignity of an Earl, and an Estate of Inheritance to the Value of at least 3000*l.* per annum.

Of Henry Birkhead himself, who was a pupil of the celebrated Farnaby, and afterwards a student at Trinity College Oxford, where he was seduced to the Catholic religion by the arts of Kemp the Jesuit, but subsequently

regained to the English Church, and by the influence of Archbishop Laud elected a Fellow of All Souls' College, "an excellent Latin Poet, a good Grecian, and well vers'd in all human Learning," an account will be found in Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. iv. pp. 573-4.

This is the second edition, the first having been printed at Oxford in 1643.

Collation : The Title ; Sig. A to G 4, in fours.

The present copy is on large paper, and is bound by Charles Lewis.

In Calf extra, gilt leaves.

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**BLOUNT, (SIR THOMAS POPE.)** — *De Re Poetica: or, Remarks upon Poetry. With Characters and Censures of the most considerable Poets, whether Ancient or Modern. Extracted out of the Best and Choicest Criticks.* By Sir Thomas Pope Blount. London, Printed by Ric. Everingham, for R. Bently at the Post-house in Russel-street in Covent-Garden. MDCXCIV. 4to, pp. 392.

Sir Thomas Pope Blount, eldest son of Sir Henry Blount, and grandson of a former person of both his own names, of Tittenhanger in Herefordshire, was born in 1649. After receiving a careful education under his father suited to his expectant means, he entered into public life as member of parliament for St. Albans in 1678, and was afterwards member for the county of Hertford in three successive parliaments. He filled also the office of Commissioner of Public Accounts during the latter years of his life. He was created a Baronet by Charles II. in 1679 in the lifetime of his father, was an ardent lover of liberty, and took an active part in all affairs of public interest. Beside the present work he wrote another in Latin entitled, *Censura celebrium Authorum*, London 1690, folio; reprinted at Geneva in 1694, 4to, and 1710, which like his *De Re Poetica* was only a compilation, but considered a valuable and accurate book, and well worthy of a place in any library. He also wrote *Natural History, containing Observations extracted out of the best modern Writers*, 1693, 12mo; and *Essays on several Subjects* 8vo, which the rather partial estimate of one of his biographers has exalted to an equal rank with those of Montaigne, and of which a third edition appeared in 1697. After acquiring great honour and

respect in his public and domestic life, he died at Tittenhanger June 30th 1697, in the 48th year of his age, and was buried in the family vault at Ridge in Hertfordshire, leaving by a daughter of Sir Henry Cæsar of Benington Place, Hertfordshire, Knt., a numerous family behind him of five sons and nine daughters.

The volume under notice is not, any more than the *Censura*, an original work, but only a compilation or collection of the opinions of others, given in the words of the writers themselves, in which, as the compiler says, "he had nothing to answer for but the choice and distribution of the matter." It is in fact a collection of the sentiments and judgments of others, both poets and prose authors, concerning poetry and poetical writers. It is dedicated "To the Right Honourable John Earl of Mulgrave, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter," himself a writer and ardent lover of poetry. The first part contains "Remarks upon the Antiquity and the various kinds of Poesy, whether Tragedy or Comedy, Epic, Heroic, Satyrick, Pastoral, Elegiac, Epigrammatic, or otherwise," &c.; and the second part is filled with characters and censures or critiques upon various Greek, Latin, Italian and English poets, sixty-seven in all, compiled from various sources, and arranged in alphabetical order. Being collected from the best writers on the subject up to that period, it may still be consulted with profit and advantage, and is an useful work. It has never been reprinted.

Reed's copy, No. 6690, with some manuscript additions by Oldys, sold for 3*l.* 11*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 73, 1*l.* 5*s.*

In the original Calf Binding.

**Boccus AND SYDRACKE.**—The history of kyng Boccus, and Sydracke how he confoundyd his lerned men, and in ye syght of them dronke stronge venym in the name of the Trinite & dyd hym no hurt. Also his diuynyte y<sup>t</sup> he lerned of the boke of Noe. Also his profyces that he had by reuelacyō of the aungell. Also his answeris to the questions of wysdome, both morall and natural wyth moche worldly wysdome contayned in noumber CCClxv. translatyd by Hugo of Caumeden, out of Frenche into Englysshe. [Colophon] Thus endeth the hystory and questyōs of kyng Boccus and Sydracke.

Prynted at London by Thomas Godfray. At the coste and charge of dan Robert Saltwode mōke of saynt Austens at Cantorbury. n.d. Cum priuilegio regali. 4to bl̄. lett. pp. 340.

Hugh de Campeden, who translated this work from the French romance of Sydrac, lived in the reign of Henry VI., and probably completed his task many years before the appearance of this printed edition. It was committed to the press “at the coste and charge of dan Robert Saltwode monke of saynt Austens at Cantorbury,” and is now a work of very considerable rarity. Underneath the title is the following curious woodcut of Sydrack and Kynge Boccus discoursing together; and on the reverse is a short prose



address from “John Twyne to the redar,” unnoticed by Dibdin in conse-

quence of the imperfection of his copy, in which he says that "this boke may well be called a boke of philosofye, that is to say, a stody of wysdome," and "cōsayles every mā to rede this boke, or that cannot rede to geue dylygent eere to the redere, for they shal fynde therē great frute bothe to the soule and body." After this follows a table of contents beginning on the same page, and occupying six additional pages.

"Fyrst the hystory of Boccus and Sydracke, how by the power of god he dystroyed his ydols, and by the counsayle of the aungel shewed hym the umbre of the trinite, wherby he conuerted hym and all his host. Than gauē he hym enstrunctions, and answeryd to dyuers questions that he demaundyd of hym." Then "The questyons," amounting in all to 362 in number. The poem commences on Sig. B 1, and is continued to Sig. S 4 in the second alphabet. It opens thus:

Men may fynde in olde bokys  
Who so therin lokys,  
Actes worthy of memory  
Full of knowlege and mystery :  
Wheroft I shall shew a lytell iese  
That be fell ons in the Eest.  
Ther was a kynge that Boccus hyght,  
And was a man of moche myght,  
His lande lay by the greate ynde  
Bectorey hyght it as we fynde.  
After the tyme of Noe euen  
Eyght hundred yere fourty and seuen  
The kynge Boccus hym be thought  
That he wolde haue a cytē wrought  
His emyess ther with to fere :  
¶ And agayn them to mayntayne his  
were  
Chefly for a kynge that was his foo,  
That moche of ynde longed unto  
His name was Garaab the kynge.  
Boccus tho purveyed all thynge  
And shortly a towre began he,  
There he wolde make a cytē ;  
And was ryght in the incomyng  
Of Garabys lande the kynge.  
The masons with grete laboure  
Began to worke on the towre,  
And all that they wrought on the daye

On nyght was it doone awaie.  
On morowe whan Boccus it herde,  
He was wrouthe that it so fared,  
And it all newe quykly begonne  
At nyght whan they shulde leue sone  
Of werke, and they wente to rest  
On the morowe all was downe kest.  
Well vii. monethes thus they wrought  
And all myght a vayle nought.  
¶ Boccus was wrothe wonderly,  
He called his gentylls that was hym by,  
Cownsell me, lordynges, quod he,  
How I may best make this cytē ?  
Syr, they sayd, sende you anone  
For your phylosphers euerychone,  
And ye astronomers that in your  
couentre is,  
For of them can you no cownsell mys.  
Kynge Boccus for them sent,  
His messyngers to gather them went :  
And whan they apperyd togyther there  
Foure score and ix. maysters there were.  
The kynge receyuyd them with the best,  
And thre dayes he dyd let them reste :  
The fourth daye he dyd them caull,  
And they before hym were come all.  
¶ Lordynges, he said, I shall tell you  
now

For what cause I haue sent for you :  
 I am the most kynge I wylle  
 That vnder the sonne rysyng is :  
 All the kynges of this countrey  
 At my comandment truly be,  
 Excepte Garaab the kynge  
 That in Ynde is raynyng ;  
 He contraryes my comandment,  
 And not comys to my parlyament :  
 And hym wolde I fayne compell,  
 But howe in his lade to enter I cannot  
 tell ;  
 But men haue cownselyd me  
 For to make there a cyttee,  
 Masons and stone I thyther brought,  
 And seuen monthes thereon they  
 wrought.  
 Ryght in the entre of his lande  
 For to meke hym to his hande,  
 And all that they on daye wrought  
 At nyght turned all to nougat :  
 And yf Garaab hath perauenture herde  
 Of our worke how it farede,  
 He wyll saye, I haue no myght  
 A tower in his land for to dyght.  
 Therfore your wyttes here on laye,  
 Prayeng you that ye me saye  
 How I maye after my wyll  
 This tower and the cyttee fulfulle.  
 For I had leuer auenged to be  
 Of Garaab that despysyth me,  
 Than y<sup>e</sup> name of all the world to bere :  
 And by my God I you swere,  
 That I shall soone for your dede  
 Quyte rychely your mede.  
 ¶ Syr, quod they, we you promyse  
 That tower surly for to furnyshē ;  
 So that ye shall avengyd be,  
 And haue your mynde of the cyttee :  
 And you us respyte geue  
 Fourty dayes by your leue  
 Tyll we our arte haue ouer sene,  
 How your tower shall be made agayne,

And we shall do our myght  
 To make it stonde daye and nyght.  
 A place he causyd made redy to be  
 With verauant flowers and many a tree,  
 And with freyshe water of the ryuer  
 He commaundyd on all goodly maner  
 That they were serued rychely  
 That daye as his owne body.  
 Astronomers ther were many one in fee,  
 That were the eldest men of that  
 countrye ;  
 And they wrought dyligently in theyr  
 arte  
 Euery one by hymselfe on his parte.  
 And whan the fourty dayes were gone  
 They came before the kynge anone.  
 He askyd them how they had wrought ?  
 Syr, quod they, take you no thought ;  
 Be you glade and mery also,  
 For you shall all your mynd come to :  
 Within a xiij. nyghtes ye shall se  
 Therfore let your masons redy be,  
 Suche a tyme as we shall you saye  
 Stones uppon the tower to laye ;  
 And loke that they be than redy,  
 And we all wyll be there by.  
 Full greatly thanked them the kynge,  
 And moche ioye had he of theyr sayenge  
 ¶ Than came the daye that they had set,  
 The masons were all redy fet  
 And the maysters wente with all  
 To se them that worke shall :  
 With greate ioye they begunne,  
 And wrought as longe as they had sonne ;  
 Whan that the nyght came at the laste,  
 They wente home to make repaste ;  
 And they lefte upon the worke all nyght  
 Great plenty truly of candell lyght.  
 They went all home at nyght tyme,  
 And came ageyne the nexte daye be  
 pryme.  
 The kynge was the nexte daye wod  
 Whan he sawe his worke not stode :

All the tresure that he had vp layed,  
 In ydlynesse it is consumyd, he sayed.  
 And he anon cauled before hym the  
     clerkes,  
 And sayed, are thes your good werkes  
 That you haue caused me for to do ?  
 By the god that I beleue on and loue  
     also,  
 Quyte I shall all your dede,  
 And for your werkes ye shall haue mede :  
 Bynde them fote and hande.  
 Thes wordis were spred a brode in his  
     läde,  
 And so they were in pryon cast,  
 Therin kepte without fauor fast.  
 ¶ Fer of this towre the voyce rane,  
 And unto Garaab at length it came :  
 Whan he it herde great ioye he had,  
 And in his herte he was full glade.  
 A letter he made to kyng Boccus,  
 And sent it by hym that spake thus :  
 I, Garaab, of Ynde kynge,  
 To the Boccus sendes gretynge ;  
 We haue understandyng well  
 Of thy worke and thy wyll euer dele,  
 Of the Cytte thou woldest dyght,  
 But thou hast theyrto no myght,  
 Neyther by arte nor by engyn  
 For to brynge it to a fyne.  
 But wylt thou sende me to my fere  
 Thy daughter that to the is so dere  
 And I shall gyue the leue thereto  
 To make that thou desyrest so.  
 This came to Boccus the kynge  
 All in skorne and in mockynge.  
 Boccus thought his herte shulde blede  
 Whan he herde the letters rede,  
 And was so wode with that answere,  
 That by and by he slew the messyngere,  
 Than dyd he in his lande crye  
 Yf there ware eny lowe or hye,  
 That cowde hym cownsell of that  
     thyng,

How he myght brynge it to endynghe,  
 That cytye with the tower :  
 He shulde with great honoure  
 Gyue hym his daughter unto wyfe,  
 With halfe his treasure in his lyfe.  
 Well two dayes after this crye  
 The kyng sat full drerely :  
 For he wyste not what to do.  
 Than came an olde man hym to,  
 And sayd, Syr, I shall not craue  
 Your daughter nor your treasure to  
     haue,  
 But yf you wyll do me good,  
 I shall wytsafe to amende your mode,  
 And shew who shall on hym take  
 Your tower and cytye for to make.  
 ¶ The kyng anon swore by his god  
 That he loued and trusted in euer more,  
 He shulde so quyt his seruyse,  
 That it shulde lyke hym and all his.  
 Syr, he sayed, this is beste to do :  
 Sende the kyng Tractabar unto  
 And praye hym for your seruyse,  
 That he you lende in eny wyse  
 The boke of Astronomye,  
 That Noe had with hym in balye.  
 By an Aungell was made that boke,  
 And Noe to one of his sonnes it toke,  
 And so hath it gone, I tell you,  
 That Tractabar hath it now :  
 Praye hym also you to lende  
 And with that boke hastely to sende  
 His astronomer Sydrac,  
 Whiche shall undo all the hole pac ;  
 All your wyll shall sone he do,  
 Yf Sydrac come you ones to.  
 Anon the kyng dyd letters make,  
 And to a messyngere he dede them take,  
 And unto Tractabar them sent  
 Withe a full ryche and good present,  
 Desyryng hym very curtesly  
 His boke and Sydrac to sende shortly.  
 ¶ Whan Tractabar that messyngere

Had receyued with louynge chere,  
 Sayeng, you are ryght welcome to me,  
 Grete ioye I haue that I nou se  
 My lorde and my frende Boccus,  
 To sende me louyng letters thus ;  
 A boke to lende hym he prayes me,  
 That in olde tyme had Noe,  
 That boke can fulfull his wyll  
 Of a thynge that lyes beryed in a hyll.  
 That who so myght come them to,  
 He myght all his wyll do.  
 My father wente up to that hyll,  
 But he myght neuer come ther tyll :  
 But Boccus is of moche myght,  
 And he wyll with them fyght,  
 That upon that hyll wonne,  
 He shall haue his wyll sone :  
 He sent hym his boke and Sydrac,  
 And a letter that thus spake :

Unto our lorde and frende  
 The kynge Boccus unto we sende ;  
 Whom kynge Garaab greteth well,  
 And certyfyeth that we haue euery dele  
 Accordyng your mynde, we sende you to  
 Our boke and our clarke also,  
 And thanke ye moche of your sendynge,  
 A glade man was Boccus tho  
 Whan Sydrac before hym cam truly :  
 He toke hym by the hande ryght gladly,  
 And tolde hym euery dele of his case,  
 And how to hym it befallen was.  
 ¶ Syr, quod Sydrac, that lande I wysse  
 Euery dele be weched is :  
 There shall neuer man spedre  
 Upon that lande to do no dede,  
 That therof shall come eny prosperyte,  
 Excepte theyr wychecrafte undoune be,  
 And I shall it redely unbynde.

Boccus, it will be perceived from this quotation, was a heathen, and a worshipper of idols : Sydrac was a Christian and an astronomer, and after a trial of strength by prayer and faith, between two of the wise men of Boccus on the one side and the Christian Sydrac on the other, by which the idols of King Boccus are consumed by fire from heaven, and which reminds us strongly of the contest between the prophets of Baal and Elijah in the sacred Scripture, from whence it is evidently taken, Boccus becomes convinced by the reasoning of Sydrac, who by the counsel of an angel shows him "the umbre of the Trynyte," whereby he is converted with all his host, and is instructed by Sydrac in the true Christian faith, and in many other things of importance. These are contained in the answers which Sydrac gives to the 362 questions propounded to him by the king, and which occupy the remainder of the volume, with the exception of the last two leaves. Some of these replies are exceedingly curious, as serving to show the extent and description of knowledge which then prevailed on many subjects of moral and scientific interest. The result of the whole is that Sydrac builds the tower for the king

In the name of the Trynyte  
 One god and persons thre,

and that Garaab also is brought over to the true faith, and destroys all his false idols.

From the preceding long quotation the reader will perceive that Campden or Campden's translation of this romance does not boast of any elegance or poetical spirit in the language, nor of any grace or harmony in the metre. Neither does it resemble one of the old romances of chivalry, but may rather be considered, as Mr. Warton says, "a compendium of Arabian philosophy." It is valuable, however, as containing many curious words and phrases belonging to the period in which it was written, and as being composed during a reign in which we have so few original writers of English poetry, the wars of the Roses having been greatly prejudicial to that period of our literature.

The following may be taken as a short specimen of one of the questions, and its reply :

*The lxviii. questyon.*

¶ What beast is it that ye fynde  
That lengest leueth in his kynde.

An Erne leueth longest as I trowe  
Of all the beastes that I knowe :  
The erne euery daye wyl flye  
In to the ayre up so hye,  
Hygher than any man maye se,  
And freshe and newe becometh he.  
And in longe lyfe he contynueth,  
That so oft hym selfe renueth.  
The adder also hath longe lyfe,  
And under erth he dwellyth ryfe,  
And under stonyss and in brynkys.  
The kelyth of the erth drynkys.

His hyde he newyth euery yere,  
And becomyth yonge and fayre ;  
Be he not stayned with beast or man  
A thowsand yere wel lyue he can ;  
And whan a thowsand yere is gon,  
Horne his hede growyth on :  
And shortly after begynneth he  
A fayr dragon for to be :  
But al they fare not so,  
Some dye or they come thereto ;  
And some are stayned here and there,  
Or els al to fell they were.

The lxxiii. questyon is —

Leue ony men in the world mo  
Out of the erthe than we on go ;

and in describing the inhabitants of different isles, the author represents them much as they are pictured in the volumes of Mandeville and others :

Syr, yles are many in the see  
A thousand and foure hūdred and two  
ther be,  
Some are inhabyted men withall,  
And some are not, nor never shall.  
There are some that men in dwell  
Of our lykenes euery dell,

And of hyth but handfulls thre,  
And of berdes hangyng to theyr kne ;  
Theyr here downe to theyr helys is,  
Of fleshe they fede both of goose and  
gryce :  
Theyr beastes are small euerychone,  
A speche they haue by them alone.

¶ Another yle is by the see  
 And therin are smal meyne,  
 A spanne longe are they and no more  
 And all of fysshe lyue they there  
 In the water are they be lyght  
 And up on londe they are on nyght  
 ¶ Yet there other yles be  
 With men al so great as we  
 With one eye in the front no more  
 And us with two they drede ful sore  
 They ete fleshe, and with the fellys  
 Clothe they them, and with nothyng  
 ellys  
 ¶ Yet there is another also ;  
 The folke that longeth therto  
 Are tayled ryght as shepe eche one,  
 And then lyue by fysshe alone.  
 ¶ Yet is there one of oure shapnesse,

But they are moche lesse,  
 And they are euer in fyght and were.  
 Agayne a great maner of fowle is there  
 In colde wynter tho fowles great  
 Take they, and hold them for theyr  
 mete.

¶ Another is there yet nere hand  
 There is a maner foule dweland  
 Thoughe they were in fyre brought  
 Brenne ne shuld theyr fethers noughe.  
 ¶ Another folke is there fayre and  
 sounde

That haue vysage lyke a hounde.

¶ Yet is there folke in a contre  
 And feble and lene they be,  
 On sonne and on the mone they byleue,  
 And sacryfyce to them they geue.

&c. &c.

At the end is the following epilogue :

Pray we now with al our myght  
 Unto god of heuen lyght  
 That he geue us grace so to do  
 That we heuen may come unto  
 That we shal al to I wene  
 And that Hughe of caumpedene

That this boke hath throughge sought  
 And unto Englyssh ryme brought  
 Lyue in ioye without synne  
 And that he godis loue here wynne  
 So that he at his lyues ende  
 Unto the blesse of heuen wende.

#### F I N I S .

The volume closes with the colophon we have previously given, and on the last page is a woodcut of the arms of St. Augustine's Monastery at Canterbury. Warton had seen only one MS. of this romance, viz. that in the Laud collection G. 57, fol. membr. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which is a very fine one. Ritson mentions another in the Sloane collection in the British Museum, No. 2232, which was completed in the month of May 1502, 4to, and says that manuscript copies of this translation are not uncommon. In the last-mentioned MS. the authorship is attributed, but probably without foundation, to Robert Wakefield, a distinguished scholar and linguist of his time, who died in 1537; but he was perhaps only the transcriber, it having been a common custom formerly for the copyist to sign his name at the end of a MS. after he had completed it. An imperfect copy of it is in the Harleian collection, and in MS. Egerton, No. 751, is a French version, entitled "Le livre del Roy Boccus, le quel il fist

escrire, des Sciences de Sidrac, et li mist le nom le livre de Sidrac, le livre de totes Sciences." Of the printed edition by Godfray there is a perfect copy in the Grenville collection, in the British Museum; and another, also perfect, was sold in Mr. Heber's library for 24*l.* 10*s.* and is now in the collection of the late William H. Miller, Esq. This very fine copy, in the original binding, was successively in the collections of Rawlinson, Major Pearson, and the Duke of Roxburghe, at whose sale, No. 3272, it was bought by the Marquis of Blandford for 30*l.*, and at the sale of the White Knight's library in 1819, pt. i. No. 550, was purchased by Mr. Heber for 35*l.* 14*s.* There is a copy in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, another in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library, a third in that of Mr. Douce in the same library, and a fourth in the Public Library at Cambridge. An imperfect one, wanting the title and first pages, is in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, which had once belonged to the celebrated Dr. Simon Forman. Another similar one, wanting the title, sold in Steevens' sale, No. 774, for 2*l.* 19*s.* An imperfect one also which had belonged to White Kennett, wanting several leaves, but having the first and last, and otherwise in fine state, was sold in Bright's sale, No. 1111, for 3*l.* 8*s.*, and is now in the possession of the editor.

The present copy, which was obtained at the sale of Baron Bolland's library in 1840, No. 406, is unfortunately imperfect, wanting the title and the whole of sheet Q of the poem, and part of the top corners of sheet R. These have been beautifully supplied by manuscript in fac-simile by Harris, and the volume is in nice state.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A six leaves; B to Z in fours, I four leaves; then a second Gothic alphabet  $\mathbb{A}$  to  $\mathbb{S}$ , in fours. 170 leaves.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

BODENHAM, (JOHN.) — Bel-vedére or the Garden of the Mvses.

Quem referent [Musæ] vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.



Imprinted at London by F. K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at  
Saint Magnus corner. 1600 sm. 8vo. pp. 274.

Among the numerous poetical miscellanies which began to appear about this period, and form a remarkable feature in the literary annals of the time, must be included the present rare work, compiled by John Bodenham, the editor also of *Politeuphuia Wits Commonwealth*, 1598, 8vo; *Wits Theater of the little World*, 1599, 8vo; and of *Englands Helicon*, 1600, 4to, noticed hereafter. Although Bodenham was thus a contributor to the preservation and diffusion of these flowers of our early poetry, and was so useful in his generation, little or nothing seems to be known of him beyond the evidence of his industry in the compilation of these works. Beneath the motto on the title is an oval emblematical woodcut, representing the sun (Apollo) shining on a laurel between the bi-forked summits of Parnassus, with a pink on one side and a heartsease on the other; around which, in a border, is

the inscription : “Parnasso et Appolline digna.” This cut, as well as the work itself, was thus ridiculed in the old anonymous play of *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, 4to :

*Judicio.*

Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these *English Flores poetarum*; but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filch'd from the nest of crows, and kestrels; Here is a book, *Ingenioso*; why, to condemn it, to clear the usual tiburn of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

*Ingenioso.*

What's the name of it, I pray thee, *Judicio* ?

*Judicio.*

Look, its here, *Bel-videre*.

*Ingenioso.*

What a belweather in *Pauls* churchyard, so called because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath a tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it? What is the rest of the title?

*Judicio.*

*The garden of the muses.*

*Ingenioso.*

What have we here, the poet garish, gayly bedeck'd like fore-horses of the parish? What follows?

*Judicio.*

*Quem referent musæ vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum celum stellas, dum vehet annis aquas.*  
Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes  
Shall live full many an age in latter times;  
Who makes a ballad for an ale house door,  
Shall live in future times for evermore:  
Then (Bodenham) the muse shall live so long,  
As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung.

*Ingenioso.*

But what's his device? *Parnassus* with the sun and the laurel? I wonder this owl dares look on the sun; and I marvel, this goose flies not the laurel: his device might have been better—a fool going in to the market-place to be seen, with this motto, *Scribimus indocti*: or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word *sua cuique gloria*.

*Judicio.*

Turn over the leaf, *Ingenioso*, and thou shalt see the pains of this worthy gentleman. *Sentences, gathered out of all kind of poets, referred to certain methodical heads, profitable for the use of these times, to rhyme upon any occasion at a little warning, &c.*

After the title is an interesting prose address "To the Reader," omitted in the second edition, in which the editor gives a curious account of the intent and construction of the volume, as will appear from the following extract :

Concerning the nature and qualitie of these excellent flowers, thou seest that they are most learned, graue, and witty sentences ; each line being a seuerall sentence, and none exceeding two lines at the vttermost..... Now that euery one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no man doth assume to himselfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deserving those things which have been derived from so many rare and ingenious spirits ; I have set downe both how, whence, and where these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne togither into the Muses Garden, that euery ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be iniuried in the iustice of his merit.

First, out of many excellent speeches spoken to her Maiestie, at Tiltings, Triumphes, Maskes, Shewes, and deuises perfourmed in prograce : as also out of diuers choise Ditties sung to her ; and some especially, proceeding from her owne most sacred selfe : Here are great store of them digested into their meete places, according as the method of the worke plainly deliuereþ. Likewise out of priuat Poems, Sonnets, Ditties, and other wittie conceits, giuen to her Honorable Ladies, and vertuous Maids of Honour ; according as they could be obtained by sight, or fauour of copying, a number of most wittie and singular Sentences.

Secondly, looke what workes of Poetrie haue been put to the worlds eye, by that learned and right royll King and Poet JAMES King of Scotland, no one Sentence of worth had escaped, but are likewise here reduced into their right roome and place.

Next, out of sundry things extant, and many in priuat, done by these right Honourable persons following :

Thomas, Earle of Surrey.	Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.
The Lord Marquesse of Winchester.	Sir Philip Sidney.

From Poems and workes of these noble personages, extant :

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.	Sir Edward Dyer.
Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.	Fulke Greuile, Esquier.
Sir Walter Raleigh.	Sir John Harrington.

From diuers essayes of their Poetrie ; some extant among other Honourable personages writings ; some from priuate labours and translations :

Edmund Spencer.	Thomas Churchyard Esquier.
Henry Constable, Esquier.	Thomas Nash.
Samuell Daniell.	Thomas Kidde.
Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.	George Peele.
Thomas Watson.	Robert Greene.
Michaell Drayton.	Iosuah Syluester.
John Dauius.	Nicholas Breton.

Thomas Hudson.	Geruase Markham.
Henrie Locke Esquier.	Thomas Storer.
John Marston.	Robert Wilmot.
Christopher Marlow.	Christopher Middleton.
Beniamin Johnson.	Richard Barnefield.
William Shakspeare.	

These being Moderne and extant Poets that haue liv'd togither; from many of their extant workes, and some kept in priuat.

Thomas Norton, Esquier.	Frauncis Kindlemarsh Esquier.
George Gascoigne Esquier.	Thomas Atchlow.
George Whetstones.	

These being deceased, haue left diuers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which for the most part haue been perused, and their due right here giuen them in the Muses Garden.

Besides, what excellent Sentences have been in any presented Tragedie, Historie, Pastorall, or Comedie, they haue been likewise gathered, and are here inserted in their proper places.

At the close of this address, on the reverse, is a woodcut of the arms and crest of Bodenham. Azure, a fess between three chess-rooks, or. Crest, out of a ducal coronet, or, a wing, sable. Motto: Macte bonis animi. The same cut being also made use of before *England's Helicon*, 1600, 4to. Then follow commendatory verses by A. M. (probably Anthony Munday), A. B., W. Rankins Gent. (author of the *Mirror of Monsters?*) and R. Hathway; and two Sonnets to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, the former signed "Sua cuique gloria," and the latter "Stat sine morte decus." Mr. Malone in his *Inquiry*, p. 99, has suggested that this R. Hathway may probably have been the kinsman of Ann Hathaway, the wife of our immortal bard. Hathway is mentioned by Meres as among the chief dramatic writers of his time in *Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury*, 1598, fol. 282.

One of the sonnets in praise of the book, written by A. B., is so elegantly expressed that although elsewhere quoted, it will bear a repetition:

*Of this Garden of the Muses.*

Thou which delight'st to view this goodly plot,  
Here take such flowres as best shal serue thy vse,  
Where thou maist find in euery curios knot  
Of speciall vertue, and most precious iuyce,  
Set by Apollo in their severall places,  
And nourished with his celestiall Beames,

And watered by the Muses and the Graces  
 With the fresh dew of those Castalian streames.  
 What sente or colour canst thou but deuise  
 That is not here, that may delight the sense?  
 Or what Art or Industry comprise,  
 That in abundance is not gather'd hence?  
 No Garden yet was euer halfe so sweet,  
 As where Apollo and the Muses meet.

A. B.

The extracts from the various poets enumerated extend to two hundred and thirty-three pages, arranged under different heads—God, Heaven, Conscience, Religion, Truth, Vertue, Faith, Hope, Love, Hate, &c.; and at the end is a short concluding address by the compiler, and “An Alphabetical Table of the severall things handled in this Booke;” in the former of which he observes that “in this first Impression are omitted the sentences of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lidgate*, and other auncient Poets, because it was not knowne how their forme would agree with these of ten syllables onely, and that sometimes they exceed the compasse herein obserued, hauing none but lineall and couplet sentences, aboue and beyond which course, the Gentleman who was the cause of this collection (taking therein no meane paines him-selfe, besides his friends labour) could not be perswaded, but determinately aimed at this observation.”

In comparing this poetical miscellany with others of a similar kind, the two great defects which are especially observable in the *Garden of the Muses* are the limitation of the extracts to a single couplet, and the want of identification of the passages, no authors names being given. This is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the book, which on this account is inferior to the work of Allot, before noticed; and should *Belvedere* ever be reprinted it would be desirable to annex the author’s name to each extract.

For further notices of the work see Warton’s *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 103; Herbert’s *Ames*, vol. iii. p. 1382; *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 195; Collier’s *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 228; Drake’s *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 725; Ritson’s *Bibl. Poet.* p. 134; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 55. It is also adverted to in Oldys’ preface to Heywood’s *British Muse*, and in Dr. Anderson’s general preface to his *English Poets*. The work is exceedingly rare, and sold at Perry’s sale, pt. i. No. 533, for 6*l.* 6*s.*; and pt. iv. No. 315 (one leaf wanting) 5*l.*; Jolley’s ditto, pt. ii. No. 352, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Steevens’, No. 1127, with MS. index, 11*l.* 15*s.*; Bindley’s, pt. i. No. 455, 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 55 (one leaf MS.) 2*l.*

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A ten leaves ; B to R 8, in eights ; pp. 276, including blank leaf A 1.

From the collections of Major Pearson, Mr. Park, Sir Mark M. Sykes Bart., and Mr. Jolley. With numerous memoranda in MS. and references to the authors of the extracts by Mr. Park. It has also prefixed a reprint of that portion of *The Return from Parnassus* which relates to the present work.

Half bound in Russia.

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BODENHAM, (JOHN.) — Bel-vedére or the Garden of the Muses.

Quem referent [Musæ] vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

Imprinted at London by F. K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at  
Saint Magnus corner. 1600. Sm. 8vo, pp. 274.

Another copy of the rare first edition from the collections of Bindley, Perry, and Heber. It contains many MS. references to the poets from whose works the extracts are taken. The following is the sonnet addressed

*To the Vniuersitie of Oxenford.*  
Thou eye of Honour, Nurserie of Fame,  
Still teeming-Mother of immortall seed ;  
Receive these blessed orphanes of thy breed,  
As from thy happie issue first they came.  
Those flowing wits that bathed in thy foorde ;  
And suck't the honie dew from thy pure pap :  
Returne their tribute back into thy lap,  
In rich-wrought lines, that yelde no idle woord.  
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supplie  
• This *Garden of the Muses*, where doth want  
Such Flowers as are not, or come short, or scant  
Of that perfection may be had thereby :  
So shall thy name live, their fame ne're dye,  
Though under ground whole worlds of time they lie.

Stat sine morte decus.

In this sonnet, believed to be written by Bodenham himself, the idea in the last two lines appears to be taken from a passage from some poet quoted on p. 18 :

Our vices nor our vertues neuer die,  
Though under ground a thousand yeares we lie.

In the second edition these lines are thus altered for the worse :

So shall thy name live still, their fame ne'er die,  
Though under ground whole world of times it lie.

There is a copy of this edition in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian Library.

In the original calf binding.

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**BODENHAM, (JOHN.) — The Garden of the Muses.**

Quem referent Musæ vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

Printed at London by E. A. for Iohn Tap, and are to be sold  
at his shop at Saint Magnus corner. 1610. Sm. 8vo, pp.  
260.

With the exception of the omission of the word "Belvedere" on the title, and of the interesting prose address "To the Reader" by the editor, this second edition corresponds in its contents with that of the preceding one of 1600. It is quite as rare if not rarer than the first impression. The paging is very incorrect after 190, but the volume contains altogether 130 leaves, or pp. 260, and not 250 as stated by Lowndes.

Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 278, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes', pt. i. No. 240, 2*l.* 18*s.*; Sotheby's in 1821, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Midgley's, No. 29, 8*l.* 13*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 56, 2*l.*

Collation : Title A 1 ; Sig. A, four leaves ; B to R, 6, in eights.  
Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

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**BODENHAM, (JOHN.) — Englands Helicon. Or the Muses Harmony.**

The Courts of Kings heare no such straines  
As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines.

London : Printed for Richard More; and are to be soould at  
his Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard. 1614. 8vo. pp. 254.

The extraordinary fertility of the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the production of writers of poetry, of whom the names of more than two hundred and fifty might be enumerated, gave birth to the publication of a series of poetical miscellanies, which first appeared in that age, and contain many beautiful and interesting poems, which are scattered in the works of their various authors. Among these miscellanies, especially with reference to our pastoral compositions, few are more interesting than the present. Unlike the metaphysical poems of the next reign, — the conceits of Donne or of Cowley, and the pedantic jargon of others, — the earlier collection breathes only of nature, the scenes and pleasures of a country life, or of the simple songs of her shepherds and peasants, in such strains as captivate the heart and its affections. And we have in several of these strains some of the most beautiful and graceful poetry of our language. The pieces of Lodge, Breton, Marlow and Raleigh, not to mention others, abound with excellences, and contain gems of the finest water. It is generally understood that we are indebted to Bodenham for this important miscellany, than which a more happy or choice selection of the poetry of that period could hardly have been culled.

So much has already been written on the subject of this most valuable miscellany in the introduction to the reprint of the work by Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Haslewood in the third volume of the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, and in other works of a similar character, that it will be needless to enlarge in the present place upon its excellence or its rarity. It is generally considered the most important of the various collections of our early pastoral poetry, and has been the means of preserving to us some of the most beautiful of the lyrical songs of that period. It is somewhat singular, considering that two impressions of it were printed, that a miscellany like this should have become a work of such great rarity, and its merits considered, that it should have remained unreprinted for nearly two hundred years. The lovers of our early poetry are therefore greatly indebted to the late Sir Egerton Brydges for his valuable and elegant reprint, with a biographical and critical introduction, of this collection in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, of which one hundred and twenty copies were taken off separately in 4to. By these means the public taste has been gratified, and the work rendered more accessible to general readers.

It contains contributions from nearly all the principal poets of that period, which was so fertile in poetical writers, the leading tone of its compositions

partaking of the pastoral character. “The principal feature of *Englands Helicon*,” says Dr. Drake, “is its pastoral beauty, and in this department how few have surpassed or even equalled the exquisite strains of Lodge or Marlow!” Indeed, as it has been remarked, it will be sufficient to establish the value of *England's Helicon* if it be only for having preserved Marlow's beautiful song of “The Passionate Shepherd to his Love,” and Raleigh's not less beautiful answer to it. “It cannot be idle or useless,” says Sir Egerton Brydges in his introduction, “to study this early collection of pastoral compositions. Here is the fountain of that diction, which has since been employed and expanded in the description of rural scenery. Here are the openings of those reflections on the imagery of nature, in which subsequent poets have so much dealt. They shew us to what occasional excellence, both in turn of thought, and polish of language, the literature of Queen Elizabeth had arrived; and how little the artificial and incumbered prose of mere scholars of that time exhibits a just specimen of either the sentiment or phrase of the court or people! In the best of these productions, even the accentuation and rhythm scarce differs from that of our days. Lodge and Breton in particular, who are characterised by their simplicity, are striking proofs of this!”

Of this valuable collection two editions were published. The first in 1600, called “Englands Helicon.

Casta placent superis pura cum veste venite  
Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.

At London, Printed by J. R. for Iohn Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Beare.” 4to.

Prefixed to this edition is a sonnet “To his loving kinde friend Maister John Bodenham,” signed A. B., which proves Bodenham to be the collector of this miscellany; then a prose address “To his very loving Friends, M. Nicholas Wanton and M. George Faucet,” signed A. B.; and another “To the Reader, if indifferent,” signed L. N.; after which follow the poems, without any table of contents. This first edition consists of 192 pages, and contains 150 poems. A copy of this edition sold at Major Pearson's sale for 5*l.* 10*s.*, and at Steevens' ditto, No. 1127, with MS. notes and additions, for 11*l.* 15*s.*

The present impression commences with a dedicatory sonnet by the printer, Richard More, “To the truly Vertuous and Honourable Lady, the

Lady Elizabeth Carie," which is followed by "The Table of all the Songs and Pastorals with the Authors' names, contained in this Booke," five pages. This edition contains nine more poems than the preceding, and numbers 254 pages.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Ellis and others have quoted largely from this interesting collection, and the reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges has made it better known, we cannot resist the temptation of laying before the reader one or two of its shorter pieces taken at random, the first of which, by Edmund Bolton, the author of *Hypercritica*, must make us regret that his published poetical remains are not more extensive.

*A Palinode.*

As withereth the Primrose by the riuver,  
 As fadeth Summers-Sunne from gliding fountaines ;  
 As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,  
 As melteth Snow vpon the mossie Mountaines :  
 So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers  
 The Rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow  
 Of praise, pompe, glory, ioy (which short life gathers)  
 Faire praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.  
 The withered Primrose, by the mourning riuver,  
 The faded Summers-sunne from weeping fountaines ;  
 The light-blowne bubble, vanished for euer,  
 The molten snow vpon the naked mountaines :  
 Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,  
 Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.  
 For as the snow, whose lawne did ouer-spread  
 Th' ambitious hils, which Giant-like did threat  
 To pierce the heauen with their aspiring head,  
 Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie seat.  
 When as the bubble, which did emptie flie  
 The dalliance of the vndiscerned winde,  
 On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,  
 Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance finde :  
 And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,  
 Colour'd the bubble with a pleasant varie,  
 And made the rathc and timely Primrose grow,  
 Swarth clouds with-drawne (which longer time do tarie).  
 Oh, what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so  
 As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers, or snow ?

E. B.

*The solitarie Shepheards Song.*

O shadie Vale, O faire enriched Meades,  
 O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountaines,  
 O painted flowers, greene hearbs where *Flora* treads,  
 Refreshed by wanton winds and watry fountaines :  
  
 O all you winged Queristers of wood  
 that pearcht aloft, your former paines report :  
 And straite againe recount with pleasant moode,  
 your present ioyes in sweet and seemely sort :  
  
 O all you creatures whosoeuer thriue  
 on mother Earth, in Seas, by Ayre, by Fire :  
 More blest are you then I heere vnder Sunne,  
 loue dies in me, when as hee doth reuive  
 In you, I perish vnder beauties ire,  
 where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is wun.

Thomas Lodge.

*Rosalinds Madrigal.*

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,	Else I with Roses every day
doth sucke his sweet :	will whip ye hence :
Now with his wings, he playes with me,	And binde ye when ye long to play,
now with his feete.	for your offence.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,	Ile shut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
His bed amidst my tender brest,	Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
My kisses are his daily feast,	Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
And yet he robs me of my rest,	Alas, what hereby shall I winne
Ah! wanton will ye ?	If he gaine-say me ?
And if I sleepe, then pierceth he,	What if I beate the wanton Boy
with prettie slight :	with many a rod ?
And makes his pillow of my knee,	He will repay me with annoy
the liue-long night.	because a God.
Strike I my Lute, he tunes the string,	Then sit thou safely on my knee,
He musicke playes if I but sing,	And let thy bower my bosome be :
He lends me every louely thing,	Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting,	O Cupid, so thou pitty me,
Whilst wanton, still ye.	Spare not, but play thee.

Thomas Lodge.

*An Inuective against Loue.\**

All is not golde that shineth bright in show,  
 Not euery flowre so good, as faire, to sight,  
 The deepest streames, aboue doe calmest flow,  
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight.

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\* This is one of the additional poems which were not in the first edition.

The pleasant baite doth hide the harmfull hooke,  
And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold, whose outward hew doth passe  
Whose first beginnings goodly promise make  
Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Sommers grasse,  
Which neither Sunne can parch, nor winde can shake :  
But when the mould should in the fire be tride,  
The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie the flowre, so fresh, so faire, so gay,  
So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and tast :  
As seemes it should endure, by right, for aye,  
And neuuer be with any storme defast,  
But when the baleful Southerne wind doth blow,  
Gone is the glory which it erst did shew.

Loue is the streme, whose waues so calmly flow  
As might intice mens minds to wade therein :  
Loue is the poison mixt with sugar so  
As might by outward sweetnesse liking win,  
But as the deepe ore'flowing stops thy breath,  
So poyon once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceives,  
And makes them swallow downe the choking hooke :  
Loue is the face whose fairenesse iudgement reaues,  
And makes thee trust a false and fained looke.  
But as the hooke, the foolish fish doth kill,  
So flatt'ring lookes, the louer's life doth spill.

Of both editions of this choice and interesting selection of the pastoral poetry of the period, the reader will find an ample notice in the *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. pp. 148 and 160, together with a complete list of the various titles of the poems contained in the collection, and a short specimen from each edition. See also Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 720, for an interesting account of the numerous poetical miscellanies of that age, and of this collection in particular; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i. p. 249; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 292, &c. Mr. Hallam, in his *Introd. to the Literat. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 310, has highly praised it as the most important of all the poetical miscellanies; and speaking of the pieces of Marlow, Raleigh, Lodge and Breton, characterises these early lyrics as being "full of beauty, grace, and simplicity, and as among the best in our language." Percy, Ellis, and Campbell have each taken specimens from this collection, the second of

them largely; but have still omitted some pieces well deserving of quotation.

Very few of our collectors of early English poetry have possessed copies of this rare and interesting work. We look for it in vain in the sale catalogues of their libraries; and the following, after a long and laborious search, are the only copies we are able to trace:—Mr. Brand's, No. 2176, which had a few leaves made up with MS., sold for 2*l.* 7*s.*; Farmer's, No. 6265, for 7*l.* 10*s.*; the Roxburgh copy, No. 3172, with the title mended, was bought by the Rev. J. M. Rice for 24*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; and at the latter's sale, No. 693, brought only 10*l.* The copy of this edition, which had belonged to Dr. Farmer, was sold in Mr. Heber's collection, pt. iv. No. 701, for 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and is now probably in that of the late W. H. Miller, Esq. This was the one from which the reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Haslewood was made. It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor is this edition in the Malone or Douce collections in Oxford, nor in the Grenville collection in the British Museum.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A four leaves; B to R 3, in eights; pp. 254.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

**B. (H.) BOLD, (HENRY.)**—Wit a Sporting in a pleasant Grove of New Fancies. By H. B. London Printed for W. Burden, and are to be sold at his shop in Cannons-street, near London-stone, and by S. L. at the sign of the Bookbinders in Shoo-lane. 1657. Sm. 8vo.

Sir Francis Freeling, to whom this little work formerly belonged, remarks in it: “I consider this as one of the rarest books I possess. Great value is attached both to the portrait and to the book itself. The latter, without the portrait, was sold at Bindley's sale, No. 2191, for 6*l.* 13*s.*” Remarkable, however, as the volume may be for its rarity, it is still more remarkable as presenting in the portrait prefixed and in the contents a most curious instance of literary imposition. The portrait, to which so much value is attached, is in reality from the original plate representing Christian Ravis or Ravius, a native of Berlin, who was celebrated for his knowledge of the Oriental languages, and coming to this country was much patronised and encouraged by Archbishop Usher. This portrait was originally pre-

fixed to his *Discourse of the Oriental Tongues: together with a general Grammar for the Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic Tongues*. London, 1649. 8vo. It is in an oval, and represents him in a cassock with flowing hair, æt. 32, with ships in the distance, and the inscription, “Christianus Ravius Berlinas.” In the present volume, where it stands for Henry Bold, the inscription has been obliterated, and the plate, which is worn, has been evidently retouched. We have the same portrait again in a third and much more worn state prefixed to a volume entitled *Divine Poems and Meditations. In two parts. Written by William Williams of the County of Cornwall, Gent. &c.* London 1677, 8vo; but not belonging to the book. It has a fresh inscription underneath: “Vera Effigies Guliel: Williams al' Willisum. Nat. Comitat: Gloe: Ianu' 27, 1626, Philosophus æt. 32 ;” and is intended in this third state to represent a certain William Williams, a native of Gloucestershire, an astrologer of inferior note, an entirely different person from the author of the *Divine Poems*, who was a native of Cornwall, and is prefixed to his *Occult Physick*, 1660, 12mo. In all the three cases the portrait is the same, and taken from the same plate. We come now to the book itself, which is remarkable for the same barefaced appropriation of the property of others, the whole of nearly the first fifty pages being taken *verbatim* from *Poems Divine and Humane*, by Thomas Beedome, London 1641, although not in the exact order in which they occur in that volume; and some other poems, including the most meritorious, are filched from Herrick's *Hesperides*. It is probable that most of the rest of the contents are taken from some other collections of poems, although we have not been able to identify them in all cases; and we much doubt whether Bold can claim any actual share in the volume unless it may be one or two of the epigrams, and the Dreams at the end of the book. These instances of literary plagiarism were not uncommon at that period, and we have examples of it, besides this of Bold, furnished by Jordan and others, which render it hazardous to quote any extracts from their books, which might perhaps be only taken unacknowledged from some other work by a different author. On this account we refrain from offering any quotation from the present volume by Bold, notwithstanding its rarity. The remarks we have elsewhere made on the similar “literary conveyances” of Jordan render it unnecessary to allude to the subject further in this place beyond observing that in all probability many more instances of the kind will be developed by a more extensive examination of our obscure early poetry. The rights of authorship in those

early days were very obscurely defined, and when we find even the hallowed name of Shakespeare attached to spurious plays merely for the purposes of sale, it is no wonder that deceptions of an inferior kind were practised with impunity.

Henry Bold, who is intended to appear as the author of these poems, is said by Wood to be descended from the ancient family of the Bolds of Bold Hall in Lancashire, now represented by Sir Henry Bold Hoghton Bart. He was born in Hampshire, and was the fourth son of William Bold of Newstead in that county, a captain in the army. Having received his education at Winchester School, he went from thence to Oxford, and was elected a probationer Fellow of New College in 1645, but was ejected by the parliamentary visitors in 1648, and settling in London became a member of the Examiner's Office in the Court of Chancery. He died in Chancery Lane October 23, 1683, aged 56, and was buried in the church at West Twyford, near Acton, in co. Middlesex. There was another person of the same name, who was of Christ Church Oxford, and chaplain to Henry Earl of Arlington, through whose means he was afterwards Fellow of Eton College, and Chanter of the Cathedral at Exeter. He died abroad in France in 1677, and must not be confounded with the former.

The laudatory verses contributed to his two other volumes of poems show that he was held in estimation by his literary contemporaries, and he is also praised by Wood for his skill in translating the most difficult English into Latin verse. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iv. p. 115; and Dibdin's *Liter. Reminiscences*, pt. ii. p. 934. A copy without the portrait sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 569, for 1*l.* 19*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 105 (no portrait), 2*l.* 15*s.*; Bindley's, pt. iii. No. 2191 (no portrait), 6*l.* 18*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 63, with portrait, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 116, with portrait, 11*l.*

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A four leaves ; B to H 8, in eights ; pp. 118.

Bound by T. Finlay. In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BOLD, (HENRY.) — Poems Lyrique Macaronique Heroique &c.  
By Henry Bold olim è N. C. Oxon.**

Hor. 2, l. 2. Ep. 11.

Singula de nobis anni predantur euntes,  
Eripuere Jocos, Venerem, Convivia, Ludum ;  
Tendunt extorquere Poëmata : Quid faciam vis ?

London : Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy-lane.  
1664. Sm. 8vo.

Another volume of poems by the same author, who was better known among his contemporaries than he has been since by his writings. It is dedicated "To the Honourable Colonel Henry Wallop of Farley-wallop in the County of Southampton;" then two lines addressed "To the Ingenious—If thou wilt read so; if not so; it is so, so, and so Farewell. Thine upon liking H. B.;" and commendatory verses by Henry Sanderson, Esq.; William Bold, Esq.; Norton Bold, C. C. C. Oxon. S. (his two brothers); J. Moyle, of the Inner Temple, Esq.; Alexander Brome; and V. Oldis. The latter was Dr. Valentine Oldis, a physician, son of a person of the same name, himself a poet, and a great encourager of poetry, who published a poem on the *Restoration of King Charles*. Folio 1660. He also wrote some other things, and died in 1685. One of the poems in the present volume is addressed by Bold "To my friend V. O." &c. The songs in the first half of the volume, which are extremely free and licentious, are numbered to the 124th page, extending to 71. The rest of the book consists of miscellaneous pieces, some of them of a longer kind; among the titles to which we may enumerate The Adventure, August 26, 1645; Marston, Ale House, April 13, 1648; A Journey from Oxford, 1656; On Oxford Visitors setting up their Commissions on the Colledge Gates, 1648; On the Death of Oliver Cromwell, September 3, 1658; To Mr. J. Gamble on his Setting and Publishing the Lyrick Poems of T. S. Esq. (*i.e.* Thomas Stanley); On the hopeful R. Baron of Grayes Inn Esq., 1647; An Epitaph written on the Tomb of Mary, Wife of Tho. Ingram, of Temple Newsham, in the County of York, Esq., dying in the Birth of two Children October 2, 1656 :

Reader, With reverence approach this Tomb,  
Here lies a Pattern for the Times to come,  
The glorious envy of her Sex, where all  
Graces and virtues were habitual.  
A Wife as one would wish! be this her Pride!  
She ne're displeas'd her husband till she dy'd,  
To shew her Womb uncurlst a double-birth  
Gave fruit at once to heaven, and to earth,  
But heaven was their centre, deemng meet  
The swathing linnen for their Winding-sheet,  
The Mother, loth to stay behind, but knew

Her infants parted, and departed too.  
 Triumphs, and Halelujahs! heaven's possest  
 By *Mary*, with a Babe at either Breast!  
 They were too good for this World —  
 Here they lye,  
 Children and Heirs to all Eternity.

An Epitaph in Latin and English on Sir Arthur Ingram, Knight; To R. B. (Baron) Esq., having read his *Mirza*; Elegy at the Funerals of W. Moyle, Esq., May 28, 1666; To his Sacred Majesty Charles the II. at his happy Return, and others to the same royal person; Rites on the Famous and Renowned Sir Charles Lucas and Sir Charles Lisle, murther'd at Colchester August 28, 1648, Their Funeral Solemniz'd June 7, 1661; On Hampton Court; On Bold Hall in Lancashire, the Antient Seat of our Family, now too like to become Extinct:

That *Hall* from *Bold*, did take its *Name*,  
 And *Bold*, his *Name* again, from *Hall*,  
 Hath told us long, from whence we came,  
 But Lord knows, whither 'tis, we shall.

To Sir W. L. of the Parliament at Oxon. Kal. Jan.; On the Death of Mary Princess Dowager of Aurange, &c. The author concludes by quoting,

Ohe! Jam satis est! Ohe, libelle! Mar:  
 ————— Dirus exclamat Charon  
 Quo pergis andax? ————— Sen.

And yet adds: "Expect the second part." Whether the volume of his *Latin Songs with their English, and Poems*, published in 1685, was intended as this second part, or whether it was never completed, the editor is unable to say. But Ant. Wood is wrong in attributing to this author the "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie," which was written by Charles Cotton, and is not in this volume. See the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 62, where a copy is priced at 6*l.* 6*s.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 647, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Perry, No. 532, 3*l.* 4*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 106, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to Q 6, in eights; pp. 250.  
 In the original binding.

BOLD, (HENRY.) — Latine Songs, with their English: and Poems.

By Henry Bold, formerly of N. Coll. in Oxon, afterwards of the Examiner's Office in Chancery. Collected and perfected by Captain William Bold.

Hor. 2. l. 2. Ep. 11.

Singula de nobis anni predantur euntes,  
Eripūere Jocos, Venerem, Convivia, Ludum;  
Tendunt extorquere Poemata: Quid faciam vis?

London, Printed by John Eglesfield, Bookseller, at the Mari-gold near Salisbury Court in Fleet-street. MDCLXXXV. 8vo.

Bold died as we have seen in 1683, and this was a posthumous collection of his Latin poems and songs made by his brother, who in an “Address to the Reader” observes :

That the Author composed many of these things to gratify the Commands of his Superiors, or the Request of his Friends or Acquaintance, as *Chevy-Chace* for the R. R. the Bishop of *London*; and some for other Honorable Persons, and some for his own humor, or his familiar Friends, and these he distributed according as they were related in the first fair corrected Copy, and left nothing in his own custody but indigested, foul, torn, scattering Papers, and those in such disorder, that after they came to my hands, (though kept together with all the care that could be improv'd) yet of some Songs it may be, one *Canton* came to my hand as this day, and peradventure (five months after) I might be so fortunate as to get the rest, or most part of it together, and some utterly disjointed till reduced as they now are (I hope) not very lamely by my weak Genius. Another obstacle was my unacquainted and stranger Interest with many who were of his Intimacy, so that I could not retrieve many whole Copies that I have only heard of, but never got the possession of them. Therefore it is desired of all Gentlemen who have any of the Authors Latine Songs or Verses which are not found in this Impression, that they will be pleased to bring or send Copies of them to *Mr. John Eglesfield*, Bookseller, at the sign of the *Mari-gold*, in *Fleet-Street, London*, whereby to incourage another Edition, and it shall be received as a great Favour and Civility by the Publisher, and a worthy gratitude to the memory of the Deceased Author. Some again, were very hardly recovered out of the hands of an illiterate Welch Cook wench, who had designed to sacrifice them to the hoary Hen on the Spit, in which service two of these (the one beginning *Absit Metus phantasticus*, and another beginning *Schismaticis ex omnibus*) lost all their English Tongue.

After this address are two copies of complimentary verses by G. H. hosp. Gray. and M. B. Oxon.

The Latin songs, thirty-five in number, extend to p. 127, having the

English on one side and the Latin on the other. The remainder of the volume is entirely in English, with the exception of the last two songs mentioned in the Address to the Reader, which had "lost all their English Tongue." Many of the pieces are tainted with the same grossness which disfigured those in the preceding work, and which would have rendered their sacrifice to the hoary hen on the spit of the Welch cook wench no loss. As specimens of Bold's dexterity and skill as a Latin versifier, we quote a few verses from the opening of *Chevy Chace* :\*

*Lucus Chevinus, jussu Episcopi Londinensis.*

I.

Vivat rex noster nobilis,  
Omnis in tuto sit,  
Venatus, olim flebilis,  
*Chevino Luco fit.*

II.

Cane, feras ut abigat,  
*Percæus abiit,*  
Vel embruo elugeat,  
Quod hodie accidit.

III.

Comes ille *Northumbriae*,  
Votum vovit Deo  
Lusus, in sylvis *Scotiae*  
Habere triduo.

IV.

E primis cervis Cheviae  
Cæsos abripere,  
*Duglasium* hæ notitiæ  
Adibant properè.

V.

Qui ore tenus delegat,  
Se Ludum perdere,  
*At Percæus non hæsitat*  
Ad sylvas tendere,

VI.

Quingenis ter telferis,  
Virtutis bellicæ  
Qui nôrunt, rebus arduis,  
Sagittas mittere.

VII.

Curritur a Venatico  
Damas propellare.  
Die Lunæ diluculo  
Ad rem accingunt se.

VIII.

Centumq: Cervi sunt cæsi,  
Ante meridiem,  
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleti  
Ad venationem.

The death of Sir Hugh Montgomery is thus rendered :

XL.

Miles decernens Scoticus  
*Duglasium* emori,  
In *Percæum* mortem ejus  
Devovit ulcisci.

XLI.

*Hugo de Montegomeri*  
Hastâ cum splendida,  
Movit decursu celeri  
Ferox per Agmina.

---

\* Also translated by Anketeil, a Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland. The more ancient ballad of Chevy Chace was admirably translated by Dr. Maginn. See his collected works, vol. i. (New York, 1855) p. 191.

## XLII.

Præteriens sagitarios  
Anglos impavidè,  
*Percæjos* Ventriculos  
Foravit cuspidè.

## XLIII.

Tantâ cum violentiâ  
Fodit Corpuscula,  
Plus tres pedes per ilia  
Transivit hastula.

## XLIV.

Sic ceciderunt Comites,  
Quâm invictissimi;  
Quùm sagitario subdit res  
*Percæum* occidi,

## XLV.

Arcum intensem dexterâ,  
Factam insignitèr,  
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ  
Implevit fortiter.

## XLVI.

*Hugonem Gomerj* versus  
Sic telum statuit,  
Vel anserinus calamus  
In corde maduit.

## XLVII.

Ad vesperam ab Aurorâ,  
Duravit prolium  
Octavâ scilicet horâ  
Vix est præteritum.

The well-known song by Sir John Suckling,

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?

is thus not inelegantly translated :

## I.

Cur palleas Amasie?  
Cur quæso palleas?  
Si non rubente facie,  
Squaliente valeas?  
Cur quæso palleas?

## II.

Cur stupeas mi suavio,  
Cur quæso taceas?  
Si præstes nil eloquio  
Silentio valeas?  
Cur quæso taceas?

## III.

Hinc, hinc! (ah pudet) nil aget,  
Hoc non movebit,  
Suapte si non redamet,  
Nil prevalebit,  
Dæmon habebit.

Take also the following version of The merry Christ Church Bells.

Ædis *Christi* Campanulæ,  
Bis, tres, in numero,  
Magnificeæ,  
Dulcisonæ,  
Pulsantq; hilarè hilarè!

Prima et prima a primâ;  
Horâ quartâ et decimâ,  
Ait adsis, adsis, precibus,  
Ambulante Vergifero,  
Tintinnuit horâ tintinnabulum,  
Ut redeat domum.

At combibo,  
Manet intro,  
Dum *Thomas* det sonum,

Ac nemo sat,  
Sibi putat,  
Nisi *Thomas* edit Bom.

Bindley's copy, pt. i. No. 648, sold for 1*l.* 9*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 64,  
1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title A 3; Sig. A to N 8, in eights; Sig. M is omitted by mistake; pp. 188. The paging is extremely irregular after p. 130.

In the original Speckled Calf binding.

**BOSWORTH, (WILLIAM.)** — The Chast and Lost Lovers lively shadowed in the persons of Arcadius and Sepha, and illustrated with the severall stories of Hæmon and Antigone, Eramio and Amissa, Phaon and Sappho, Delithason and Verista: Being a description of severall Lovers smiling with delight, and with hopes fresh as their youth, and fair as their beauties in the beginning of their affections, and covered with Blood and Horror in the conclusion. To this is added the Contestation betwixt Bacchus and Diana, and certain Sonnets of the Author to Aurora. Digested into three Poems, by Will. Bosworth, Gent.

— me quoque  
Impune volare, et sereno  
Calliope dedit ire cœlo.

London. Printed by F. L. for Laurence Blaiklock, and are to be sold at his shop at Temple-Bar. 1651. 8vo.

This posthumous volume of poems is dedicated "To the true Lover of all good Learning, the Honourable Iohn Finch Esq., " by R. C., who says:

I have made bold to tender unto you these poems, the work of a young gentleman of 19 years of age, who had he lived, might have been as well the Wonder as the Delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame. . . . These are only his first flights, his first fruits, the early flowers of his youth; flowers they are, but so sweetly violent, that as their Beauties do arrest our eyes, so (I hope) their perfume will continue through many Ages to testifie the Influence of your protection.

An address "To the Reader" signed with the same initials, amidst much

lavish praise of the work, contains the following interesting remarks :

The high, the fluent, and the pathetic discourses of his lovers, and the transformation of them after their death into precious stones, into Birds, into Flowers, or into Monuments of Marble, you shall finde hath allusion to *Ovids Metamorphosis*, which in *Ovids* own iudgement was the best piece that ever he composed, and for which with most confidence he doth seem to challenge to himself the deserved honour of a perpetuall Fame. The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words he taketh from Mr. *Marlow* in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr. *Benjamin Johnson* (a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than to parallel, you shall find our Author every where in this imitation. . . . You shall finde also how studious he is to follow him in those many quick and short sentences at the close of his fancy, with which he every where doth adorn his writings. The weaving of one story into another, and the significant flourish that doth attend it, is the peculiar grace of Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom our Author doth so happily imitate, as if he were one of the same Intelligences that moved in that incomparable Compasse. His making the end of one verse to be the frequent beginning of the other (besides the Art of the Trope) was the labour and delight of Mr. *Edmund Sp[en]cer*, whom Sir *Walt. Raleigh* and Sir *Kenelm Digby* were used to call the *English Virgill*, and indeed *Virgill* himself did often use it, and in my opinion with a greater grace, making the last word only of his verse to be the beginning of the verse following, as,

————— Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur  
Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis.

After the address are commendatory verses by L. B., F. L., E. G., S. P. and L. C., and three stanzas, "The Booke to the Reader." "The Historie of Arcadius and Sepha" is in two books, and is preceded by a prefatory poem on the same subject in twenty-five six-line stanzas. The other stories of Hæmon and Antigone, Phaon and Sappho, &c., are introduced into the larger poem as episodes. At the end of the first book, on a separate leaf, are inserted these pleasing apologetic lines by the author :

So far my Childish Muse the wanton plai'd  
To crop those sweets the flowry meadows bore,  
Pleasing herself in valleys as she straid  
Unable yet those lofty hills to soar ;  
But now her wings by stronger winds aspire  
In deeper songs to tune her warbling lyre.  
  
For what before her infant brain declar'd  
Was but a key to tune her quav'ring strings,  
Alwaies to have her Instruments prepared  
To sing more sweet when she of *Sepha* sings,

Who from above even for her virtues sake,  
Will shrill my sound, and better Musick make.

Now let me tell how EPIMENIDES,  
With weeping voice and penetrating eyes,  
Reviv'd the Ladies, who themselves did please  
By purling streams to wail his miseries,  
Who, while the meads with his complainings rang,  
Wiping his eyes, these sad Encomiums sang.

Some of Bosworth's lines display a degree of sweetness, ease, and classical taste which affords great promise of the excellence that he might have attained, had he been spared to arrive at poetical maturity. Take for instance these lines descriptive of his love for the fair Sepha :

## 15.

Some Poets feign there is a Heav'n on Earth,  
Earth hath its joyes to make a happy time,  
Admired odors giving a new birth,  
And sweetning joyes, with *Melli-Flora's* thyme ;  
'Tis not a feigned, but Heav'n rightly fam'd,  
For I enjoy'd the Heav'n the Poets nam'd.

## 16.

*Jove* was propitious when I first begun  
To court fair *Sepha*, Echo's nimble charm :  
Rose-cheek't *Adonis*, fairer than the Sun  
Had not a sweeter choice, nor kinder harm ;  
Rough-footed Satyres, Satyres, Nymphs, and Fauns  
Scatter'd her praise throughout *Diana's* lawns.

## 17.

If I but walk't in *Tempe*, or the Groves,  
To meditate my melancholly layes,  
I was saluted with the murmur'ring loves  
Of shady Pines, repining at her praise ;  
Griev'd at her praise, when they her name did hear,  
They sigh for want of her sweet presence there.

## 18.

Or if (weary of sighs) I left the bowers,  
To recreate me in the whispring air,  
I was saluted with distilling showers  
That brought me tidings of my sweetest fair.  
Coming from Heav'n they told me news of this,  
*Love* had prepar'd already for her bliss.

## 19.

If to the mountains I a voyage took,  
 Mountains with Roses, and with Pinks adorn'd,  
 There lay *Adonis* by his silver hook,  
 Courted by *Venus*, *Venus* by him scorn'd.  
*Venus* with tears presents young *Cupid's* letter,  
 He hates her vows, and loves fair *Sepha* better.

## 20.

If to the Garden *Flora* me invited,  
 Where all the dainty flowers are said to lye,  
 Those dainty flowers that so much once delighted,  
 Are now abasht, and in their beauty dye.  
 Lillies and Roses startle at her name,  
 One pale for fear, the other red for shame.

## 21.

If to the Woods perswaded by my Muse,  
 Even there were Echoes of fair *Sepha's* glory ;  
 The warbling Chanters made a fine excuse  
 For her delay ; and chanted forth the story  
 Of her best praise ; by which I understood  
 They striv'd with tunes to tell her to the wood.

## 22.

If I but chanc'd to walk unto the springs,  
 There sate the Muses warbling forth her story ;  
 Wanton *Thalia* with sweet raptures sings,  
 Folding her name in Heav'n's immortall glory.  
 With Hymnes, and Layes, they prattle forth delight,  
 And count her name the pen with which they write.

The following song of Arcadius, sung to his lute and addressed to his fair Sepha, is not without merit, and is a good specimen of Bosworth's verse :

See'st not, my love, with what a grace  
 The Spring resembles thy sweet face ?  
 Here let us sit, and in these bowers  
 Receive the odors of the flowers,  
 For *Flora* by thy beauty woo'd  
 conspires thy good.

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,  
 And doth his homage to thy feet,  
 Bending so low her stooping head  
 To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,  
 And all her flowers proudly meet,  
 to kiss thy feet.

Then let us walk, my dearest love,  
 And on this carpet strictly prove  
 Each others vow ; from thy request  
 No other love invades my brest.  
 For how can I contemn that fire  
 which Gods admire.

To crop that Rose why dost thou seek,  
 When there's a purer in thy cheek ?  
 Like Corall held in thy fair hands,  
 Or blood and milk that mingled stands :  
 To whom the Powers all grace have given,  
 a type of Heaven.

Yon Lillie stooping t'wards this place,  
Is a pale shadow for thy face,  
Vnder which veil doth seem to rush  
Modest *Endymions* ruddy blush ;  
A blush indeed, more pure and fair  
than Lillies are.

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,  
Through which clear beams they'l sym-  
pathize  
Reflective love, to make them far  
Moro glorious than th' *Hesperian* star,  
For every swain amazed lies,  
and gazing dies.

See how these silly flowers twine  
With sweet embracings, and combine,  
Striving with curious looms to set  
Their pale and red into a net,  
To shew how pure desire doth rest  
for ever blest.

Why wilt thou then unconstant be ?  
T' infringe the lawes of amity ?  
And so much dis-respect my heart ;  
To derogate from what thou art ?  
When in harmonious love there is  
*Elisian* bliss.

After the Historie of Arcadius and Sepha there occurs a long poem of forty-seven stanzas of ten lines each, entitled “Hinc Lachrimæ, or the Author to Aurora,” signed Peliander, containing some graceful lines from which we should have been glad to have given some extracts had our limits allowed us; then an elegy “To the immortall memory” of some fair lady whose name is not given; and some lines “To his dear Friend Mr. John Emely upon his Travells” conclude the volume.

Bosworth is not noticed by either Ellis or Campbell, although superior to some of the writers introduced by them into their collections. He was descended from an ancient and honourable family named Boxworth or Bosworth, seated at Boxworth, near Harrington in Cambridgeshire. In his poem “Hinc Lachrimæ, or the Author to Aurora,” written when he “scarce had twice ten winters told,” and addressed to the object of his unsuccessful affection, under the poetical name of Azile, who appears to have been a lady of high birth and some wealth, he says, alluding to his own descent :

Is it thy birth that makes thee thus disdain me ?  
O scorn me not, I come of Noble Line  
For by the Norman Duke our browes were crown'd  
With Laurell branches, and our names renown'd.

He was born in 1607, and died not later than 1651, but probably earlier. Granger is in error in fixing his death between that year and 1653, as he was already dead when this volume was published in 1651. Two persons of this name, Edward Bosworth gent. and Thomas Bosworth gent., were created LL.D. at Oxford February 21, 1642; but whether related to the poet or not we do not know. Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, is not

very complimentary to Bosworth in his notice of this poem, “which,” says he, “from the very brink of oblivion (nor had the loss been very great) hath accidentally met with the good fortune to be here remembered.”

Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of the author ætatis 30, 1637, engraved by G. Glover, which has been since re-engraved, and concerning which copy see Haslewood’s edition of *Drunken Barnabee’s Journal*, 8vo London 1820, p. 33; and the *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxi. pt. ii. p. 125. This portrait is wanting in the present copy. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 65, 3l. 13s. 6d.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A to I 8, in eights.

Bound in Sage Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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Boys, (JOHN.) — *Aeneas his Descent into Hell*: As it is imimitably described by the Prince of Poets in the sixth of his *Aeneis*. Made English by John Boys of Hode-Court, Esq.: Together with an ample and learned Comment upon the same, wherein all passages Criticall, Mythological, Philosophical, and Historical, are fully and clearly explained. To which are added some certain Pieces relating to the Publick, written by the Author.

In via virtuti nulla est via. — *Ovid. Met.*

London, Printed by R. Hodgkinsonne. 1661, 4to pp. 248.

John Boys, the author of this translation, descended from an ancient family, was the son of Thomas Boys of Hode-Court in the parish of Blean in co. Kent Esq., by Sarah, daughter of Dr. Richard Rogers, Dean of Canterbury. He married Mary or Margaret, second daughter of Dr. Martin Fotherby, Bishop of Salisbury. The volume is dedicated “To the Right Honourable Sir Edward Hide, Knight, Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.” After this is “The Preface to the Reader,” in which he alludes to Sir Thomas Wroth’s *Destruction of Troy*, from Virgil’s second book, published in 1620, 4to, and to the joint translation of the fourth book by Waller and Sidney Godolphin, 1658. 8vo. Then follow commendatory verses by Charles Fotherby (his cousin) and Thomas Philipot, and a list of errata. A short passage, descriptive of the wandering shade of Dido, from the lines beginning

Inter quas Phœnissa recens à vulnere Dido  
Errabat sylvâ in magnâ, &c. l. 450,

will suffice to show the nature and merits of the translation :

Amongst whom *Dido* (her wounds bleeding yet)  
Wandred in a vast Grove, whom when *Troy's* great  
*Heroe* approaching, through thick darknesse knew,  
(In her first quarter, so the Moon doth shew,  
Veil'd in obscuring clouds) hee teares did shed  
And thus, to her (through deep resentment) said  
“Unhappy Dido ! it was therefore true,  
That thou wert dead ; — that thine owne hands thee slue :  
Alas ! I was the cause, by Stars I sweare,  
By th' powers above, by those who govern here,  
Queen, I did thee unwillingly forsake :  
But those divine Commands (by which I take  
On me this journey, through unfathom'd Hell,  
These shades, and squalid places) did compell  
Mee to that act : — nor could I e're beleeve  
That for my losse thou couldst so deeply grieve.  
Ah ! stay : — thyself withdraw not from my sight :  
Whom shun'st thou ? stay : — wee never more shall meet.”

Thus hee with teares, and sweetning words allay'd  
The *Queenes* just grief : — whilst shee the same bewray'd  
In scornfull frowns, and lookest from him averse ;  
As unconcern'd, at what he did rehearse  
As hardest flint, or *Parian* rock : — last shee  
Away did fling, and in a rage did flee  
Unto a shadie Grove, where shee repairs  
To her old Lord, who answers to her cares  
Her deare *Sichæus* : — nor did her sad fate  
Lesse pitty in *Æneas* breast create,  
By trickling teares exprest.

The translation occupies only 33 pages, the remainder of the volume being occupied with some learned annotations and dissertations upon various passages occurring in the book. In the last page of these he makes an allusion to the death of the Duke of Gloucester as having taken place since the sheets were sent to press. This was Prince Henry, younger brother of Charles II., a young prince of good qualities and great hopes who died September 13, 1660, of small pox, when only twenty years of age. At the end of the volume are “Certain Pieces relating to the Publick, penned by the Author;” “The Declaration of the Nobility, Gentry, &c., of the County

of Kent January 24, 1659;" "The Vindication of the Kentish Declaration," &c.; "A Letter of Thanks to his Excellency the L. General Monk, presented by Sir John Boys and himself at White-Hall;" "A Speech penned by the Author, and intended to have been pronounced to King Charles II. on his landing at Dover 25. May 1660 on his Restoration;" an Epigram in Latin and English to the same; and a poetical "Satyr" "To his worthily esteemed Friend and learned Antiquary Mr. William Somner upon his Treasury of the Saxon Tongue, intituled *Dictionarium Saxonico-Latino-Anglicum*."

Such are the contents of this volume, now become scarce. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 896, 3*l. 3s.* Presentation copy to John Lord Bishop of Durham.  
In the original Calf Binding.

**BRADFORD, (JOHN.)** — The complaynt of Veritie, made by John Bradford. An exhortacion of Mathewe Rogers, unto his children. The complaynt of Raufe Allerton and others, being prisoners in Lolers tower, and wrytten with bloud, how god was their conforte. A songe of Caine and Abell. The saieng of maister Houper, that he wrote the night before he suffered, uppon a wall with a cole, in the newe In, at Gloceter, and his sayyng at his deathe. Anno Domini 1559. No place or printers name. Sm. 8vo **blk. lett.** pp. 32.

To a Lancashire person the work now to be noticed will ever possess a deep and lively interest. It is a short poem by the celebrated martyr and reformer John Bradford, a native of the parish of Manchester,\* educated at the Free Grammar School there, founded by Bishop Oldham only a few years before, and afterwards at Catherine Hall and Pembroke College, Cambridge; the friend of Bucer, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley and Saunders; whose talents and eloquence, sweetness of disposition and deep spirituality and devotedness to the cause of his great Master and Redeemer, were evinced by his laborious and self-denying life, and by the crown of martyr-

\* The Latin Bible which he used, with his autograph on the titlepage, now enriches the Chetham Library, having been presented to it by James Collier Harter, Esq.

dom gained at the stake in Smithfield on July 1, 1555, in the forty-sixth year of his age. Bradford's character for deep and fervent piety appears to great advantage in his letters to his numerous correspondents, given in the Rev. Aubrey Townshend's complete edition of the writings of Bradford, in two volumes, published by the Parker Society. These epistles, together with his other works, amply deserve a serious and careful perusal by all who would wish to learn anything of the character or disposition of Bradford.

The poem of *The Complaynt of Veritie* is the only metrical production of its author, with the exception of a few lines "On Affliction," given in the Parker Society's volume. It is without any place or printer's name, but may probably have been printed by William Copland, who published some other works of Bradford's about the same time. The present copy of this poem is believed to be *unique*. It was published in the second year of Elizabeth's reign, only four years after the martyr's death. It is written in short four-line verses, and is more remarkable for its plain truth and straightforward common sense than for any poetical merit, of which it is utterly devoid. It has been reprinted entire in the second volume p. 363 of the Parker Society's edition of the writings of Bradford from the present copy. Our readers must therefore content themselves here with only a few verses from it:—

Now whither shall I for remedy  
seeke that I may it fynde?  
Thou Lord, direct my steppes ready  
to some that will me frende.

The clergy say I am heresy,  
with me they fyght apace:  
For fashed\* blindes them so wilfully,  
they haue no better grace.

Learned men, which did me defend,  
doe now their iudgement turne:  
For liuynges sake they do intend  
lyke wandering starres to runne.

The lawiers say they could not thriue,  
since Scripture came in place:  
Their vauntage is whē men do striue,  
and not by truth and peace.

The gentlemen whiche once me had  
in praise and eke in price:  
Now say for them I am too sad,  
and would haue them be wise.

The Marchaunt man saith he must lyue,  
and cannot with me gaine:  
But all to riches his mind doth giue,  
with much daunger and paine.

Wemen say, they must nedes obey  
thir husbandes when they lyst:  
Therfore in them I may not say,  
to haue anye greate trust.

The common sort unlearned be,  
to them I may not leane:  
They knowe not by deuinicie  
my cause for to maintaine.

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\* Fashion.

Thus haue all persons som pretence  
from me quite to decline ;  
And am put to my owne defence  
to keepe my selfe from ruyne.

Yet in this may I glory plaine,  
that though with fewe I stand :  
I am of power and strength certainte  
more then all my foes band.

For God so hath indued my tongue,  
with wysdome and with grace :  
That I can shew their doings wrong,  
which dare stand face to face.

“ The instruction of a Father to his Children, which he wrote a few days before his burnyng,” by Mathewe Rogers, is in the same metre as *The Complaynt of Veritie*. It occupies four leaves, and thus concludes :

Farewell my children from the world  
where ye must yet remayne :  
The Lord of hostes be your defence,  
tyl we doe meete againe.

And if you doe abide in God,  
as you haue now begonne ;  
Your course I warrant shal be shorte,  
you haue not longe to ronne.

Farewell my true and louyng wyfe,  
my Children and my frendes :  
I hope in God to haue you all,  
when all thinges haue their endes.

God grant you so to ende your daies  
as he shall thinke it best :  
That I may haue you in the heauens  
where I doe hope to rest.

¶ Finis quod Mathewe Rogers.

Then follow “ A lamentable complaynt of the afflicted, unto God our onely healer;” and “ A briefe rehersal of parte of the aucthours trouble, entituled, God is my comforte,” both by Raufe Allerton, in four-line verses, and “ The songe of the poore prisoners in Lolers tower,” without any signature. This is “ the songe of Caine and Abell” mentioned in the title. “ The wordes of Maister Houper at his death” in prose, and “ The wordes that Maister John Houper wrote on the wall with a cole, in the newe Inne in Gloceter, the night before he suffered,” in verse, conclude the volume. The latter prayer and metrical lines have been reprinted in the Parker Society’s edition of Hooper’s works, vol. ii. p. 30.

This little work is not noticed by either Ritson or Lowndes. See Herbert’s *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 1600, and Bright’s *Catal.* No. 649. There is an imperfect copy in the Bodleian Library.

Collation : Sig. A to B 8, in eights ; pp. 32.

It has a portrait of Bradford inserted from Boissard.

Bound up at the end in the same volume are Bradford’s two Sermons on Repentance and the Lord’s Supper, of which at least three impressions had been previously printed, viz. in 1553, 1574, and 1581. The present

edition, which is in *blk. lett.*, is “Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford dwelling on Adling hill 1599.” It has Samson’s Preface to the Reader and Bradford’s Epistle prefixed, and the signatures run from A to I 7, in eights. See Herbert’s *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 358, and vol. ii. p. 1301.

Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

**BRADSHAW, (THOMAS.)** — The Shepherds Starre, now of late seene, and at this hower to be observed merueilous orient in the East; which bringeth glad tydings to all that may behold her brightnes, hauing the foure elements with the foure Capitall vertues in her, which makes her Elementall and a vanquishor of all earthly humors. Described by a Gentleman late of the Right worthie and honorable the Lord Burgh, his companie and retinue in the Briell in North-holland.

Tu si hic esses aliter senties. — *Terent.*

*Εκ πονου Κλεος.*

Amor fa molto : Argento fa touto.

London, Printed by Robert Robinson for William Jones, and are to be soould at his shop neere [imprint cut off]. 1591. 4to, pp. 60.

No other copy of this work is known excepting the present, which formerly belonged to Mr. Hill, who sold it to Messrs. Longmans, in whose *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 34, it was marked at 30*l.* It was purchased from them by Mr. Midgley, and again sold in his collection of Old English Poetry in 1818, No. 90, for 10*l.* 10*s.*, to Mr. Hibbert, and at the dispersion of his library in 1820, No. 1411, came into the possession of Mr. Bright, from whose collection, No. 653, it was obtained by its present owner. It is dedicated “To the Right Honorable and puissant Barons, Robert Deuorex Earle of Essex, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, great Master of the Horse for her Highnes; and unto Thomas Lord Burgh, Baron of Gaynsburgh, Lord Gouernour of the towne of Bryell, and the Fortes of Newmanton and Cleyborow in North-Holland for her Maiestie.” The dedication is followed by a prose address to the author from his brother Alexander Bradshaw, the publisher of the book during his brother’s absence abroad in Holland, which is dated “From the Court at Greenwich,

vpon Saint Georges Day 1591 Aprill 23." To this succeed verses by "J. M. Esquier, his farewell to England and to the Author;" "The Authors farewell to England and to his most intier friend J. M. Esquier;" "T. G. (Thomas Groos) Esquier, his replye to the farewell of the Author," all in verse; and a prose epistle "To the curteous Reader" by the author, dated "in hast on Saint Georges day Aprill 23. T. B." The work is written alternately in prose and verse in the form of a dialogue between three shepherds, Amaryllis, Corydon and Tityrus. It commences with "A Paraphrase upon the third of the Canticles (or Eclogues) of Theocritus, Dialogue-wise," and includes also in verse "A Dialogue betwixt Hercules and the two Ladies, Voluptuous and Vertuous," from the Memorabilia of Xenophon. The following may be taken as a specimen of the poetical part of the volume:

*Corydon and Tityrus contention.*

*Cor.* In a time of merrie sporte,

Like as fishes 'saye to flee

*Amaryllis* did resorte,

When dame *Venus* star they see.

With her gratious louing lookes,  
To the Chrystall running brookes :

*Cor.* O sweete *Amaryllis* face

Where I *Corydon* did dwel,

Giues my muse a sower disgrace :

*Corydon* the shephearde's spell :

Drowndes in Lethe all my arte,

For to shephearde's doth belong

Setteth at her heele my smarte :

All the pride of wanton song.

*Tityrus* my fellowe swaine

There to *Amaryllis* viewe

Seeker her heauenly lookes to gaine.

Shepheard sent his homage due :

*Tity.* 'Tis our tender Lambes haue part,

Such a seruice as of right,

Of the ioyes of her sweete hart :

Came too short of such a wight.

They as she, and she as they,

For I sent my thoughts unfit,

Innocentes faire lookes bewray.

To admire at such a wit :

*Cor.* *Amaryllis* whiles we striue

And I sent my daseling eyes,

Keeps our tender flockes aliuie :

To behold the Empire skies.

For our flockeswell kept doo prooue,

*Tity.* Shepheard, leauethy fonde conceite,

That she cares not for our loue.

For her beautie prooues a beyte :

*Tity.* Haplesse wee, and happie shee :

To beguyle the craftiest eies,

Of all that dwell in *Italie*.

That in court doe skale the skies.

Besides the above and the dialogue from Xenophon there are two other metrical pieces, "Corydons Hymne to the praise of Amaryllis," and a Roundelay at the end in Alcaic verse. The former commences thus:

Would mine eies were cristall fountaines  
Where you might the shadow view :

Of my grieves like to these mountaines  
Swelling for the losse of you.

Cares which curelesse are, alas,  
Helplesse, haplesse for they grow,  
Cares like tares the number passe,  
All the seede that loue doth sowe.  
Who but could remember all

Twinkling eies still representing  
Starres, which pearce me to the gall,  
Cause they lend no longer lightning,  
And your Nectar lips alluring ;  
Humane sence to tast of heauen.

The prose portion of the volume is written in a conceited and dogmatic style, and has numerous classical allusions.

Collation : Sig. ¶, four leaves; A, two leaves; B to G 4, in fours. pp. 60.

Bound in Maroon coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRADSTREET, (ANNE.)** — The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. Or Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight. Wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year. Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, viz. The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles. With divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts. Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650. Sm. 8vo.

This early specimen of New England poetry opens with an address to the reader by the publisher, in which he says that “the worst effect of his reading will be unbelief, which will make him question whether it be a womans Work, and asks, Is it possible? If any doe, take this as an answer from him that dares avow it: It is the Work of a Woman honoured and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.” The publisher then states that the publication of these poems was without the knowledge of the author, and that “contrary to her expectation, he had presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the sun.” They are

ushered in with commendatory verses by N. Ward ; to his deare sister by I. W.—C. B.—R. Q.—N. H.—C. B.—H. S., and two anagrams on her name ; and by an epistle dedicatory in verse by the author, “To her most Honour'd Father Thomas Dudley Esq.” The poems are preceded by a prologue of eight six-line verses, and are arranged according to the order in the title page. The poetry, if such it may be termed, is of a very inferior kind, and will not require any notice beyond the selection of the passages which follow, and which may be taken as tolerable examples of the fair writer's attempt at versification. The first extract is from “The Four Ages of Man :—

Great Mutations, some joyful, and some sad,  
In this short Pilgrimage I oft have had ;  
Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me,  
Sometimes again, rain'd all adversity ;  
Sometimes in honour, sometimes in disgrace,  
Sometime an abject, then again in place,  
Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,  
In various times of state I've also been.  
I've seen a Kingdom flourish like a tree,  
When it was rul'd by that Celestial she ;  
And like a Cedar, others so surmount,  
That but for shrubs they did themselves account ;  
Then saw I *France* and *Holland* sav'd, *Cales* won,  
And *Philip*, and *Albertus*, half undone ;  
I saw all peace at home, terror to foes.  
But ah ! I saw at last those eyes to close :  
And then, methought, the world at noon grew dark,  
Then it had lost that radiant Sun-like spark,  
In midst of greifs, I saw some hopes revive,  
(For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive)  
I saw hopes dasht, our forwardnesse was shent,  
And silenc'd we, by Act of Parliament.  
I've seen from *Rome* an execrable thing,  
A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King ;  
I've seen designes at *Ree*, and *Cades* crost,  
And poor *Palatinate* for ever lost :  
I've seen a Prince, to live on others lands,  
A Royall one, by almes from Subjects hands ;  
I've seen base men, advanc'd to great degree,  
And worthy ones, put to extremity ;  
But not their Princes love, nor state so high,  
Could once reverse their shamefull destiny.

I've seen one stab'd, another loose his head :  
 And others fly their Country, though their dread.  
 I've seen, and so have yee, for 'tis but late,  
 The desolation, of a goodly State,  
 Plotted and acted, so that none can tell,  
 Who gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell.

At the end of the Four Monarchies occur “A Dialogue between Old England, and New, concerning their present troubles. Anno 1642.” “An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight, Sir Philip Sidney, who was untimely slaine at the Seige of Zutphon, Anno 1586. By A. B. in the yeare 1638.” Others “In Honour of Du Bartas, 1641;” and “of that High and Mighty Princess, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory;” “David’s Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. 1. 19;” and some lines “Of the vanity of all worldly creatures,” close the volume. We present our readers with a few lines from the opening of the Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney :

When *England* did injoy her Halsion dayes,  
 Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes ;  
 No lesse an Honour to our *British* Land,  
 Then she that sway’d the Scepter with her hand :  
*Mars* and *Minerva* did in one agree,  
 Of Armes and Arts, thou shouldest a patterne be.  
*Calliope* with *Terpsichor* did sing,  
 Of Poesie, and of Musick thou wert King ;  
 Thy Rhethorick it struck *Polimnia* dead,  
 Thine Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red ;  
 Thy Logick from *Euterpe* won the Crown,  
 More worth was thine, then *Clio* could set down.  
*Thalia* and *Melpomene* say th’ truth,  
 (Witnessse *Arcadia*, penn’d in his youth)  
 Are not his Tragick Comedies so acted,  
 As if your nine-fold wit had been compacted :  
 To shew the world, they never saw before,  
 That this one Volume should exhaust your store.

*Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 67, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 539, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Jolley, pt. ii. No. 392, 11*s.*; Skegg, No. 179, 12*s.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 1544, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Townley, pt. i. No. 679, 3*l.* 15*s.*

Collation : Title A 2; Sig. A to O 8, in eights; pp. 222.

Bound in Calf, red edges.

BRADSTREET, (ANNE.) — Several Poems compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight; Wherein especially is contained a compleat Discourse, and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year. Together with an exact Epitome of the three first Monarchyes, viz. The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian. And beginning of the Romane Commonwealth to the end of their last King: With diverse other pleasant and Serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman in New-England. The second Edition, Corrected by the Author, and enlarged by an Addition of several other Poems found amongst her papers after her Death. Boston, Printed by John Foster. 1678. Sm. 8vo.

There are several alterations and additions in this second edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems, which is printed in rather larger type than the former. The commendatory verses by R. Q. are omitted, but after the anagrams upon her name are nine seven-line stanzas upon the author by J. Rogers, not in the other. At the end of the verses on the Roman Monarchy are the following lines not in the first edition, entitled :

*An Apology.*

To finish what's begun, was my intent,  
My thoughts and my endeavours thereto bent;  
Essays I many made, but still gave out  
The more I mus'd, the more I was in doubt:  
The subject large, my mind and body weak,  
With many more discouragements did speak.  
All thoughts of further progress laid aside,  
Though oft perswaded, I as oft deny'd;  
At length resolv'd, when many years had past,  
To prosecute my story to the last:  
And for the same, I hours not few did spend,  
And weary lines (though lanke) I many pen'd:  
But 'fore I could accomplish my desire,  
My papers fell a prey to th' raging fire.  
And thus my pains (with better things) I lost,  
Which none had cause to wail, nor I to boast.  
No more I'll do, sith I have suffer'd wrack,  
Although my Monarchies their legs do lack:  
Nor matter is't this last, the world now sees,  
Hath many Ages been upon his knees.

After the poem of "Davids Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan," the ensuing pieces are added, which were not in the previous edition: "To the Memory of my dear and ever honoured Father Thomas Dudley Esq. who deceased July 31. 1653, and of his age 77." This Thomas Dudley was Captain General and Governor of New England. "An Epitaph on my dear and ever honoured Mother Mrs. Dorothy Dudley, who deceased Decemb. 27. 1643, and of her age 61;" "Contemplations," a long and pleasing poem in thirty-three seven-line stanzas; "The Flesh and the Spirit;" "The Author to her Book;" "Several other Poems made by the Author upon diverse Occasions, were found among her Papers after her Death, which she never meant should come to publick view, amongst which, these following (at the desire of some friends that knew her well) are here inserted;" "Upon a Fit of Sickness. Anno 1632. *Ætatis sue* 19." "Upon some distemper of body;" "Before the birth of one of her Children;" four metrical "Letters to her Husband;" "To her Father with some verses;" "In reference to her Children 23. June 1659;" "In memory of her grand-child Elizabeth Bradstreet August 1665;" ditto "of her grand-child Anne Bradstreet June 20. 1669;" ditto "On her grand-child Simon Bradstreet 16. Novemb. 1669;" ditto "of her daughter in Law Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, who deceased Sept. 6. 1669 in the 28. year of her age." The volume concludes with "A Funeral Elogy upon that Pattern and Patron of Virtue, the truely pious, peerless, and matchless Gentlewoman Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, right *Panaretes*, Mirror of her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine, chose its native home, and was taken to its Rest, upon 16 Sept. 1672," subscribed John Norton. "Finis et non.

Omnia Romanæ sileant Miracula Gentis."

From this second edition we make one more selection of verses from the poem entitled "Contemplations." If really written by Mrs. Bradstreet, they afford some proof that she was not destitute of poetical power.

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine eye,  
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire ;  
How long since thou wast in thine Infancy ?  
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,  
Hath hundred winters past since thou was born ?  
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,  
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,  
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie Tree,

The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,  
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee ?  
 Soul of this world, thin Universes Eye,  
 No wonder, some made thee a Deity :  
 Had I not better known, (alas !) the same had I.  
 Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,  
 And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,  
 The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,  
 The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.  
 Birds, Insects, Animals, with Negative,  
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive :  
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm  
 Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,  
 Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm ;  
 A lonely place, with pleasures dignif'd.  
 I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,  
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,  
 And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
 Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,  
 I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs, that there did lye  
 Could hinder ought, but still augment its force :  
 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race  
 Till thou arrive at thy beloued place,  
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,  
 But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet ;  
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide  
 To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet :  
 Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,  
 O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,  
 So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Anne Bradstreet, the author of these poems, the daughter of Thomas Dudley Esq. and Dorothy his wife, was the wife of Simon Bradstreet Esq., Captain General and Governor of New England, and died September 16th, 1672.\*

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\* Was that most singular person Captain Dudley Bradstreet, whose very curious autobiography (now an exceedingly rare book) entitled "The Life and uncommon

A third edition of this work, enlarged with poems found since her death, was published in 1758, 8vo. Lowndes does not notice either of these later editions.

Collation: Title a 2; Sig. a, eight leaves, the first blank; then Sig. A to Q 8, in eights; pp. 272.

Bound up in the same volume with these poems is a copy of Colonel Joseph Rigby's *Drunkard's Prospective, or Burning-Glasse*, London, 1656, noticed hereafter.

Chalmers' copy. In Calf extra.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Golden Fleece. Whereto bee annexed two Elegies, Entituled Narcissus Change. And Æsons Dotage. By Richard Brathwayte Gentleman. London, Printed by W. S. for Christopher Pursett dwelling in Holborne, neere Staple Inne. 1611. Sm. 8vo.

The writings of Brathwaite, both in prose and verse, are so various and voluminous, amounting in the present Collection to more than forty volumes (few of our early writers, with the exception of Taylor and Wither, having exceeded him in the number of their pieces), that it will be impossible within the compass of our proposed limits to do more than to make a

Adventures of Captain Dudley Bradstreet, being the most genuine and extraordinary perhaps ever published," appeared in Dublin 1755, 8vo, 356 pages, a descendant of the "Tenth Muse?" If so he certainly did not imitate her in "her pious conversation and discreet managing of her family occasions." Indeed his revelations would almost induce a belief that the book was a romance and the Captain himself a myth, but for a note in Bindon Blood's copy by an ancestor: "I bought this book from the author, Mr. Dudley Bradstreet, at an assizes held at Ennis, which began the 27th August 1756. William Blood." The Captain also published "Bradstreet's Lives, being a genuine History of several Gentlemen and Ladies, all living within these ten years past remarkable for their virtues or their vices." Dublin, 1757, 8vo, 407 pages. In his own life he says: "I was born in Ireland, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1711. My father had the Command of a Troop of Horse, and was also in the Commission of the Peace: his possessions at that time are now let at 3,000*l.* a year, but being bound to the Crown in large sums, together with an expensive life, in the course of some years reduced his Fortune very low." Dudley Bradstreet was probably a grandson or great grandson of Anne Bradstreet.

selection from them, chiefly of those which, either from their merit or their rarity, are of the greatest interest. The present volume, which he styles "his first birth," was written in early youth, when he was scarce twenty-three, and is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull M. Robert Bindlosse Esquire, his approued kind Vnkle." He says :

I had at the first resolved to dedicate these fruits of my labours vnto him, from whom I receiued the growth and quiet encrease of my studies : But it pleassd God to alter my purpose, by preuenting him by death, who was the nourisher of my slender endeaours, and the protectour of mine orphane labours, which had no sooner hapned then in a distast of my studies, wanting him, whose relish sweetened my vnseasoned poemes, I was fully resolued to haue wrapped this tract up in obliuion, and to haue deprived it of publike view. But the troubled course of our estates, and the fauourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now so happily confirmed, enforced me to consecrate this pamphlet as one of *Bassas* fragmets, to your best affectioned selfe : to shewe a willingness in me to gratifie that sollicitous and carefull regard you euer had, since the time of our desolation, euen his death, whose life was a mirrour in his time, and whose well concording death ensued, as a reward of eternitie for his well spent daies : for his fruits shall follow him.

The dedication is followed by seven six-line stanzas, headed "Pieridum Invocatio, quarum ope *A*Egon in triviis, *A*Edon in nemoribus cecinit. Quarum auspiciis rivos saltem apertos degustare licuit, tenuisq; stipulae libertate frui."

The poem of *The Golden Fleece* is in six-line stanzas, preceded by "The Argument," and is taken from the Metamorphosis of Ovid, "the Treatise being morall — the vse spirituall" — showing

What felicity they shall obtaine that with resolution and longanimitie sustaine the perillous gusts of afflictions, with a respect had to vertue, without which regard no happy or successful euent can attend any intendment : This tract though compendious, may afford no small fruit to your conceiuing vnderstanding, shadowing vnder this title of Golden Fleece, the reward of a sincere and prouident pilgrim, who with *Iason* endureth patiently the surging Sea of persecution, the raging tempests of affliction, not to be allured with the enchanting voice of the Syrens melodie, abstaining from *Cyres* cup, sayling by the perillous rockes of Scylla and Charybdis, and now at last arriuing at the port of a prosperous repose, crieth out, *hic sedes fata quietas ostendunt*.

The murder of Abel by Cain is given as an example of the evil effects of discord and hatred, and may serve as an illustration of Brathwaite's style and versification in this poem :

*Caine* is offendid with his louing brother,  
And what's the cause, perchance his sacrifice

Is better farre respected then the other  
 Which he doth offer: — wherefore thence he flies,  
 And doth provide, by his accursed breath,  
 To be the agent of his brothers death.

Yet *Abels* bloud, like to the morning dew,  
 Ascendeth vp vnto Gods heauenly throne,  
 Shewing how *Caine*, his hands did erst embrew  
 In brothers bloud, his bloud to heauen doth grone  
 Wherefore the Lord, who takes reuenge of sinne,  
 Damn'd Caines despaire, which he did welter in,

\* \* \* \* \*

Go thou thy way, for thou canst ne're obtaine  
 This *Golden Fleece*, interred in despaire,  
 Go wag thine head, with thy distracted braine  
 Thou of perdition art the lineall heire.  
 The *Golden Fleece* is kept for such as liue,  
 To please their God, and not their God to grieue.

After the principal poem are the two Elegies of “Narcissus Change,” and “Æsons affecting youth” in the same measure. A new title page then occurs thus:

Sonnets or Madrigals. With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto by the same Author.

Horatius in Lib. de arte Poetica.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt,  
 Et quoque volunt animam auditoris agunto.

Ovid.

Nec modus aut requies, nisi mors reperitur amantis,  
 Verus amor nullum novit habere modum.

Idem.

Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.  
 Printed at London for Christopher Purset. 1611.

This part is inscribed “To the worshipfull his approued brother Thomas Brathwaite Esquire,” in which he says:

I have composed some few Sonets, and dedicated them vnto your selfe, the fragments of Parnassus mount, though of the meanest: — yet some fruite may bee gathered out of *Ennius* dunghill: — they be amorous, penned in a foolish passion, they are more fit for *Venus* shrine, then *Vranias* shape: — for I would not derogate from the praise of beautie, least I should haue *Stesychorus* fortune, who for dispraising *Hellen* of Greece lost his sight. Let these harsh poems now and then take place amongst more serious studies.

Some verses follow “Vpon the dedication of the last Epistle,” and two

other stanzas, "The Authour to his disconsolate Brother," so called perhaps from the sorrow occasioned by the death of his father. From these sonnets or madrigals, seven in number, we select a small portion of the first:

No sooner doe I gaze upon that face  
 But rauisht with the beautie of thy cheeko,  
 Would thinke it were a Paradise to place  
 Those vernant comforts, which each day i'th' weeke  
 Are now renew'd by singing Alcmons happe,  
 Vnder the Sunshine of thy vestall lappe.

Whole weeks seeme minutes when I am with thee,  
 And yeares as howers doe vanish from my sight,  
 There is no pleasant note, no melodie,  
 That makes a lustre equall to that light,  
 Thy sparkling eies reflect more faire by farre,  
 Then radiant *Phæbus* in his Ivory carre.

Those burnisht lockes, like *Damons* flocks appeare  
 Before the Temple of refined loue,  
 And as the heards which shephearde vse to sheare  
 Or like the smooth plumes of the turtle Doue.  
 Neer'st to a Doue thou art, and I will call  
 Thine heart, a Turtles heart that hath no gall.

That albone skinne more pure, more polished,  
 Then the faire tombe, wherein Prince *Ninus* lay,  
 Whose structure (faire) was neere demolished,  
 Deare, thou my mansion art, my life, my stay.  
 Therefore like *Ziscoes* skinne, I will prepare  
 To sound Alarum in *Antenors* chaire.

If those same nimble fingers, which thou hast,  
 That tune the warbling Lute so pretily,  
 Be but engrift about thy tender waste,  
 O what a beautie shewes there presently !  
 Wilt thou beleeve me? there's no creature borne,  
 Whose beauteous outside, better gifts adorne.

I am no Merchant that will sell my breath,  
 Good wine needs not a bush to set it forth,  
 Yet I will praise thee euer, till pale death  
 Cut off the Poet of thy flowry youth,  
 I will enshrine thee in an hearse of time,  
 Which being made shall glad this heart of mine.

On the last leaf, Sig. G 8, appears the catchword "The," and there is

little doubt that the Art of Poesie mentioned in the title was printed, but all the copies we have ever seen are without it. Those also seen by Mr. Park and Mr. Hazlewood were deficient in this respect. See an article in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 303, by the former; Haslewood's edition of *Barnabee's Journal*, vol. i. p. 175; and Sir Eg. Brydges' *Archaica*, vol. ii. Pref. p. 10. This work is not in the Malone, Douce, or Grenville collections; and the only copies we have met with in sale catalogues are *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 45, 2*l.* 2*s.*; and *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 104, 2*l.* 2*s.* There is one in the British Museum.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to G 8, in eights.

The present copy came from the collection of Mr. Haslewood, and has an engraved portrait of Brathwaite by Swaine inserted.

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Schollers Medley, or, An Intermixt Discourse vpon Historicall and Poeticall Relations. A Subiect of it selfe well meriting the approbation of the Iudicious, who best know how to confirme their knowledge, by this briefe Survey, or generall Table of mixed Discourses. And no lesse profitable to such as desire to better their immaturity of knowledge by Morall Readings. Distinguished into severall heads for the direction of the Reader, to all such Historicall Mixtures, as be comprehended in this Treatise. The like whereof for variety of Discourse, mixed with profite and modest delight, hath not heretofore been published. By Richard Brathwayte Oxon.

Hor. Quod verum atq: decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.  
London, Printed by N. O. for George Norton, and are to bee sold at his Shop neere Temple-barre. 1614. 4to.

The running title of the present work, which is in prose, and which in this first state is become very rare, is "A Survey of Histories." The second edition, under the above title, was not published till 1638, and will be noticed hereafter. The dedication is inscribed in a flattering manner "To the Right Honovrable, the Lord of Sovthampton (Learnings best Fauorite)," and is followed by a short address "To the vnderstanding Reader." The

author divides his general subject into three branches: 1. The scope of Histories; 2. Their several uses and fruits; and 3. The profit redounding to private families by Histories. The divisions of histories are also made into Divine, Discursive, Morall, Physick, or Mixt. In the course of his observations on each of these, many shrewd and pithy remarks are made by the author on subjects connected with our own literature at that period, which render the work highly interesting; and it appears from his numerous references to this tract in some of his other productions to have been a favourite volume of the author. In the ensuing remarks he evidently points at such travellers as Coryat, Sir John Mandeville, and others, who had brought ridicule on the subject:

Here, by way of digression, let me touch the ridiculous labours, and vnfruitfull trauailes of such who passe the Alpes, trace vncouth places, Desarts, Promontaries; for what end Heauen knowes, saue onely to wrest out a phantasticke behauisour of superfluous wit, or to comment on others trauailes by way of derision: These are such as vpon their returne, publish what they haue seene; some more then they haue seene, which I tearme *Commenting Trauailers*: others lesse then they haue seene (or at least the most impertinent) which I tearme *Phantasticke Trauailers*. Such as lye on their trauell, either doe it for admiration, or hauing run vpon the aduerte shelves of a deplored fortune, are inforced to inuent strange things for the relife of their dejected estate. . . . . They talke not of the acts of Princes, nor the sites of Regions, the temperature of such Clymates, or any materiall discourse, but to shew an exquisite straine of wit, purchased by a little fruitlesse trauell: they insert frufulous occurrents, borrowed, or (it may be) inuented by their own phantasticke braines. These misse the marke a good Traueller should aime at: they should obserue Lawes in forraigne places, like a good *Lycurgus* to transpose so glorious a freight to their owne Countrey. They should not (like our Fashion-inuenter, our Italionated Albionacts) so much obserue what is worne on the body, as what habit best beseemes the nature and condition of their minde.

And in speaking of the desire the Romans had of imitating the virtues of their predecessors, he remarks:

*Solon* and we haue few that goe mad for their countrey; but *Tarpeia's* we haue too many, that are mad with desire to betray their Countrey: Few Law-inacters, many Law-infringers: making wholesome lawes, like *Tarandulus* web, wickets for great ones to come through, but snarles for little ones to hold.

He again alludes to these fanciful sort of travellers in a later part of the work thus:

We shall see men (for the most part) rather addicted to fabulous Trauels, the suruey of strange and neuer-heard of Ilands, prodigious sights, Monsters, Chymeras,

and meere imaginary fancies, then to such narrations as might minister instruction and benefite to every particular Reader. Some we see delighted with the strange and incredible miracles of *Mandeville*: others with the victorious combats of our *Bevis of South-hampton*; others, more conuersant with the tragicke Histories of our time (prodiges in part merely inuented.) And last of all (which in my judgement is worst of all) others with the phantasticke writings of some supposed Knights, (*Don Quixotte* transformed into a Knight with the *Golden Pestle*) with many other fruitlesse inuentions, moulded onely for delight without profit.

So also again respecting these feigned histories or romances, he says:

But in these feigned Histories I wholly exclude all ribaldry: nor can I admit, that those vnprofitable stories of *Prinalion*, *Palmerin de Oliva*, *The Knight of the Sunne*, *Gerilion*, with many other fictiue Discourses should be entertained by youth: many of these Relations haue strangely transported diuers well-promising wits into strange amazements; especially such as conceiue more delight in them, then more serious studies. Some we haue heard, that in reading the strange aduentures of *Orlando Furioso*, and conueyng the very impression of his amorous passion to themselves, would presently imitate his distraction, run starke naked, make loue-songs in commendation of their *Angelica*, put themselves to intollerable torment; to gaine the affection of their supposed mistresses. Others, in imitation of some valiant Knights, haue frequented Desarts, and inhabited Prouinces, echoing in euery place their owne vanities, endorsing their names in barks of trees, wholly turned Sauage, and vnytractable, to personate that knight more liuely.

Brathwaite, in the further course of his work, has allusions to Dekker's *Strange Horse Race*, 4to, 1613; *Histrio-mastix*, 4to, 1610; Blondeville's *Treatise of Horsemanship*, 4to, 1580; Gervase Markham's *Husbandman*, 4to, 1613; Watreman's *Fardell of Fashions*, 1555; the tragedy of *The Battell of Alcazor*, 4to, 1594; and other works. He has also some curious observations on the stage, and on the unities, on which he remarks:

They are like some Comædies we reade now a daies; The first Act whereof is in *Asia*; the next in *Africa*, the third in *Europa*, the fourth in *America*: and if *Ptolomeus*, or *Marcus Paulus* had found out a fifth part of the world, no question but it had beene represented on their vniuersall Stage: Such as these ought to haue some distinct language, *Utopian*, or some other grunting tongue engrossed to themselves: For they should profit more, by being lesse vnderstood. Much they speake of valour, and many imaginary *Heroes* are pitching their Pauillions: But I will take my leaue of them with my French Prouerbe: *Beaucoup de bruit è peu de fruct*: Much bruite, but little fruite: Battels more fierce (by report) then *Alcahors*: That was but Kings, their's Giants: and one of those Giants as able to vanquish all those Kings, as for *Milo* to carry his Bull on his shoulders.

Brathwaite might well feel proud of this work, for there is much sound sense and practical truth in his remarks, and it also shows very extensive

reading. See Chalmers' *Apology*, p. 153, concerning Lord Southampton, to whom the work is dedicated, and Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 990. There is a copy of this tract in the British Museum, and also in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Collation : Sig. A to Q 3, in fours.

In Red Cloth binding.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — A Survey of History : Or, a Nursery for Gentry. Contrived and Comprized in an Intermixt Discourse upon Historicall and Poeticall Relations. A Subject of it selfe well meriting &c. &c. [as before.] By Richard Braithwait Esquire, Oxon.

Hor. Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.  
Imprinted at London by I. Okes for Jasper Emery at the Eagle and Child in Pauls Church yard next Watlin Street.  
1638. 4to.

Prefixed to this much enlarged second edition of the *Schollers Medley* is an engraved titlepage by William Marshall, representing at the top a hand issuing out of the clouds writing, with compartments at the sides inscribed Herodotus, Thucidides, T. Livius, and C. Tacitus; and in an oval in the centre a portrait of the author A° ætatis 48. The Earl of Southampton, to whom the work was first dedicated, was now dead; the present edition contains, therefore, besides the original dedication to that noble person, a second epistle dedicatory "To the Right Honourable Elizabeth, Dowager, Countesse of Southampton." In a marginal note to this epistle Brathwaite informs us, "A Funeral Elegy to his precious memory was long since extant; being annexed to my *Britains Bath*, Anno 1625." Of this publication nothing now appears to be known. In the address "To the Understanding Reader," with reference to the present impression, he adds the remark: "How studiously, copiously and usefully this *last Edition* hath beene enlarged, may appeare by Digits or Signatures in the Margent every where expressed." These digits are the index  pointing out the enlargements of the text, which are very considerable throughout the volume; and in the margin also he says: "This last Impression to afford the Nobly and Historically affected all generous content comes forth now otherwise

attired thē it was at first published : being revised, corrected, and copiously enlarged." There is a very full table or compendiarie of the contents of the book, extending to eleven pages, and at the end a list of the errata.

A copy in the Townley sale, pt. i. No. 398, had the date of 1651, and others, according to Ant. Wood, of 1652 ; but these were probably only fresh titles to the present edition. See *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 339 ; and Haslewood's edition of *Barnabee's Journal*, p. 337 ; Lloyd's sale, No. 439, 16s. 6d. ; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 598, 1l. 1s. ; Hibbert's, No. 1412, 1l. 7s.

Collation : Sig. ¶ four leaves ; A and B four leaves ; b two leaves ; C to H h h 4, in fours ; pp. 444.

In Brown Calf extra.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — History Surveyed in a brief Epitomy : Or, A Nursery for Gentry. Comprised in an Intermixt Discourse upon Historicall and Poeticall Relations. Wherein is much variety of Discourse and modest delight. By Richard Braithwaite Esquire. Oxon.

Hor. Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum. London, Printed for J. E. and are to be sold by Nathanael Webb and William Grantham, at the Grey-hound in Pauls Church-yard. 1651. 4to.

Although the present volume appears as if it was a new edition, with a different imprint and date, it is merely the impression of 1638 with a new titlepage to help off the sale of the copies left on hand. The contents of the volume are exactly similar to the former in every respect, with the exception of the title. It has the engraved frontispiece by Marshall pre-fixed, with the date of 1638. A copy sold at the Townley sale, pt. i. No. 398, for 2l. 5s. ; Stace's *Catal.* 3l. 13s. 6d.

Collation as before.

The Townley copy. Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — A Strappado for the Diuell. Epigrams and Satyres alluding to the time, with diuers measures of no lesse Delight. By *Μυσοσυκος*, to his friend *Φιλοκρατες*.

Nemo me impune lacerbit.

At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre. 1615. Sm. 8vo.; pp. 362.

This is a highly interesting and amusing work, from the prolific pen of Brathwaite; but it is unfortunately disfigured by several gross vulgarities, which detract considerably from the pleasure that would otherwise be derived from the perusal of this writer's works, and for which he is justly deserving of censure. This is the more to be regretted as there is much that is estimable in this volume, which, like several other works of this author, is adorned with beautiful imagery, set forth in highly pleasing language. "Brathwaite (says Mr. Fry, in his *Bibliogr. Memor.* p. 387) will amply repay the labour of a perusal;—interesting notices of ancient customs and manners recommend him to the notice of the antiquary, and his poetical merits will not be estimated as slight, or undeserving, by the active and ardent student in general literature." And Mr. Collier remarks: "There is, perhaps, no work in English which illustrates more fully and amusingly the manners, occupations, and opinions of the time when it was written, than the present volume by Richard Brathwaite."

The work commences with the Author's Anagram, "Vertu hath bar Credit," and others upon the names of Sir Thomas Gainsford and Mr. Thomas Posthumus Diggles, the latter of whom is addressed in this flattering style: "To his much honoured and endeered Mecænas (the expressiu'st Character of a generous Spirit) iudicious approuer of best-meriting Poesie, Guerdoner of Arts, cherisher of Wittes, and serious Protectour of all free-borne Studies, Mr. Thomas Posthumus Diggs, the Author humbly dedicates himselfe, his Time-suting Epigrams with the use of his diuinely importing Anagram." These are followed by a prose address "To the gentle Reader," apologising for defects of the press occasioned by the author's absence, and a poetical one addressed "To his Booke." Then comes "The Epistle Dedicatore," (and one leaf "Vpon the Errata"):

To all Usurers, Broakers and Promoters,  
 Sergeants, Catch-poles, and Regraters,  
 Ushers, Panders, Suburbes Traders,  
 Cockneies that haue manie fathers.  
 Ladies, Monkies, Parachitoes,  
 Marmosites, and Catomitoes,  
 Falls, high-tires and rebatoes,  
 False-haires, periwigges, monchatoes :

Grave Gregorians, and She-painters,  
Send I greeting at adventures,  
And to all such as be euill,  
My *strappado*\* for the diuell.

There is much humour in this and in some other dedications to his poems, of which the following, from the first poem in the present work, may serve as a specimen: “To the true discouerer of secrets Moun-sieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Iuy-bush, Master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, prime founder of Red lattices, cheerer of the hunger-starv’d Muses, and their thred bare followers, singuler Artist in pewter language, and an observant linguist for anon anon Sir. His dere Canary-Bird wisheth red-eyes, dropsie legges, and all other accoutrements befitting.” We give a few of the commencing lines of the poem :

Bottle-nos’d Bacchus with thy bladder face,  
To thee my Muse comes reeling for a place :  
And craves thy Patronage ; — nor do I feare  
But my poore fragments shall be made of there  
For good reuersions by thy scrambling crew,  
That belch, and reade, and at each enterview  
Of a sharpe temperd line, commend the vaine,  
Digest it, and then rift it up againe.  
But know thou cup shot god, what is exprest  
Within these Pages doe deserue the best  
Of thy light-headed Shamroes, nor’s my tutch  
For such as loue to take a cup too-much.  
No, no, my lines (though I did seeme to stand  
And begge a poore protection at thy hand)  
Shall liue in spite of Time, for Time shall see  
The curtaine of her vices drawne by me :  
And though portraide by a lesse art-full fist,  
Yet he that limm’d them is a Satyrist,  
For th’ lines he writes (if ought he write at all)  
Are drawne by inke that’s mixed most with gall.  
Yea, he was borne, euen from his infancie,  
To tell the world her shame, and bitterly

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\* The “Strappado” was a cruel military punishment, in which, a rope being fastened under the sufferer’s arms, he was drawn up by a pulley to the top of a high beam, and then suddenly let down with a jerk, by which his arms were broken, or his joints dislocated.—See Douce’s *Illustr. Shakesp.* vol. i. p. 427; R. Holme’s *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, book iii. ch. vii. p. 310.

To taxe those crimes which harbour now and then  
 Within the bosomes of the greatest men.  
 ‘ Yea, nought I doe but I againe will doe it,  
 “ Nor ought will write, but I will answer to it.”

Among other poems in this portion of the work is “A Satire Upon the Generall Scolists [Sciolists] or Poettasters of Brittanie,” which is quoted at length in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 145, in which is introduced the following panegyric upon George Wither, who it is well known was greatly admired and imitated by Brathwaite, and upon William Brown, whose *Shepherd's Pipe*, written in conjunction with Wither, was published in 1614 :

Yet ranke I not (as some men doe suppose)  
 These worthlesse swaines amongst the laies of those  
 Time-honour'd Shepheards (for they still shall be  
 As well they merit) honour'd of mee,  
 Who beare a part, like honest faithfull swaines,  
 On witty *Wither's* never-withring plaines,  
 For these (though seeming Shepheards) have deserv'd  
 To haue their names in lasting Marble carv'd :  
 Yea this I know I may be bold to say,  
*Thames ne'er had swans that song more sweet than they.*  
 It's true I may auow 't, that nere was song  
 Chanted in any age by swains so young,  
 With more delight then was perform'd by them,  
 Pretily shadow'd in a borrowed name.  
 And long may Englands *Thespian* springs be known,  
*By louely Wither and by bonny Browne,*  
 Whilst solid *Seldon*, and their *Cuddy* too,  
 Sing what our (Swaines of old) could neuer doe.

At p. 54 is an epigram called “His Catch : ”

Singing my catch, if you be not my friend,  
 For all my catch, I shall be catcht ith' end.

This is inscribed to “The Right Worshipfull Rich. Hutton, Sergeant at Lawe,” and was occasioned by “the restraint of the Author, who in the justnes of his cause (like Zenophons Sparrow) fled for refuge” to this person, who appears to have been his godfather and patron, if not more nearly connected :

Who should I flie to (Sir) but unto you  
 That are a Sergeant, and has power to place  
 Your God-sonne free from any Sergeants Mace ?

And in *Astræa's Teares, an Elegie upon the death of Sir Richard Hutton Knight*, 1641, 8vo, he calls his son Sir Richard Hutton Knt. "my most endeared Cosin," and again alludes to the father :

Let us then joyne our Funerall odes in one  
His dearest God-sonne with his Eldest Sonne.

And again :

Ar't gone just judge? yet ere thou go'st from hence  
Receive thy God-sonnes teares in recompence  
Of many Blessings thou bestow'd of him.

This circumstance also clearly identifies Brathwaite as the author of this latter work upon the death of Judge Hutton. Some of the remaining poems in this first part are of an amatory description. Among others is one "composed in honour of his Mistris, allusively shadowing her name in the title (probably Frances), which he enstiles "His Frankes Anatomie." It appears, however, from the next poem, "Upon his Mistris Nuptiall, enstiled, His Frankes Farewell," that she afterwards played him false. In the next "Epigramme called the Wooer" is the following pleasing description of rural scenery :

It chanc't upon a time (and then was th' time)  
When the thigh-fraughted Bee gathered her thyme,  
Stored her platted Cell, her fragrant bower,  
Crop't from each branch, each blossom, and each flower,  
When th' pretty Lam-kin scarce a fortnight old,  
Skipped and frolicked 'fore the neighbouring fold,  
When th' cheerefull Robin, Larke, and Lenaret  
Tun'de up their voices, and together met,  
When th' fearefull Hare to cheere her quaint delight,  
Did make her selfe her owne Hermaphrodite,  
When th' lovely Turtle did her eies awake,  
And with swift flight follow'd her faithfull mate,  
When every Beast prepar'd her wonted den,  
For her owne young, and shade to couer them,  
When Flora with her mantle tucked up,  
Gath'red the dewie flowers, and them did put  
In their embordred skirts which were ranck set  
With Prime-rose, Cow-slip, and the violet,  
The dill, the dasie, sweet breath'd Eglantine  
The Crowfoote, pansie, and the Columbine,  
The pinke, the plantaine, milfoile, evry one,  
With Marigold that opens with the Sunne;

Euen then it was, (ill may I say it was,)  
 When young Admetus wooed a countrey lasse,  
 A countrie lasse whom he did woe indeede,  
 To be his Bride, but yet he could not speede.

After a few more epigrams, and a curious “Eclogue” in the northern dialect “between Billie and Jockie called the *Mushrome*,” and “A Panegyrick Embleame, intituled, *Saint George for England*,” &c., we come to a singular and humorous poem “Upon a Poet’s Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender — An Epigram” — containing numerous allusions to various works and persons of that age, and commencing with a quotation from Shakespeare’s play of *Richard the Third*:

If I had liv’d but in King *Richards* dayes,  
 Who in his heat of passion, midst the force  
 Of his Assailants troubled many waies  
 Crying *A horse, a Kingdome for a horse*.  
 O then my horse which now at Liuery stayes  
     “Had been set free, where now he’s forc’t to stand  
     “And like to fall into the Ostlers hand.”

Besides this, there are allusions to *Don Quixote*, Shelton’s translation of the first part of which had appeared only three years before;

If I had liv’d but in Don Quixotes time  
 His Rozinant had been of little worth  
 For mine was bred within a coulder clime, &c.

To Marlow’s tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, 1590:

If I had liv’d when Fame-spred *Tamberlaine*  
 Displaide his purple signalls in the East  
*Hallow ye pamphred Iades*, had been in vaine  
 For mine’s not pamphred, nor was ere at feast  
 But once, which once’s nere like to be againe,  
 How methinks would hee haue scour’d the wheeles,  
 Hauing braue *Tamberlaine* whipping at’s heelles.

To Banks and his celebrated horse:

If I had liv’d but in our *Banks* his time  
 I doe not doubt, so wittie is my Iade,  
 So full of Imitation.

To Vennard’s or Fennor’s “England’s Joy,” acted at the Swan in 1603:

If you remember, as was that same toy  
 Of *Banks* his horse, or *Fenners* Englands ioy

To Sir John Mandeville, and the Pageants acted at Bartholemew Fair :

What none? no *Mandevill?* is *London* growne  
 To surfeſt of new accidents? — why hoe, —  
*Saint Bartlemewſ*, where all the Pagents ſhowne  
 And all those acts from *Adam* unto *Noe*  
 Us'd to be repreſent? canſt ſend me none,  
 Of any ſort? or thou'l d not any ſpare  
 But keepe them for the Pagents of thy Faire.

To Mother Red-cap,— to “Whipping the Cat at Abington,” and other curious circumstances.— This is followed by “Hymen’s Satyre,” “A Marriage Song,” &c.; another “Upon the commodious though compendious labour of Mr. Arthur Standish, in the inuention of planting of Wood — a wood-man’s Emblealme;” a poem addressed “To the truely worthy the Alderman of Kendall and his brethren;” and another “To all true-bred Northerne Sparks of the generous ſociety of the Cottoneers who hold their High-roade by the Pinder of Wakefield, the Shoo-maker of Bradford, and the White Coate of Kendall; Light Gaines, heauie Purſes, good Tradings, with cleere Conſcience.” In this he alludes to the tricks practised by the manufacturers, reſembligng ſome of thofe practiſed in the preſent day; and, deſcribing the introduction of the cotton trade into the north, makes menſion of Workington and the Curwens, Cartmell, Staveley (corruptly Staulay), Sturbridge fair, Wakefield, Bradford, Kendal, and the “ruin’d castle of Lord Par.” The following is Brathwaite’s deſcription of Wakefield and her famous Pindar:

The first whereof that I intend to ſhew  
 Is merry *Wakefield* and her *Pindar* too;  
 Which Fame hath blaz’d with all that did belong  
 Unto that *Towne* in many gladsome ſong:  
 The *Pindars* valour and how firme he stood  
 In th’ Townes defence ’gainſt th’ Rebel *Robin-hood*,  
 How stoutly he behav’d himſelfe, and would  
 In ſpite of *Robin* bring his horſe to th’ fold,  
 His many *May-games* which were to be ſene  
 Yeerely presented upon *Wakefield-greene*,  
 Where louely *Iugge* and lustie *Tib* would go  
 To ſee *Tom-liuely* turne upon the toe;  
*Hob*, *Lob*, and *Crowde* the fidler would be there,  
 And many more I will not ſpeakē of here:  
 Good god how glad hath been this hart of mine  
 To ſee that *Town*, which hath in former time  
 So flouriſh’d and ſo gloried in her name,

Famous by th' *Pindar* who first rais'd the same ?  
 Yea I haue paced ore that *greene* and ore,  
 And th' more I saw't, I tooke delight the more,  
 "For where we take contentment in a place,  
 "A whole daies walke, seemes as a cinque pace :  
 Yet as there is no solace upon earth.  
 Which is attended euermore with mirth :  
 But when we are transpored most with gladnesse  
 Then suddenly our ioyes reduc'd to sadnessse ;  
 So far'd with me to see the *Pindar* gone,  
 And of those iolly laddes that were, not one  
 Left to suruiue : — I griev'd more then Ile say.

The author is lavish also in the praises of Kendal and her excellent pastor :

But of all the blessings that were reckoned yet  
 In my opinion there is none so great  
 As that especiall one which they receiue,  
 By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue ;  
 Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together  
 (As both sincere, there's no defect in either,)  
 For in him both Urim and Thummim be  
 O that we had more Pastors such as he  
 For then in Sion should Gods flocke encrease  
 "Hauing such Shepheards would not flea but fleece ;  
 Thus what wants *Kendal* that she can desire  
*Tyre's* her Pastor, and her selfe is *Tyre*,  
 He to mistrust her people, she to bring  
 Wealth to her Towne by forraine trafficking."

There is a punning allusion here to the vicar of Kendall, who at the time that Brathwaite wrote was Ralph Tyre or Tyrer, an excellent pastor, who was vicar of Kendal from 1591 to his death in 1627. Brathwaite himself was connected with the neighbourhood of Kendal, being descended from the family of this name of Burneshead or Barnside in the barony of Kendal, and spent much of the earlier part of his life on this family estate; and there is a monument still in Kendal Church to the memory of Sir Thomas Braithwaite Knt. of Burneshead, who died in 1683, and might possibly be a younger brother. Our author, according to Ant. Wood, at a later period of his life removed to Appleton in the parish of Catterick, near Richmond in Yorkshire, where he appears from a monument to his memory in the church of Catterick to have died May 4th, 1673, at the advanced age of 85,

leaving an only son, Sir Strafford Brathwaite Knt., who was slain when fighting against the Moors in Africa, and was buried at Tangier.

Kendal was formerly celebrated as a great place for making cloths and dying them with bright colours. Thus we read in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

— where *Kendal* town doth stand,  
For making of our *cloth* scarcee match'd in all the land.

The *Kendal green* so celebrated by Shakespeare, was the livery of the famous outlaw Robin Hood and his companions when living in Sherwood Forest, when, according to the old play —

— all the woods  
Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendal green*  
Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington.

But while it was formerly noted for its *green*, it appears from this poem that the men of Kendal were especially remarkably for their *White coates*:

Descending thither where most bound I am,  
To *Kendall-white-coates*, where your trade began.  
\* \* \* \* \*

As for this name of *White-coate* us'd to fore  
It came from th' *milk-white furniture* they wore  
And in good-sooth they were but home-spun fellows  
Yet would these *white-coats* make their foes dy yellows,  
Which might by latter times be instanced,  
Euen in those border-servuices they did.

At the end of this long and curious poem allusions are made to some old and celebrated tunes: “Wilson’s delight;” “Arthur a Bradly” and “Mal Dixon’s round.” “Arthur a Bradly” is still a song well known, but the other two, we fear, are not now in existence. A few lines “To the Worshipfull Recorder of Kendall” follow, and then two more poems “To the Landlord wheresoever,” and “To the Tennant howsoever,” conclude this portion of the volume.

After p. 254 there is a fresh paging, but with continuous signatures; and a second part of the work commences with a new title, thus:

Loves Labyrinth: or the true-Louers knot: — including the disastrous fals of two star-crost Louers Pyramus and Thysbe. — A Subiect heretofore handled, but now with much more propriete of passion, and varietie of inuention, continued: — By Richard Brathwayte.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

[Imprint and date as before.]

This part commences with a Latin dedication to Sir Richard Musgrave Bart. of Harcley, with an anagram on his name, which is followed by some lines "Upon the Dedicatore" in which the author states his reason for dedicating this poem to his patron who was then deceased. Next comes a funeral elegy "Upon the premature death of the most Generous and Ingenious, the right Worshipfull Sir Richard Musgrave, Knight Barronett of Hartley: who died in Italy, being preuented of his religious purpose, intending to visit the holy Sepulchre of our Sauiour in Ierusalem, an Epicedium: The Author dedicates these Obi-teres, unto his vertuous and modest Lady, the much honoured Francis Musgrave, daughter to the truly honourable Philip Lord Wharton." This is succeeded by various anagrams upon Sir Richard Musgrave's name, and some short epitaphs upon the same. Next ensue some stanzas addressed "To all unhappy Louers," on the subject of the poem; and two short copies of verses entitled "The Author upon his infant Poeme," and "Upon the Presse." The poem of Pyramus and Thysbe then commences, preceded by "The Argument," also in verse, thus:

Childrens loue and Parents hate,  
Pure affection eros'd by fate;  
True their loue, so true to either,  
That they chus'd to die together.  
Curteous woodnimphs, Tigres fierce,  
Wash with teares their doleful hearse;  
Myrtle branches, roses sweete,  
Satyres strow about their feete.  
Woodnimphs with their Syrens voice  
Call their parents by their noise,  
Who with pace (slow pace God wot)  
Made hast they could, yet hasted  
not,  
Till they saw their children lie  
Arme in arme full louingly.  
Oft they sought, but all in vaine  
To bring life to them againe.  
Trickling teares came dropping downe,  
Groues with teares were ouerflowne,  
Water mixt with crimson blood  
Made a deluge where they stood.

*Thisbees* obsequies they see  
Grauen in an Oliue tree,  
Their bones to ashes they doe burne  
And place them in one sacred urne,  
That as their loue was all in all  
So they might haue one Buriall.  
To this shrine, this statue faire,  
Louers wont for to repayre,  
Who to confirme their sincere loue  
Offered them a Turtle Doue.  
But when their reliques scattered were,  
Maids nere after offered there  
Their wonted incense, but forsooke  
The altar which was wont to smoke  
With mirrhe and thyme, which they did  
burne  
With solemne rites about their urne.  
Yet lest their fame should so decay,  
Their tombe is to be seene this day,  
Which first erected was to be  
Conseruer of their memory.

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which Brathwaite described in the title, as "a Subiect heeretofore handled," had been twice published before his time, viz. "The Boke of Perymus and Thesbe, Lond. for T. Hacket,

1562, 4to, *Bibl. Lett.*; and Dunstan Gale's *Pyramus and Thisbe*, Lond. 1597, 4to; and again in 1617." It is also found annexed to Greene's *Historie of Arbasto, King of Denmarke*, 4to, 1617; in the title to which it is called "a lovely Poem of Pyramus and Thisbe." At the end of this is a poem inscribed, "The Answere of Hipolitus unto Phædra," in octave stanzas, to which is prefixed an argument in prose. The volume is closed with five additional unpaged leaves, the first two of which contain "An Embleame including the Authors name;" lines addressed "To the equall Reader," and four lines "To the Captious Reader," with directions on the bottom of the first page to "place this and the leafe following after the end of the first Booke." The three other leaves contain Latin notes and authorities relating to passages in the poem of Pyramus and Thisbe, addressed "To the understanding Reader."

Such are the contents of this curious and interesting volume; for a further account of which the reader may consult Fry's *Bibliogr. Memor.* p. 385, art. 101, 102; the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 47; *Archæica.* vol. ii. pref. p. xiii.; and Collier's p.p. *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 32. Long extracts have been given from it in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. pp. 145 and 203, embracing the whole of the satire upon the Poetasters of Brittannie, and the epistle or epigram to Phantasto Moriano. See also Ellis's *Specim.* vol. iii. p. 103; Wood's *Athen. Ox.* vol. ii. p. 516; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 197, and *Bibliomania*, p. 394.

The *White Knights* copy, No. 597, sold for 3*l.* 19*s.*; the Roxburghe ditto, No. 3372, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 216, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Gilchrist's ditto, No. 76, 4*l.*; Strettell's ditto, No. 126, 2*l.* 17*s.*, bought by Mr. Skegg, and at his sale in 1842, No. 182, sold for 1*l.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 312, 5*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 47, with portrait of Brathwaite from the frontispiece to his "Complete Gentleman, 1630," inserted 8*l.* 8*s.* The same copy sold in Midgley's sale, No. 31, for 6*l.* to Baron Bolland, and was again disposed of at his sale in 1840, No. 274.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to Z 6, in eights; Q 6 is a blank leaf. Two additional leaves, Sig. Π, are to be placed at the end of the first book.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — A Strappado for the Divell. Epi-grammes and Satyres alluding to the time, with diuers measures of no lesse Delight. By *Μισοσυκος* to his friend *Φιλοκρατες*.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre. 1615. Sm. 8vo.; pp. 362.

Another copy of this rare volume from the Freeling collection. Like some other works from the same library, it is not in first-rate condition, the titlepage and some of the early leaves having been neatly mended.

Collation the same as before.

Bound by Black. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — A Solemne Ioviall Disputation, Theoreticke and Practicke; briefly shadowing the Law of Drinking; Together with the Solemnities and Controversies occurring: Fully and freely discussed according to Civill Law. Which, by the permission, priviledge, and authority, of that most noble and famous order in the Vniuersity of Goddesse Potina; Dionisius Bacchus being then President, chiefe Gossiper, and most excellent Governour, Blasius Multibus, aliâs Drinkmuch, a singular proficient and most qualifi'd Graduate in both the liberall Sciences of Wine and Beare; In the Colledge of Hilarity, hath publikely expounded to his most approved and improved Fellow-Pot-shots; Touching the houres before noone and after, usuall and lawfull. We are to observe whether this may be or how much of this is admitted to be in the society of men. l. 38. ff. De rebus crea. Faithfully rendred according to the originnall Latine Copie. *OENOZYTHOPOLIS*. At the Signe of Red-eyes. 1615. Sm. 8vo.

Preceding the printed title as above is a well executed and curious engraved frontispiece in two parts, by Will. Marshall; the upper one, signifying the *Wine Drinkers*, represents Mount Helicon with the streams Aganippe and Hippocrene flowing from it, while beneath are some well dressed persons seated drinking, Apollo filling their cups, with the motto “Nectar ut ingenium;” at the side is the sign of the Dolphin. The lower

compartment represents the *Beer Drinkers* carousing and dancing, a piper playing to them — above is a cistern inscribed “Puddle-Wharf.” A leaf of explanation of this frontispiece, and also of the one before the “Smoaking Age,” should accompany the work, but are wanting in this and most other copies. The contents of them are however given at length in Haslewood’s account of this volume in his bibliographical introduction to *Barnabee’s Itinerary*, by whom this volume was first, and no doubt, correctly ascribed to Brathwaite. The work commences with a short metrical dedication “To his Mœonian Hebe, Will. Meere, his onely Pierian Pilote, at the Ship in the Old Bayly,” signed “Palladius Phœbæus;” which is followed by a prose address “To honest Ralph of Brainford,” dated “From, It cuts a Feather, in Sheere-Lane;” by “A president of binding any one Apprentice to the known Trade of the *Ivy-Bush* or *Red-Lettice*, taken out of the ancient Register-booke of *Potina.*;” by some lines “To all People,” signed “Oenopota Vandunk, German,” and by “A Carouse-Canto” as under:

The Welshman loves *Case-hobbie*,  
The French a *Curtain-sermon*,  
But I must slash in *Balderdash*,  
For I’m a true bred *German*.

Cap a pe, let us wester, and bouse helter-skelter,  
Tom Tinker his *Tankard*, the Fleming his *Flagon*,  
The Irish Chough his *Usquebaugh*,  
The Dutch-Fro his *Slapdragon*.

“The Law of Drinking,” which extends to eighty pages, is reduced into sixty various collections or positions, thus numbered in the margin. These are laid down with considerable humour, and in a most genial spirit. Being, however, in prose, and some of them not over delicate, it is unnecessary to quote any of them here; more especially as the work, as is indeed admitted at the commencement, is evidently only a free translation from a Latin original. At the end are some “Corollaries” as additions, a long humorous piece in prose entitled “Cornelius Vandunk his Character,” and another in verse, “Cornelius Vandunk his Satyre.” On the last page are two other short pieces, “Vandunks Foure Humours, in qualitie and quantitie,” and “Vpon this Impression in the Vacation,” of which we give the first:

I am mightie *melancholy*,  
And a quart of *Sacke* will cure me,  
I am *chollericke* as any;  
Quart of *Claret* will secure me;

I am *phlegmaticke* as may be,  
*Peter see me* must inure me ;  
I am *sanguine* for a Ladie,  
And coole *Rhenish* shall conjure me."

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Smoaking Age, or, the man in the mist : — with the life and death of Tobacco. Dedicated to those three renowned and imparaleld Heroes, Captaine Whiffe, Captaine Pipe, and Captaine Snuffe. To whom the Author wishes as much content, as this Smoaking Age can afford them. Divided into three Sections ; 1. The Birth of Tobacco. 2. Pluto's blessing to Tobacco. 3. Times complaint against Tobacco.

Satis mihi pauci lectores, satis est unus, satis est nullus.  
Upon Tobacco.

This some affirme, yet yeld I not to that,  
'Twill make a fat man leane, a leane man fat,  
But this I'm sure, (hows'ere it be they meane),  
That many *whiffes* will make a fat man *leane*.

OENOZYTHOPOLIS.

At the Signe of Teare-Nose. c10 to cxvii.

Like the former, this portion of the work is also preceded by a brilliantly engraved frontispiece by W. Marshall, divided into compartments. The top one represents some negroes running and diving for pearl on an island called *Necotiana*. On the left is a tobacco shop, with a negro standing on the counter smoking rolls of tobacco and drinking from a large flagon ; at the back, some shelves with glasses and other things upon them ; and at the top, a garland suspended stuck full of tobacco pipes. On the right, behind a drawn curtain, the three heroes, Whiffe, Pipe, and Snuffe are discovered seated at a board over some hogsheads smoking ; the first with the motto on a scroll over his head *Qui color albus erat*, and issuing from the mouth of his pipe the words *Itum est in viscera terræ* ; the second with a long pipe, with the motto above *Quantum mutatus ab illo*, and from his pipe *Fistula dulce canit* ; the third, Capt. Snuffe, has the smoke issuing from his nostrils, with the motto *Anglus in Aethiopem*, and from the mouth of his pipe *Mea messis*

*in herba est.* At the back of the printed title are the author's remarks "Upon the Erratas," with a list of these, followed by some lines, termed a sonnet, inscribed "To my learned, judicious, and most experienced friend T. C. Doctor of Physicke," and others "To my worthy approved and judicious friend Alexander Riggby Esquire," both of them subscribed "Eucapnus Nepenthiacus Neapolitanus." An advertisement from "The Stationer to the Reader," and a long "Preface" explaining how the tract came to be written, and inscribed "To whomsoever, whensover, or wheresover"—in which notice is taken of "divers bookees treating of the use and commerce of tobacco, as the poem of that English *Museus* entitled *Tobacco battered*,"<sup>\*</sup> and other works—conclude the introduction portion.

"The Smoaking Age" is a continuous narrative in the form of a mythological tale on the origin of *divine* tobacco, as it was then termed, and was intended by its author rather to repress the extravagant use of the Nicotian weed, which then so outrageously prevailed, than entirely to condemn the same. In the course of his work among the "especial advertisements given by Pluto to Tobacco," he alludes to the custom of placing a blackamoor as a sign before the tobacconist's shop. "The first caution I propound is, that in everie placee where thou commest, thou take the best Booth in the Faire. Plant thy selfe in the eye of the Citie; set mee the picture of some sallow-faced Blackamoore or a Virginia-man, for that will rather draw custome upon the Frontespice of thy doore: a *Zeuxes* or *Apelles* would doe well in these eases to enforce passengers by the picture to draw neere the substance." He further remarks :

There bee three persons I would have thee use with all observances, the Scholler, the Lawyer, and the Poet. I distinguish them, for seldom makes Poet Lawyer, seldom becomes Lawyer Scholler, seldom exquisite Scholler either Poet or Lawyer. For the Poet (he observes) I cannot tell what to say to it, he is so oft out of his wits, as he verily imagines himselfe the man in the moone. There's quick-silver in his braine; and if he were not now and then encountered by Sergeants, and kept under locke and key, hee would verily turne Bedlame. Yet because phrensie must bee purged, and thou (my Wag-halter) hast vertue and operation to love such, becken to the thred-bare contemned urchin, give him a pipe on my score, hee'll pay it at the next new play he makes, if the Doore-keepers will bee true to him; and if not, hee'll make thee up some scurvie end of a Ballad, deserves a pipe of smoake. But before thou humour him, I would have thee finde him, and I protest to thee I cannot direct thee to him: Many have this name, but as farre different from the perfect straine of

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\* This was by Joshua Sylvester.

a Poet, as the glistening of the Glo-worme from the light and splendour of the Sunne. Some come from the camp to the stage, from the pike to the pen ; and few Souldiers will prove good Poets. For the nature of these men (I my selfe have had an itching inclination to this poeticall phrensie) had rather fight with *Bacchus* than *Mars*; and had rather cope with a barrell than oppose themselves to a quarrell. Others, from an Indenture to a Theatre; the Scribe turnes Pharisee; and *Asinus ad Lyram* expresseth his owne shame by his Scriveners fragment. Others, from mowting to comicke writing : a brave honour to descend to Poet from Lawyer. But amongst these (my brave Spurio) thou shalt finde many generous wits possest with this phrensie, call them to thee, smoake their wits, it may bee they are mustie, and desire soaking. These poore Gnats deserve thine acquaintance, even the lowest favorite in *Parnassus* armourie, *Qui nescit versus tamen audet fingere.*

He again thus forcibly alludes to the sign of the blackamoor :

As when *Annibal*, seeing his brothers head thrown into his Tents, cryed out, “Now doe I behold the misery of *Carthage!*” so when I behold that tawny-faced *Aethiopian* stand out pictured with a pipe in his hand to entice the poore passenger, may I justly cry out, Now doe I behold the misery of the world; the corrupter of cities; the depraver of youth; the dotage of age; the dissolution of all.

The tale concludes with warnings of destruction for their “smoaky impostures” against the three captains, the corrupters of the age; after which are some verses styled “*Nepenthiaci Nænia, or Musæus Elegie,*” and some observations upon tobacco, its diversity of names, its effects, and the mode of cultivating it from a little tract, entitled *Tobacco, published by especiall direction of the Author upon his death-bed, dedicated to Humphrey King.* The author’s opinion of his own labours against the immoderate use of the Indian weed may be gathered from a distich in a marginal note at the end :

Thus have I prov’d *Tobacco* good or ill;  
Good, if rare taken — Bad, if taken still.

The paging of the volume here ceases, but some verses are added, called “Time’s Sonnet”; and the book closes with a poem in seventeen seventeen-line stanzas, “Chaucer’s incensed Ghost,” from which we select a small portion :

From the frequented Path where Mortals tread,  
Old-aged CHAVCER having long retir’d,  
Now to revisit Earth at last desir’d,  
Hath from the dead rais’d his impalled head,  
Of purpose to converse with humane seed,  
And taxe them too for bringing him o’th’ stage  
In writing that he knew not in his age.

'Las, is it fit the stories of that Book  
 Couch'd and compil'd in such a various forme,  
 Which Art and Nature joyntly did adore,  
 On whose quaint Tales succeeding ages look,  
 Should now lie stifled in the steems of smoak,  
 As if no Poets Genius could be ripe  
 Without the influence of Pot and Pipe?

No, no, yee *English Moors*, my Muse was fed  
 With purer substance than your *Indian* weede:  
 My breathing Nosethrils were from Vapors free'de.  
 With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* nourished,  
 While Hospitality so flourished

In great mens Kitchens; where I now suppose  
 Lesse Smoake comes from their Chimneys than their nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pure are the Crystall streames of *Hippocrene*  
 Choice the dimensions which her Bards expresse;  
 Cleare is their heart as th' art which they professe;  
 How should they relish then ought that's uncleane,  
 Or waste their oyle about a Smoaky dreame?

Farre bee't *Minerva* should consume her Taper  
 In giving life or lustre to a Vapor.

The TALES\* I told, if morally applide  
 How light so'e're, or wanton to the show,  
 Yet they in very deed were nothing so;  
 For were the marke they aym'd at but descri'de,  
 Even in these dayes they would be verifi'de;  
 And like *Sybillas* Oracles esteem'd,  
 Worth worlds of wealth, how light so'e're they seem'd.

Witnessse my *Miller*, and my *Carpenter*,  
 The amorous stories of my *Wife of Bath*,  
 Which such variety of humours hath,  
 My *Priour*, *Manciple*, and *Almoner*,  
 My subtle *Sumner*, and the *Messenger*;  
 All which, though moulded in another age,  
 Have rais'd new Subjects both for *Presse* and *Stage*.

Neither Wood in his account of Brathwaite, nor Dr. Bliss in his continuation of that article (although extending considerably the list of his works) have noticed this rare volume. It sold in Bright's sale, No. 670, for 3*l.* 6*s.*; Townley's, pt. i. No. 475, 3*l.* 16*s.*; Gordonstoun, No. 1423, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's, pt. ii. No. 1345, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Hibbert's, No. 1082 (the same

\* Whose  
pleasing  
Comments  
are shortly  
to be pub-  
lished.

copy), 8*l*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 1881, 9*l*. It is not among Brathwaite's works in the British Museum.

Collation: Sig. A four leaves; B to O 4, in eights; pp. 208.  
Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie. In Brown Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)**—The Smoaking Age: or, The Life and Death of Tobacco. In Three Parts. 1. The Birth of Tobacco. 2. Pluto's Blessing to Tobacco. 3. Time's Complaint Tobacco. To which is added Chaucers Incensed Ghost. By R.B. London, Printed and sold by John Nutt near Stationers Hall. 1703. 8vo.

In this tract *The Smoaking Age* is altered and compressed from Braithwaite's work as published in 1617, 8vo; and it contains the poem on Chaucer's Ghost at the end. It is unnoticed by either Watt or Lowndes.

Half bound in Green Morocco.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)**—A New Spring shadowed in sundrie Pithie Poems. Musophilus.

Quid nascis, si teipsum noscas?

London Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Baylie, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the middle-row in Holborne, neere Staple-Inne. 1619. 4to.

A singular woodcut on the title represents the new spring or well inclosed with palisades around it, and various persons of both sexes filling their pitchers, and drinking from it. Although Brathwaite's name does not appear to this work, as was frequently the case in his publications, there is strong reason to conclude that it forms one of his numerous productions. It commences with a short metrical dedication: "To my worthy and iudicious Friend Sir Francis Ducket Knight," subscribed "Musophilus;" a Latin distich "In militem Scientem;" and lines "Vpon the New Spring." The volume consists of a collection of short poems of a very varied kind, and without any apparent connexion with each other, of which the titles are as follows: "Philo to Philemon," with the motto "Non Vltra;" "Mans securitie, the Divells opportunitie," and the "Morall;" "A Divine Embleme. Nosce et tace;" "An Elegie which the Author entituleth *Bound yet free*;" Speaking of the benefit of imprisonment;" "The Statue of Agathocles;"

“Of Sleepe;” “Vpon the foure Constitutions;” “Of Hospitality;” “The Shrift;” “Quidam erat;” “The Signe in Cancer: an Epigram;” “A Prize;” “Himens Eglogue betweene Admetus and Menalchas;” “Thankfulnes.” From these we select a short passage from the elegie

*Bound yet free.*

If life indeed were such a *Iubile*,  
 that every houre, day, year, did promise vs  
 Continuate health, and wealth, and liberty,  
 then had we better reason to excuse  
 The loue we haue to our mortallity :  
 but since we see we cannot will nor choose,  
 But must be reft of these, why should we grieue  
 To leauue as man what men are forc'd to leauue ?  
 Nor skills it much where we be reft of these,  
 whether in *Thrall* or *Freedome*, but of th' two  
 I'de rather lose my fortune where I cease  
 to make resort to any, and must know  
 No more of th' World or the Worlds prease ;  
 but am retired from the publike shew  
 Of this fraile Theatre ; and am confin'd  
 In *Flesh* to tast true liberty of *Minde*.  
 A *Minde* as free as is the *Body* thrall,  
 transcendant in her being, taking th' Wings  
 Of th' Morning to ascend, and make that *all*  
 of hers immortall, sphearing it with Kings ;  
 Whose glory is so firme it cannot fall :  
 where every Saint in their reposure sings  
 Th' triumphant *Pœan* of eternity,  
 To *Him* whose sight giues perfect *Liberty*.  
 Then whether my *restraint* enforce or no,  
 I'll be myself, but more in my restraint ;  
 Because through it I see the end of woe,  
 tasting in griefe the Essence of content ;  
 That when from this same *double-ward* I goe,  
 this same entangled *Prison* ; th' continent  
 Of heauenly *Freedome* may receiue my *Soule*,  
 Which *Flesh* imprison might, but not controule.

We add the four concluding lines on

*Thankfulnes.*

The early *Larke*, from Earth to Heauen doth raise  
 Her well-tun'd Note to chaunt her *Makers* praise,

Why should not *Men* (indew'd with Reason) show  
Themselves more *thankfull*, sith more thanks they owe?

This is one of the scarcer volumes of the productions of Brathwaite. See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii. p. 144, who has given some extracts from it, especially one humorous piece, "Hymens Eglogue," which we should have been glad to transcribe had it not been there given. See also Mr. Haslewood's *Introd. to Barnabee's Journal*, vol. i. p. 239, who has quoted the elegie "Bound yet free" entire; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 162\*, 1*l.* 9*s.*; Jolley's, pt. ii. No. 398, 3*l.* 12*s.*; Utterson's, No. 430, 4*l.* 6*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to E 4, in fours, the last leaf blank. The present copy is from the libraries of Mr. Jolley and Mr. Utterson.

Bound by Hayday. In Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Natvres Embassie: or, The Wilde-mans Measvres: Danced naked by twelve Satyres, with sundry others continued in the next Section.

*Wilde men* may dance *wise measures*: Come then ho,  
Though I be wilde my *measures* are not so.

Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621. 8vo.

The title is in the centre of a woodcut, representing a woody scene, with Pan seated at the top playing on his pipe "the Wilde-mans measures," and the twelve satyres dancing in a circle below. The work is dedicated "To the accomplished Mirror of true worth, Sir T. H. the elder, knight (probably Sir Thomas Hawkins) professed fauorer and furtherer of all free-borne studies." In this address the author observes:

When the natures of men are cleere peruerted then it is high time for the *Satyr*ist to pen som-thing which may diuert them from their impietie, and direct them in the course and progresse of Vertue. .... I haue penned this short Discourse, interwoven with history as well as poesie, for two things summarily, and especially for the first thereof. The first is the iniquitie of this present time wherein we liue: so that *Nature* had either time now to send an Ambassage or neuer: since

Mulier formosa superne  
desinit in piscem ——

Such is the course of degenerate *Nature*, that in a conceit of her selfe she thinks she can mend her selfe by being adorned with unnaturalized ornaments, which *Nature* neuer apparellled her with. The second reason is the motion of a priuate friend of

mine, whose pleasure may command my whole meanes, yea my selfe to the uttermost of my abilitie.

Then follows “The distinct subject of euery Satyre, contained in either Section : with an exact suruey or display of all such Poems, as are couched or compiled within this Booke.” These are divided into two sections, the first containing twelve and the second eighteen. The names and subjects of each are enumerated at length in the *Archaica*, p. xvii. of the preface, including also Mythologia ; two short moderne Satyres ; Pastorall tales, or Eglogues ; Omphale, or the inconstant shepheardesse ; and the Odes. The satires, which are each preceded by an “Argument” in prose, are written in six-line stanzas, and are directed against the prevailing vices of society, the examples in each being taken chiefly from classical history. The paging of this portion is extremely irregular. At the end of the satires is “A Conclusive Admonition to the Reader” in verse, and three Funeral Elegies on the stories of Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Dido and Æneas. Then a new titlepage to

The Second Section of Divine and Morall Satyres : With an Adiunct vpon the precedent ; whereby the Argument with the first cause of publishing these Satyres, be euidently related. *Disce et doce.* London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

This part is dedicated in three six-line stanzas, “To the worthie Cherisher and Nourisher of all generous studies Sir W. E. Knight,” and signed “Richard Brathwayte Musophilus.” Underneath are these four lines “Vpon the Dedicatore,” from which it has been supposed that the patron died while the work was being printed :

Though *he* (and happie *he*) bereft by fate,  
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,  
This shall find shelter in his liuing name,  
*He's* chang'd indeed, but I am still the same.

These satires appear to have been composed in early life when first from college, with all the lore of the classics fresh on the author’s mind. We select one of the shortest “Of Partialitie” for quotation ;

*The Sixt Satyre.*

*Pytheas* a Lawyer of no small respect,  
Garded, regarded, dips his tongue in gold  
And culls his phrase, the better to effect  
What *He* and his penurious Client would ;  
Upon his backe for all his anticke showes,  
More clothes *He* weares then how to pay *He* knowes.

And what's the reason? he hath Law at will,  
 Making a good face of an euill matter,  
 And euerie day his thirstie purse can fill;  
 With gold? thou liest; with nought but wind and water;  
 Ile tell thee why, *Platoes* new Commonweale  
 Makes *Pytheas* leue off pleading, and go steale.

What *Pytheas*, steale? is't possible that *He*  
 That had a Pomander still at his nose,  
 That was perfum'd with balls so fragrantly,  
 Should now another trade of liuing choose?  
 He must and will, nor dare *He* show his face  
 Halfe casement-wide, that open'd many a case.

The other day but walking on the streeete,  
 I saw his velvet gerkin layd to pawne,  
 His grauer Gregorian, for his head more meete,  
 Then Brokers shop, and his best pleading gowne;  
 Nay which was more, marke *Pytheas* conscience  
 There lay to pawne his Clients euidence.

But its no maruell, Pride must haue a fall,  
 Who was on Cockhorse borne through Fortunes streame  
 Is now cashier'd from th' *Areopagites Hall*,  
 And on each bulke becomes a common theame:  
 O blest *vacation*, may thou neuer cease,  
 But still haue power to silence such as *these*!

Well, farewell Law, if Lawyers can be poore,  
 For I esteem'd *them* onely blest in *this*,  
 That *Danaes* lap with gold-distilling shower,  
 Had made them lineall heires to earthly blisse:  
 But since *these conscript fathers* we adore  
 Feele want of wealth, we'l worship them no more.

The xviii. Satyre (printed by mistake xiiii.) is styled “Naso Iuridicus. A short Satyre of a corrupt Lawyer.” At the end of these are “Two short moderne Satyres;” the first “In Ambulantem Hypocritam” is called “Pseudophilus;” the second “Poligonia;” and this part concludes on p. 172 with “An Admonition to the Reader vpon the precedent Satyres.” A third title then follows:

#### The Shepheards Tales.

Too true poore shepheards do this Prouerbe find,  
 No sooner out of sight then out of mind.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

" His Pastoralls are here contyned with three other Tales ; hauing relation to a former part, as yet obscured : and deuided into certaine Pastorall Eglogues, shadowing much delight vnder a rurall subiect." There is much ease and sprightliness in the ensuing lines, which form "The second Argument :

*Corydon coy Celia woos,*  
 And his loue by tokens shewes.  
 Tokens are those lures, that find  
 Best accesse to womau kind.  
 Long he woes ere he can win,  
 Yet at last she fancieth him :  
 And so firme, as you shall heare,  
 Each to other troth-plight were ;  
 But alas, where loue is most,  
 There it oft-times most is crost.  
 For these two are closely pent,  
 Each from other by restraint :  
 He, vnto the plaine must go,  
 Loue-sicke, heart-sicke, full of wo,  
 Where he sings such chearefull layes,  
 In his chast choise *Celias* praise,

That steepe mountaines, rocks, and  
 plaines,  
 Seeme entranced with his straines ;  
 But alas, while he does keepe,  
 Helplesse shepheard, haplesse sheepe,  
*Celia* for to secke her *mate*  
 From her *keeper* makes escape,  
 And vnto the mountaine goes,  
 Where her selfe, her selfe doth lose ;  
 While one of *Lauerna's* crew  
 Seizeth on her as his dew,  
 Where by force, by awe, by feare,  
 She was long detained there,  
 And in the end afflanc'd so,  
 As she ends her life in wo.

" The Shepheards Tales" consist of four Eglogues or Pastoral Tales, the fourth being termed " The shepheards holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinalls Galliard, or Iohn to the May-pole," in which mention is made of the names of several old tunes or ditties now for the most part forgotten ; " Peggie Ramsie, Spaniletto, The Vanetto, Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie, and Tutch me lightly." On p. 215 is another new title :

Omphale, or The Inconstant Shepheardesse.

Perijsem, nisi perijsem.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

This is dedicated on the back of the title " To her in whose chast breast choisest vertues, as in their Abstract, are seated : The accomplishd Lady P. W. wife to the Nobly-descended S. T. W. Knight ; and daughter to the much honoured S. R. C." Omphale is written in heroic verse, and extends to twenty-two pages, including at the end " A Poem describing the leuitie of a woman : reserving all generous respect to the virtuously affected of that Sexe :"

First I feare not to offend  
 A very thing of nothing,

Yet whom thus farre I commend,  
 She's lighter then her clothing :

Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,  
Her very Fan will weigh her downe:  
And marke how all things with her  
Sexe agree,  
For all her vertues are as light as she.

## 1.

She chats and chants but ayre,  
A windie vertue for the eare,  
'Tis lighter farre then care,  
And yet her songs do burthens  
beare.

## 2.

She dances, that's but mouing,  
No heauie vertue here she changes,  
And as her heart in louing,  
So her feete inconstant ranges.

The fifth and last title is on p. 237:

His Odes: or, Philomels Teares.

*Odes* in straines of sorrow tell  
Fate and fall of euery *fowle*,  
Mounting *Merlin*, *Philomel*,  
Lagging *Lapwing*, *Swallow*, *Owle*;  
Whence you may obserue how state  
Rais'd by *pride*, is raz'd by *hate*.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

These are dedicated in verse "To the Generous, Ingenious, and Iudicious Philalestist, Thomas Ogle Esquire." The first is entitled "The Trauellovr, dilating vpon the sundrie changes of humane affaires, most fluctuant when appeirring most constant." This is written in short eight-line stanzas, with much pleasing sentiment and happy expression, and but for its length would well bear transcription here. The second is "The Nightingale," from which we quote the first stanza, containing an allusion to the well-known fable of the nightingale singing with the thorn at her breast:

*Iug, Iug*; faire falls the *Nightingall*  
Whose tender breast  
Chants out her merrie *Madrigall*  
With *hawthorne* prest:  
*Te'u, Te'u*, thus sings she euen by euen,  
And represents the melodie in heaven:  
    *Tis, Tis,*  
    I am not as I wish.

She softly leanes on strings  
She strikes the trembling lute and  
    quauers;  
These are no weightie things,  
Her strokes are light, so are her  
    fauours.

Those are her vertues fitting to her  
    kind  
No sooner showne, but they turn'd  
    all to wind.

Then to you, O Sexe of fathers,  
On whose browes sit all the  
    wethers,  
I send my Passion weau'd in rimes,  
To weigh downe these light emptie  
    times.

The odes are seven in number, after which are some lines to his friend Augustine Vincent, the Windsor Herald; “Brittans Blisse, A Pean of thanksgiving for our long enjoyed peace under a gracious Soueraigne;” “Vpon the worthie and sincere Proficients and Professants of the common Law; an Encomiastick poem;” and five Latin Epigrams. Four lines of verses and a list of errata conclude the volume.

The last portion of the book, containing the odes, was reprinted at the Lee Priory Private Press in 1815, in small 8vo, by Sir Egerton Brydges, with a short preface, in which he remarks that this short specimen of the author's genius had been selected for revival on account of its rarity; “and if the editor's taste be correct, it will prove him not to have been without merit, either for fancy, sentiment, or expression.” The impression was limited to eighty copies. Consult also the *Archaica*, vol. ii. preface, p. x. and p. xvii.; Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 259; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 43, in which a copy is priced at 8*l.* 8*s.*, and another with the first part of the Shepheard's Tales at 10*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 293, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 542, 3*l.* 12*s.*; Midgley, No. 32, 5*l.* 15*s.*; Lloyd, No. 197, 6*l.*

Collation: Sig. A four leaves; B to S 4, in eights; pp. 272.

Bound by Stone. In Blue Morocco, elegant, with gauffered gilt edges.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Natures Embassie: or, The Wildemans Measvres: Danced naked by twelve Satyres, with sundry others continuved in the next Section.

*Wilde men may dance wise measures:* Come then ho,

Though I be wilde, my *measures* are not so.

Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621. 8vo.

Another very beautiful copy of this rare work.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Times Curtaine Drawne, or, The Anatomie of Vanitie. With other Choice Poems, entituled; Health from Helicon. By Richard Brathwayte Oxonian.

Ille ego qui quondam.

London Printed by Iohn Dawson for Iohn Bellamie, and are  
to be soould at the South entrance of the Royall Exchange.  
1621. 8vo.

Brathwaite was a great admirer of George Wither, whose *Abuses Stript and Whipt* had been published a few years before, and whom he seems to have imitated in this work. In the first poem, styled "A Griefe," in allusion to Wither's imprisonment for writing the *Abuses*, he remarks —

Tutch not *Abuses*, but with modest lipp,  
For *some* I know were whipt that thought to whip:

and in a note in the margin on this passage adds: "One whom I admire, being no lesse happie for his natvie inuention, then exquisite for his proper and elegant dimension." The satires in the present volume were evidently written in imitation of that work, and the arrangement and general style is much the same. *Times Curtaine Drawne* opens with a dedicatory epistle "To the Famous Seminary of all accomplish'd Knowledge, his deare foster Mother the Vniversitie of Oxford." This is succeeded by a poem called "A Griefe: Personated in the Avthor; and Dedicated to Time, of whom he borrowes the Subiect of his Passion;" and some lines entitled "The Proæme." "Times Anatomie" is "displayed in six distinct Subiects. 1. Riches. 2. Povertie. 3. Iustice. 4. Iniustice. 5. Fate. 6. Death." These satires are indited with much boldness and energy, and prove Brathwaite to have been a writer of considerable power and spirit. In the opening of his first poem, "A Griefe," he has made rather free with a sonnet of Daniel's, which begins —

Care charmer Sleep, sonne of the sable night,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light  
With darke forgetting of my care, returne.

Sonnet 51, ed. 1623, 4to.

The reader may compare this with the commencement of Brathwaite's poem :

Care charming sleepe, thou sonne of sable night,  
That cheares our drowping spirits with delight,  
Making us forget care, as if kept under  
By some sweete spell, or some Lethean slumber.  
Away and leaue me, &c.

It is singular that this whole sonnet was printed as Drummond's in the edition of his poems, London 1656, 8vo. As an example of Brathwaite's

powers as a satirist we transcribe the beginning of the second satire on “Povertie,” which contains an allusion to the usual complaint of its being ever a companion of poets :

*Of Povertie.*

Now vnto thee that art contemn'd of all,  
Derided, spurned, forced from the wall  
Vnto the kennell, do I frame my speech ;  
That I thy selfe some patience might teach ;  
And moue withall such as doe heare thee cry  
But stop their eares, to some more charitie.  
Take comfort then, for thou shall see on earth  
Most of thy coate to be of greatest worth,  
Though not in state, for who ere saw but merit  
Was rather borne to begge than to inherit ;  
Yet in the gifts of Nature we shall finde  
A ragged Coate oft haue a Royall minde.  
For to descend to each distinct degree  
By due experiance we the same shall see ;  
If to *Parnassus* where the *Muses* are,  
There shall we finde their Dyt very bare,  
Their houses ruin'd, and their well-springs dry,  
Admir'd for nought so much as Pouertie.  
Here shall we see poore *Aeschylus* maintaine  
His Nighterne studies with his daily paine ;  
Pulling vp Buckets (but 'twas neuer knowne)  
That filling others, he could fill his owne.  
Here many more discerne we may of these,  
As *Lamachus*, and poore *Antisthenes*,  
Both which the sweetes of Poesie did sipp,  
Yet were rewarded with a staffe and scripp :  
For I nere knew, nor (much I feare) shall know it,  
Any die rich, that liu'd to die a Poet.

In the same way he thus speaks of the inequalities in the church, and the poverty of the working clergy, while the non-residents and others were eating the fruits for which they laboured not :

And sure me thinkes, an instance may be giuen  
Euen in these sacred ministers of Heauen ;  
Such I doe meane who honour much the Lord  
In reverent dispensing of his Word,  
Breaking the Bread of life with due respect,  
Yet are rewarded with a meere neglect :

Reaping for their deserts no other grace  
 Then some poore stipend, or a Curates place.  
 This is their hyre, while others lesse deseruing  
 In conuersation, graue respect and learning,  
 Eate of the fat, Non residence must serue  
 Feeding themselues, while their poore flockes doe sterue :  
 Such were those Abby-lubbers, who could sleepe  
 And fleece their flocks, but seldom feed their sheep.  
 These like to Drones (for so they seeme to me)  
 Liue on the Labours of th'Industrious Bee :  
 For while the Bee (to make her honey-combe)  
 Romes here and there — these, drone-like, stay at home,  
 And eate the fruit (so be these Lubbars fed)  
 For which the Bee so truely laboured.

On the completion of these six subjects a second short dedication in verse occurs, “To him whom true merit hath ennobled ; the Right Honorable John Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, the accomplishment of his selected wishes ;” and “The Author continues his former Discourse, Anatomizing Man more fully in these foure Subiects. 1. Preparation. 2. Security. 9. Court-ship. 4. Hospitalitie.” Then follow several other short poems, including “A short Embleme descanting on the Worlds pleasure, entituled by the Author Placentia ;” “A Conclusive Epigram, entituled The Great-mans Alphabet ;” “To the High and Illustrious Monarch, Christian, King of Denmarke, a Panegyrick or Gratulatorie Embleme,” &c. ; “An Embleme vpon the Royall Masque presented on the King of Denmarkes last being here, Personated regally, shadowed really, and alluded rarely ;” “An Encomiastick Poem To the Iudicious and generall approued, Humfrey Davenport Esquire ; Practitioner in the Common Lawes ;” “A Prayer to the High Court of Heauen, for the high Court of Parliament now assembled,” &c. &c.

On Sig. I i another part commences, with a new titlepage :  
 Panedone ; or Health from Helicon ; Containing Emblemes, Epigrams,  
 Elegies, with other continuatue Poems, full of all generous delight. By  
 Richard Brathwayte Esquire.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui. — Mart.  
 Doe not looke on me with a carelesse eye,  
 First read and iudge, then buy or else go by.

London Printed by Iohn Dawson for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be  
 soould at the South entrance of the Royall-Exchange. 1621.

A table follows of “The Number and Order of these Epigrams, as they are to follow in this tract, entituled Panedone. Divided into two parts.” The first part containing eight pieces, and the second thirteen. They are dedicated in verse “To his truely worthie and mych respected Friend Sir Thomas Gainsford Knight.” The second piece, “Cares Cure, or a figg for Care,” is founded on Wither’s motto, “Nec habeo, nec careo, nec euro;” and much of the poem is built on the ground-plot of that work. It is written in short metre, somewhat similar to that used in the *Itinerary*; but as it has been quoted *in extenso* by Mr. Haslewood in his account of this work, we merely select the concluding stanzas:

No, there’s nought on earth I feare  
That may force from me one teare —  
Losse of Honour, Fredome, Health,  
Or that Mortall Idoll, Wealth.  
With these, Babes may grieue be,  
But they haue no power ore me ;  
Lesse my substance, lesse my share  
In my feare and in my care.

Feare he must that doth possesse  
Least his substance should grow lesse,  
Which oft drives him to extremes  
Both in broken sleepes and dreames :  
But so little doe I care  
For these Fethers in the ayre,  
As I laugh while others grieue,  
Louing these which they must leau.

Wretched Moles who pore on earth  
And conceiue no taste of mirth,  
But in hoording heape on heape ;  
What’s the fruit in end they reape  
Sauing returning to that slime  
Which they tugg’d for all their time ?  
Sure I am, reduced to clay  
Poorest are as rich as they.

Care I would, but not for this,  
’Cause it lessens care of bliss ;  
Yet not so as not to care  
What we spend or what we spare,  
For this carelesse course we call  
Meereley vaine and prodigall,  
But that Golden meane to keepe  
As no Care may breake our sleepe.

Thus to loue and thus to liue,  
Thus to take and thus to giue,  
Thus to laugh and thus to sing,  
Thus to mount on pleasure’s wing,  
Thus to sport and thus to spedde,  
Thus to flourish, nourish, feede,  
Thus to spend and thus to spare  
Is to bid a figg for Care.

“Cares Cure” is succeeded by two pieces entitled “Bound yet free,” and “Free yet bound;” and some pastoral dialogues and other short epigrams, including one called “The Parrotts Spring.” In 1613 Henry Parrot published two books of epigrams under the title of *Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springs for Woodcocks*, which here seems ridiculed by Brathwaite with his usual quaintness :

*The Parrotts Spring.*

*Psittacus vt vocem rapuit Prometheus ignem.*

*Stolne waters be the sweet'st, may th' Parrot say,  
Whose borrowed note and coate his truth bewray:  
But its prodigious for Fowls to sing  
Of Wood-cocks caught within a Parrotts spring.*

The second part opens with “Ebrius Experiens; or, The Drunkards humour;” or, as it is termed in the margin:

Tassoes Apollogie transcribed,  
Wherein a Drunkards humour is to life described.

This relates some amusing scenes in a convivial meeting between Brathwaite and a pot companion, very humorously told. Then occur “The Oldmans Hearse; or, The Yong-mans Iubile,” and a Dialogue between Menippus and Mercator upon “The Eye,” which has at the end the initials I. H., but for whom these are intended is not known. A few other short pieces conclude the volume, with the exception of a prose address at the end termed “An Appanage,” four lines “Vpon Censure,” and a list of “Erratas.”

See Collier’s *Poet. Decam.* vol. ii. p. 54; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 49; and Haslewood’s *Introd.* p. 271.

In the notice of this volume in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* it is stated that “no other copy of this work is known, except the one purchased by Mr. Malone at the sale of Major Pearson’s Collection.” Although this is not quite correct, it is certain that the book is one of the rarest of Brathwaite’s series of publications. Mr. Heber’s copy, pt. iv. No. 209, one leaf torn, sold for 1*l.* 15*s.*; Midgley’s ditto, No. 33, 6*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 49, 12*l.* Malone’s copy is now in the Bodleian Library. There is one also in the British Museum. The present copy formerly belonged to Mr. Park, and is the one from the Midgley and Longman collections.

Collation: Sig. A to O 8, in eights. The second portion, “Panedone; or Health from Helicon,” commences on Sig. I i.

Half bound in Russia.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Novissima Tuba. Libellus, in sex Dialogos, apprimè Christianos, digestus.

Surgite mortui, et venite ad judicium.

Londini, Excudebat Felix Kyngston. 1632. 12mo.

Mr. Haslewood, in observing on the fact of his having given a copious catalogue of Brathwaite's various works in his valuable reprint of *Barnabee's Journal* in 1820, and his having attributed to their legitimate author some works which appeared anonymously, further remarks that "time and opportunity will probably enlarge the list." The present little volume is one of these enlargements, for of its existence as one of the productions of Brathwaite Mr. Haslewood appears to have been unaware, as he has not included it in his list of the writings of that person; neither is it noticed as such in the bibliographical works of either Lowndes or Watt. It was again printed in 1658, at the end of Brathwaite's Latin volume *Lignum Vitæ*, which will be described hereafter; but it is not mentioned by Mr. Haslewood in his account of that work. It is evident, however, from the number of pages stated by him as the contents of the volume, pp. 579, that the copy which he had seen was imperfect, and ended with the Latin hymn "De felicitate perennis gloriæ," of which he has quoted a few stanzas. Whereas the volume really contains 714 pages, and his copy was entirely deficient in the third part, entitled "Astræa," and in part 4, "Novissima Tuba." This latter work has a dedication, "Integerrimo Viro, Familiæ Claritate, Famæ Suavitate, Votî Sanctitate, Vitæ Sinceritate, verè conspicuo : G. V. Armigero, Mecenati Sacrarum Literarum amplissimo ; Musophilus, hoc opusculum in perpetuam observantiae suæ Memoriam, humillime sacravit." The person here intended was no doubt George Vernon, Judge of the Common Pleas and a friend of Brathwaite, who died December 16, 1639, and upon whom he wrote an epitaph, inserted in *Astræas Teares*, 8vo, 1641.

The work is divided into six dialogues, and is entirely in Latin prose. It is written in rather elegant Latinity, and the arguments throughout are conducted with much skill, and are well reasoned. The following is the opening of the first dialogue between Death, the Flesh, and the Soul :

*Mors.* Aperite ostium.

*Caro.* Quis tam audaci et imperioso more pulsat?

*Mors.* Qui non accedet, donec intravit.

*Caro.* Per rimulam portæ introspiciam an nostro dignus sis hospitio : sin minus, diù pulses priusquam intres.

*Mors.* Age! quid sentis? num me recipies?

*Caro.* O monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum! nequaquam ingredieris; abi in rem malam: Si ad mortem usque pulsares minimè intrares.

*Mors.* Ingrediar certè.

*Caro.* Vel invitâ herâ meâ?

*Mors.* Vel invitâ herâ, delicatulâ ancillâ, totâ familiâ.

*Caro.* Quo nostros lares repetis ? Quisnam te invitavit ? In hac domicula nostra comptiores habemus comites, lautiores famulos, lœtiores socios, splendidores hospites. Aulicus certe es, tam fricatâ fronte te geris.

*Mors.* Aula æquæ ac caula partem in me vendicant et ego in eis.

*Caro.* Dic amabo, quinam es ?

*Mors.* Et soror et frater tuus.

*Caro.* Apage ! *Hermaphroditus* es.

*Mors.* Utriusque reverâ sexus capax sum.

*Caro.* Capacem te nimis vereor. Me tamen mea fallit opinio, si maris aut fœminæ designes speciem ; dicerem te verius *Spectrum*.

*Mors.* *Spectrum* verè, *Speculum* tamen conditionis tuae.

*Caro.* Quinam parentes erant tui ?

*Mors.* Ipsi, qui tui.

*Caro.* Parenti sanè oculos istæ manus diutius eruissent ; si prolem tibi similem unquam protulissent.

*Mors.* Protulerunt tamen ; mors enim a morsu ; malum a mali gustu.

*Caro.* Unde igitur provenisti ?

*Mors.* Ab eo peccato, quod tu peperisti.

*Caro.* Tunc cognati sumus.

*Mors.* Unius gentis, generis, germinis.

Although not a poetical volume, and therefore not directly within the scope of the present work, we cannot refrain from selecting for quotation one more passage from the opening of the sixth dialogue between the Soul and the City of God, as a favourable example of the author's sentiments and Latinity :

*Anim.* Civitas sancta Dei, charissima Spousa Christi ; Quæ sunt ista quæ video ? Quæ Cantica, quæ organa quæ audio ? Quæ cantilenæ, quæ melodiæ quas ipsa profero ? Quæ mella, quæ Manna, gustus delectabilia, sapio ? Quæ gaudia sentio ? Quæ præmia possideo ? Quàm glorioса dicta sunt de te *Civitas Dei* ? Et meritò dicta sunt de te ; Sicut enim latentium omnium habitatio est in te. Hic, ubi diffieilius est dicere quid non est, quàm quid est : licet omnium linguarum transeat facundiam, dicere quid est.

*Civit.* Nunc expertum habes, beata *Animæ*, meliorem esse diem unam in domo Domini super millia.

*Anim.* Verè invenio ; unum diem, diem sempiternum, cui non cedit hesternus, quem non urget crastinus. Ubi non est aliquid quod non veniendo nondum sit, et veniendo jam non sit. Tanta est jucunditas lucis æternæ, ut si etiam non licaret amplius in ea manere quàm unius diei horâ, propter hoc solùm innumerabiles anni transactæ vitæ, pleni delitiis, et etiam cum affluentia bonorum temporalium rectè merito contemnerentur. Mille enim anni ante oculos tuos, tanquam dies hesternus qui præteriit.

*Civit.* Interea, de eo labili *anno*, quid existimas ? Superiores dies anni illius jam

transierunt, nec tenentur: futuri autem nondum venerunt. De eo fugaci *Tempore* quid cogitas? quicquid de illo præteritum est, jam non est: quicquid de illo futurum est, nondum est. De illa *Die* quid sentis? *Horæ* matutinæ transierunt, horæ futurae nondum venerunt. De ista *Hora* quid tenes? Momenta quædam jam transierunt; quæ futura sunt nondum venerunt. In hac terra desiderabili nullius temporis languorem, nullum perferes laborem, nullum senties dolorem, summum accipies honorem, mutuum concipies amorem. Videbis cognoscendo, amabis diligendo, laudabis possidendo. Videbis Deum ad voluntatem, habebis ad voluptatem, frueris ad jucunditatem. In aeternitate vigebis, in veritate clarebis, in claritate fulgebis, in bonitate gaudebis: sic habebis permanendi aeternitatem, cognoscendi facilitatem, requiescendi felicitatem. Quænam enim est hujus Sanctæ Civitatis felicitas ejus Angeli Cives sunt, Deus Pater templum, Filius ejus splendor, Spiritus Sanctus charitas?

*Anim.* O beata Civitas! O sanctorum felix societas!

At the end of the book are quotations from Ephes. v. 14,—Bern.—and Aug. in Psal. xxxvi.; and a short apology for the errata, in Brathwaite's usual manner.

Along with the present copy is bound up the first edition of Lord Bacon's tract, *De Sapientia Veterum Liber, ad Inclytam Academiam Cantabrigiensem.* Lond. Exclud. Robertus Parkerus 1609. 12mo.

We need hardly add that this edition of *Novissima Tuba* is of extreme rarity, and that it is not included in the list of Brathwaite's works at present in the British Museum, which possesses only the one at the end of *Lignum Vitæ*, 1658.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to E 5, in twelves.  
From the *Bibl. Heber.* Half-bound in Brown Calf.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The last Trumpet; or, A Six-Fold Christian Dialogue: Viz.

1. Betweene Death, the Flesh, and the Soule.
2. Betweene the Divell, the Flesh, and the World.
3. Betweene Man and his Conscience.
4. Betweene Conscience, Sinne, and Man.
5. Betweene God and the Soule.
6. Betweene the Soule and the City of God.

Translated from the elegant Latin Prose of Richard Brathwait Esquire, into English Verse, by Iohn Vicars.

Arise yee dead, and come to judgement.

Hor. de Arte Poetica.

Decies repetita placebit.

London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for Robert Bostocke,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the  
signe of the Kings Head. 1635. Sm. 8vo.

Like the preceding little work, this translation, or paraphrase of it into verse by the Puritan enthusiast John Vicars, was also unknown to either Lowndes or Watt. It is of great rarity, and we know not where to look for another copy. It is dedicated in verse "To the Right Worshipfull, his ever most highly honoured good friend, Sir Walter Pie, Attourney Generall of the Court of Wards, and to his truely vertuous and religious Consort, the Lady Hester Pie;" and is followed by another in verse also "To the Worshipfull, his very worthy and most ingenious and ingennous learned and religious Author Richard Brathwait Esquire," which we present entire to our readers :

Most worthy Sir,

When first by happy chance I cast my sight  
Vpon the sparkling lustre, beauty bright,  
Of your rich jewell, lockt-up and enclos'd  
In a neat Cabinet — I, strait suppos'd  
It was great pitty, such a pretty jemme  
Should be shut up from publike view of them  
Who could not with the Latine key unlocke  
Your Casket, and partake of your rich stocke.  
I therefore haue (most worthy Sir) made bold  
To ope the Locke, lay ope your jemme of gold,  
To every gracious eye and godly minde  
That in such Iewels can pure pleasure finde,  
And thus with my weake breath your Trump to sound  
In a knowne tone, whose echo might rebound  
And on the hearers hearts reverberate  
To minde their present and their future state ;  
And (hence) I must ingenuously confesse  
I primely should and would the same addresse  
Vnto your worthy-selfes sole acceptation  
Were I not bound by most strict obligation  
To those my honour'd friends foremention'd  
By cords of many favours thereto led.  
But next to them, accept, I humbly pray,

This borrowed-light from your suns lustrous ray :  
 These bubling stremes, weake straines that have their motion  
 From your full fount, as tribute to your ocean.  
 In confidence of which great courtesie  
 Thereof perswaded, by your piety,  
 Praying your Worship may be aye possest  
 Of all true holy, happy joyes : I rest  
 Your good Worships in his best  
 poore services to be commanded,

John Vicars.

A leaf containing “Authoris opinio de Interpretu suo”— four lines of complimentary Latin verse — and the Imprimatur, conclude the introductory portion. Each of the dialogues is preceded by a short “Argument,” or preface in verse. The first dialogue between Death and the Flesh opens thus spiritedly :

- Death.* Ho, who's within? Ope the doore, instantly.  
*Flesh.* Who's that which knockes so bold and boysterously?  
*De.* 'Tis He, that till he enters, will not part.  
*Fl.* Stay, I'le peepe out; and see (first) who thou art,  
 And whether thou descrv'st heere to remaine;  
 If not, knocke long enough, and all in vaine.  
*De.* Well now, what think'st thou? wilt thou open now?  
*Fl.* O fearfull monster! ugly beetle-brow,  
 Blinde of both eyes, without or lippes or chin,  
 Hence, with a mischiefe, I'le not let thee in.  
 Knocke on, yea knocke thy selfe to death, thou may'st,  
 But I'le not ope the doore, whiles there thou stay'st.  
*De.* Open, for I will enter: — mark th' event.  
*Fl.* What? and without my *Mistresses* consent?  
*De.* I, without leave of *Mistresse*, or nice *Mayd*:  
 Yea, though by all within I be gaine-sayd.  
*Fl.* Is't possible? Whence cam'st thou hither, pray?  
 Who sent for thee? Thou might'st have kept away.  
 For we have heere, within, farre fayrer mates,  
 Fine fellowes, merrier guests, within our gates:  
 Sure, th' art some Courtier, by thy sirly face.  
*De.* Indeed, both *Court* and *Cart* in *Me* have place,  
 And I in them doe challenge equall right.  
*Fl.* I prethee say, who art thou? what strange wight?  
*De.* I, surely, am thy *Sister* and thy *Brother*.  
*Fl.* Hence, Beast, th' art some Hermaphrodite or other.  
*De.* Therein (indeed) thy words are probable;  
 For of both sexes I am capable.

- Fl.* Capable? true, too much too, I beleeve:  
 But, if my thoughts do me not much deceive,  
 Thou neither lookest like male or female,  
 But art, more truely, some Ghost lanck and pale.
- De.* I am a *Ghost*, yet am thy *Looking-Glasse*,  
 Where thou may'st see thy state like with'ring grasse.
- Fl.* Who were thy Parents?
- De.* They that *thee* begot.
- Fl.* That's strange: but surely, thus much I doubt not,  
 Thy Parents would have pluckt out both their eyes  
 Ere from their loynes an Imp, like thee, should rise.
- De.* Yet they *me* bred. For *biting-Death* did spring  
 From their bold biting of the forbidden thing.
- Fl.* Whence cam'st thou then?
- De.* From thine owne wilfull sin.
- Fl.* Alas, alas. Then we must needs be kin.
- De.* True. We are *both* of one stock, land and line.
- Fl.* Yet small resemblance 'twixt thy state and mine.
- De.* True, I confesse it, yet I tell thee plaine,  
 Nor *thou*, nor *any* that alive remaine,  
 Can *me*, when I am present, passe, excell,  
 With fitter frame of joynts though ere so well.  
 With more just mixture of the Elements,  
 With fairer structure of corps lineaments,  
 Or stronger state of body: — but I say,  
 I, being present, am more choyce than they.

The commencement of the sixth dialogue “betweene the Soule and the City of God,” whence our concluding extract is taken, and which has already been given in the original prose, is not unpleasing, and is one of the most favourable specimens, in our judgment, to be found in the volume:

All-haile most holy City of the Lord;  
 What glorious sights are these, thou dost afford!  
 Most blessed *Spouse* of *Christ*, beloved *Bride*;  
 What amiable joyes in thee abide!  
 What sacred songs, what musicke doe I heare!  
 What heavenly Hymnes, with most melodious cheere  
 Doe chant about mine eares in every street!  
 What pleasant fruit-trees! O what Manna sweet  
 Doe I (here) see and savour, touch and taste!  
 In midst of what sweet pleasures am I plac'd?  
 What precious prizes are there heere afforded?  
 O what most glorious matters are recorded

*Of thee blest City of our God of love,*  
 And that most justly : for all true I prove !  
 For in thee is (indeed) a habitation  
 Of onely such as joy with exultation.  
 Even here, where 'tis more difficult to say  
 What is not here, than what is, to display ;  
 Yea, though mine eloquence did all's excell,  
 Yet could I not its glory truly tell.

*C.* Now then (most welcome soule) from this blest sense  
 Thou feel'st and find'st by good experience  
 That one day in God's house is better biding  
 Than elsewhere are a thousand dayes residing.

*S.* I finde it so (indeed) and one day here  
 Doth an eternall day to me appeare ;  
 To which no yesterday gives any place,  
 Nor any morrow makes to end its race ;  
 Where nothing is that was not (first) here flowing,  
 Or which (already) is not here full growing.  
 So sweet and pleasant is this lasting light,  
 So full of rare and ravishing delight,  
 That if the soule could it enjoy no more,  
 Than but one hour and so must give it ore,  
 Even for this-onely sweet, the pleasures rife  
 And flowing temp'rall-joyes of all Mans life,  
 Though ere so many yeares spent jollily,  
 Ought all to be contemn'd most worthily ;  
*For, in thy sight (O God) a thousand yeeres*  
*As yesterday, instantly past, appears.*

*C.* But say (sweet soule) what dost thou (now) esteem  
 Of that most slippery age ? What dost thou deeme  
 And judge of those thy former dayes now past ?  
 Those fleeting-yeeres, quite spent, and could not last,  
 And which shall nere returne ? What think'st thou ? say,  
 Of that fast fleeting time now fled away ?  
 All that is past thereof is (now) no more,  
 And all to come thereof none can restore.  
 What of that day, whose morning-houres are fled ?  
 Whose afternoons are not recovered.  
 What of that houre, whose minutes from thee sliding ?  
 For their remainder there was no abiding.  
 Are not all these as if they ne're had been ?  
 Compar'd with this blest state thou now art in.  
 For in this most desirable Land,

No troubling-toyle is to be tooke in hand ;  
 No pining pinching paine is to be borne,  
 No griefe whereby the Heart is hurt or torne.  
 But heer's the highest honour to be had :  
 Heer's mutuall-loue to make the Heart most glad.  
 Heere, thou by knowing perfectly shall see ;  
 Here, by delighting, thou shalt loving be.  
 Heere, by possessing, thou shalt ever praise ;  
 Heere, to thy *God*, be chanting heavenly-Layes.  
 Whom, thou shalt see to satisfie thy pleasure ;  
 Whom, thou shalt have to fill thy will, full-measure.  
 Whom, thou shalt to thy joy enjoy for ever ;  
 Whom, thou to love and laud shalt aye persever.  
 Where thou shalt flourish in eternity,  
 Where thou shalt glistier in pure verity ;  
 Where thou shalt shine in perfect purity,  
 Where thou shalt joy in sweet security ;  
 Where thou shalt finde endlesse stability,  
 Of perfect-knowledge rare facility ;  
 Of sweet-repose and rest a happy sense,  
 Of all that may content, the Quintessence.  
 O how can I describe sufficiently  
 This *Holy-Cities* faire felicity ?  
 Whose *Citizens* are blessed *Angels* bright,  
 Whose *Temple* is the *Father* of all *Light* ;  
 Whose splendour is the *Sonne* of *Righteousnesse*,  
 Whose glorious-love the *Spirit* doth expresse.

The dialogues end on p. 102, and on the opposite page are three prose quotations from Ephes. v. 14,—Bernard,—and Aug. upon Psal. xxxvi., which conclude this interesting volume.

*The Last Trumpet* is not included in the bibliographical list of the works of Brathwaite given by Mr. Haslewood in his edition of *Drunken Barnabee's Journal*, and seems to have been quite unknown to that writer. Dr. Bliss, also, who took great interest in the writings of Brathwaite, does not appear to have been aware of its existence.

Collation : Title A 1 ; Sig. A four leaves ; B to G, eight leaves each ; H four leaves ; pp. 112.

The present is the Heber copy, pt. 8, No. 294.

In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The English Gentleman : Containing sundry excellent Rules, or exquisite Observations, tending to Direction of every Gentleman, of selecter ranke and Qualitie ; How to demeane or accommodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affaires. The second Edition : revised, corrected and enlarged. By Richard Brathwait Esq.

Seneca in Herc. furen.

———— Qui genus jactat suum

Aliena laudat.

London, Printed by Felix Kynston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostocke at his shop at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. 1633. 4to; pp. 480.

The first edition of this well-known work was published in 1630, from the press of John Haviland. It was universally read, and no gentleman's library was supposed to be complete without it. But although abounding in good matter, and composed with much spirit and strength of rhetoric, we think it inferior to Peacham's work on the same subject, which is written in a more pleasant and popular style, and agreeably varied by lively and amusing anecdote and illustration. Brathwaite is frequently prolix, and sometimes even tedious. Peacham, on the contrary, never taxes the patience of a reader, and is always clear and sparkling. Dibdin, however, appears to incline to the former, and in the closing part of his judgment we are quite disposed to agree with him. In his *Bibliomania*, p. 394, he observes: "There is a terseness and vigor in Brathwait's style, which is perhaps superior to that of his contemporary, Peacham; who seems to excel in a calm, easy, and graceful manner of composition. Both these eminent writers are distinguished for their scholastic and gentlemanly attainments; but in 'the divine art of poesy,' Peacham has no chance of being considered even as a respectable competitor with his contemporary."

The volume, being so well known, and also in prose, it will be sufficient without introducing any quotations to state that it has the same frontispiece engraved by Ro. Vaughan, which was in the first edition, divided into four compartments on each side; in the centre a figure of an English Gentleman, supposed to be a portrait of Brathwaite, with the motto "Spes in cœlis" at the top, and "Pes in terris" below, and the arms of Brathwaite at the bottom. The work is dedicated "To the nobly accomplished the right Honourable

Thomas Viscount Wentworth; Lord Deputy of Ireland, Lord President of Yorke; and one of his Majesties most honourable privy Councell;" besides which are an address "To the knowing Reader;" "Upon the Volume and Title;" "The Subjects whereof this Booke principally treateth;" and a copious "Table or Directory." At the end are two unpaged leaves, containing the character of "A Gentleman." The contents are the same as those of the first edition.

See Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, p. 394; *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 197; and Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 285. A copy of this edition sold in the Townley sale, pt. i. No. 397, for 2*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. ¶ eight leaves; A two leaves; B to P eight leaves; Q four ditto; R to Z eight ditto; Aa to Hh 2, in eights; pp. 480.

In the original Calf binding.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** —The English Gentlewoman, drawn out to the full Body: Expressing, What Habilliments doe best attire her, What Ornaments doe best adorne her, What Complements doe best accomplish her. By Richard Brathwait Esq.

Modestia non forma.

London, Printed by B. Alsop and T. Fawcet, for Michaell Sparke, dwelling in Greene Arbor. 1631. 4to.

For the same reason that we have given only a general summary of the contents of the preceding volume, we shall very shortly describe the present work, of which this is the only separate edition. It has an engraved frontispiece by Will. Marshall, intended as a counterpart to the one by Vaughan before *The English Gentleman*, with a folding broadside explanatory of its subjects. The dedication is inscribed "To her, whose true love to Vertue hath highly Ennobled Herselfe, Renowned her Sexe, Honoured her House: The Right Honourable the Lady Arbella Wentworth;" an address "To the Gentlewoman Reader," an "Abstract or Summarie of the principall points contained in the Booke," and "A Compendious Table" extending to thirteen leaves compose the introductory portion. At the end of the work is the character of "A Gentlewoman," four leaves unpaged; the "Embleme" in verse, one leaf; an "Appendix vpon a former supposed Impression of

this Title," five leaves" and "Vpon the Errata," one leaf. All these latter leaves are unpaged, but the signatures are continued throughout.

See Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 289; and Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.* p. 244. Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 596, 2*l.* 8*s.*

Collation: Title ¶ 2; Sig. ¶ four leaves; ¶¶ four ditto; \* four ditto; \*\* four ditto; † four ditto; ‡ four ditto; B to Z in fours; Aa to Ii 2, in fours; pp. 292.

In the original Calf binding.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The English Gentleman; and the English Gentlewoman: Both in one volume couched, and in one Modell portrayed: to the living glory of their Sexe, the lasting story of their worth. Being presented to present times for ornaments; commended to posterity for Presidents. With a Ladies Love-Lecture and a Supplement lately annexed, and entituled The Turtles Triumph. The third Edition revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Richard Brathwait Esq.

Turture sic Turtur jungit amanda suo.

London, Printed by Iohn Dawson. 1641. Folio.

An elaborately engraved frontispiece by W. Marshall, containing full-length figures of the Gentleman and Gentlewoman, and eight other compartments on each side emblematic of the various subjects treated of in both works, precedes the above printed title. The figures and subjects in this frontispiece are totally different from those in the former editions, and many of the Latin mottoes are omitted. But the contents of the broadside sheet of explanation remains the same as in previous editions. Each portion of the work has a separate and distinct title, and the dedication is inscribed "To the nobly accomplished, the Right Honourable Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery &c. Lord Chamberlaine of his Majesties Houshold, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter: and one of his Majesties most Hon. privy Councell." To this succeeds an address "To the knowing Reader;" "Vpon the Volume and Title;" and "The Subjects whereof this Booke principally treateth and insisteth." At the end of the first part is the character of "A Gentleman," and the Table or Directory.

*The English Gentlewoman* (with a separate title) is dedicated "To her, whose true love to Vertue hath highly Ennobled herselfe, Renowned her sexe, Honour'd her house; The Right Honourable Anne Countesse of Pembroke, the only Daughter to a memorable Father, George Lord Clifford, Earle of Cumberland." This is followed by an address "To the Gentlewoman Reader." The character of "A Gentlewoman," "An Appendix upon a former supposed Impression of the Title," an "Embleme" in verse, "A Compendious Table," and a leaf "Upon the Errata," with a quatrain under it, conclude this portion of the book.

Then another separate title thus:

A Ladies Love-Lecture: Composed, and from the choicest Flowers of Divinitie and Humanitie, Culled and Compiled: As it hath beeene by sundry Personages of eminent qualitie, upon sight of some Copies dispersed, modestly importuned: To the memory of that Sexes honour; for whose sweet sakes he originally addressed this Labour, By Ri: Brathwait Esquire.

*Bis καὶ τρις τὰ καλὰ, καὶ πολλάκις τὰ χρηστά.*

London, Printed by Iohn Dawson. 1641.

This portion is dedicated "To that absolute Owner and Honovr of discreet Fancy M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth Westby," and has a short address from "The Stationer to the Reader." The Love-Lecture occupies eighteen leaves with the title, and concludes with the following poem, in praise of vertue, which is here termed

*A Sonnet.*

LADIES, yee that would be faire,  
I a *Ceruisse* can prepare  
Will make clearer than the ayre,  
'Tis such choice and precious ware.  
Hold your purse, it costs you nought  
'Tis in no shop to be bought,  
Worth an empire, seldom sought,  
Being from *Elysium* brought.  
Have you rivals in your face  
Want yee love-spots for a grace,  
Want yee borders, edging, lace,  
Favour, feature, posture, pace?  
Would yee ever be in fashon,  
Vye inventions with our Nation,  
In your treaties move compassion,  
Suite your persons to occasion?

PART II.

Would yee make affection flye  
From your love-attractive eye,  
To intrance the standers by  
Wishing there to live and dye?  
Would yee fixe in Fancies Spheare,  
Or enjoy your onely Deare,  
And no sly Corrival feare,  
Apt to undermine you there.  
Would yee feed on such choice food  
As enliveneth the blood,  
Purging ill, infusing good,  
A true Conserve for Womanhood?  
Would yee Courtly measures tread  
On the flowry-checker'd mead,  
Would yee no Love-powders need  
Would yee in your seed succeed?

D 3

Would yee love and feele no heat  
 That may wrong chaste *Delia's Seat*,  
 Would yee in rich language treat  
 Without envie become great?

Here is ONE will make you fit  
 Both for Lineament and Wit,  
 As yee cannot chuse but hit  
 The Marke that may accomplish it.

Here is ONE will fancy move,  
 And such a *Tyre-woman* prove  
 In the discipline of love,  
 As ne're was such a *Turtle-dove*.

Poore shee is, yet is shee pure,  
 VERTVIE her name, her only lure  
 A constant care, a carefull cure  
 To make her loyall Lovers sure.

This 'tis will cheere your amorous braines like Nectar,  
 And crowne you happy Schollers in *Loves-Lecture*.

The fourth and last title runs thus :

The Turtles Trivmph ; presented in a Supplement : Highly conduced to  
 an usefull Application, and gracefull Reconciliation of the two former  
 Subjects. Continued by Ri. Brathwait, Esquire. London, Printed by  
 John Dawson.

This part has a Latin inscription to Sir John Banks, Attorney General. It commences with fresh pagination, but the signatures are continued, the running title being "A Supplement." The subjects discussed in it are Conjugal, Parental, Domestic, and Neighbourly Offices. It is interspersed with poetry, and at the sides are numerous marginal notes and quotations. It extends to fifty-two pages. At the end is "A Tablet reflecting upon this Supplement," and the book closes with "A Conclusive Poem contracting all these *Subjects* in one," written in five seven-line stanzas, with the last of which, referring to the part just noticed, we end our remarks upon this interesting volume :

Lastly, I've cloz'd all in a SUPPLEMENT,  
 Where modest tearmes describe the art of love,  
 Whic peace to the rest gives such Embellishment,  
 'Tis styl'd the TRIVMPH of the TURTLE-DOVE,  
 Whose reall-loyall Emblemes if yee prove,  
 I shall not chuse but like where ere I looke,  
 And for your sakes make bold to kisse the Booke.

On account of the additions made to it, this is by far the most preferable edition of these works of Brathwaite. See Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 197; and Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 389. Lowndes is in error in stating that the characters given in the former editions are omitted in this. They will be found in their proper places. Bindley's sale pt. i. No. 395, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Hibbert's, No. 1448, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Jolley's, pt. ii. No. 406, 2*l.* 10*s.*; and Midgley's, No. 116, 5*l.*

Collation : The first four leaves, including the two titles, are without any signature ; then Sig. a, two leaves ; B to Z 4, in fours ; Aa to Zz 4, in fours ; Aaa to Nnn 2, in fours ; but Hhh has only two leaves ; then Aaa repeated to Ggg 2, in fours ; pp. 518.

Fine copy. In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Whimzies : or, a New Cast of Characters.

Nova, non nota delectant.

London Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by Ambrose Ritherdon at the signe of the Bulls-head in Pauls Church-yard. 1631. 12mo.

Neither Mr. Park in his account of this scarce little volume in the *Restituta*, nor Dr. Bliss in his edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*, assign any authorship to it ; and it was first attributed to Brathwaite by Mr. Haslewood upon what must be deemed such satisfactory evidence that it is now generally placed among the list of his publications. It is inscribed in a highly complimentary dedication "To his much honored Friend Sir Alexander Radcliffe" by Brathwaite, under the assumed signature of "Clitus Alexandrinus," and contains some excellent and judicious remarks on this popular branch of our literature. The dedication is succeeded by a short address "To the equall Reader," and "An Alphabetical Table of the Characters." These are twenty-four in number, and are enumerated by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*. They are written with much force and cleverness, evincing great shrewdness and observation of character, mixed with occasional satire, and are highly amusing. But we can only quote the following short passage, as our limits compel us to be very sparing in our prose extracts :

#### 2. A Ballad-monger

Is the ignominious nick-name of a penurious poet, of whom he partakes in nothing but in povertie. His straine (in my opinion) would sort best with a funerall Elegie, for he writes most pittifullly. Hee has a singular gift of *imagination*, for hee can descent on a man's execution long before his confession. Nor comes his *Invention* farre short of his *Imagination*; for want of truer relations, for a neede he can finde you out a *Sussex Dragon*, some Sea or Inland monster, drawne out by some *Shoe-lane* man in a *Gorgon-like* feature, to enforce more horror in the beholder. Hee has an excellent facultie in this; hee has one tune in store that will indifferently serve for

any ditty. Hee is your onely man in request for *Christmas Carols*. His works are lasting-pasted monuments upon the insides of Country Ale-houses, where they may sojourne without expence of a farthing, which makes their thirstie Author crie out in this manner, if he have so much Latin :

*Quò licuit chartis, non licet ire mihi.*

At the end of p. 212 is a second title, within a border as before :

A Cater-Character, throwne out of a Boxe. By an Experienc'd Gamester.

————— Ovo prognatus ab uno.

1. An Apparator. 2. A Painter. 3. A Pedlar. 4. A Piper. London, Imprinted by F. K. and are to be sold by R. B. 1631.

This part, containing four additional characters, is also "Dedicated and devoted by Clitus-Alexandrinus to his no lesse Honovred then Endeared Sir Alexander Radcliffe, Knight of the Bath." These characters are quite equal to the others in humour and smartness, and abound in satire.

At the end of the Character of the Piper are these lines :

*Clitus retire;* Waste no more oyle on these,  
No care can cure a desperate disease :  
Should'st write as much of ev'ry base profession,  
*Europe* would be too strait for that Impression.

Meane time, these *Swaines* may on the *Plaines* goe breath them  
For thou hast left a Curious *Piper* with them.

Brathwaite was frequently in the habit of joining the most heterogeneous subjects together in his volumes, and here we have brought in at the close the ensuing lines headed "Clitus his Genethlia vpon the Birth-day of his Sonne IOHN;" and in the margin "Natus est xix: Feb. Anno Dom. 1630:"

God blesse thee IOHN  
and make thee such an one  
That I may joy  
in calling thee my Son.

Thou art my Ninth,  
and by it I divine  
That thou shalt live  
to love the Muses nine,

And live by loving them :  
for it were fit  
A younger Brother  
had an Elder wit.

Thou maist be Gamester  
or what trade thou'l choose,  
For much I shall not leave  
my Boy to loose ;

Be honest, and thou canst not  
want a friend,  
Neither before thine end,  
nor in thine end.

Three things THREE VOYCHERS  
for thee undertake,  
The WORLD, FLESH, DIVEL,  
thou must quite forsake ;

And so I hope thou wilt :  
 to th' WORLD I show thee,  
 But thy poor fortune's such,  
 she will not know thee.  
 And for the FLESH,  
 ev'n Nature must permit  
 That it be given to thee  
 e're thou to it.  
 Now for the DIVEL,  
 he has so much to doe  
 With roring boyes  
 hee'l sleight such Babes as thou :  
 Yet be not too secure,  
 but put him to't,  
 For hee'l play at small game,  
 e're hee sit out.  
 Th' encrease of thy Revenues  
 is but small,  
 Looke to thy Braines, poore IOHN  
 for that is all.

A better Legacie  
 I have not for thee  
 Vnlesse thou dye,  
 and I sing Dirges o're thee :  
 By which I should collect,  
 thou wer't but LENT me  
 As thou wast neare *that tune*  
 by Nature sent mee :  
 Being only shounē on Earth,  
 but to abstaine  
 From sinne on Earth,  
 and turne to earth againe :  
 And so shouldest thou rise high,  
 by vading hence  
 With a sweete smile,  
 in state of innocence.  
 This is my cloze ;  
 short be thou or long liver,  
 Live well, my Boy,  
 that thou maist live for ever.

A leaf of notes "Vpon the Errata's" in Brathwaite's usual style closes the volume.

This little work is of some rarity, and has been noticed in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 279; Dr. Bliss's edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*, p. 282; and in Haslewood's Introd. to *Barnabee's Journal*, p. 291.

Reed's sale, No. 3362, 19s.; Dr. Bliss's ditto, pt. ii. No. 2174, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 119, 4*l.* 19*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to M 7, in twelves; Sig. A two leaves extra, containing the table of the characters. The volume contains 141 leaves, not 117 according to Park and Haslewood, viz., 106 paged leaves in the first portion, 17 ditto in the second, and 18 unpaged leaves; or pp. 282. Bernard Hyde's copy with his autograph.

In Olive Green Morocco extra, gilt leaves.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Anniversaries upon his Panarete.  
 — Par nulla figura dolori.

London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock, at the Kings Head in Pauls Church-yard.  
 1634. Sm. 8vo.

The subject of this mournful and tender effusion of Brathwaite's muse was Frances, daughter of James Lawson of Nesham in the parish of Hurworth, not far from Darlington. The marriage licence, which is still in existence, is dated the 2nd May 1617, and the ceremony took place at Hurworth Church. She was descended from an ancient and respectable family residing at Nesham, and their union was blessed with an issue of nine children. She died on the 7th March 1633, sincerely regretted by her husband, who appears to have entertained for her an ardent and affectionate regard, to which her many virtues and accomplishments seem to have justly entitled her. Brathwaite long preserved her memory in his heart, and in acknowledgment of her worth he continued to publish for some years tributary verses on the "Anniversaries of his Panarete," in which he dwelt on her numerous merits, and on his own grief and affliction for her loss.

The present is the first of these tributes of affection, and has on the reverse of the title a page in black divided into two parts, between which is the line

Looke not upon me, because I am blacke. — Cant. i. vi.

and on the next leaf an inscription "To the indeered memory of his ever loved, never too much lamented Panarete, M<sup>ris</sup> Frances Brathwait.—A distilling Viall of Funerall teares obsequiously offered."

*Melpomene.*

Muse, thou hast oft to others grieves beene knowne,  
Now shew a reall passion in thine owne.

*Niobe.*

I'le not invoke, as others use,  
The influence of any Muse ;  
The *Muses nine* shall be no other,  
Than *Orphans nine* to mone their Mother.

The poem then opens thus mournfully :

Wepe! no; I will not: y<sup>t</sup> would ease mine heart ;  
The burden of my grieves shal beare a part  
In sadder Straines ; Still-running Rivers are  
Ever the deepest : Not a teare shall share  
In my discomfort : They that can allay  
Their grieves with teares, are Mourners for a day.  
Nor will I cast my Sorrowes on my backe,  
Nor cloath them, as our Painters use, in blacke ;  
Such clothing's meere dissembling : many weare  
A sable habit, and distill a teare,  
Who can dispense with grieve : which I detest ;

Though *Pictures* be by *Shadowes* best exprest  
 To Native Symmetrie: we cannot so  
 Paint our essentiall Portraiture of woe.  
 O *Niobe!* that Story writ of thee  
 Shall borrow life and lineament from mee.  
 I'm stupid growne, and by continuuate mone  
 A livelesse-senselesse metamorphos'd stone.  
 Where shall I then retire, dejected man?  
 But like the Desart-haunting *Pellican*,  
 To some darke Lawne, close Cell, or remote place,  
 Where I may take full view of Sorrowes face:  
 And make my selfe the Embleme? Where delight  
 In melancholy walkes, and Birds of night  
 Shall feed my pensive passion, and in time  
 Make my retired bosome Sorrowes Shrine.

After comparing himself with the “throbbing Turtle” and “the chaste-choice Bird Porphyrio,” and descanting on the merits and excellences of his wife, he goes on to describe her family and descent:

But leaving these, Deare Mvse, relater be  
 Of her descent and honour'd *Familie*;  
 Ennobled by her spotlesse vertuous name,  
 To prove those Ancestors from which she came.  
 Neere *Darlington* was my *Deare Darling* borne,  
 Of noble house, which yet beares Honor's forme,  
 Teese-seated *Sockbourne*, where by long descent  
*Cogniers* were Lords, their Countries ornament;  
 Which by that antient Monument appeares,  
 Rear'd in the Chancell there for many yeares;  
 Where th' Ancestor such an Exploit perform'd,  
 As hee by Fame and Victory adorn'd,  
 Made his Successours glorious, which I wish  
 (And crowne my wishes Heav'n) may live in his:  
 Meane time I this relation will omit,  
 Because elsewhere\* I have recorded it.

\* In his *Remains after Death*.

But what's a *Family* but style or name,  
 Vnlesse preserved by a vertuous *Fame*?  
 And this she had, which did perfume her life  
 (Like a most precious odor) Maid and Wife.  
 Pure were her thoughts, her actions without staine,  
 Grace was her Guide, and Godlinesse her Gaine.  
 She breathes not that liv'd freer from suspect,  
 Nor courted vanity with more neglect;

Pride was her scorne, Humilitie her Prize,  
 And Heav'n the object where she fixt her eyes.  
 Yea, there was nought on Earth she more did love,  
 Than *Fame* by *reall goodnessse* to improve:  
 So as, ev'n those which knew her by report,  
 Admir'd that which they heard, and fam'd her for't:  
 Teares trickling stream'd frō Neighbors eyes; exprest  
 Those silent sorowes treasur'd in their brest:  
 While with joyn't voice, made hoarse through grieve, they cride,  
 "None ever liv'd more lov'd, or moaned, dide."

The poem next proceeds to describe her habit, personal appearance, providence in domestic affairs, preparation for death in having

her Shrouding-Sheet still laid before her,  
 As a Memoriall, which, during breath,  
 Might represent to her the face of Death :

her needlework, and garments like Dorcas made by her hand for the poor, and her love for her husband. Brathwaite also mentions the numerous Posies

which at retired hours  
 Her richer Fancy used to devise  
 Her Bracelets, rings, and other rarities

as "Emblemes of Love," and alludes to two in particular, with their mottos, which he received from her in one day. The poem altogether is highly interesting as a tribute of ardent affection to the memory of his wife, and contains many pleasing passages, which our limits will not allow us to transcribe. It concludes with an account of her death from "lineall consumption," which had previously carried off her "mother, daughter, sonne, before it seaz'd on her;" and with "her dying words, recommending her children to their father's care."

The volume closes with four epitaphs; the first two on herself, the margin stating "Obiit Martii vii. Anno Dom. 1633;" the third "Upon her onely Sister;" the fourth "Upon her dearest Fannie;" and two lines, "Panaretes Tameion." We transcribe the two last:

#### 4. Epitaph.

I lost a *Mother* for a Grave  
 And by it I two *Mothers* have  
*Earth*, and mine owne deare *Mother* too,  
 In whose bare brest I slumber now:  
 "My corps sleep (*Mother Earth*) in thee,  
 "While Angels sing my Lullabee."

Panaretis *Taqueior.*

*Teisis me genuit, Sponsatam Westria cepit,  
Corpus Candalivm, pectus Olymvs habet.*

Each page is ornamented with a woodcut border at the top and bottom, and at the end of the funeral ode is a neat small woodcut representing in the centre a man with the motto “*ab hoc*” from his loins, standing under a canopy, the cords of which are supported by two angels, one pointing down to the emblems of mortality under his feet, with the words “*per hoc*,” the other pointing upwards to a crown of glory, with the motto “*ad hoc*.”

See Haslewood’s *Introd.* p. 309. There is no copy of this book, which is exceedingly scarce, in the British Museum; nor was it in the collections of Heber, Sykes, M. Blandford, Hibbert, Perry, Skegg, Jolley, &c.; or in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* Bright’s sale, No. 675, 2*l.* 2*s.* There is a copy in the Bodleian Library.

Collation : Sig. A B and C, in eights; pp. 48.

In Blue Morocco extra, gilt leaves.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Anniversaries upon his Panarete; continued: With her Contemplations, penned in the languishing time of her Sicknesse. The second Yeeres Annivers.

Et novus iste novo dolor æstuat ortus ab anno.

London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock, at the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. 1635. Sm. 8vo.

“The second Yeeres Anniversary” commences at once after the title, without any prefix, and occupies eleven leaves. It opens thus:

Last yeare I wrote of my deare PANARET,  
To pay my dearest Deare her duesst debt;  
But who is Hee knew her, and knoweth not  
How many things I in my *Threnes* forgot,  
Which should have been exprest? but such as wee  
Who share in grieves, fall short in memorie.  
This to supply with teare-distilling eye,  
Still to one Taske I must my selfe apply;  
For wee an *Anniversall* meane to reare  
In honour of her vertues ev’ry yeare :

Where though our Pencyle cannot well set forth  
 The riches of her goodnesse and true worth,  
 It shall appeare wee have desire to doe it,  
 By th' ceremonious zeal wee beere unto it.

The contents of this part form a continuation of the former poem, and chiefly relate to the education of her Children, Government of her Family, Mildness to her Servants, Love to her Neighbors, and Hospitality to Strangers. As an example of the domestic habits of the day, and of the varied employments of a model wife at that period, Brathwaite relates :

Oft have I seen her from her Dayry come  
 Attended by her Maids, and hasting home  
 To entertaine some Guests of quality,  
 Shee would assume a State so modestly  
*Sans* affectation, as she struck the eye  
 With admiration of the stander by :  
 That Hee who saw her from the Dayry passe  
 Would scarce beleeve her for the same Shee was.  
 So well shee could upon the selfe-same day  
 Both Civile Courtier and the House-wife play.

The following passage gives a curious picture of the manners of the time, and of the mode in which the fashionable ladies of that day were accustomed to while away their passing hours in the metropolis. It is deserving of quotation from its early notice of the way in which information of the time and nature of the performance of plays was communicated to the public. Northbrooke, in his *Treatise against Dicing and Plays*, published at an earlier period, alluding to the same custom, says : "They use to set up their bills upon posts some certain days before, to admonish people to make resort to their theatres." It also alludes to the great use of coaches at this time in conveying parties to and from the theatre, which were only brought into common use late in the reign of James I., but were afterwards carried to such excess that the inhabitants of Black-friars petitioned the Privy Council against the nuisance of them :

Draw hither then, ye *Formalists* of th' age,  
 Who make your life a Progresse to a Stage,  
 Your Chambers, Tyring-houses, where to pray  
 Were such a tedious taske, as you delay  
 To take acquaintance of it ; or decline  
 Your thoughts from heav'n, because you have no time  
 For such reserved vowedes : no more you have,  
 Nor can you *dainty-Ducks* a moment save.

For all your pretious Morning-houres are given  
 For you to paint and decke you till eleven ;  
 And then an houre or two must be the least  
 To jeere your foolish Lover, or to feast,  
 Or court your amorous cringing Favorite  
 With a bare-bathed breast to feed delight,  
 And purchase more Spectators : but time's lost  
 Till a Play-bill be sever'd from the Post  
 T' informe you what's to play ; then comes your Coach,  
 Where numerous light-ones, like your selfe approach.  
 But where's Devotion all this while ? asleepe,  
 And for herselfe sole-Centinell may keepe.

But now you'r seated, and the Musick sound  
 For th' Actors entry ; pleasures doe abound  
 In ev'ry Boxe : sometimes your eye's on th' Stage,  
 Streight on a lighter object, your loose *Page*,  
 Or some phantastike *Gallant*, or your *Groome*,  
 But when this Embleme of your life is done,  
 This piece of witty art, what doe you then ?  
 To your sinne-shrouding Coaches streight againe  
 You make repaire, where you relaters bee  
 Of what your Eare did heare, or Eye could see.  
 Then to a luscious Supper, after this  
 To a reere banquet, or to some quaint dish  
 To move a sensuall slumber, and delight  
 But never sate your boundlesse appetite.  
 Thus you in painted joyes mis-spend your dayes  
 More to your *Suiters* than your *Makers* praise.

At the end of the *Anniversaries*, on Sig B 5, is a second title before the Contemplations :

The distinct Titles of these Contemplations.

1. The Soules Sole-Love.
2. The Wounded Heart.
3. The New Dresse.

With Loves Legacie, or, Panaretes Blessing to her Children.

This part is in prose, and is written in a quaint, pithy and sententious manner, often conveying much sound and valuable advice.

The prose portion of the volume, including the Contemplations and Loves Legacie, was reprinted at the end of the second edition of Brathwaite's *Essaies upon the Five Senses*, 8vo, 1635, noticed hereafter ; and is included in the reprint of that work in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Archaica*, but unfortunately taken from an imperfect copy.

Haslewood has included the present work in his account of the publications of Brathwaite, No. 22, but had never been able to see the book, nor does Lowndes refer to any existing copy. It is not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and although it is possible that others may exist, we never saw or heard of any other than the present copy.

Collation : Sig. A to D 8, in eights.

Half bound in calf.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Raglands Niobe: or, Elizas Elegie.**

Addressed to the unexpiring memory of the most noble Lady Elizabeth Herbert, wife of the truly honourable Edward Somerset Lord Herbert &c. By Ri: Brathwait Esq.

— Surrepta, refuslit in orbe

Clarior —

Imprinted by F. K. for Robert Bostocke, at the Kings head in Saint Paul's Churchyard. 1635. Small 8vo; pp. 28.

No other copy of this little work is known. It formerly belonged to Herbert, having his autograph and date, "W. Herbert 1778;" and subsequently to Haslewood. The lady who is here commemorated was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer, Knt., and sister to Robert Earl of Caernarvon. She married Edward Lord Herbert, eldest son and heir of Henry fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester, who dying in December 1646, was succeeded by this son Edward Somerset Lord Herbert, who then became second Marquis of Worcester, and is well known as the author of *A Century of Inventions*, first printed in 1663, 12mo. He died April 3, 1667, and was buried at Raglan. Lady Elizabeth Herbert, his wife, whose elegy Brathwaite has here written, was cut off in the prime of life on the 30th of May or 1st of June 1635, and was also buried in the parish church of Raglan, leaving, along with two daughters, an only son Henry, who in 1682 became the first Duke of Beaufort. Her mother, the wife of Sir William Dormer, Knt., eldest son of Robert first Lord Dormer, was Alice, daughter of Sir Richard Molineux of Sefton in co. Lanc. Knight and Baronet, ancestor to the present Earl of Sefton. She died on July 2, 1650.

After the title is a metrical dedication of four lines "To the Honorable Edward Somerset Lord Herbert, my most noble and accomplish'd Lord: Treasures of Comforts, after these Tributes of teares;" subscribed Niobæus.

And on the reverse another quatrain on the name of Elizabeth Herbert, and its anagram “ Heere a blest birth.” We transcribe the opening of the poem, which thus alludes to what was at that time considered the most fashionable part of the metropolis, where the chief nobility dwelt :

Stil-silent Night unveile thy sable eies  
 And eye y<sup>e</sup> losse of this unequall'd prize  
 Our Family bemones : resolve to teares  
 And sympathize with ev'ry one that beares  
 A share in these sad rites. When Starres doe fall  
 Thou mak'st that Astrolabe thy Funerall :  
 Streight thou immasks thy face, contracts thy blood,  
 And shrowds thy virgin beauty in a cloud.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me thou State-surrounded STRAND, canst finde  
 Through all thy *Prospects* a selecter minde  
 Cloath'd in a choicer dresse ! Pray, looke about,  
 Thou canst not chuse but see some face peepe out  
 To attract the forc'd Spectator ; but that skin  
 Is it so sleeke as 't has no staines within ?  
 Is it a native tincture ? does it woee  
 The gazer without art ? or if it doe,  
 Is it accomplish'd with some better part  
 To polliish nature with diviner art ?  
 Has it adorning graces to make good  
 The splendor of her beauty or her blood ?  
 Can it converse with *fashion*, and appeare  
 Discreet in her election what to weare ?  
 Can it send out her eies, and not be tane,  
 Or to take others make it not her aime ?  
 Can it discourse without affected state,  
 Or hearken *Lightnessse* with a blushing hate? . . . . .  
 Canst finde me this rare *Phœnix*? I much doubt,  
 Thou loosest time in seeking of her out.  
 Two *Phœnixes* at once were never seene,  
 It is enough, that such an One hath beene . . . . .  
 But thou hadst One in that *Elysian* grove!  
 A precious sprigge of vertue, beauty, love ;  
 Yea, such a seat, as no diviner grace  
 But in her Saintly bosome had a place.  
 One richly stored with all the gifts of nature,  
 Of gracefull presence and attractive feature ;  
 And what was richer farre than all the rest,  
 An heav'ly fancy in an holy brest.

For shew me One within this Orbe of ours,  
 That was so young in yeares and old in houres.  
 So sweetly humble and compassionate,  
 So well compos'd i' th' posture of her state ;  
 So loyall in her love, so firme to those  
 Who in her Honour did their hopes repose.

Brathwaite thus again alludes to the personal charms and virtues of Lady Elizabeth Herbert, and to her illustrious lineage on both sides .

Draw nearer, wondring Mortals, and see heere,  
 A glorious Light reft from our Hemispheere !  
 One, upon whose cleare brow no cloud e're sat,  
 Nor ere ey'd object that she aimed at  
 But what she might affect : nor personate  
 An unbeseeming introduced state :  
 Nor gloze in painted goodnesse : nor expresse  
 More than her Soule did inwardly professe :  
 Nor feed her fancy with conceipts of time,  
 But clos'd her life's Act with a Scene divine.  
 And this same taking beauty now is gone,  
 Reft from our sight ! which while we thinke upon,  
 'Tis not sufficient to bemoane her death,  
 But to observe how sweetly vertues breath  
 In her expired Corpse ; and that her Fate,  
 Blest Fate ! has left what wee're to imitate. ....  
 Nor doe I muse why thou should'st vertuous be,  
 Being deriv'd from such a Familie,  
 Whose actions streame in goodnesse ; they who gave  
 First life to thee, no lesse Memorials have  
 In Times deserving Annals : DORMERS name  
 Reteins i' th' accent a sufficient fame  
 To second our assertion : and to show  
 Thy Mothers house was corresponding too  
 In lineall acts of goodnesse, and what might  
 Give to a noble line a living light,  
 I'le onely name Him, whome ne're age could tax,  
 The all-approved-loved MVLLINAX.  
 Deare to his owne, to strangers debonaire,  
 Deare to the Muses, who Joves darlings are,  
 Firme where hee doth professe, entire to such  
 Who know, but make no boast of knowing much :  
 And to summe all in one, such a right Lord  
 Hee scornes nought more then sleighting of his word.

Brathwaite seems to have been under some strong obligation in some way to Lord Herbert, to whom he says :

Alas! you know  
I owe as much to you as I doe owe  
To the whole world (without private aime  
To me or mine) save to my soveraigne.

There was apparently some doubt whether Lady Herbert died on the last day of May or the 1st of June, which is thus referred to in the poem :

In whose translation there appeared heere  
A civill Combat 'twixt two Monthes i' th' yeere,  
So as, none could definitively say  
Shee di'de the first of *June* or last of *May*.  
Both wrastled like two Champions for the wall,  
Which might give convoy to her Nuptiall.

At the close of the elegy, on a separate leaf, is the "Epitaph," on the margin of which is "Obiit Iun. 1, Anno Dom. 1635;" and underneath these two lines :

Gentis Honor, Virtutis Amor, Spectabilis Uxor,  
Condita sunt Tumulo, non moritura, Tu.

On the reverse are the ensuing lines, from which it would appear that one of the "Anniversaries upon his Panarete," or yearly tribute of verses to the memory of his wife, was annexed to this work, but is not found in this copy :

Let 't not distaste my Lord, that I have heere  
Annex'd th' Elegiack raptures of my Deare :  
'Tis said that *Polo* the Tragedian  
When hee on Stage to force some passion came,  
Had his Sonnes ashes in an Urne enshrin'd  
To worke more deepe impressions in his mind.  
The Embleme's good : this Fun'rall pile of ours  
Strucke passion in each line address'd to yours.

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A to B 7, in eights. The poem is printed within woodcut borders at top and bottom.

In Brown Calf.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Essaies vpon the Five Senses Revived by a new Supplement; with a pithy one upon Detraction.**

Continued with sundry Christian Resolves, and divine Contemplations, full of passion and devotion ; purposely composed for the zealously disposed. By Ric: Brathwayt Esquire. The second Edition, revised and enlarged by the Author.

Mallem me esse quam vivere mortuum.

London, Printed by Anne Griffin, and are to bee sold by Henry Shepherd in Chancery Lane, at the signe of the Bible. 1635. 12mo.

The first edition of these moral Essays had appeared, as we have already seen, in 1620. The present impression contains all that is there given with the exception of the dedication to Sir Henry Yelverton, and the character of "A Shrow," which are here omitted. The volume is ornamented with an elegantly engraved frontispiece by William Marshall, emblematical of the subject of the work, the five senses, with the title at the top on a curtain or sheet. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Thomas Lord Coventry, Baron of Ailsborough, and Lord Keeper of the great Seale of England, &c.," followed by a Table or Summary of the Contents, and a short "Advertisement to the devout Reader, upon the use of the five Senses." After the Essays on these, on p. 83 is a new title :

A Continuation of these Essayes, enlarged by the Authour in these Subjects. 1. The Sense of Sinne. 2. The Sense of Sorrow. 3. The Sense of humane vanity. 4. The Sense of others misery. 5. The Sense or apprehension of future glory. Imprinted at London. 1635.

This part has a Latin dedication to Sir William Savile Bart., which may be worth quoting : "Amplissimo et amicissimo Viro, Gulielmo Savile, Baronetto : Charitate stirpis, suavitate mentis, sacris connubii, amplissimis prædiis, cœlitum præmiis, auspicatissimo ; R. B. Pieridum humillimus, ista theoremeta, charitum charismata, candidoris ingenii, lautiora tragemata : In amoris testem, honoris tesseram, candidè, conditè, cordatè, D. D. D."

The Essay on Detraction, which with "Resolves," and "The Authors opinion of Marriage" are printed from the first edition, is also preceded by a dedication in Latin to I. B. de L. and his eldest son H. B. This dedication is omitted in the reprint of the work in the *Archaica*. At the end of "Resolves" are the following lines headed "The heavenly Exercise of the five Senses, couched in a divine Poem," and four lines "Upon his Resolves :"

Let eye, eare, touch, taste, smell, let every Sence  
Employ it selfe to praise his providence,

Who gave an *eye* to see ; but why was't given ?  
 To guide our feet on earth, our soules to heaven.  
 An *ear* to heare ; but what ? no jest o' th' time,  
 Vaine or prophane, but melody divine.  
*A touch* to feel ; but what ? griefes of our brother,  
 And t' have a fellow-feeling one of other.  
*A taste* to relish ; what ? man's soveraigne blisse,  
*Come taste and see the Lord, how sweet hee is !*  
*A smell* to breath ; and what ? flowers that afford  
 All choyce content, the *odours* of his Word.  
 If our\* *five Senses* thus employed bee,  
 Wee may our Saviour *smell, taste, touch, heare, see.*

At p. 231 is a third title, thus,

The distinct Titles of these Contemplations. 1. The Soules Sole-Love.

2. The Wounded Heart. 3. The New Dresse. With Loves Legacy,  
 or, Panaretes Blessing to her Children.

1. The Buriall of the Old Man. 2. Philaretvs his Instructions to his  
 Sonne. 3. Of Loose Love : with Loves choice.

Brathwaite was in the frequent habit of reprinting portions of his former  
 works, and we have already noticed the first part of these Contemplations  
 in his *Anniversaries upon his Panarete, continued.* The last three are  
 here given for the first time. The volume closes with eight metrical lines,  
 "Loves Choice," quoted below, and a page "Vpon the Errata:"

*Loves Choice.*

Love, whose sole object's vertue, I doe love ;  
 Loose love, whose onely period is delight,  
 Is like a *Basiliske* unto my sight.  
*That*, though below, hath fixt his thoughts above ;  
*This*, though above, a brutish shape will take,  
 And leave a *Ino* for his *Ino's* sake.  
 So spheare your Love, that your *chaste choice* may seek  
 More beauty in a *minde* than in a *cheeke.*

These moral Essays were reprinted in 1815 in 4to. from the present  
 edition by Sir Egerton Brydges, in the *Archaica*, vol. ii., but unfortunately  
 from an incomplete copy, wanting eight pages. In the preface prefixed to  
 that reprint, the editor, after making some additions to the meagre list of

\* Alluding to that sacred-secret mysterie of his *five wounds*, curing and crowning  
 our *five Sences*.

Brathwaite's publications given by Ant. Wood, has also introduced some critical remarks upon his claims to revived notice as a miscellaneous writer, and concludes by observing of the present work :

His Essays, here reprinted, are ingenious, and sometimes almost eloquent, though too often full of quaintness and conceit, the great fault of his age. They appear also to have another fault : they seem to be written in a factitious temperament of mind and feeling, which too many writers, and too many readers, very erroneously suppose to be the warmth of genius. It requires no artificial enthusiasm to relish the touches which a pure and unprompted fancy executes. There is a reflector in the bosom of mankind always ready to receive and give them back. But in prose Brathwaite shews himself a more than ordinary master of a copious and polished phraseology ; and abounds as well in sentiment as in the stores of knowledge collected by various and extensive reading.

See the *Archaica*, vol. ii., and Haslewood's *Introd.* vol. i. p. 168, and p. 322, where the omissions in the former reprint are supplied.

Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 313, l. 13s.

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A nine leaves ; B to O 2, in twelves ; pp. 334.

In Blue Morocco extra, with gauffered gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Arcadian Princesse ; or, The Triumph of Iustice : Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke, for a sicke Iustice. Digested into fowre Bookes, and Faithfully rendred to the originall Italian Copy, By Ri. Brathwait Esq.

Vulnera clausa potius cruciant. — Greg.

London, Printed by Th. Harper for Robert Bostocke, and are to bee sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard, at the signe of the Kings head. 1635. Sm: 8vo.

Prefixed is an elegant engraved title by Will. Marshall of *The Arcadian Princesse : or, The Triumph of Iustice*, seated on a canopied throne, holding a lance in her left hand and a pair of scales in the other, in which Justice is represented weighing the rich and poor, the poor man labelled "forma Pauperis," weighing down the rich one, labelled "Ira Potentis." On the sides are two hands pointing to labels inscribed "Hinc Prælium," "Hinc Prœmium." Other sentences appear on different labels, and on a leaf opposite are these lines :

*Vpon the Frontispice.*

Hee that in words explaines a Frontispice  
 Betrayes the secret trust of his Device :  
 Who cannot guesse, where Motts and Emblemes be  
 The drift, may still bee ignorant for me.

At the back of the printed title is the certificate of the licenser, “ Gulielmus Haywood,” dated “ Junii 7, 1634.” The volume is dedicated “ To the excellent Modell of true Nobility, the Right Honourable Henry Somerset, Earle of Worcester, Baron Herbert, Lord of Chepstow, Ragland, and Gower;” after which is a short address “ To the Deserving Reader,” and some testimonies in favour of Mariano Silesio, the author of the original work. These are succeeded by “ A Summary of the Contents” of the four books, “ with an Explanation of every distinct Subiect, and personall Name contained in this Allegoricall discourse.” Each book contains a certain number of Poesies and of Prose Chapters. The story is entirely allegorical, and is not particularly interesting. Dibdin calls this a work too dislocated and heterogeneous to command a complete perusal ; but has quoted several portions of the verse, on which he bestows much praise, and thinks that Brathwaite shines with more lustre as a poet from some passages in this work than in any to which his name is attached.

From one of the Poesies in the third book we borrow these lines on Pytheas, whose story speaks for itself :

How blinde is he, who labours to be knowne  
 To all men’s imperfections but his owne ?  
 How can he have an Eare to any cause  
 That is engag’t to popular applause ?  
 This, *Pytheas* found, who grew in time so strong  
 Through selfe-conceit in Eloquence of tongue,  
 As he suppos’d, each place that he came in,  
 There was no other talke but praising him.  
 To wals and portels would he lay his eare,  
 Through creeks, and cranies too, that he might hear  
 His much desir’d applause, which having done  
 And heard his praise, he held his prize halfe won.  
 Many dissuwad’t him from this madding course,  
 But all in vaine, his humour still grew worse ;  
 Deafe was his Eare to counsell, all his art  
 Was to gaine *praise*, no matter for *desert*.  
 Ripe were his yeares and mellow, yet age-grown,  
 With *arrogancy* was he bladder-blowne :

So as, when neither reason could perswade,  
 Nor he by wholesome counsell would be swaide,  
 But so admir'd his selfe-conceited worth,  
 As he had beeene some Deity on Earth :  
 He, as I've heard some of his Nation tell,  
 Into a fearefull *frensy*, after fell.  
 Whence I conclude, 'tis better farre to want  
 Wit, and to know't, than to be arrogant.

There is some vigour and spirit in another of the characters on humility, which we subjoin :

How happy is his fate  
 Who humbled, becomes wise,  
 Contented with his state,  
 He seeks no more to rise ?  
 His fall hath made him feele  
 Those maladies he had,  
 And sensible to heale  
 Those humours which were bad :  
 Else would they ne're correct  
 Those humours they affect.

More haplesse none than he,  
 Who swims in worldly blisse,  
 And holds adversity  
 Estrang'd from him and his ;  
 The way to weale is then  
 In plenty and in scant  
 By curbing Selfe-esteeme  
 T' acknowledge our owne want :  
 But Cedars brooke the worst  
 To heare they'r Shrubs at first.

*Promotion* is the glasse  
 Declares what mortals bee,  
 But how they hence should passe  
 Informes *humility*.  
 Then rightly may I call  
*Uperephanos* state  
 More happy by his fall  
 Than he appear'd of late ;  
 Made apter to reforme  
 What others held in scorne.

It rests then I admire  
 His temper, and commend  
 His service to your Quire  
 That's stiled Vertues friend.  
 And take this of my word,  
 His more deserving parts  
 Will such content afford  
 They'l winne the knowing'st hearts.  
 And thinke him worthy too  
 Of th' Honour you bestow.

The Poesies interspersed are in different metres, and amount to twenty-seven in all, the one at the commencement of the fourth book extending to twenty-three pages. At the end is appended "The Life of Mariano Silesio the approved Author of this Worke," and Brathwaite's usual comment "Vpon the Errata's," together with a list of these. Mr. Haslewood supposed that from some cause or other this work was hurried very hastily through the press, but there is no appearance of this in the work itself, nor are the errata more than usual, although Brathwaite confesses at the end that it was divided upon several presses. See his *Introd. to Barnabee's Journal*, p. 330; Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, p. 395; and Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.* p. 35. .

Collation: Title \*3; Sig. \* eight leaves; \*\* five leaves; Sig. A to Q 8, in eights. Then Aa to Qq 9, in eights; pp. 536. The commonest of all this writer's pieces. Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 318, 1*l.* 3*s.*; *White Knights* ditto, No. 598, 1*l.* 7*s.*

Bound by Mackenzie. In Red Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Lives of all the Roman Emperors, being exactly collected from Julius Cæsar, unto the now reigning Ferdinand the second. With their Births, Governments, remarkable Actions and Deaths.

London Printed by N. and J. Okes, and are to be sold by George Hutton at the signe of the Sun within Turning-stile in Holborne. 1636. Sm. 8vo.

An engraved title by Will. Marshall prefixed, represents Julius Cæsar standing on the globe in the midst, with a sword in his right hand and a crown suspended by a cord in the other, and the motto “*Victrici firmata manu pendentia filo.*” Over his head another motto:

Maxima perpetui statuit moderamina Sceptri  
Cæsar ut æternum conderet Imperium.

Around him are small medallions of the eleven other Cæsars, Roman Emperors; and below a small medallion of the author, similar to that prefixed to Brathwaite's *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, 1638. In the title at the bottom the book is called “The exact Collection of all the Roman Emperors from Iulius Cæsar to ye now reigning Ferdinand the 2<sup>d</sup> &c. By R. B. G.” *i.e.* Richard Brathwaite, Gentleman.

The volume is dedicated “To the Worshipfull, my most honoured Patrone Will: Stonour Esquire,” in which he excuses his presumption in presenting unto him the first fruits of a tree so long growing up. . . . . “Nobiles nobilia dicunt and so the noble Cæsars now seek unto your noble selfe for a protection, and to be patronized, as being all brought unto the straits of this *epitomicke* volume: and in entertaining them being in number one hundred fifty six, I hope you will not exclude their Conductour, but reflect also upon him with a favourable though a different respect, who was ever most studious to honour and serve you as Yours most obsequious R. B.” A short address “To the Reader” follows, and “A

Table of the names of the Romane Emperours." Each of the 156 lives is headed by a small woodcut portrait, and the date when he began to reign.

Collation: Sig. A to Bb 8, in eights; pp. 400 in all. This is one of the scarcer pieces by Brathwaite. The present copy, which was Mr. Haslewood's, has an additional small head of Brathwaite inserted.

In Dark Green Morocco.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — A Spirituall Spicerie. Containing Sundry Sweete Tractates of Devotion and Piety. By Ri. Brathwaite Esq.**

Cant. c. 1, 12.—c. 5, 13.

My Welbeloued is as a bundle of myrrhe unto me: he shall lye betweene my brests.

His cheekeſ are as a bed of Spices.

London, Printed by J. H. for George Hutton at his shop within Turning stile in Holborne. 1638. 12mo.

Besides the above printed title, the same is also given at the bottom of an engraved frontispiece, representing a garden. In the upper part is a female watering a flower bed, with the following sentence inscribed on a label issuing from her mouth: "Awake O North winde, and come thou South, blow upon my garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out." Cant. 4. Below are two other figures—a male presenting a flower to a female, from the former of whom proceeds the following: "I am come into my garden, my Sister, my Spouse, I have gathered my mirrhe w<sup>th</sup> my Spice. I said I will goe up to the Palme tree, I will take hold of the boughes thereof." The dedication runs thus: "To the truly ennobled Thomas, Lord Fauconberge, Baron of Yarom: Together with his pious Progeny, those succeeding Branches of a prospering Family: R. B. Zealously Dedicates this Spirituall Spicerie." Then nine lines of verse "Vpon the translation of his Divine Dialogue," succeeded by "A Title-Table; or Short Summarie of all such Tractates, Meditations, Prayers, Contemplations, and Motives of Piety as are comprised within this Spirituall Spicerie." The first piece of Spicerie is "A Divine Dialogue, or a Comfortable Conference betwixt our Saviour and a Sinner," with the life of Jacobus Gruytrodius the author of it prefixed. The other pieces are from St. Augustine, St. Ber-

nard, Thomas Aquinas, St. Dionysius and other authors. At the end of the *Spiritual Spicery* is “A clozing Sonnet upon these Miscellaneous Meditations :”

Morall mixtures or Divine,  
Aptly cull'd and couch'd in order,  
Are like colours in a shrine,  
Or choice flow'rs set in a border,  
Or like dishes at a Feast,  
Each attended with his sallet  
To delight the curious Guest  
And give relish to his palat.

Store of colours, they are meet  
When wee should ones picture take  
One choice flow'r bee't neere so sweet,  
Would no pleasing posie make,  
One Dish be it ne're so precious  
To the Scent or to the Tast,  
Though at first it seeme delicious  
It will cloy the Sense at last.

Here are Colours permanent,  
Objects which will chercere the eye,  
Here are Flowers redolent,  
Which will bloome and never dye:  
Here are Dishes of delight,  
(Such delights can never cloy)  
To renew the appetite,  
And to new—revive your joy.

Muse not then, if here you see  
In this various Worke of mine  
Such a mixt variety,  
Sorting with this hum'rous time:  
Though the Sunne shine in our Sphere,  
Cloud or Night envelop it,  
But the Sunne shines ever here  
Darting forth pure rayes of wit.

Now the fruit I wish to gaine,  
Is your profit for my paine.

After this is “A reply to a rigid Precision, objecting, that flowers from Romish authors extracted became lesse wholesome and divinely redolent ;” which closes the first part of the work.

There is then, at p. 228, a new title :

A Christian Diall; By which hee is directed, how to dispose of his houres while he is living, how to addresse himselfe for the houre of his dying, and how to close his dayes with a comfortable ending.  
Faithfully rendred according to the Originall.

This is dedicated as follows: “To the Generous, Ingenious, and Judicious Sir Walter Vavasor, Knight and Baronet; together with his vertuously accomplished Lady: R. B. consecrates this Christian Diall.

To your Grand-father have I welcom bin,  
Receive this Gage in memory of him;  
Whilst no Sun-Diall may more truly give  
The houre o'th' day, than this the way to live.

To this part is prefixed “The Life of Johannes Justus Lanspergius, a Carthusian, the Author of these Meditations, entitled A Christian Diall.” In this portion is also included “An Elegie of St. Dionysius, a Carthusian,”

in verse ; "An Epistle of Ludovicus Blosius;" "Certaine choyce or select sayings of D. Henricus Suso;" and other pieces. At p. 323 is the following dedication : "To his most deare and affectionate Sisters, their faithfull Brother dedicates this Passionate Pilgrim ; as a living Memoriall of his unsainted love never dying :

My teares, my joyes ; my widdow-weed, my Bride ;  
My prize, heav'n's praise ; my love, Christ crucif'de."

And on the next page the title :

The Passionate Pilgrim ; Breathing a Contemplative Mans Exercise :  
Offering a Penitent Soules Sacrifice.

This is taken from St. Augustine. "Death's Memoriall," which follows, from Peter Damian, and "Death's Distinction" from St. Bernard.

At p. 345 is a head title :

Holy Memorials ; or Heavenly Mementos.  
Memor fui Domini, et delectatus sum.

These are ten in number, and are the most interesting portions of the volume, inasmuch as Brathwaite is believed to have here related the leading events of his own life, and in these memorials to have drawn his own character for the instruction and warning of others. A short extract or two from this part may therefore find acceptance with our readers. The first is from

*Memoriall IV. Of his Youth.*

The easiest of my vanities were light amorous Poems. I held those, employments for my best houres. O what a prize, what a bootie, held I a favour snacht from a light piece of beautie ! My fortunes were not great, which enjoyed mee to a sparer expence. But if my small credit could supply what my fortunes wanted ; I stickt not much on the meanest commodities to make up that want. My melancholly ever proceeded from want of money. While Roring was in request, I held it a complete fashion. For Civility, I held it for such a rag of unbeseeming Gentry, as I scorned to take acquaintance of it. I had long before this aspired to a pipe of rich smoake with a Tinder-box, and these gave light to my lighter discourses. I held my pockets sufficiently stored, if they could but bring mee off for mine Ordinarie, and after dinner purchase mee a stoole on the stage. I had cares enough besides hoording ; so as I held it fit to disburden my selfe of that, and resigne it over to the worldling. A long winter night seemed but a *Midsummer nights dreame*, being merrily past in a Catch of fourre parts, a deep heath to a light Mistresse, and a knot of brave blades to make up the Consort. I could jeere him to his face, whom I needed most, *Ten at hundred*, I meane ; and he would not stick to pay mee in mine owne coyne. I might beg a courtesie at his hands, but to starve for't never prevaile ; for herein I found this instrument of usurie and the Devill to be of one *Societie* ; and that they craved

nothing of any one, save onely *Securitie*. A weake blast of light fame, was a great part of that portion I aimed at. And herein was my madnesse. I held nothing so likely to make mee knowne to the world, or admired in it, as to be debauch't, and to purchase a Parasites praise by my riot. It is not in mee; no, it is far from mee and my memorie, to recall to mind what miriads of houres that time mispended. Scarcely one poore minute can I bethinke mee on, wherein I did ought, or exprest my selfe in ought, that might redound to his honour, whom now in mine age I have only sought. How truly might I say in those daies, in those many evill daies, I had beene secure, if Society had not made me impure? And yet must I be enforced to retract this too, if I desire freely to lye open my selfe, and speake what is true. For of all those Consorts, whose company I used, I found no Consort worse than my selfe.

*Memoriall VIII. His Labours.*

Free-bred were my Studies: so as, *Lap-wing* like, with shell on head, I begun to write, before my yeares could well make mee an *Author*. But hence my teares! The Subjects I made choyce of, were of *Love*: to close with my fancie, which was verie light. I was proud in bearing the title of a *Writer*; which, I must confesse, together with the instancie of such as either truly applauded mee, or deluded mee, made mee ambitious after the name of an *Author*. And what were those light *Poems* I then penned; but such as are now pensive Odes to my dolorous soule, grieving to peruse what my youth so dearely loved? O how familiar was I with *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, *Hippocrene*, and all the *Muses*! Meane time I seldom or never thought of that heavenly *Olympus*, which crowns all vertuous Labours with true happinesse. It was the saying of an holy Father; "Those studies which I once loved now condemne mee; those which I sometimes praised now disparage mee." Far more cause have I to say, how those Labours which I once fancied, now afflict mee; those which sometimes delighted mee, now perplex mee. I am many times in company, where I heare some of my youthfull verses repeated; and though I doe neither owne them, nor praise them: yet must I in another place answer for them, if hee, on whom I depend, shall not in these teares which I shed, drowne the memory of them. For alas! how many chaste eares have I offended, how many light eares have I corrupted with those unhappye workes which I have published! What wanton measures have I writ for the nonc't, to move a light Curtezan to hugge my conceit; and next her *Venus* and *Adonis*, or some other immodest toy, to lodge mee in her bosome! Light stuffe, to be entertained in so flourishing a state! O how the remembrance of these doe grieve me! When that Taleut, which might have beene employed to Gods glory, became a Forge of lightnesse and vanity! O how much better had it beene for mee to bury it than to use it to his dishonour, who gave me it!

At the end is a leaf containing the Errata, and another with the following couplet closes the volume :

Both Hand and Heart are joyntly given;  
My Hand subscribes, my Heart's for Heaven.

The book consists of 470 pages, besides the dedication and table, and the two leaves at the end, or 494 in all. We have been thus particular in describing this little volume, because it is a scarce work of Braithwaite's—and because both in Lowndes and in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 286, where it is noticed by Mr. Park, it is imperfectly described; and no mention is made of the curious engraved titlepage, which is no doubt by Marshall, the engraver of the titles of most of his other works.

The "IX Memorall, His Life," is given entire by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*. This is one of the most valuable and interesting portions, containing an account of his university career, in which he appears to have acquitted himself with credit; his love of poetry and moral philosophy and essays; his total disrelish of the study of the law, to which he was compelled by parental authority; and his final settlement in the country on the family estate assigned to his use soon after the death of his father; where he married, and while pursuing the usual occupations of a country gentleman and acting as a magistrate, he wrote and published many of his works in prose and poetry. Whilst studying in the Inns of Court, Brathwaite relates that he was "moved sometimes to fit his buskind Muse for the stage, with other occasionall Presentments or Poems; which, being free-borne and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood his ranke and qualitie. For so happily had he crept into opinion, as nothing was either presented by him to the Stage, or committed by him to the Presse, which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world." Whatever pieces Brathwaite may have produced of a dramatic kind in his earlier days, nothing is now known of them, and they appear to be altogether lost. Probably they were only written for some masque or other slight temporary occasion.

The reader will look in vain for a copy of this little work in many of the catalogues of our most eminent collectors of early English literature, and it is still wanting among Brathwaite's works in the British Museum; nor is it among the Malone or Douce collections in the Bodleian Library. It is however to be found in that curious and most interesting collection, the Byrom Library at Kersal Cell.

Collation : Title ¶ 2 ; Sig. ¶ twelve leaves, one blank, A to V 9, in twelves.  
In Blue Morocco elegant, gilt leaves, embossed.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The Psalms of David the King and Prophet, and of other holy Prophets, paraphras'd in English : Conferred with the Hebrew Veritie, set forth by B. Arias Montanus, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R. B.

London, Printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate. 1638. 12mo.

Notwithstanding the remarks of Mr. Holland in *The Psalmists of Britain* against ascribing this work to Brathwaite, and in favour of the claim of a certain R. Burnaby, because the former gave forth three several works in the same year, and employed in each different printers and publishers, we are fully disposed to agree with Mr. Haslewood in attributing this version of the Psalms to Richard Brathwaite. The circumstance there mentioned by Mr. Holland of an inscription to Bishop Andrews at the end of a copy of the book in the Lambeth Library, which speaks of his having begun the work under the auspices of his tutor Bishop Andrews, strongly confirms this claim, it being believed that during his sojourn at Cambridge, Brathwaite's tutor there was Dr. Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Mr. Haslewood has also stated some further reasons in favour of Brathwaite's claim to its authorship, which serve to strengthen this belief; and it is usually placed among his works.

It has an engraved frontispiece by Will. Marshall, containing the title in an oval in the centre, with an inscription in Greek from Psal. l. 14; small oval half figures of David, Moses, and Asaph at the top; various musical instruments on each side; at the bottom outside similar figures of Heman and Æthan; and below the title a small oval portrait intended for the author, laconically subscribed *Quanquam ô*. He is represented as advanced in life, with a high forehead and beard, and a plaited ruff. The only prefix is a leaf with a list of "The Authors observed in this Paraphrase," and "The Titles of the Psalms, as they are in the Originall." They are divided into five books, and there is added at the end from Apollinarius a long Psalm, "The Combat of David with Goliah," called the 151st Psalm.

As this version of the Psalms is scarce, and not much known, we subjoin an extract or two, which may be compared by our readers with versions from the same Psalms by other authors:

*Psalm XVIII. v. 7-14.*

Then shook the trembling earth for  
feare,  
the hills foundations mov'd :  
And at his presence troubled were,  
because his wroth reprov'd.  
A storme of smoake before him came,  
which from his nostrils fum'd ;  
And fire out of his mouth did flame,  
that, where it came, consum'd.  
He bow'd the Heav'ns, and made his  
Throne  
with earth his foot-stoole meet :  
Beneath the dreadfull light that shone  
lay darknesse at his feet.  
A Cherub-chariot did him beare,  
whose plumes he made his saile ;

The winds his winged-courser were,  
and darknesse was his vaile.  
Darke his pavillion, darke the skie,  
darke waters, duskie clouds,  
Compose an aërie canopie,  
wherein himselfe he shrowds.  
The brightnesse of his presence tooke  
the melting clouds in chace ;  
With haile and coales hot-burning  
strooke,  
they fled before his face.  
The Lord from Heav'n in thunder spoke ;  
his voice that is most hie,  
With stormes of haile made earth to  
smoake,  
and coales of fire to flie.

*Psalm XXIII.*

My Shepheard is the Lord, whose care  
provides mee fold and food :  
Whose goodnesse plenteous, and to  
spare,  
supplies my want of good.  
In pastures green he makes mee lye,  
and softly lodge my side :  
He leads mee forth, where pleasantly  
the streams of stillnesse glide.  
He doth retурne my soule againe,  
and for his owne Names sake,  
Conduct mee through the beaten plaine,  
that Justice treads to make.

Walk't I the shady vale of death,  
none evill could I feare :  
Thy rod, thy staffe, relieve my breath,  
for thou art with mee there.  
My table spread dost thou appoint  
in presence of my foes :  
My head with oile thou dost anoint,  
my chalice over-flowes.  
With goodnesse sure shall mercie give  
an eye to all my waies ;  
And in the Lords house shall I live,  
beyond the length of daies.

*Psalm CXXXVII.*

Downe sat we by the rivers side  
that waters Babels wall :  
To raise whose stremes, a springing  
tide  
of teares our eyes let fall.  
Remember Sion in our vowes,  
our uselesse Harps we hung  
Upon amidst the willow boughes,  
as slightly tun'd as strung.  
For they that led us captives there,  
requir'd of us a song ;

A Sion-song (said) let us heare  
these moanes, some mirth among.  
O no ! nor harp we have, nor hand,  
nor voice to straine, nor string :  
Our Sion-song, in Shinar-land,  
song of the Lord to sing.  
If, O Jerusalem, I set  
no more by thee than so ;  
Let my right hand her skill forget  
my voice her song forgoe.

My tongue fast to my palate cling,  
and never tune employ,  
If ought I doe but Salem sing,  
the Soveraigne of my joy.  
Be mindfull, Lord, of Edens sons,  
who said on Salems day,  
Raze, Raze, to her foundations,  
with earth her levell lay.

Thou Daughter, Babel, laidst us waste,  
thy selfe shalt wasted be :  
O happy ! that as done thou hast  
to us, shall doe to thee.  
O happy ! that thy little ones  
from mothers breasts shall rash,  
And (pitilesse) against the stones  
their braines in pieces dash.

At the end of the Psalms are these lines by the author :

Praise to the God of Heaven  
Be given by mee a Worme,  
That Davids numbers in this forme,  
To mee a Worme hath given.

R. B.

A leaf containing quotations from Arias Montanus and Dr. John Rainold, Oxon., in praise of the Psalms, and the inscription to Bishop Andrews by the author mentioned before, and another leaf of Errata conclude the volume.

See Holland's *Psalmists of Britain*, vol. i. p. 291 ; Dr. Cotton's *List of Editions of the Psalms*, p. 66 ; and Haslewood's *Introd.* vol. i. p. 357 ; Dr. Bliss's sale, pt. ii. No. 1511, 3*l.* 5*s.* There is a copy in the Library at Lambeth, and at Sion College.

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig A to N 12 (last leaf blank), in twelves.

In Blue Morocco elegant, gilt leaves, embossed.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Ar't asleep Husband ? A Boulster Lecture ; Stored with all variety of witty jeasts, merry tales, and other pleasant passages ; Extracted from the choicest flowers of Philosophy, Poesy, antient and moderne History. Illustrated with Examples of incomparable constaney, in the excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. By Philogenes Panedonius.

O nox longa ! — Hor.

London, Printed by R. Bishop, for R. B. or his Assignees.  
1640. 8vo.

Another of the anonymous works first appropriated to Brathwaite by Mr. Haslewood, in which there cannot be a doubt that he was right, as

independently of the internal evidence, reference is made in the work at p. 201 to one of Brathwaite's acknowledged pieces, and some short copies of verses are introduced into the present volume which first appeared in the *Strappado for the Divell*. It is embellished with an engraved frontispiece by Will. Marshall, headed "A Boulster Lecture," representing a husband and wife in bed, the wife wakening her husband, with a label from her mouth inscribed "*Dum loquor ista taces*," and the husband with another, "*Surdo canis*," and these lines underneath :

This wife a wondrous racket meaneſ to keepe,  
While th' Husband ſeemeſ to ſleepe but does not ſleepe :  
But ſhe might full as well her Lecture ſmother,  
For ent'ring one Eare, it goes out at t'other.

Many copies also contain another print exhibiting an altar, on which is a perforated vessel of fire blown up by Cupid with a pair of bellows, with two flaming hearts at the top. At the bottom are two lovers kneeling before the altar, with labels issuing, from him "Cupid retire, what wouldſt desire?" and from her "Our flaming hearts are both a fire." This plate is usually found at p. 246, and forms also an embellishment of the next work, *The Two Lancashire Lovers*, at p. 246.

The work commences with "The Epistle Dedicatory"—

To all modest Dames  
From Tweede unto Thameſ,  
Who prize their good names above Nectar ;  
With a Paphian kiffe  
Doe I tender them this  
To silence a Canopy Lecture.

To you, this Booke may well addressed bee  
Since none from Bolster Lectures is more free :  
Be you then patronesse without offence,  
And with a smile returme me recompence.

Then a short address, half verse, half prose, "To his Dainty Doxes," and a list of "The Subjects whereof it treats." These are divided into nine sections as follows :— "1. The Excellency of Women in their Creation. 2. Their imitable vertues, illustrated with examples. 3. Their moderation of Passion. 4. Their Contineney in assaults. 5. Their modesty in Count'nance, Habits, and expression of their Affection. 6. The violence of some Women used upon such as were Corrivals in their Choice, enlarged with memorable Examples. 7. Their modest defence, to allay those pas-

sionate extremes discovered in the former Subjects. 8. Their witty Aphorismes, Apothegmes, and Answers. 9. Their eminent Labours: And how they were Assistants in the exquisitest Workes that have beene formerly composed, either for History or Poesy. Every one of which Subjects you shall finde interveined with choice variety of pleasing Tales, and delightfull Stories, to comply with the Fancy of the most curious and censorious Reader." Next ensues "A Table, or Apt Disposure, both in Number and Order, of all such material Points, Tales, and Stories, as are here related, or familiarly couched in this Boulster Lecture." This is very copious, and extends to forty pages. The work is in prose, interspersed with a few short pieces in verse, and evinces the classical taste and extensive reading of Brathwaite. It is, however, like the *Strappado for the Divell* and some other of his works, disfigured by much indelicacy and grossness of expression. We introduce one of the short poems from the Section on Speech, which is styled "The Tale of a Joviall good fellow, who arm'd himselfe with barley broath against his Wifes shrewd tongue. His fearefull vision in his midnights wandring.

A man there was, who liv'd a merry life,  
Till in the end he tooke to him a Wife;  
One that no image was (for shee could speake)  
And now and then her husbands costrell breake:  
So fierce she was and furious, as in summe  
She was an arrant Devill of her tongue.  
This drove the poor man to a discontent,  
And oft and many times did he repent,  
That e're hee chang'd his former quiet state,  
But 'las, repentance then did come too late.  
No cure he findes to cure this maladie,  
But makes a vertue of necessitie;  
The common cure for care to every man,  
A potte of nappy Ale; where he began  
To fortifie his braine 'gainst all should come,  
'Mongst which the clamour of his wives loud tongue.  
This habit grafted in him grew so strong,  
That when he was from Ale, an houre seem'd long  
So well hee lik'd th' profession: on a time  
Having staid long at pot, (for rule nor line  
Limits no drunkard) even from Morne to Night,  
He hasted home a pace, by the Moone-light:  
Where as he went, what phantasies were bred,  
I doe not know, in his distempered head,

But a strange Ghost appear'd, and forc'd him stay,  
 With which perplext, hee thus began to say :  
 " Good Spirit, if thou be, I need no charme,  
 " For well I know, thou wilt not doe mee harme ;  
 " And if the Devill ; sure, mee thou shouldst not hurt,  
 " I wed't thy Sister, and am plagued for't."  
 The Spirit well approving what he said,  
 Dissolv'd to ayre, and quickly vanished. — (p. 92.)

At the end of the *Boulster Lecture* are some verses, “Menippvs his Madrigall, to his Coy-duck Clarabel;” and a poem called “Loves Festivall, at Lvsts Fvnerall.” The volume concludes with “A Postscript, Writte by an Auditor, upon hearing this Lecture,” and a list of Errata. The former is a curious and humorous piece, chiefly in rhyming verse, although printed as prose. It is given entire in Haslewood’s *Introd.* p. 379. Gilchrist’s sale, No. 73, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Skegg’s, No. 189, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Nassau’s, pt. i. No. 314, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Colonel Stanley’s, No. 675, 4*l.* 16*s.*; Gardner’s, No. 102, 5*l.*; Dr. Bliss’s, pt. i. No. 428, 6*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Sig. a b and c in eights, containing the title, subject and table. Then B to X 8, in eights (last leaf blank); Y four leaves; Z two ditto. The last six leaves unpag'd; pp. 378 in all.

The present very fine copy (formerly Mr. Haslewood’s) has a portrait of Brathwaite, with his arms inserted, and has *The Two Lancashire Lovers* bound up with it.

In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Two Lancashire Lovers; or, The Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. Expressing the faithfull constancy and mutuall fidelity of two loyall Lovers. Stored with no lesse variety of discourse to delight the Generous, then of serious advice to instruct the Amorous. By Musaeus Palatinus.

Pereo, si taceo.

London, Printed by Edward Griffin. For R. B. or his Assig-nes. 1640. 8vo.

It would appear from the title to the preceding volume that the *Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea* was intended to be annexed to that work

as an example of faithful constancy, and is so bound up with it in the present copy; but it has separate paging and signatures, and is more frequently found as a volume by itself. It has an engraved title before the printed one, containing at the top the first portion of the printed title, and below, within two drawn curtains, are two hands supporting a double heart, from which proceeds a label inscribed "This holy vow, Makes one of two." At the bottom on a small tablet is the imprint. A short dedication "To his truly generous and Iudicious Friend Alexander Rigby Esq. Clarke of the Crown for the County Palatine of Lancaster, signed Alexandrophilus;" and "The Argument," or table of contents, precede the tale, the scene of which is laid "neare to that ancient Towne of famous and time-honoured Gaunt; for her antiquity of Site no lesse memorably recorded, then for those eminent actions of her princely progenitors renowned :" i.e. Lancaster. The story is thought by some to have been founded on fact, according to the observation of the author himself upon it on the last page, "whose ground-colour is truth, and consequently deserves to be entertained with more trust;" but this appears rather doubtful. It is interspersed with a few short pieces of poetry, of which the lines below form one, headed

*Restrained Philocles to Doriclea.*

Grieve not, my Deare, that I am here restrain'd,  
Mine heart lives there, though I be here confin'd ;  
Cloath that is dy'd in graine can nere be stain'd,  
Nor can occurrents shake a constant minde.  
Let me in thee but such a freedome finde ;  
And then let Fates, Friends, Fortunes, all repine,  
I shall *Doriclea's* be, *Doriclea* mine.

At p. 161 is another, which is repeated in his comment on Chaucer, termed

*Love's Description.*

*Love*, what's thy name? a phrensic; whence thy birth?  
From *Heaven*; how comes it then thou lives on Earth?  
I live not there; yet e'ch usurps thy name:  
'Tis true indeed, but hence redounds their shame!  
I live not there, my Nature's pure and just,  
But *lust* lives there, and love's a foe to *lust*.

At p. 246 is the plate of the two lovers kneeling before the altar, mentioned before, which may equally suit any love story of a similar kind. There are a few pleasing passages in the story, which after relating various

trials and difficulties undergone by the heroine and her tutor, ends in the marriage of Philocles and Doriclea. On p. 18 is an attempt at what has been supposed to be intended as a specimen of the Lancashire dialect, but with not the slightest pretension to any affinity with the genuine language of Tim Bobbin. At the end of the volume on the last page is the usual notice of the Errata, with these lines underneath :

Non tot hyberno deflunt folia  
Quot numero referunt *errores* folia.

See Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.* p. 36 ; and Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 385 ; Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 316, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A to S 8 (last leaf blank), in eights ; pp. 268, exclusive of the introductory portion, or 284 in all.

Fine copy. Bound up with the preceding.  
In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The Two Lancashire Lovers : or, The Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. Expressing &c.**  
Pereo si taceo.

London, Printed by Edward Griffin. For R. B. or his Assignees. 1640. 8vo.

Another copy of this tale, which differs in the imprint from the above in the engraved title, “ London Printed by E. G. for R. Best and are to be sold at his shop neare Graies Inn gate in Houlburne,” thus showing that the R. B. is intended for R. Best the publisher, and not for R. Brathwaite the author.

The present beautiful copy came from the Mainwaring Library at Peover Hall, Cheshire, and is

In the original Brown Calf binding, red sprinkled edges.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The Penitent Pilgrim.**

Psal. 66, 16.

Come and hearken all ye that feare God, and I will tell you what he hath done to my soule.

London, Printed by Iohn Dawson, and are to be sold by John Williams at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard. 1641. 12mo ; pp. 468.

To Mr. Haslewood must be assigned the merit of first appropriating *The Penitent Pilgrim* to the pen of Brathwaite, its legitimate author; and he has included it in his list of that writer's works. It appears clear from the style and manner of the composition, and from some peculiarities in the language, that it was the undoubted production of that voluminous writer. It is embellished with an engraved frontispiece by Marshall, representing the Penitent Pilgrim barefooted, with his bottle and staff, and scallop shell in his hat, and an inscription underneath: "Few and evill have the dayes of my life been. Gen. cap. 47, v. 9." It is dedicated "To that Immaculate Lambe Christ Jesus; the sole Saviour and Receiver of every penitent Sinner;" and is preceded by "The Pilgrims Prayer." The Table of Contents, or, as it is termed, "The Summe, or Graduall Symptome of the Penitent Pilgrim," is divided into seventy-five Chapters, the final one containing "The poore penitent Pilgrims last Will and Testament." In these Chapters are related his various encounters with the world, and his combats with the flesh and the devil, his transgressions of the commandments, and his other sins and temptations; and at the end of each chapter is the Pilgrim's confession of Penitence.

The work is entirely in prose with the exception of a short poem of six stanzas at the end after "His Obsequies," on "His Grave-stone," which we give:

He whom here this *Stone* do's cover,  
Whilst hee lived was no other  
Then a *Pilgrim* and your *Brother*,  
But too long the *Worlds Lover*.  
Would yee know that course of his?  
In an *Abstract*, it was this.

Long in *Idumæa* living,  
Rich in favour, fortune, fame,  
Strong in power to shield the same,  
Never losing, ever thriving;  
He esteem'd himselfe sole-blest  
In those treasures he possest.

Mines and Magazins of gaine,  
Various objects of delight  
Sported with his appetite,  
Till those *Guests* hee'd entertaine  
Made him to consider well  
*Earth* was but the *Sinners Cell*.

*Pride* first rais'd him to a *Cedar*,  
*Avarice* made him hug his treasure,  
*Envie* pin'd him beyond measure,  
*Wrath* became his passion leader,  
*Riot* cramm'd him, *Lust* belull'd him,  
*Sloth* by seazing on him, dull'd him.

Thus environ'd, reft of rest,  
Solace, Soule, Society,  
Till *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*  
Re-possest him of a *Guest*,  
Which those *Guests* he pamper'd so  
Had before estranged him to.

Seas thus calm'd, and stormes appeas'd,  
To discover his content,  
He makes his *Will* and *Testament*,  
Which if (Christians) yee be pleas'd  
To partake her, come with full eyes  
To solemnize his *Obsequies*.

The last leaf contains a list of “Errata,” headed with this quaint couplet:

No place but is of *Errors* rife,  
In labours, lectures, leafes, lines, life.

See Haslewood’s *Introd. to Barnabee’s Journal*, p. 394. A copy of this work sold in Bright’s sale, No. 679, for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to T 11, in twelves.  
Bound by Hayday. In Brown Calf, red edges.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — *Astraea’s Teares.* An Elegie upon the death of that Reverend, Learned and Honest Judge, Sir Richard Hutton Knight; Lately one of his Majesties Justices in his Highnesse Court of Common Plees at Westminster. [Woodcut of a Skeleton.] London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun. 1641. Small 8vo; pp. 110.

One of Brathwaite’s rarest productions, and valuable when complete, as is the present copy, with the scarce frontispiece supposed to be by Marshall, containing an excellent full-length portrait of the Judge in his robes, in a recumbent attitude, as represented on his monument, a view of which is given. In the centre, through an arch, is seen an arm issuing from the clouds, encircled by a scroll, on which are the words “Farewell, Honest Judge.” Over this, on the pediment, is inscribed in capital letters, “Vale Pauperis optime Præses;” while below, in the centre, is another inscription of a similar kind, “Vale Debilis alme Satelles.” Above are the arms of the Judge, and leaning on each side of the architrave are figures of Justice and Mercy. The work commences with two short poetical dedications “To my worthily-accomplished and most endeared Cosin, Sir Richard Hutton Knight,” and “To my truly-esteemed and highly-respected Cosin, Thomas Hutton Esquire; a Member of the Honourable Society of Grais-Inne.” These were the two sons of the jndge, who died February 26, 1638. At the end of the first part of the volume, containing the Elegy upon the death of Sir Richard Hutton, are three Epitaphs: 1. “Upon the death of another Reverend, learned, and judicious Patriot of our Nation; One no lesse nobly descended, then richly endowed: and one, whom in the dispensation of Justice, neither price, prayer, nor power could surprize; Passion transport, nor Affection ingage.” This was George Vernon, who died December 16,

1639. 2. "To the unperished memory of the Honourable Richard Mollineux, Viscount Mollineux of Mariburg:—a Funerall Teare." 3. "To the pious memory of that judicious Patriot of his Countrey, Sir Christopher Dalston Knight. A Friends Farewell."

The second portion of the volume embraces quite a different subject, and commences with a fresh titlepage, as follows :

Panaretus Triumph : or, Hymens Heavenly Hymne.

Pæana cantat Hymen; taceat lachrymabile Carmen.

8vo. London. Imprint and date as before.

Brathwaite seems to have made a practice, after the death of his wife, of celebrating in verse each year's anniversary of his espousal with the Heli-conian Muse under the name of Panarete. And as in 1635 he had publis'd "Second Yeeres anniversarie" by the title of *Anniversaries upon his Panarete Continued*, so the present, according to a marginal note at the commencement, was "The Sixt yeares Anniversarie :"

The sixth years annivers.	Remove that <i>funerall-pile</i> ; now six whole yeares Have beene the <i>Nursing-mothers</i> of my teares. These rivell'd furrowes of mine aged cheeke Have writ grieves characters exceeding deepe. But what's <i>perpetuall</i> cannot mix with earth, Joyes must partake with teares, and teares with mirth.
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The following lines possess considerable merit, and are worth extracting from this poem :

So have I scene the *Sunne* his beauty shroud  
And suddenly breake from a sable cloud  
With an imperiall splendor, but that beame  
Became the true *forerunner* of a streme.

So have I scene *Plants* in a forward Spring  
With bloomes and blossomes lively flourishing;  
Yet long before th' imbroder'd *Spring* were done  
Those *Plants* were seer'd, and all their blossoms gone.

So have I scene a glorious *Starre* appeare,  
As if sole Empresse of that Hemispheare,  
Darting her twinkling lights, and marching round  
Contract her Orbe, and fall upon the ground.

So have I scene a *manly spirit* fight  
With death so long as Oyle afforded light,  
Nay smile upon his *visitants*, and say,  
"I hope e're long, my friends, to have the day;"  
Yet see vaine hopes! before next enter-breath  
He proves these were but *lightnings* 'fore his death.

The following admirable description of the fallacious and short-lived grief of a widow on the death of her husband, will probably remind the reader of the story of the Ephesian matron of old :

There be some *widdowes* too, who stand in need  
 Of our *Conserveſ* of teares to suit their weed,  
 That seeming weed of Sorrow : these belye  
 Their sable habits with a teare-forc'd eye :  
 And like those brave *Ægyptian* modest Dames  
 Whose chaste-bequeathed breasts such love inflames,  
 As when their breathlesse husbands buried be  
 They strive which may have precedencie  
 To be interred with them : So doe these  
 With unamated courage strongly prease  
 Towards their Husbands graves : where they appeare  
 All *Niobees* ; clasping the fatall Beare  
 With an affected zeale ; and to ingrave  
 More secanes of sorrow leape into his Grave  
 As if they'd be enshrin'd (though nought lesse ment)  
 In the cold bosome of that Monument.  
 Yet has not one poor worme undone a stitch  
 Of his fresh-funerall Shroud ; no, nor that pitch  
 Which seer'd his Coffin flaw'd ; no, nor one flower  
 Which beautifide his Hearse decay'd in power ;  
 No, nor that late provision which should  
 Refresh his *formall Mourners*, scarcely cold,  
 Till her decreasing grieſes suggest unto her  
 Another hopefull, youthfull, active wooer  
 To raise her a new progeny ; which done  
 She holds joyes past compar'd with joyes to come  
 Fall short in estimate : She wonders much  
 How any womans passion should be such  
 As to imbrace an Husband that is dead,  
 When th' world's so well supplide, it can bestead  
 Her choice of such a choice selected one,  
 'Twere madnesse to lament for him that's gone.

At the end of this poem are two leaves, the first containing a few lines “Upon this Poem,” in which, in allusion to his espousal to the Muse, the subject of “Panaretes Triumph,” to whom he addressed his “heavenly Hymn,” the author says of her —

Whose presence yeelds such *solace* to my life,  
 I would not change with Overberie's wife.

The last leaf contains a few more lines entitled “Astraea’s Shrine.” This volume is known to be the production of Brathwaite from the circumstance to which we have already alluded in our account of this author’s *Strappado for the Divell*, of his being the God-son, and probably relation of Judge Hutton. In the dedication of the present work to the Judge’s eldest son, Sir Richard Hutton Knight, he calls him “my most endeared Cosin,” and thus alludes to the father :

Let us then joyne our Funerall Odes in one,  
His dearest *God-sonne* with his *Eldest Sonne*.

And he again alludes to this in the second line of the “Elegie” upon Judge Hutton, Sig. D 6 :

Ar’t gone just Judge? yet e’re thou go’st from hence  
Receive thy *God-sonnes* teares in recompence  
Of many Blessings thou bestow’d of him, &c.

So at p. 54 of his *Strappado for the Divell* is an Epigram inscribed to “the Right Worshipfull Rich. Hutton Sergeant at Lawe,” in which the following lines occur :

Who should I flie to (Sir?) but unto you  
That are a Sergeant, and has power to place  
Your *God-sonne* free from any Sergeants Mace?

which clearly identifies Brathwaite as the author of this little work, independently of the similarity of style and expression with his other acknowledged productions. The volume is ornamented throughout with neat woodcut borders at the top and bottom of the page, and occasionally with emblems of mortality. Sir Egerton Brydges has omitted this work in the list which he has given of Brathwaite’s publications in the second volume of *Archæica*, probably from being ignorant of its real author. It is an extremely rare book, and we have looked in vain through most of the principal sale catalogues for a copy; the only ones we can find being Nassau’s, pt. i. No. 317, which had not the frontispiece but another portrait inserted, and sold for 1*l.* 19*s.*; Heber’s, pt. iv. No. 210, also without the portrait, which sold for the same sum; and a perfect copy in Woodhouse’s collection, which sold in 1803 for 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* The present is a remarkably clean and beautiful copy, with a brilliant impression of the frontispiece from the collection of Sir Francis Freeling Bart., and had cost its late proprietor 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation : Title A 2 ; Sig. A four leaves ; B to H 4, in eights ; pp. 110.  
Bound in Crimson Morocco, with joints — gilt leaves.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — An Epistle directed to all Justices of Peace in England and Wales. And presented to the High Court of Parliament by R. B. London, Printed for M. S. 1642. 4to.

On the titlepage of this pamphlet is a neat woodcut portrait of King Charles I., with his crown and sceptre. The Epistle is addressed “To the Watchfull Eyes in this our state, the worthy Justices, Imprisoners of Malefactors, and Preservers of peace ; that peace is wished which passeth all understanding, with the zeale of God, in due execution of Justice against the enemies of Christ, and our countrey.” It is a violent invective against the Priests and Jesuits, and other followers of the Church of Rome, consequent upon the Popish Plot in the reign of James I.; in which it is attempted to be proved that “conformity to the Oath of allegiance and other outward formall satisfactions of the State, concurring with a resolution to continue in Poperie, is farre more pernicious to the State, then open and profest Recusancie.” In the course of his argument the author’s zeal for his subject leads him to advance a statement which was often repeated at that period, but for which there was no real ground of truth. “To let passe,” says he, “infinite more of very speciall, and materiall ponderations to this purpose; consider, I pray you, but this one point, with feeling apprehensions, which is able to inflame the heart of an ingenuous Heathen with extraordinary indignation. I am perswaded, there was not a Papist in this land, whatsoever may be pretended, or protested to the contrary, but did heartily rejoice at the taking away of that thrice, nay thousand times noble and blessed Prince, of sweetest memory, for which the heart of every true Subject did shewd most worthily even teares of blood.” A report was spread abroad at the time that Prince Henry was poisoned, but there is no doubt that he died of a malignant putrid fever.

We have classed this tract among the works of Brathwaite, but with some degree of hesitation, both from the difference of style as compared with his other writings, and from the violence of the sentiments inculcated ; although Mr. Rodd, the late eminent bookseller, a diligent and critical reader and admirer of the works of Brathwaite, was of opinion that it was written by him ; and so also was Mr. Haslewood, although he has not included it in his list of Brathwaite’s publications.

Collation : Sig. A to B 4, in fours ; pp. 16.  
Mr. Haslewood’s copy. Half-bound in Calf.

BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Barnabæ Itinerarium, Mirtili et Faustuli nominibus insignitum : Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono Barnabæ publicè decantatum. Authore Corymbæo.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Barnabee's Journal, Under the Names of Mirtilus and Faustulus shadowed : for the Travellers Solace lately published, to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old Tune of Barnabe commonly chanted. By Corymbæus.

The oyle of Malt and juyce of spritely nectar  
Have made my *Muse* more valiant than *Hector*.

No place, printer's name or date. (*Circa* 1638.) Sm. 8vo.

After having gone through six editions, and various conjectures having been made respecting the mysterious author of *Barnabee's Journal*, which by some was attributed to a Barnaby Harrington, and by others to William Bosworth, it was finally reserved to Mr. Haslewood to find the key which should unlock this mystery, and to be the successful discoverer of the author of this humorous and celebrated work. By a careful consideration of some of Brathwaite's peculiarities, more especially relating to the Errata at the end of his known and avowed publications, the similarity to which in the present volume showing a coincidence not likely to have happened from chance, Mr. Haslewood was first led to the discovery, which was afterwards sufficiently confirmed by other convincing evidence. So that it is now satisfactorily proved beyond all doubt that to Richard Brathwaite must be assigned the authorship of this popular and entertaining work.

The present is the first edition, and was supposed by Mr. Haslewood, from the style of the ornaments used, to have been printed by John Haviland, who was also the printer of another work by Brathwaite of the same period, and to have been published about 1648 or 1650. Mr. Yeowell has since shown from the registers of the Stationers' Company that it was entered there by Haviland on the 7th June, 1638. (See *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. x. p. 423.) It has an engraved frontispiece by Marshall, exhibiting Barnabee enjoying himself in the porch of an inn, with a lighted match in his right hand and a long pipe in his left, from which issues a label marked "Sic omnia fumus." Before him is a table, on the left side

of which is a parcel tied across with a string inscribed “*Omnia mea mecum porto;*” a roll of tobacco in the centre, labelled “*Siccum et humidum;*” and on the right an empty can inscribed “*Datur vacuum ergo falleris.*” In the background appears his horse saddled and grazing, and a view of the distant country. This frontispiece was considerably altered in the next and succeeding editions.

The work commences with some lines “*Loyall Pheander to his Royall Alexander;*” and others, “*Upon this Worke,*” “*To the Traveller,*” “*To the Translator,*” “*The Index of this Work,*” and a closing distich, each occupying a separate page. The first part begins on Sig. B 1, and at the end of this are four lines “*Upon Bacchus Bush and Barnabees Nose, an Epigram, or Nose-twitching Dilemme;*” and a “*Corollarie.*” Each part has a separate title. At the end of the second part are some lines “*Upon the Errata’s,*” and a Sapphic verse, “*Jam Venus Vinis,*” &c. The fourth part ends on Sig. Dd 3, after which are some leaves occupied with another distich; lines “*Upon the Errata’s*” (three pages); “*To Philoxenus;*” the song of “*Bessie Bell;*” and the volume closes with two more pages on the Errata.

The Latin text of Brathwaite’s poem is considered very superior to the English version, which being only a translation, is without the spirit and force of the original. The terseness, vigour and excellence of the author’s Latin verse — his sprightly humour and keenness of satire — his acquaintance with the history and local customs of the places he visited — his vivacity, wit and gaiety, — and his varied and classical reading, all prove him to be a writer of no mean or common stamp. “As the author of *Barnabee’s Journal,*” justly observes his latest editor, “it will scarcely be denied that he possesses a native and unsophisticated wit and humour, a perspicuity of expression, a dance of imagery, and a facility of metre which rank him with those whose talents are calculated to rise above the casual attractions derived from the manners of a single generation, and to command the notice and praise of every age.”

The number of editions through which the work has gone since its first appearance sufficiently testifies the popular nature and attractions of the *Itinerary*; so that from a work so well known as this, it will be unnecessary to offer any lengthened extracts beyond a simple passage from both versions as specimens of the author’s poetical style and ease of versification :

*Barnabæ Itinerarium.*

## Pars quarta.

Armentarius jam sum factus,  
Rure manens incoactus,  
Suavis odor lucri tenet,  
Parùm euro unde venit,  
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,  
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

## Equestria Fora.

Veni *Malton*, artem laudo,  
Vendens Equum sine cauda,  
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cæcum,  
Fortè si maneret mecum,  
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,  
Quid si statim moriatur ?

Ad forensem *Rippon* tendo,  
Equi si sint cari, vendo,  
Si minore pretio dempti,  
Equi a me erunt empti ;  
“ Ut alacrior fiat ille,  
“ Ilia mordicant anguillæ.”

## Septentrionalia Fora.

Veni *Pomfrait*, uberem venam,  
Virgis laserpitiis plenam ;  
Veni *Topcliffe* cum sodali,  
Non ad Vinum sed Venale ;  
Veni *Thryske*, ubi Boves  
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni *Allerton* latam, latam,  
Mercatori perquam gratam,  
In utiliore actum,  
Eligo locum pecori aptum ;  
Veni *Darlington*, servans leges  
In custodiendo greges.

Inde *Middlam* cursum flecto  
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,  
Nullum renuens laborem,  
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;  
“ Nulla via modò vera,  
“ Est ad bonos mores sera.”

*Barnabees Journal.*

## Fourth part.

I am now become a Drover,  
Courtrey-liver, Courtrey-lover,  
Smell of gaine my sense benummeth,  
Little care I whence it commeth,  
Bee't from Campe, chore, cottage, carpet,  
Field, fold, cellar, forrest, market.

## Horse Faires.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' saile Sir,  
Of a horse without a tail Sir,  
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,  
If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;  
Should this Javell dye next morrow,  
I partake not in his sorrow.

Then to *Rippon* I appeare there,  
To sell horse if they be deare there,  
If good cheape, I use to buy them,  
And ith' Courtrey profit by them ;  
“ Where to quicken them, I'll tell ye,  
“ I put quick Eeles in their bellie.

## Northern Faires.

Thence to *Pomfrait*, freshly flowred,  
And with rods of Licorice stored ;  
Thence to *Topcliffe* with my fellow,  
Not to bouze Wine but to sell-lo ;  
Thence to *Thryske* where Bullocks grazed,  
Are for sale ith' market placed.

Thence to *Allerton*, cheerefull, fruitfull,  
To the Seller very gratefull,  
There to chuse a place I'm chariest,  
Where my beasts may shew the fairest ;  
Thence to *Darlington*, never swerving,  
From our Drove-lawes, worth observing,

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming,  
In a direct course of gaining,  
I refuse no kind of labour,  
Where I smell some gainfull savour ;  
“ No way, be it ne're the homeliest,  
“ Is rejected being honest.”

This edition varies considerably from the later impressions, which have been much altered and modernized. The reader may consult further Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 197 and p. 289; and *Liter. Reminisc.* vol. i. p. 424; Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.* vol. i. p. 246; and Haslewood's edition, 1820, vol. i. p. 36, &c.; and vol. ii. Copies of this rare edition have sold at Dent's sale, pt. i. No. 248, for 3*l.* 18*s.*; Utterson's, No. 119, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's, pt. iv. No. 211, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 305, 7*l.*; Gardner's, No. 96, 7*l.*; Hibbert's, No. 1080, 7*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and *White Knights*, No. 229, 8*l.* 10*s.* Dibdin mentions that a perfect copy has been sold for 16*l.*

Collation : Sig. A to Ee 8, in eights.

Bound by Roger Payne. In Russia, elaborately tooled, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. In Latin and English Metre. Wittily and merrily (tho' an Hundred Years ago) compos'd: found among some old musty Books that had lain a long time by in a Corner, and now at last made publick. Together with Bessy Bell.

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,  
Toto notus in Orbe Britannus. — Mart.

*Barnabas Ebrius.*

The Third Edition; illustrated with several New Copper Cuts. London Printed for S. Illidge, under Serle's Gate Lincolns-Inn New-Square. 1723. 8vo.

The reader will perceive that the present edition has an entire change of title, which probably was thought by the publisher a more popular one than the former. It was first adopted in the second edition. It contains also a new "Preface to the Reader" in English and Latin, in which the work is ascribed to a Barnaby Harrington, a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, and the same man, of whom the song says —

Hey Barnaby ! take 't for a warning,  
Be no more drunk, nor dry in a morning.

This impression has not the lines "Upon this work," p. 7; those "Upon the Errata's" at the end of the first edition are here transferred to the beginning; and the prose address to the Reader, and the Errata at the end

of the former one, are both omitted, an index being added in their place. It has a general title, but not those before each of the four parts, the mottoes to which are placed at the end of the fourth Journey, before the song of Bessy Bell. The text is considerably altered and modernized.

The frontispiece to this edition is reversed from right to left. At the top is a broad label, with the words "Barnabæ Itinerarium;" on that issuing from the pipe, "Sic transit," &c.; on that from the roll of tobacco, "Fumus et umbra sumus;" and on the parcel, in the four divisions, "Ede Bibe Sta Lude." The new copper cuts are engraved by J. Clark, and are prefixed to each part, viz.: Part I. The Puritan hanging the cat from the end of a broom stuck into a post. II. Barnaby carried in state by the two porters from the Cock at Budworth. III. Barnaby sleeping on the hay-cock, carried down the stream from Wansforth-briggs. IV. Examining the horse without a tail. V. Barnaby taking leave of the hostess at the Bell at the inn door, inscribed "Bessy Bell." This is altered from the only plate given in the second edition. The present impression is rendered more interesting by the insertion of the cuts, and is more commonly met with than any of the others. There are copies printed on fine paper.

*Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 59, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Roscoe, No. 1376, 2*l.* 2*s.*

In the original Brown Calf binding.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal; By Richard Brathwait, A.M. With a Life of the Author, a Bibliographical Introduction to the Itinerary, and a Catalogue of his Works. Edited from the First Edition, By Joseph Haslewood. In two volumes.

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

London, 1820. R. and A. Taylor, Printers, Shoe Lane. Sm.  
square 8vo.

A well executed and well edited reprint of the first edition by Mr. Haslewood, in which he declared the result of his discovery of the author. It contains not only an exact fac-simile in the second volume of the first edition of the work, but also a life of the author extending to forty-five pages; an introduction giving an account of the various previous impressions, and of the mode of his discovery of the author, and the grounds upon

which that discovery was founded ; some copious notes on the title of the book, and on the *Itinerary* ; a collation of the text of the first edition of the same with later editions ; a very valuable and copious bibliographical catalogue of the various works of Brathwaite, in which more than twenty works of his, before considered anonymous, were restored to their rightful author ; and the number of which has since been increased in the present work. It has also indexes to both volumes, and a list of subscribers to the whole of the impression, which was limited to 125 copies, and is embellished with two portraits of Brathwaite, one with his arms facing the title, from the *Nursery for Gentry*, æt. 48, and a smaller one at a more advanced age from the engraved title to his version of the Psalms ; a plate of his monument in Catterick church, with three different autographs, and of the horn at Queen's College, Oxford. There is also a fac-simile of the original engraved frontispiece by Marshall in the second volume. From the limited number which was printed of these volumes, they are now become scarce, and sell high ; and from the interesting nature of their contents, will always possess an intrinsic value independently of this quality.

See Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 197 and 289 ; and *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. x. p. 421.

Bright's sale, No. 683, 1*l.* 17*s.*; Brocket's ditto, No. 83, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Dr. Bliss's ditto, No. 431, 3*l.* 10*s.*

Half bound in Green Morocco.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — Lignum Vitæ, Libellus in quatuor partes distinctus : et ad utilitatem cujusque animæ in altiorem vitæ perfectionem suspirantis nuperrime Editus. Authore Richardo Brathwait Armigero ; Memoratissimæ matris, Florentissimæ Academiæ Oxoniensis, Humillimo Alumno.

Apoc. 2, 17.

Vincenti dabo edere de Ligno Vitæ quod est in paradiso Dei mei.  
Londini, Excudebat Joh: Grismond, MDCLVIII. Sm. 8vo.;  
pp. 714.

Before the above printed title is an engraved frontispiece, R. Vaughan sculpt., in the upper part of which is a representation of a pilgrim bearing a cross, engraved *Dum Spiro, suspiro*, ascending the path of life, which is

inscribed *Si moreris, morieris* :— on the one side is *Arbor vitae*, and on the other *Arbor scientie*, inscribed *Morieris si non moreris* ; and at the top a hand appearing out of the clouds, holding a crown, labelled *Patiens modo patieris*. After the title are ten dedicatory lines of verse *Ipse Deus, Mecænas Meus*, and a long Index Enucleatorius or Proæmium of the contents of the first and second parts of the book, extending to twenty-eight pages. The first part, headed “Authoris Flammea et Flagrantia Suspiria, in amissi temporis memoriam, Serò sed Seriò amissa,” is divided into chapters or sections, ending with a dialogue between an old and a young man, *Dialogus. Senex et Juvenis*. The second part has a new title, thus :

Lignum Vitæ. Libellus ad utilitatem cujusque animæ in altiorem vitæ perfectionem suspirantis, nuperrimè Editus. Authore Richardo Brathwait Armig.

Aug.

Ligno crucis ferimus, crucemque ferendo coronamur.

Londini Excudebat Joh: Grismond. MDCLVII.

This portion commences with a short address to the benevolent reader, dated April 1628 ; another to the censorious ; and an index of the contents of the various chapters. It treats of the work of creation and redemption, and those of the spirit ; of faith, hope, and charity ; of the works of the flesh, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life ; of Christ, the cross of Christ, the Christian crown, &c. Then a bastard title, “Fasciculus Myrræ,” and another index or table of contents. This contains, among other things, the Violet of Humility, the Lily of Chastity, and the Rose of Charity. Another half title, “Porta Paradisi,” and index of contents, the subjects discussed being temperance in prosperity, patience in adversity, and moderation in both conditions. A third half title, “Lachrymæ Sponsæ,” and index of chapters. At the end of this second part is a long rhyming Latin Hymn of forty stanzas, reminding us much of the style of *Burnabees Journal*, from which on this account we are tempted to offer a few extracts :

*Hymnus fidelis Animæ de fælicitate perennis gloriæ.*

O perennis vitæ merces,  
Ieta messis animæ,  
Palma pacis, porta lucis,  
lauta veris area,  
Vita pollens, curam pellens,  
*Floræ* comis aurea !

Motus hostis, metus mortis  
nullus in perpetuum,  
*Sponsa* lœtans, mæsta vetans,  
opem fert assiduam,  
Res opimæ, spes divinæ,  
dissipant invidiam.

Alma vitis, aura mitis,  
Satur est deliciis,  
Hortus viret, nardo spirat,  
Spicis et ambrosiis,  
Fronde prata rident grata,  
optimis auspiciis.

\* \* \* \*

Castè, cautè, lectè, lautè,  
sese virgo præparat,  
Longè prius venit dies  
quo conclave visitat,  
Ne rugosa sit explosa  
quando portam penetrat.

Mente unâ re communi  
potiuntur ordine.  
Deum cernunt, mundum spernunt,  
quo sublapsi carcere,  
Libertate sunt ditati,  
*Redemptoris* sanguine.

\* \* \* \*

Post singultus splendet vultus,  
luce Solis clarior,  
Vis unita, mens munita  
fortior sit et charior,  
Amor, honor, sapor, odor,  
omni melle suavior.

Nil infesti in cœlesti  
commoratur patriâ  
Luce micant, laude sonant  
saci laris atria,  
Pace mirâ sine ira  
gaudent penetralia.

\* \* \* \*

Primò quærerit, carpit, gerit  
humilitatis *violam*,  
Secundò florem perdecorum,  
castitatis *Lilium*,  
Tertiò *Roseum* et *ambroseum*  
charitatis flosculum.

\* \* \* \*

Sic finitâ brevi vitâ,  
vitæ hâ dieculâ,  
Instruatur, induatur  
gloriæ amiculâ,  
Hæc mens mea in me Dæx,  
laudans te per secula.

Amen.

The third part, entitled “Astræa,” is without any separate title, but commences with the argument, and is printed in the form of dialogues, according to the following table :

<i>Præco.</i>	<i>Astræa.</i>
<i>Nomina</i>	1. Avaritia,
<i>Interlocutorum.</i>	2. Superbia.
1. Sisambris	3. Ira.
2. Pelorius.	4. Petulantia.
3. Pyrallis.	5. Amicitia.
4. Aprius.	Inimicitia.
5. Nemesius.	6. Ignorantia.
6. Acrius.	
7. Margites.	7. Inertia.
<i>Famulæ.</i>	

The fourth and last part is a reprint, with some additions, of the *Novissima Tuba*, already noticed by us, and has the following title :

Novissima Tuba. Opella Editione Ultimâ multò castigatior, locupletior et politior. Manipulus Theoricus, in Sex Dialogos apprimè Christianos digestus.

1. Colloq. Mortis, Carnis et Animæ.
2. Colloq. Mundi, Carnis et Diaboli.
3. Colloq. Hominis et Conscientiæ.
4. Colloq. Conscientiæ et Peccati.
5. Colloq. Dei et Animæ.
6. Colloq. Animæ et Civitatis Dei.

Surgite mortui, et venite ad judicium.

Londini, Excudebat Joh: Grismond. MDCLVIII.

This edition varies in some degree from the first one, and is slightly enlarged. Having already given some extracts from this very rare piece, which has not been noticed as we believe by any previous bibliographer, it will be needless here to add to their number. At the end of the tract is a quotation from Aug. in Psal. 36, one leaf, and another on the Errata closes the volume. Neither of the last two parts are noticed at all by Mr. Haslewood, although the title “Libellus in *quatuor* partes distinctus” might have convinced him that a portion of the work was wanting; but it is evident, as we have already observed, that his copy of the book was imperfect, and that he had never seen the last piece either in this or the former edition. This large and extended work, of above 700 pages, is highly creditable to the learning and talents of Brathwaite, whether considered with respect to scholarship or to his sentiments as a pious and Christian moralist; and is another evidence of the great versatility of his genius.

Gardner's copy, No. 100, sold for 1*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 865, 2*l.*

Collation: Sig. A to Yy 7, in eights.

Bound by Mackenzie. In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — The Honest Ghost, or a Voice from the Vault.

— In noxam sectatur et umbra.

London, Printed by Ric. Hodgkinsonne. 1658. Sm. 8vo; pp. 338.

Prefixed to this poetical volume is a finely engraved frontispiece by Robert Vaughan, representing a prison with two barred windows, from the

lower of which a prisoner is looking out, and his hand pointing to a prisoner's box, and these words inscribed beneath: "Ades dum mitte manum in Marsupium;" and above: "O ferrea ætas." At the upper window is another prisoner looking out with contempt on the world, and exclaiming "Dum video, rideo." Below, within an arch, are figures of a gaoler and a tattered and dejected prisoner, exclaiming "Exilium virtus patitur. Dum moror hic, morior. Quid tu si pereo?" This is inscribed below, "Parthenius Osiander Auth:" At p. 113 is another well engraved print by the same artist, entitled "An Age for Apes," representing a house at the top of the plate with a beautiful garden in front, in which are several apes in different characters and costumes, from the centre one of whom issues a label, inscribed "Prodige nil mæres Domus es licet ultimus haeres." Below, in the front of the print, is Democritus on the one side laughing, with the motto "Insanire gregem ridens volo;" and on the other Heraclitus weeping, and exclaiming "In Flumina, Lumina verto." Opposite to the first of these plates is a leaf of prose, containing an explanation of the subjects of both, and inscribed "The Face of the Frontispiece unveiled: The Titles of either Subject, whereof these Poems treat, with their proper Imprezzia's accurately illustrated and succinctly couched." The latter plate is also described, and the figures characterized at p. 291.

*The Honest Ghost* is preceded by three short poetical epistles, addressed "To my Stationer Health, Wealth, and Liberty;" "To the ingenuous State-Censor;" and "To all, or none."

Before, however, proceeding to describe the remainder of the contents of this volume, it will first be necessary to ascertain the author's name, which does not appear in the title, and to state the reasons for assigning the composition of it to Brathwaite, which will best be done in the words of Mr. Park, to whom the present copy belonged, and whose generally accurate and critical poetical knowledge will not be disputed: "From the initials R. B. at p. 310, and from the peculiar style of the composition, there is much reason to presume that this work was written by Richard Brathwaite. But independent of the initials being R. B. and the style of the composition being similar to his other productions, there are many circumstances from which we may conclude that Richard Brathwaite is the author. Lord Wentworth was the patron of Brathwaite, and the latter part of the work, entitled 'Parthenia's Passions,' is dedicated to him as 'his thrice-honoured Mecænas.' The dedicator was a northern man; so also was Brathwaite. At p. 270 occur two lines marked with inverted commas —

"Much have I seen, yet seldom seen I have  
Ambition go gray headed to the grave ;"

which are also to be found in Brathwaite's *English Gentleman*, p. 36. But what perhaps will furnish the best ground for our conclusion is this Anagram of Polymorphus Simianus found at p. 288 :

Virtue hath but bare credit ;

which, with a very little variation, is Richarde Brathwaite." Such is Mr. Park's account for assigning this work to Brathwaite, an opinion in which also the late Mr. Malone concurred.

The title to the volume, *The Honest Ghost, or a Voice from the Vault*, applies only to a very small portion of the book, being merely the first poem, which is a powerful satire upon the vices and corruptions of the court and other professions and grades of life, written by Brathwaite when imprisoned in the Fleet (probably for debt) in the early part of his life. For in the introductory address to his stationer he says :

For if the World a Prison be, then we  
Who lodge i'th' Fleet, are but as worldlings be :  
The onely diff'rence, as I take 't, is this,  
Their Prison something larger than ours is.

It appears also from the second preliminary address "To the ingenuous State-Censor," that this satire, though not published till during the interregnum, was written in early life, before the Civil war commenced :

My younger yeares compos'd these rurall Rymes  
To taxe the errors of corrupter times :  
When we a State-Monarchicall possest,  
Which Government our Politicks held best.

And again :

Twenty-four Harvests now are spent and gone  
Since this receiv'd its first Conception ;  
So as you may suspect there's something in 't  
That kept this Work so many yeers from print.

It is stated in a note, p. 249, to have been written in 1632; and the reason for its being "kept so many years from print" was most probably the unsettled and unfavourable state of the times. The following are the opening lines of this satire :

Thrice to the sin-sick world my *Muse* hath come,  
 And has been thought too bitter unto *Some*,  
 Who, for to shew how much they're discontent,  
 Have meant to keep mee tongue-ty'd by restraint.  
 But can this doe it? No, I'm same I was,  
 And though my *earthen vessel* cannot pass  
 Nor pierce those walls of stone where I'm restrain'd,  
 And for twelve mon'ths with patience remain'd,  
 I have a *Ghost*, as now it shall appeare  
 Sojourns abroad, while I am caged here.  
 For what can these spruce *Silk worms* do at me?  
 Shut me from ayre of high priz'd libertie:  
 And in this vast and irksome residence  
 Remove mee from the *object* of each *Sense*?  
 For first my *Eye* no object views of State,  
 But such as to and fro pass by my *grate*:  
 And for my *Eare*, no object doth assail her,  
 But noyse of Keys, and clamor of a Jayler:  
 And for my *Smel*, because nought likes me well,  
 I catch à *Cold*, whereby I may not *smell*:  
 And for my *Taste*, my *palat* doth decline  
 From relishing ought pleasant at this time:  
 And for my *Touch*, I feel nought but distress,  
 And more I smile, the more it doth oppress:  
 Yet for all this, I doe enjoy as much  
 In th' faculties of Eye, Eare, Smell, Taste, Touch,  
 As he who glories most: and you shall heare  
 How I enjoy them too, if you'll forbear.

We give one more quotation from this poem, expressive of the author's love and zeal for his country's good:

Much do I *feele*, for even my heart doth ake,  
 Not for my self, but for my Country sake,  
 Wherein ther's nought doth me so neerly *touch*  
 As to see *great-men* wrong the *State* so much.  
 For ther's no place, we heare not some of these  
 Tax'd and reprov'd for their *Monopolies*,  
 Which they will *beg* that they their turns may serve,  
 No matter though the common-people starve.  
 O age, me thinks thou art distracted growne  
 To squeeze a whole State for advancing one!  
 And what's that *one*? a profuse Rioter,  
 Who spends upon a *painted Sepulcher*

What ere he gains by begging : thus the *poor*  
Are forced to maintain a *great mans* whoor.  
*They* want, *he* surfeits ; *they* may pine and die,  
*Hee* hears, but takes small pity on their crie.  
*They* crave one crum of comfort, *he* denies them,  
And when *he* meets *them*, stops his nose and flies them,  
*He* all enjoys whatso'ere may like him well,  
And on his *foot-cloth* rides in state to Hell.  
O yee high peering *Mounts* incline your ear  
Unto the counsel of a *Prisoner* !  
For do not think, although I be in thrall,  
That I will *humor* any of you all ;  
I have not learn'd to *flatter* hitherto,  
And I do scorn to take the *trade* up now.  
But what's my counsell ? Labour to deserve  
Well of your *Prince* whom you are bound to serve,  
Hate to inhance your State, or fill your purses  
With wofull widows tears, and poor mens curses ;  
That gaine must needs be ill, be't more or lesse,  
That's suck'd and strained from the faterlesse.  
Scorne to enrich yourselves by others hate,  
Or rayse your selves by razing of the *State*.  
And for as much I heare that *Some* of you,  
Which I protest doth much my grief renue,  
Support your Followers in an unjust cause,  
Against the course and tenure of the *Laws* ;  
So as they care not what they undertake  
Because they shall be *favour'd* for your sake :  
Surcease for shame to countenance a wrong  
Either by Letter or perswasive tongue :  
For there is nougnt on earth, right sure I am,  
Detracteth more from any *Noble-man*,  
Then with the *brand* of *injury* to stain him  
For *love* of any one that doth retain him.  
For this such deep impression leaves behind it  
As on your *graves* succeeding times shall find it,  
Where it will live long after you be dead,  
And sprinkle hatefull poyson on your seed.  
And you the reverend *Judges* of the land,  
Stand in defence of right whoso'ere withstand  
Your just proceedings, let no *favor* draw you,  
Nor *fear* of any *great-one* over-aw you.  
Doe you not think it were a shame to heare  
Such men as you, who on your shoulders beare

The burden of the *State*, and should take care  
 To guard the *Prince* and those his *Subjects* are,  
 Ever to decline from doing what is right,  
 For *love*, or *lucre*, *enmity*, or *might*.

At the end of this poem is a short “Postscript” in prose; after which is “The Copy of a Letter sent from a Burgess of the *Lower House*, to the brittle Society, or broken Company of Bankrupt-Merchants 1625,” which is dated May 19, 1624, and is also in prose; together with a short letter, entitled “A Prisoners Picture, posture and pressure; all receiving forme, feature, life and lineature from this contracted Letter,” signed “Altanus Ponticus.” These are succeeded by “Two Poems penned by the Author before his restraint, Entituled *Loves Lottery* and *The Cuckow*. Whereunto are annexed, *The Trapanner*, *The Tarpolin*, *Messalina*. An Elegie on Phil. Porters death. With his Farewell to Poetry. Or Motto upon Misery. Shewing how the Muses are Patronesses of Poverty.” These conclude the first part of the volume.

The second part now commences, entitled “An Age for Apes,” which is preceded by the frontispiece already described, and a poem called “His Vision,” which explains the subject of this portion of the work, and of which the following are the opening lines :

Close by a Rill, whose Springs sweet murmur'ring kept,  
 I took a book to read, and reading slept :  
 And whilst I slept, presented were such shapes  
 Of wanton *Monkies*, *Marmosites*, and *Apes* ;  
 As more I gaz'd, I mused still the more  
 To note their shapes and habits which they wore.  
 For *One* took on him state, and at a feast  
 Sat as he had beene some great *Lord* at least :  
 Those that with all obeysance did salute him,  
 Were *Parasites* and *Sycophants* about him ;  
 Who with Earth-scraping congies deuty show  
 To this *State-Marmosite Magnifco*.

Various apes then appear before him in his vision, and at the end “the Master of these Apes,” erected on a marble stone, is supposed to summon them one by one to give an account of their tricks which they have played,

————— be they weake, be they wittie,  
 In shadie Lawne, flouris Plaine, Country, Court, Universitie, Cittie.

They accordingly appear, and relate their tricks in short poems, and are

entitled: *The Ape of Honour*. *The Ape of Pleasure*. *The Ape of Vaine-glory*. *The Ape of Fancy*. *The Ape of Fashion*. *The Ape of Observation*. *The Court Ape*. *The City Ape*. *The Country Ape*. *The Church Ape*. *The Judicall Ape*. *The Politicall Ape*. *The Chymicall Ape*, and *The Criticall Ape*. At p. 151, in "The Ape of Fancy," is introduced a story taken from one of Richard Brome's plays, published in 1653, called "The Mad Couple well matched," beginning

Upon a day withouten companie  
I went to cheape a rich commoditie, &c.

And at p. 243, in "The Criticall Ape," in speaking of the wonders of which our own country boasted, allusion is made among others to one of Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies:

While *forraine-Country* wonders are made known,  
You much forget this *Country* of your owne.  
For in this *Iland* where your selfe was borne,  
Did you nere visit *Glastenbury-Thorne*?  
*Saint Thomas Becket's path*, his *Shrine*, his *Cell*?  
*The Civit-senting Mosse* of *Win'fred's Well*?  
*The Stones* of *Salsbury-plain*, which *none can number*?  
*The Stones* of *Whitby-strand*, that *Snakie wonder*?  
*Bruertons Logg* which on a *Mote* doth lye,  
*And sinking bodes*, *The Ancestor* must dye;  
Or of *Saint Quintins* (as I've heard it told)  
Whose ancient Seat is *Harpham* on the *would*,  
Where at such times as *chiefe* of th' house shall dy,  
A Drum to th' hearing of the neighbours by,  
For three daies space together sounds alarum  
(A gentle easie summons to prepare him.)  
Which dying march (as I have understood)  
Issues from th' covert of a shadie wood,  
But whence or how produc'd, that know not I,  
(A Sacred-Secret Seal'd from mortall eye.)  
But it implies (this Charity will grant)  
He dies a Champion i'th' Church militant.  
Or of those Cornish-Choughs I'm sure you heare,  
Which built at *Claughton* once in Lancashire,  
Who, as I've heard it there reported oft,  
When a late *Ancestor* surnamed *Croft*  
Deceas'd, fled streight from thence (but God knows whither)  
Where they had built for many yeesers together.

Which ominous or no, I cannot tell,  
 Nor what it boded can I gather well,  
 But people thereabout affirme it wants  
 Her ancient priviledg'd inhabitants,  
 Who left their Country-coast, their native nest,  
 And took plantation where they liked best.

At the end of the poems descriptive of the various apes are lines addressed “To the State-Critick,” and “The Apes Censure;” which conclude thus:

Affrighted with the *Censure* of each *ape*,  
 Fearing my selfe were one I did awake ;  
 But finding it a *dreame* I thought it fit,  
 Only for pastime-sake to publish it.

Similis mihi Simia nulla est.

And then follow others, “Upon the Censure of his Vision,” underneath which is written, “Ista Poemata, non sine lapidula Genii facetiae primū Conscripta fuere ; an: Dom: 1625.”

“The Life of Polymorphus Simianus author of this Poem” next ensues at p. 277, written in prose interspersed with poetry, in which is introduced the anagram of the author’s name mentioned before. It is more than probable that in this feigned life are some allusions to real circumstances in Brathwaite’s life ; and he also remarks that this poem of “An Age for Apes,” now published, was written by him in the thirty-fifth year of his age. This is followed by a leaf, also in prose, containing “The Draught or Portraict of every Ape with their distinct properties, characters, and differences, expressed in severall peeces.” The volume concludes with several short poems entitled “Parthenias Passions,” which are dedicated “To the right Honourable Thomas Viscount Wentworth, (afterwards created Earl of Strafford,) Baron of Woodhouse, Oversley, and Newmarch, Lord President of the Councell established in the North, and one of his Majesties most honourable Privie Councell: His thrice-honoured Mecænas.” The titles of these poems are : “The Western-Knights Pasquill.” “Upon his Hon. Election of Deputation for Ireland.” “Upon his Hon. returne from Ireland.” “For the Right Honourable Charles Howard, Commander in chiefe over Cumberland, Westmerland, and Northumberland, upon the Decimation.” “After his Assesse at Penrith, addressed to his Honour January 31, 1655;” signed “Your most devotionall decimated Servant R. B.” “Upon his additionall Assesse ; continued in addresse to his Honour February 2, 1655.” “A parcell of partiall-quilt Justice.” “For Colonell Robert Waters, upon his

Yorkshire Summons;" December 28, 1655. "For Mr. Ralph Rimer, a discreet State Commissioner." "For Captain Aitoe and L. Bolland;" signed "Peregrine Strangewais." "To Captaine Sadler, a rare Scarlet dyer." "Upon the Commissioners sitting at the Wildman in York." "The Quaker." "In Answer to this Paper of Verses, intitled The Quaker; whereof he was reported to be the Author." "A Button-Bung, or A Westminster Snap." "Upon the Northern Feast, observed at Salters-Hall, the sixth of October 1657. Addressed to his worthy Countrymen, The Northern Society." The whole of this latter part of the volume, "Parthenia's Passions," was written only a short time before the book was published, whereas the former part was written in his youth, when he was only about thirty-five years of age. One leaf is added of annotations and apology for errors in Brathwaite's usual style, affording a proof, if others were wanting, of his claim to the authorship of this volume. See also the lines to Captain Sadler, p. 319, which exhibit a specimen of Brathwaite's Latin and English poetry, strongly reminding us of that in *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*, and another proof confirming the claim of Brathwaite to that *Itinerary*:

Noble Sir, I am here, neare unto your proper sphere :

Visit Him who holds you deare.

Dearest Friend, who all thy time  
Hast been blest in each designe ;  
And hast Colour for thine ends,  
To improve and right thy Friends :  
Mayst thou live in Honours Eye,  
Till thy Scarlet lose her dye.  
"Love's a Colour dyde in graine,  
Whose reflexe admits no staine."

Neq: dives, nec egenus,  
Neq: satur, neq: plenus ;  
Nec agrestis, nec amœnus,  
Nec sylvestris, nec serenus :  
Palmis nec mulcendus pœnis,  
At in omni sorte lenis.

This volume sold at Midgley's sale in 1818, No. 34, to Mr. Dent for 8*l.*, at whose sale in 1827, pt. i. No. 249, it was bought by Payne for 4*l.* 4*s.*; Mr. Townley's copy was bought by Mr. North in 1814, pt. i. No. 441, for 7*l.* 10*s.*, at whose sale in 1819, pt. ii. No. 49, it was sold to Lepard for 5*l.* The same copy, in Mr. Strettell's sale in 1820, No. 125, was sold for 2*l.* 15*s.* to Mr. Skegg, at whose sale in 1842, No. 191, it brought 3*l.* 18*s.*;

Dr. Bliss's ditto, No. 430, 3*l.* 16*s.* The copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 50, is priced at 10*l.*

Collation: Title a 2; Sig. a, four leaves; A to X 4, in eights; pp. 336.

The present copy, which is perfect, and has both the frontispieces, successively belonged to Mr. Byng and Mr. Park.

In Brown Calf.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Panthalia: or the Royal Romance.

A Discourse stored with infinite variety in relation to State-Government and Passages of matchless affection gracefully interveined, and presented on a Theatre of Tragical and Comical State in a successive continuation to these Times. Faithfully and ingenuously rendred.

Qui se scire dicit quod nescit, temerarius est:

Qui se negat scire quod scit, ingratus est.— Aug.

London, Printed by J. G. and are to be sold by Anthony Williamson at the Queens-Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1659. 8vo.

In ascribing this Royal Romance to the fertile and varying pen of Brathwaite, we by no means intend our readers to imply that we have any positive evidence to offer on the subject of its authorship; yet it bears a much stronger resemblance to Brathwaite's style than *The History of Moderation*, noticed hereafter: and we may remark as corroborative points in favour of his being the writer, the Italianized name which he gives to the supposed author, viz. Castalion Pomerano; the interspersion of verse and prose; the rhyming Latin lines at p. 239; the glowing panegyric on Lord Strafford, whose family were the patrons of Brathwaite; and the manner, loyalist as he was, in which he speaks of Charles's ingratitude to him. The evident partiality to this great statesman, as indicating the supposed authorship, points not only to Brathwaite, but likewise to James Howell, a great writer of similar romances, who was employed by Lord Strafford (see the Strafford correspondence), and a warm partisan of his; but, to say nothing of other arguments which militate against that supposition, it is more than probable that, if it had been Howell's, it would have

been advertised as such with his other works, according to his regular practice.

The work is one of considerable interest and amusement, the scenes in which are drawn from the history of England, here termed Candy, enlivened with some of those traditional anecdotes which regular historians do not always relate. After "The Opinion of a native Candiot, touching this Royal Romance," subscribed Florencio Tribaccio, "An Advertisement to the judicious Reader," commendatory lines to the author by Amadin Barclay, and others "To the living memory of Castalion Pomerano author of Panthalia or the Royal Romance" by Dion: Morellio, the book opens with an account of Queen Elizabeth, called Bellingeria, her intimacy with the Earl of Essex under the name of Clarentio, and the story of the ring — the Countess of Nottingham, by whom it should have been conveyed to the queen before his execution, being figured by the title of Athalia, a lady of honour. It relates also the conduct of Elizabeth to Mary Queen of Scots, here called Mariana, and her execution at Fotheringay, and describes the death of Elizabeth, with a warm eulogium on her virtues with the single exception of this stain upon her character. It then gives an account of her successor Basilius (James I.) and his Queen, and his two sons Cyrenius (Prince Henry) and Rosicles (Prince Charles), and the untimely decease of the former, "touching the manner of whose death," says the author, "it is the safest way to suspend our judgment, being so variously descended, and not as yet positively resolved. Let us onely conclude, great was his Fame, and premature his Fate, being one on whom all Candy treasured their hope." He next instances James's "infinite affection to Favourites, which lessened his esteem in the opinion of his people, especially of those who sate near the Sternage of the State, which his endowments otherwise deserved;" and alludes to the case of Carr earl of Somerset (Tremoses) and his profligate countess (Polygama) and the murder of his faithful secretary Enthimio (Sir Thomas Overbury). After recounting the death of James and the marriage of King Charles with Henrietta Maria of France, the history passes on to the Civil Wars, the description of Cromwell and the other Parliamentary commanders, and the sojourn of Charles at Oxford, here called "Bovado within the confines of Mœonia, a place for all conveniences singularly seated; as likewise the most eminent Seminary for all human learning that the Universe could afford. Which flourishing Academy, though it had been a long time begirt with a strait and impetuous Siege, yet so constantly it adhered to those principles of allegiance wherein it had been ever educated,

as it came off bravely, and acquitted her walls of the Enemy with much resolution and gallantry."

A large portion of the book is here taken up with a kind of episode entitled "The Pleasant Passages of Panthalia, the Pretty Pedler," with her lover Acolasto, occupying nearly eighty pages, and having no connexion with the main history, in which occur the lines quoted below, and here introduced as a specimen of the poetry :

*Ixion* was deluded by a Cloud  
So laureat *Daphne* from *Apollo* slipt,  
So *Danae*, so *Semele* sought to shroud  
Their Virgin beauties. If our fancies dipt  
    Deep into such Chymeras, let's remove  
    Such airy phantasies, and leave to love.  
You love me well, and so I wish you should,  
Although I cannot answer your desire,  
For she you love is of another mould  
Then to effect what your affects require.  
    Where if your erring fancy run a-shelf  
    Blame not *Panthalia*'s beauty but your self.  
I am not same I seem ; for if I were,  
I should not *Acolasto* thus pursue ;  
Fix then your fancy in a proper sphear  
Since I partake no more of man then you.  
    For this disguised Habit was put on  
    To shield mine honour, which I stand upon.  
Leave then this Love, which having once given o're,  
That maiden lives not who shall love you more.

After this digression, the history is again resumed with an account of "The Life and Death of Sophronio," i.e. Lord Strafford, whose trial and execution are well described, and upon whom a warm panegyric is pronounced, from which the following extract is taken as a further specimen of the work : Then

Making himself ready, and putting off his doublet, he went towards the Block ; where with a stout and undaunted courage laying his hand upon the edge of the Hatchet : *This said he, is a Cure for all diseases ; a receipt against all maladies.*

This done, by direction of the Executioner : a man of high name, though of vile condition ; He cheerfully layd down his Head upon the Block, which was divided from his Body at one stroak.

It was afterwards by permission, artfully seered to his neck, and conveyed to the Vault where all his Ancestors lay ; not far distant from his Mannor-house of

*Sylviana*; where he was with no less honour solemnly interred, then generally bemoaned.

Truth is, his Funerall Farewell seconded with his patient and composed demeane at the time of his death, begot that resentment in those who had formerly been his mortall Enemies; as his last adue breathed forth with so graceful a passion, enforced teares in their eyes, who never before that time lodged remorse in their hearts. Yea those, who were the principal Agents and assiduatest Instruments of procuring his Head to be cut off; could with all their hearts have wish'd it on again, when they had duly considered, how the wisdom of that Head, which the Hand of Faction had taken off, might have composed and repaired many Fractures, which the Liberty or rather Anarchy of a distracted State had produc'd. But it was too late to recal what Fate and Plebian Fury had snatcht away. Sundry papers were pasted and posted up in the eminentest parts of *Thamipolis* especially near the Merchants *Trapeza*, containing such inscriptions as these and the like.

Vaga vulgi vota vani,  
Clari clades Coriolani.

For in many places he retein'd the name of *Coriolanus*; with whom he was parallel'd for his brave atchievements, clemency, and actions of honour.

Sæva plebei flamma furoris,  
Læva patricii pestis honoris.  
Peoples heat and Consuls hate  
Crusht a brave Patriotians State.

The prudent Senat did not hold it fit that this Act should be exemplified, but upon *Sophronio* for example sake only executed: And that no Proceedings after that time should be admitted as legal against any other being prosecuted by Plea in the like manner.

And that their Saintly Clemency might to Posterity be commended, it was ordained, that no Action whereof *Sophronio* stood accused or impeached, should after his dead be recorded as Capital, but that the memory thereof should be to all intents and purposes utterly abolished: and that no Person whatsoever should be rendred Criminal or accessory to Treason, being attached upon the same grounds. But though this Law became revers'd, it restor'd not his life; whose ransom might ballance with the Estimate of an Empire.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the impeachment and death of Charles I.; the flight and concealment of Charles II. (Charicles) after the fatal battle of Worcester ("a strong and well fortified City called *Reus-Court*, anciently *Saly Castro*"); the distractions and troubles of the Commonwealth under Cromwell, who is well pourtrayed under the title of Climenes, and whose secret fears for his own personal safety are thus strongly depicted:

Notwithstanding all this, though Intelligence abroad, and Assistance at home,

might seem to secure him against the policy of all private designes, or power of public attempts; yet what security, where there lodgeth a secret enemy? There was a Foe within him, though he had no visible hand to assail him. For all the happiness he could promise himself in this assumed freedom of his infant Soveraignty, consisted in the enjoyment of a confined Liberty: His very Pallace became his Prison, and himself a Taylor to himself. Rare were his visits into the City, for he knew well how the Citizens did generally hate him, and that his own ears could not chuse but be witness of their odious censure. And for his Summer Progresses, they were accompanied with such fears and jealousies, as every Bush represented to his fevorish thoughts a Bugbear. Thus were his Recreations made his Afflictions; this bulk of honour a burden to himself; though sometimes amongst his Infantry he would pretend to mirth, purposely to delude the conceit of a Court-visitant. As for his princely Port, (if penury might be held princely) the face of his Court presented so mean a garb, as it relished no more of State, then his imposthum'd heart of Grace.

The volume concludes with the dissolving of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, his own death, and the joyful Restoration of Charles II. On the last leaf is the following short note in allusion to the retirement from the affairs of state of Richard Cromwell, shadowed under the name of Darchirus, and a list of Errata at the end:

An additional Observation extracted from the historical sequel of this Royal Romance.

From a narrower and nearer scrutiny into this Author (a singular Surveyor and Observer of the Revolutions of those fatal times) we find how one *Darchirus* succeeded *Climenes*: a Person of pleasure, naturally addicted to Hunting, Hawking, and other generous Recreations: So as being either wearied with the unsuteable burden of State-affairs, or the apparent disgust of some neer-allying Competitors, or out of a conscientious resentment of the unjust usurpation of his Father, and injurious deprivation of *Rosicles*, he begun to cast his eye upon the true Line, surrendring his Crown, and betaking himself to the innocent freedom of a Country life.

Whether this work was written by Brathwaite or not (and we strongly incline to the former opinion) we feel sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to this well written, curious, and interesting romance, which is not often met with, and has escaped the notice of previous bibliographers.

Collation: Sig. A, four leaves; B to N 8, in eights; pp. 312.

From the library of Sir John Anstruther of that Ilk, Baronet, with his arms and book plate.

In the original Calf binding.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — A Comment upon the Two Tales of our Ancient, Renowned, and Ever Living Poet Sr Jeffray Chaucer, Knight. Who, for his Rich Fancy, Pregnant Invention, and Present Composure, deserved the Countenance of a Prince, and his Laureat Honour. The Miller's Tale and the Wife of Bath. Addressed and Published by Special Authority. London, Printed by W. Godbid, and are to be Sold by Robert Crofts at the Crown in Chancery-lane neer Serjeants-Inn. 1665. 8vo; pp. 204.

The only prefix to this work by Brathwaite is a single leaf containing the following dedication: “To the highly honoured and nobly accomplished Sr John Wintour, Secretary of State to her Sacred Majesty, the Queen Mother: A Loyal Subject to his Sovereign, a Faithful Servant to his Countrey, a Resolute Sufferer for both; R. B. his most Devotional Serviteure presents these Illustrations, primarily intended, and purposely published for Entertainment of retired Hours.” On the reverse of which is an advertisement: “This *Comment* was an *Assay*, whereto the *Author* was importun'd by Persons of Quality, to compleat with Brief, Pithy, and Proper Illustrations, Suitable to such Subjects.”

The work consists of a pleasant running commentary, occasionally however not of the most decent kind, on Chaucer's two poems, the quotations from which are given in black letter, and serve as pegs for the author on which to hang his remarks and observations, and to exhibit his stores of classical and legendary lore. As a specimen of the style and manner of the author's illustration of Chaucer, we quote the comment on the feature and attire of the Parish Clerk, Absolon:

Now was there of the chirch a parish clerke,  
The whiche that was cleped Absolon,  
Cravle was his heer, &c.

In this description he glanceth at the pride of the Clergy; shewing how vanity began to strut within the Wals of a Monastery. For if a poor Parish-Clerk must be so curiously dressed, as to have his hair curled, and so womanishly disheveled, his eyes so effeminately pilled, his shooes artificially carved, and in all points so completely accoutred; what may we think of those, whose Revenues were greater, places higher, and whose persons, in the eye of the world, more popular? . . . . .

Such witty evasions have some of these, as I never see any of them, but they put me in mind of the pregnant and present Answer of that *Sprusado* to a *Judge* in this

Kingdom, a rigid Censor of mens habits ; who seeing a neat Finical Divine come before him in a Cloak lined through with *Plush*, thus encountered him : Sir, You never read that *Paul* ever went in a Plush Cloak. But I read, my Lord, said he, that *Paul* left his Cloak at *Troas*, and whether that Cloak was lined through with *Plush* or no, it is more than either you or I know.

For to point at some of these both in *Diet* and *Habit*; instead of *Locusts* and *Wild Honey*, they must (good men) content themselves with *Lobsters*, *Cramm'd Capons*, and *Coney*; and for *Raiments of Camels hair*, *Damask Cassocks* down to their heels; and for *Leathern Girdles about their Loyns*, *Formal Fashes*, or *Apostolical, Canonical Roses*, to enamour their *Loves*; with *Downie Cushions* for their knees, in their rare, short, and sweet *Orisons* to their Lord.

In the Comment upon the Miller's Tale, the following "old Sylvane Charm" is given as being similar to "the Night-charm used in those daies, when they shut their doors at night, and opened them in the morning :"

Fawns and Fairies keep away,  
While we in these Coverts stay;  
Goblins, Elves, of Oberon's Train,  
Never in these Plains remain,  
Till I and my Nymph awake,  
And do hence our Journey take,  
May the Night-mare never ride us,  
Nor a fright by night betide us:  
So shall Heav'n's praise sound as clear,  
As the shrill voyc'd Chantecleer.

In various parts of the work a number of short quotations in verse, and old saws and proverbs are introduced; and at p. 85 is a story in verse repeated from the *Strappado for the Divel*, p. 120; and again on p. 123 are some lines, "A Description of Love," taken from *The Two Lancashire Lovers*, already quoted by us, thus confirming the evidence of Brathwaite being the author of this commentary.

In the Comment upon the Wife of Bathes Tale on the text —

*In the old daies of King Artour,*  
*(Of whicht the Bretons speken great honour),*

in reference to the Round Table of King Arthur, he remarks that —

To express his true love to Chivalry, and memorize such who were not Associates, but Assistants in his Victory; He constituted the Order of the Round Table, in which Order, he only retained such of his Nobility, as were most renowned for Virtue and Chivalry. This Round Table he kept in divers places, especially at *Carlion*, *Winchester*, and *Camalot*, in *Somersetshire*. In memory of which Founda-

tion, by the Testimony of *Leyland*, there is yet to be seen in *Denbighshire*, in the Parish of *Llansavan*, in the side of a Stony Hill, a place artificially compos'd, wherein be four and twenty Seats for men to sit in, some less and some bigger, according to their several Statures; cut out of the main Rock by man's hand where young people coming to seek their Cattel, use to sit, play, and repose: They commonly call it *Arthur's Round Table*.

He further observes:

In this King's daies (if they will take the word of a good Old Wife of *Bath*)

All was this land fulfilled of fairy

The Elfe quene, with her joly company, &c.

King *Oberon*, Queen *Mab*, Prince *Cricket*, and his Paramour *Pig-Widgeon*, with all their fair Company, used to repair hither, and dance a Cinque-pace upon the Meads (if they had so much Art among them). Yea, by usual resorting and consorting together, they became so familiar with our Milk-maids on the Downs, as they would not only sport with them, but woo them and win them; whence the poet:

*Pug* wooed *Jug*, a wily Cub,  
To drink with him a Sillibub,  
Which drunk, they so familiar grew,  
As *Jug* became one of the Crew.

But this (saith our Wife of *Bath*) was many hundred Years ago. King *Oberon's* Race is quite extinct and gone, or else confin'd to some other remote Island, where they reside.

At the end of the book is "An Appendix" by the author, in which he says that having finished his comments upon these two tales, he was importuned to go on with the rest in the same successful manner. But he pleads his age as a sufficient apology, and says: "The Remainder of his Hours henceforth was to number his Daies: But if *Aeson's* Herb should revive him, and store him with a new Plumage, he was persuaded that his Youthful Genius could not bestow his Endeavour on any Author with more Pleasure nor Complacency to Fancy, than the Illustrations of *Chaucer*. . . . Which Answer still'd this Censor, and justified the Author; leaving *Newholme* to attest his Deserts; his Works to perpetuate his Honour."

The imprint varies in some copies thus: "Printed by W. Godbid, and are to be sold by Robert Clavell at the Stags-Head in Ivy-lane." The work is rare, and seldom occurs for sale. See Haslewood's *Introd.* p. 432.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to O 4, in eights.

Fine copy. Bound in Calf extra

**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — *Tragi-Comoedia, cui in titulum inscribitur Regicidium, perspicacissimis Judiciis acuratiis perspecta, pensata, comprobata; Authore Ric: Brathwait, Armigero, utriusque Academiæ Alumno. Londini, Typis J. G. et prostat venalis in officinâ Theodori Sadleri, in Strandensi plateâ oedibus Somersetensis contiguâ. 1665.* 8vo; pp. 192.

Brathwaite was eminent for his loyalty and attachment to the throne, and during his long and active life had witnessed great and eventful changes in the government of the country. The present little work, therefore, was written *con amore* on a subject in which he felt deeply interested. It is the trial of the regicides thrown into a dramatic form, in which some of the leading characters engaged in that tragical act are brought forward under feigned names, and placed upon their trial. There are some humorous scenes interspersed, and a Chorus or two added, with a Prologue and Epilogue. The work is dedicated to William Wentworth Earl of Strafford, son of the celebrated Lord Strafford, and is preceded by a list of the “Dramatis Personæ;” “ΑΝΑΚΕΦΑΛΑΙΟΣΙΣ Actorum Tyrannidis,” or the different passions of the criminals enumerated “velato sed vivido more;” eight commendatory lines by F. B.; and the prologue. We give a portion of one of the chorusses as an exemplification of Brathwaite’s Latin verse:

*Chorus Britannicus.*

O quām grata dies illuxit Miseris!	Cuncta tranquillā reguntur manu,
Aulicis splendida, speciosa Ciribus!	Cuncta regali renovantur statu
Agricolis lēta, terram colentibus!	Et tutiore collocanda situ,
<i>Non sum quæ fueram, cantat Britannia;</i>	<i>Astræa</i> tenet sedem Justitiæ,
In suā Princeps dominatur Curiā;	Actores cōsensu Gentis nequitiae,
In Comicas Scenas versa est Tragœdia,	Sub ortu Solis sola deliciae.
Nox dies eminet; Nubes effugiant,	Pax alma floret, lētantur pascua
Heroes pulsi finibus redeunt	Fulta graminibus; spatiumtur pecora
Pace frumenta portas aperiunt,	Leniore gradu repetendo flumina.
Quæ prius patulæ fuerunt hostibus	Depulsā Nube crevit Scientia,
Tinctæ Cruore, rapinis, cladibus,	Regis, et Regni Dux Sapientiæ
Hospitium præbent gratum Pauperibus.	Belli Civilis languet Dementia.
Spectate Incolæ quam claro lumine	Ingenuæ Prolis fit Academia
Refusl sit Insula protecta Numine,	Fæcunda Parens, artibus inclyta,
Quām pulchro Regio serenatur æthere!	Prima virtutum spargendo semina.

Alluit oras *Fons Aristotelis*,  
 Instruit mentes *vena Platonis*,  
 Præmium Pacis Palma laboris.  
 Beata Omnia! Grata sunt omnia!  
 Heroi dum marmore scripta sunt No-  
 mina,  
 Vexillo Principis integrè subdita,  
 De novo anno innovantur mores;

Ascendunt Scalas nunc Proditores,  
 Acquirunt Fidi Regis honores.  
 Mutata est Scena; faciemque novam  
 Induunt Gentes. O quam citè gradum  
 Lubricum Fata posuere suum!  
 Quis tam sublimes cogitaret viros  
 In imum pressos, Laqueisque datos,  
 Tam variis ventis agitatur Rates?

At the end is a second part entitled “Bedlamum Novum. Scena Britannia;” the speakers being Homan and Morisco.

The volume closes with a characteristic leaf “In Errata,” in Brathwaite’s usual style. Mr. Haslewood has included the *Regicidium* among his catalogue of Brathwaite’s works, but dismisses it without a single remark. We may here mention that another work of a similar kind, *Cornelianum Dolium, Comædia Lepidissima*: Auctore T. R. Lond. 1638, 12mo, which from the above initials has been usually attributed to Thomas Randolph, has been lately ascribed to the pen of Brathwaite by the learned President of the Chetham Society, who in an able letter in *Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. second series, p. 341, has stated certain strong reasons why it should not be given to Randolph; and has pointed out several peculiarities which seem rather to indicate Brathwaite as the author, viz., the frontispiece by Marshall, the printer, Harper, the dedication to Sir Alexander Radcliffe the great friend of Brathwaite, the rhyming Latin verses, and the errata, independently of the great similarity of style. All these correspond with the marks of authorship which Haslewood first pointed out, and on which he relied in various instances; and appear to show that T. R. is only one of the many mystifications which Brathwaite adopted, being probably the initials of some Latin *alias*; and in the opinion of the writer of the article in *Notes and Queries*, “are quite sufficient of themselves to establish Brathwaite’s authorship of the play.” Whether this be the case must be left to the critical judgment of those who are conversant in Brathwaite’s writings to decide, or to some contemporary evidence which may yet turn up to settle the precise meaning of the initials referred to; and the point is certainly well deserving the attention of those who take an interest in ascertaining the extent of our obligations to Brathwaite as an author.

Collation: Sig. A to M 8, in eights. After p. 147 the paging is incorrect

to the end of the book, the real number, including the four unpaged leaves at the commencement, being 192.

Bound by Mackenzie. In Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — *Tragi-Comoedia, cui in titulum inscribitur Regicidium, &c.* Authore Ri. Brathwait, Armigero, utriusque Academiæ Alumno. Londini, Typis J. G. et prostat venalis in officinâ Theodori Sadleri, &c. 1665. 8vo; pp. 192.

Another copy of the same work, which formerly belonged to Mr. Haslewood, who has enriched it with a portrait of Brathwaite.

Bound in Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

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**BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.)** — *The History of Moderation; or, The Life, Death, and Resurrection of Moderation: Together with her Nativity, Country, Pedigree, Kinred, Character, Friends, and also her Enemies.*

Tam prodesse velit, quam delectare.

Nec prodesse sibi, sed pluribus.

Immoderata ruunt, sed moderata struunt.

Let your moderation be known to all men, the Lord is at hand. — Phil. 4, 5.

Written by Hesychius Pamphilus; And now faithfully translated out of the Original. London, Printed for Tho. Parkhurst, at the Golden Bible on London Bridge, next the Gate. 1669. Sm. 8vo.

This little work has been of late generally attributed to the pen of Brathwaite, and was described as such in the sale catalogues of Dr. Bliss, Jolley, and others. We have accordingly included it among his other numerous works, yet we do so with considerable hesitation, and are far from feeling any certainty on this point. Its affinity with the other known works of Brathwaite principally consists in the coinage of the proper names, and the quotations and couplets of verse introduced; but these can scarcely be con-

sidered of themselves alone sufficient to decide the question. The initials N. S. are attached to the dedication and the address to the reader. It is dedicated "To his Honour'd Friends T. E., J. B., and H. S. Esquires;" after which is "The Epistle to the Reader," explaining the nature and character of the work. This will be best understood by the reader from the following extract, giving an account of the death and resurrection of *Moderation*:

The news [of the death of *Moderation*] no sooner came to the Brothers hearing, but it struck them to the very heart, that they both of them departed the self-same day, not willing to out-live their Sister *Moderation*. Never was the like heard of by all relation, that two Brothers and Sister should all three dye in one day (but they had loved most entirely as they all had but *one Soul*) and they were all three buried together in the same Grave; the same Grave it was, wherein *Eusebius* and *Philodemus*, the two Husbands, and *Settlement* the Son, and *Peace* and *Plenty* the Daughters of *Moderation*, had been laid before.

Now was both Court, City, and Country full of Lamentations for the death of three such eminent Persons; neither were the two Brethren more lamented, then was sweet and all-contenting, all-pleasing *Moderation*; only *Extremity* rejoiced extreamly at the death of *Moderation*; and *Disobedience* rejoiced as much at the death of *Philodike* and *Philotheos*.

*Philodike* was most lamented at Court by the Grandees, sage Statesmen and Patriots, for his grave advice and equal administration of Justice, whereby the general Peace of *Felicia* was preserved.

*Philotheos* was most lamented by the Clergy, and such as were learned, and able to judge of his elaborate Tracts, his Solid and Learned Sermons, and his great Prudence in Ecclesiastical Affairs, whereby the Cause of Religion, and the Peace and Honour of the Church, had been maintained and preserved. But as their names were above the understanding, so was their worth above the cognizance of the *Vulgar*.

But as for *Moderation*, all knew what she was well enough, all *Felicia* had heard and talked much of her all the Island over; as good a Subject as could live under a Prince, a true *Daughter* of the *Church*, and a *Mother* in *Israel*; and bewailed she was both in Court, City, and Country, by Man, Woman, and Child, young and old, simple and gentle, because all understood she had no interest but the public good, and desired favour and protection only for such as should be judged worthy to live in any well-governed State in the World: And the more lamented she was, because she dyed without *Issue*, and left none of her name behind; yet being sick, and knowing she was now near her end, she made her Will, and sent for a *Kinswoman* of hers, named *Repentance* (a *Kinswoman* once removed) younger sister to *Consideration*, dead before, and her she made her adopted Child, and sole *Heir* and *Executrix*; who so sadly took her death, that she was not only *Close Mourner* at the Funeral, but went in mourning to her dying day, and could never get *Moderation* (*dear Moderation*) out of her mind.

Never was the Lady *Dorcus* more lamented, and her recovery more desired than was this Ladies: And very remarkable it is, though it be against the Religion professed in *Feliciana*, to put up any Prayers for their best Friends when dead, yet did all pray for *Moderation* when she was dead and gone, and the most *Religious*, the most *heartily* of all others, and so do to this day; yet not for the *resting* of her Soul, but for her return or *Resurrection*, of which they have a steadfast belief and full expectation, grounded on an old *Prophecy*, whereof I shall tell you more anon. And seldom did any come near her Tomb, but they bedewed it with their Tears, over which, as I remember, was engraven in a Latine Character

*Heu placidè obdormit Veneranda  
Matrona Moderatio novam  
expectans Resuscitationem  
ante novissimam  
Resurrectionem.*

And under it was this Epitaph, written in that Country Language,

Here lyes Intombed Matron *Moderation*,  
True Friend of the Church, Joy of the Nation;  
Her worth to few was known  
Until that she was gone:  
No Issue great or small,  
This the saddest of all.  
All ye friends that look on,  
Pray for *Moderation*.

Long may she not stay, let the next Generation  
See out of these Stones rise a *New Moderation*.

And to see what good Prayers can do! Not long after, when you would have thought she had been quite consumed, *Moderation* did revive, and her Spirit did return, yet not into the former Corps (that had been too great a Miracle for this latter Age to believe) but as *Moses'* Spirit was once transfused into *seventy* others, so did her Spirit return, and was transfused, and did enter into many more, and made a happy change in them: They were now so many *new Creatures*, which made the Author, and many others, sing in the words of that famous Verser,

*Jam nova Progenies Cælo dilabitur alto.  
There dropped down from Heaven high,  
Of Mankind a new Progeny.*

Yea, and which was the wonder of all, and you will hardly believe it, even *Extremity* her self was changed, and endued with another spirit.

At the end is “*Moderations* Receipt (taught her by her Aunt *Experience*): Sovereign to cure any Distempers in the Church, especially inward in the Bowels; as also of excellent vertue against a Rupture:

Blest Soul! she taught how to secure  
The Church. 'Twill do if put in ure.

A *Pound of Piety* she singles,  
 As much of *Charity* then mingles :  
*Zeal* bruis'd with *Knowledge* next she takes,  
 (Two *Pugils* a rare Compound makes)  
 Then tops of *Prudence*, and the *Pith*  
 Of *Elder Faith*, *Stale Truth*, therewith  
 A good handful of *Humility*,  
 Some mild *Forbearance*, *Unity*  
 In Matters *Mayn*; Opinions *New*,  
 Leaves, Roots, and Stalks away she threw ;  
 And to make sure it shall digest,  
*Loyalty* sweetens all the rest.”

A list of “The Outlandish Names in this Discourse Englished” concludes this curious book, which is unnoticed by Lowndes.

Collation : Sig. A to I 8, in eights (last leaf blank); pp. 142.

In the original Calf binding.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — The Trimmer: or, The Life and Death of Moderation. Wherein is contained an account of Her Country, Parentage, Birth, Kindred, Education, Marriage, Children, Death, and Resurrection. Likewise, The Lives and Deaths of her Principal Friends, and Perversest Enemies. Presented to Publick View by one of her Sons. London : Printed for Dorman Newman, at the Kings-Arms in the Poultrey. 1684. Sm. 8vo.

This is the same work, and the same edition as the preceding, with merely a new title substituted in place of the former one to some copies which were not sold.

A copy sold in Jolley's sale, pt. v. No. 449, with Regicidium, for 1*l.* 4*s.*

In the original Calf binding.

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BRATHWAITE, (RICHARD.) — Some Rules and Orders for the Government of the House of an Earle, set downe by Richard Brathwaite. London : Printed for R. Triphook, Old Bond Street, by Benjamin Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street. 1821. 4to. pp. 50.

This tract was printed by the late Mr. Robert Triphook, from a manuscript which was purchased at the sale of a portion of the Library of the late Mr. Ruding, in April, 1821. It is interesting as being one of the very few tracts which have been transmitted to us concerning the domestic arrangements and "management of the houses of persons of high rank, which in the succeeding reign underwent an almost total change," and has some occasional historical remarks. It is divided into sections, and embellished with a portrait of Brathwaite on the title. It forms No. 8 of the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*.

In Boards.

In concluding our series of articles on the works of Richard Brathwaite, we are aware that they cannot be considered as a complete enumeration of his writings; and although in some cases we have added to the bibliographical account works of his not previously described, and have also noticed some others not usually attributed to him, yet we are persuaded that this number may be materially increased, and other publications of his may still be added to this already extensive list. Few writers indeed have been more industrious, or employed more of their leisure hours in authorship than Brathwaite has done; in some years, as in 1635, sending forth as many as five or six volumes on various subjects in a single year; and although many of his works have now lost their interest, and would not justify the experiment of reprinting, there are others which either wholly or in part might be thought worthy of being reproduced. No one can take up any of his writings without entertaining upon the whole respect for his natural ability, his strong common sense, his knowledge of life and manners, his quaint and racy wit and humour, his command over Latin composition; and, in his more serious writings, his pious and religious tone of feeling. Without attempting to vindicate the intemperance and excess of his youth (though they were the common vices of his age), it may at least be said that his later years, as far at least as we have yet any means of knowing, were spent in the fulfilment of the various duties and responsibilities of a loyal, pious, and Christian gentleman.

# The Seventeenth Report OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

*Read at the Annual Meeting of the Society,  
held on the 1st of March, 1860.*

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THE Council consider that they may congratulate the members on the Society having now issued its half century of volumes, the three which have been delivered for the last year constituting Nos. XLIX., L. and LI. in the series of its productions.

Vols. XLIX and L. consist of the *Lancashire Lieutenancy under the Tudors and Stuarts*, illustrated by royal and other letters and documents, and edited by Mr. HARLAND. It will be at once admitted by every one who examines these volumes, which are worthy of their indefatigable Editor, that they have filled up a desideratum which has hitherto been constantly felt by parties engaged in Historical research; the County Government in England in peace and war never before having been so fully and faithfully presented from authentic Documents and for so extended a period of time as in the present elaborate and truly interesting publication of Mr. HARLAND. To the future Historian of the two Counties Palatine these volumes will be most valuable, as they afford a storehouse of information with respect to the Military, Civil, and Ecclesiastical proceedings of our ancestors, and their social state in this part of the kingdom, such as is not elsewhere to be found; and those who wish to compare the preparations for national defence in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, the description of rams, and the mode of training soldiers at that period, with the warlike

musters and equipments of our own day adopted for the like purpose, cannot be referred to a work embodying more curious details of all kinds. The Society are bound to record their obligations to Sir JAMES P. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, Bart, for having liberally placed at their disposal, from the muniment chest of Gawthorpe, the chief materials for this publication; and to Mr. JOSEPH MAYER, of Liverpool, for allowing the use of the seven plates of arms and armour from which the illustrations have been engraved.

Vol. LI. comprises the Second Portion of *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories*, edited by the Rev. G. J. PICCOPE. The First Portion contained fifty-four Wills and Inventories, ranging from 1525 to 1560. The present is composed of one hundred and five Wills and Inventories, extending from 1480 to the end of the 16th century, and will be found even superior in variety and interest to its predecessor. The Council in noticing the First Portion in their Fifteenth Report, have already expressed their opinion so fully of the value of this publication, and it is so generally understood and acknowledged, that they do not deem it necessary to make any further remark upon the present volume, which will be followed by a concluding one now in the press, to which that indispensable adjunct, an ample Index to the whole three portions, will be appended by the very careful and laborious Editor.

The Publications contemplated or in progress are:—

1. *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills*. The concluding portion. Edited by the Rev. G. J. PICCOPE.
2. *Catalogue of Tracts for and against Popery in the Chetham Library*. Second and concluding part. Edited by T. JONES, Esq., Librarian of the Chetham Library.
3. *A Selection from Dr. John Byrom's unprinted Remains in Prose and Verse*.
4. *A new Edition of the Poems Collected and Published after his Decease, corrected and revised, with Notes, and a Prefatory Sketch of his Life*.
5. *Mamecestre; or Chapters from the early recorded History of the Barony; the Manor or Lordship; the Vill, Borough, or Town of Manchester*. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq.

6. *Worthington's Diary and Correspondence.* The concluding part of the second volume. Edited by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq.
7. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, or Bibliographical Notices of some of the rarer Poetical Volumes in the Library of a Lancashire Resident.*
8. *Miscellanies of the Chetham Society,* Vol. 3. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.
9. *Documents relating to Edward third Earl of Derby, and the Pilgrimage of Grace.* By R. C. CHRISTIE, M.A.
10. *Nathan Walworth's Correspondence with Peter Seddon of Outwood, near Manchester, from 1628 to 1654.* Edited by ROBERT SCARR SOWLER, Esq.
11. *Hollinworth's Mancuniensis.* A new Edition. Edited by CANON RAINES.
12. *Heraldic Visitations of Lancashire.* Edited by T. DORNING HIBBERT, Esq.
13. *History of the Ancient Chapel of Stretford in the Parish of Manchester.* For which materials have been collected by the late Rev. JOSEPH CLARKE, Rector of Stretford.
14. *The Bursar's Rental of Cokersand Abbey, being a minute Account of the Rents received from their various Possessions. Anno 1501.*
15. *A Volume of Extracts, Depositions, Letters, &c., from the Consistory Court of Chester, beginning with the Foundation of the See.*
16. *Extracts from Roger Dodsworth's Collections in the Bodleian Library at Oxford relating to Lancashire.*
17. *Annales Cestrienses.*

The Treasurer in Account with the Chetham Society, for the year ending 29th February, 1860.

DR.

CR.

	L S D.		L S D.
1 Arrear of 1856-57 (14th year), reported at last Meeting.		1859.	
1 Collected .....	1 0 0	Mar. 12. George Simms, binding &c. Vols.	
—		47 and 48 .....	41 18 7
6 Arrears of 1857-58 (15th year), reported at last Meeting.		,, 14. Hire of room for Meeting .....	0 7 6
2 Collected .....	2 0 0	July 29. Charles Simms & Co., "Lancashire Lieutenancies," &c., on acct.....	200 0 0
—		Oct. 18. George Simms, book postage .....	0 12 10
4 Outstanding.		,, David Marples for printing lithographic plates to Vol. 49.....	5 10 0
—		Nov. 29. Postage .....	0 13 6
1 Life Membership reported as vacant.		Dec. 31. Postage and stamps charged by	
36 Arrears of 1858-59 (16th year), reported at last Meeting.		Bank .....	0 1 0
—		1860.	
37		Jan. 19. George Simms, binding &c. Vols.	
31 Collected .....	31 0 0	49 and 50 .....	41 13 8
—		,, 24. Postage .....	0 6 9
6 Outstanding.		,, 27. Do .....	2 10 0
—		Feb. 1. Charles Simms & Co.,	
15 Subscriptions of 1859-60 (17th year) accounted for last year.		printing &c.	
264 Collected .....	264 0 0	Vol. 49 .....	81 16 6
44 Life Members.		,, 50 .....	92 10 6
27 Arrears.		,, 51 .....	112 4 0
—		On acct. of Chetham	
350		Miscellanies—Vol. 3 29 11 0	
2 Life Memberships, paid .....	20 0 0	Indexes, circulars, &c. 13 4 6	
15 Subscriptions of 1860-61 (18th year), paid in advance .....	15 0 0	—	
14 Vols. &c. sold .....	4 13 8	329 6 6	
Book postage.....	0 3 0	Paid on acct. July 29 200 0 0	
Dividend on Consols .....	7 4 6	—	129 6 6
Interest allowed by Bank .....	5 8 5		
	£350 9 7		£423 0 4
Balance from last year.....	330 8 11	Feb. 22} Balance .....	266 18 2
	—	Mar. 1}	
	£689 18 6		£689 18 6

Audited by

GEORGE PEEL,  
JOSEPH PEEL,  
B. DENNISON NAYLOR.

# The Eighteenth Report

OF THE  
COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

*Read at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at the  
Palatine Hotel on the 1st of March, 1861.*

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THE Fifty-Second Volume of the Series, which forms the first publication for the last year, and has been issued and is now in the hands of the members, consists of *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica; or, a Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a Portion of a Collection of Early English Poetry, with occasional extracts and remarks biographical and critical*, by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., &c. Part I. Descriptive catalogues of interesting and valuable private collections in particular departments of literature have been very uncommon in this country, and almost the only example which can be referred to, and which has been taken in a great measure as a precedent by Mr. CORSER, is Mr. COLLIER's Catalogue of a select part of the Bridgewater Library. It was therefore considered that a detailed description, restricted to early English Poetry, of the library which Mr. CORSER has formed during nearly a forty years' residence in Lancashire, and the value of which is well known, would not be an unacceptable contribution to the Chetham Series. In accordance with this view, and as a specimen of the work, the present part, which will be followed by a second now in progress, is submitted to the members. The number of volumes described in letter A is forty-one, and in B as far as Basse, the concluding article, twenty-nine, being seventy in all; this portion containing two hundred and eight pages. To all lovers of our early poetical literature this publication will sufficiently recommend itself by the care and accuracy of its descriptions, the copiousness of its references, the interest of its biographical and bibliographical illustrations, and the varied and characteristic extracts by

which the styles of so many authors, with the peculiarities of language and manners, are discriminated and displayed. The Council cannot conclude the mention of the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* without observing that the blocks for the curious fac-simile woodcuts, which add an attractive feature to the volume, were liberally furnished by the Reverend Editor at his own expense.

Vol. LIII., being the second work for the last year, which has also been issued to the members, is comprised in *Mamecestre : being Chapters from the early recorded History of the Barony ; the Lordship or Manor ; the Vill, Borough or Town of Manchester.*" Edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. Vol. I. From Mr. HARLAND's long investigations into and thorough acquaintance with the history of Manchester, the members will confidently expect a work of great local interest and value; and they will not be disappointed. Touching only briefly on the Roman period, which John Whitaker's brilliant but somewhat delusive genius has appropriated, and leaving to Dr. Hibbert-Ware the strictly ecclesiastical part of the narrative, to which his industrious researches were directed, Mr. HARLAND has collected whatever he could find to elucidate the baronial and manorial annals of Manchester, in the shape of public evidences, inquisitions, and charters. Of these he has given, so far as they relate to his subject, exact copies, with translations from the original Latin, and has illustrated the materials so brought together with untiring diligence, and in the most ample and satisfactory manner. The present volume of the Work, which another will complete, carries the history to the end of the thirteenth century. As a frontispiece to it the Editor has prefixed a photograph of the charter granted by Thomas Grelle or Greslet to the burgesses of Manchester in May 1301, and a more striking or acceptable frontispiece to such a work it would indeed be difficult to have found.

The third volume for the last year, and which will appear very shortly, constituting No. LIV. in the Chetham Series, is *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories*. Edited by the Rev. G. J. PICCOPE. Third and concluding portion. In this part will be contained several curious and interesting inventories, and amongst the names of testators will be found those of the Scarisbricks, Mainwarings, Worsleys, Breretons, Marburys, Halliwalls, Talbots, Newalls, Hattons, Cholmondeleys, Starkies, Masseys, Booths, Langtons and Entwises. Amongst the Manchester testators are the Hunts, Grovers, Bryddocks and Prestwiches. The series of Wills in this valuable work has been, with a few occasional exceptions, confined to those of the sixteenth century. There still remains a rich harvest in those of the succeeding one for a diligent and persevering collector, and which it is to be

hoped will at some period be rendered available. In the meantime the Council are satisfied that the members generally will join in their feeling of regret that for the present this volume will bring to a close, so far as the Chetham Series is concerned, the products of a mine fraught with information of such varied, authentic and universally applicable character as that to be derived from the *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories*. In order to make Mr. PICCOPE's work as complete as possible, a copious Index to the three volumes will be subjoined to the one now about to appear.

The Publications contemplated or in progress are:—

1. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER. Second Portion.
2. *Miscellanies of the Chetham Society*, Vol. 3. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.
3. *Mamecestre; or Chapters from the early recorded History of the Barony; the Manor or Lordship; the Vill, Borough, or Town of Manchester*. Vol. 2. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq.
4. *Catalogue of Tracts for and against Popery in the Chetham Library*. Second and concluding part. Edited by T. JONES, Esq., Librarian of the Chetham Library.
5. *Worthington's Diary and Correspondence*. The concluding part of the second volume. Edited by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq.
6. *A Selection from Dr. John Byrom's unprinted Remains in Prose and Verse*.
7. *A new Edition of the Poems Collected and Published after his Decease, corrected and revised, with Notes, and Prefatory Sketch of his Life*.
8. *Heraldic Visitations of Lancashire*.
9. *Hollinworth's Mancuniensis*. A new Edition. Edited by CANON RAINES.
10. *A General Index* to the first thirty volumes of the publications of the Chetham Society.

The Treasurer in Account with the Chetham Society, for the year ending 28th February, 1861.

CR.

DR.	L S. D.	1860.	L S. D.
4 Arrears of 1857-8 (15th year), reported at last Meeting.		Mar. 1. Hire of room for Meeting .....	0 7 6
3 Collected .....	3 0 0	,, 2. Postage .....	0 4 6
1 Outstanding.		,, 9. George Simms, for binding and forwarding Vol. 51.....	21 14 0
6 Arrears of 1858-9 (16th year), reported at last Meeting.		,, 15. Overcharge for books sold, returned.....	0 13 4
3 Collected .....	3 0 0	,, 19. Cost of sundry volumes to make up complete sets.....	4 8 6
3 Outstanding.		,, 29. Ditto ditto .....	2 16 4
27 Arrears of 1859-60 (17th year), reported		Aug. 14. Charles Simms, on account of printing Vols. 52 and 53 .....	100 0 0
22 Collected .....	22 0 0	,, 24. Advertising .....	0 2 3
5 Outstanding.		Nov. 13. George Simms, circulars and postage .....	2 19 4
15 Subscriptions for 1860-1 (18th year) accounted for last year.		,, 16. Cost of sundry volumes to make up complete sets .....	4 0 0
242 Collected .....	242 0 0	,, 19. Duchy of Lancaster for Extracts....	0 16 0
47 Life Members.		Dec. 21. Postage .....	0 9 0
46 Outstanding.		,, 31. Bank charges .....	0 1 2
350		1861.	
4 Life Memberships, paid .....	40 0 0	Feb. 4. Charles Simms, printing Vols. 52 and 53; compiling indices, &c. &c. ....	£182 11 0
9 Subscriptions for 1861-2 (19th year), paid in advance .....	9 0 0	,, „ Paid on account as above 100 0 0	82 11 0
Books sold .....	4 13 4	13. Advertising .....	0 5 0
Book postage.....	0 7 6	16. Envelopes .....	1 2 3
Dividend on Consols .....	7 3 10	21. Ditto .....	1 2 3
Interest allowed by Bank .....	7 10 5	25. Ditto .....	0 6 9
		26. Advertising .....	0 8 6
		„ Charles Simms, for binding Vols. 52 and 53; printing circulars ...	44 10 6
		28. Balance .....	£268 18 2
£338 15 1			336 15 1
Balance from last year.....	266 18 2		
			£605 13 3

Audited and found correct,  
JOSEPH PEEL,  
B. DENNISON NAYLOR.

## L I S T   O F   M E M B E R S

FOR THE YEAR 1860—1861.

*The Members, to whose names an asterisk is prefixed, have compounded for their Subscriptions.*

\*Ackers, James, Prinknash Park, near Gloucester  
Agnew, Thomas, Manchester  
Ainsworth, Ralph F., M.D., Manchester  
Ainsworth, W. H., Arundel Terrace, Kemp Town, Brighton  
Allen, Rev. John Taylor, M.A., Stradbroke Vicarage, Suffolk  
All Souls' College, Oxford  
Andrews, Thomas, Bolton  
Ashton, John, Warrington  
Ashworth, Henry, The Oaks, near Bolton  
Aspland, Alfred, Dukinfield  
Aspland, Rev. R. B., Well Street, Hackney  
Athenaeum, Liverpool  
\*Atherton, Miss, Kersall Cell, near Manchester  
Atherton, James, Swinton House, near Manchester  
Atkin, William, Little Hulton, near Bolton  
Atkinson, William, Ashton Heyes, near Chester  
Athill, Rev. William, Brandeston Hall, Attlebridge, near Norwich  
Avison, Thomas, Liverpool  
Ayre, Thomas, Trafford Moss, Manchester  
  
Baker, Rev. F. T., Bolton  
Baker, Thomas, Manchester  
\*Balcarres, The Earl of, Haigh Hall, near Wigan  
\*Bannerman, John, Wootton Lodge, near Ashbourne  
\*Barbour, Robert, Manchester  
\*Barker, John, Broughton Lodge, Newton in Cartmel  
\*Barlow, Mrs., Greenhill, Oldham  
Barratt, James, Jun., Lymn Hall, near Warrington  
Barrow, Miss, Green Bank, Pendleton  
Bartlemore, Miss, Castleton Hall, Rochdale  
Barton, R. W., Springwood, near Manchester  
Barton, Samuel, Higher Broughton  
Barton, Thomas, Hulme, Manchester  
Beaumont, William, Warrington  
Beardoe, James, Manchester  
Beever, James F., Manchester  
Bell, John Gray, Manchester  
Beswicke, Mrs., Pyke House, Littleborough  
Bird, William, Liverpool  
Birdsworth, William Carr, Lytham, Preston  
Birley, Hugh, Didsbury, near Manchester

Birley, Rev. J. S., Halliwell Hall, Bolton  
Birley, Richard, Manchester  
\*Birley, Thomas H., Highfield, Heaton Mersey  
Blackburne, John Ireland, Hale, near Warrington  
Bolton Public Library, Bolton-le-Moors  
Booker, Rev. John, M.A., F.S.A., Groombridge, Tunbridge Wells  
Booth, Benjamin W., Swinton, near Manchester  
Booth, John, Greenbank, Monton  
Booth, William, St. George's Terrace, Hulme, Manchester  
\*Botfield, Beria, Norton Hall, Northamptonshire  
Bourne, Cornelius, Stalmine Hall, Poulton, near Preston  
Bower, George, London  
Bowers, The Very Rev. G. H., Dean of Manchester  
Brackenbury, Ralph, Brunswick Terrace, Brighton  
Bradbury, Charles, Crescent, Salford  
Bradshaigh, W. R. H., Coolree House, near Wexford  
Brazenose College, Oxford  
Brierley, Rev. James, Mosley Moss Hall, Congleton  
Brooke, Edward, Marsden House, Stockport  
Brooke, Thos., Northgate Mount, Honley, Huddersfield  
Brooks, Samuel, Manchester  
Brown, Robert, Preston  
Buckley, Edmund, Ardwick, near Manchester  
Buckley, Nathaniel, F.L.S., Rochdale  
Buckley, Rev. Thomas, M.A., Old Trafford, near Manchester  
Bunting, Thomas Percival, Manchester  
Butterworth, John, Manchester  
  
Canterbury, The Archbishop of  
Cassels, Rev. Andrew, Batley Vicarage, near Dewsbury  
\*Chadwick, Elias, M.A., Pudlestone Court, Herefordshire  
Chaffers, Rev. Thomas, Brazenose College, Oxford  
Chester, The Bishop of  
Chichester, The Bishop of  
Chippindall, John, Lancaster  
Christie, R. C., M.A., Owen's College, Manchester  
\*Churchill, William, Stalybridge  
\*Clare, John Leigh, Liverpool  
Clarke, Mrs., Stretford  
Clarke, Archibald William, Manchester

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

- Clayton, Japheth, Hermitage, near Holmes Chapel  
 Clegg, Thomas, Manchester  
 Clifton, Rev. R. C., M.A., Canon of Manchester  
 Consterdine, Joseph, Manchester  
 Cooke, Thomas, Pendlebury, near Manchester  
 Corser, George, Whitchurch, Shropshire  
 Corser, Rev. Thomas, M.A., F.S.A., Stand, near Manchester  
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 Coulthart, John Ross, Ashton-under-Lyne  
 Cross, William Asheton, Red Scar, Preston  
 Crosse, Thomas Bright, Shaw Hill, near Chorley  
 Crossley, George F., Manchester  
 Crossley, James, F.S.A., Manchester, *President*  
 Crossley, John, M.A., Scaitcliffe House, Todmorden  
 Cunningham, W. A., Manchester  
 Currer, Miss Richardson, Eshton Hall, near Gargrave
- Daniel, George, St. John Street, Manchester  
 Darbshire, Samuel D., Pendyfrynn, near Conway  
 Darcey, Rev. John, Swettenham Rectory, Holmes Chapel  
 Darwell, George, Oxford Terrace, Southport  
 Darwell, Thomas, Manchester  
 Dawes, Matthew, F.S.A., F.G.S., Westbrook, near Bolton  
 Dean, Rev. Thomas, Vicarage, Warton, near Lancaster  
 Dearden, Miss, 29, Inverness Road, Bayswater  
 Dearden, James, F.S.A., Upton House, Poole, Dorset  
 Dearden, Thomas Ferrand, Rochdale  
 \*Derby, The Earl of, Knowsley, Prescot  
 Delamere, The Lord, Vale Royal, near Northwich  
 Devonshire, The Duke of  
 Dilke, C. W., London  
 Durnford, Rev. Richard, M.A., Rector, Middleton
- Earle, Frederic William, Edenhurst, near Huyton  
 Eccles, Richard, Wigan  
 Eckersley, Thomas, Wigan  
 Edwards, Edward, 39, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London  
 Egerton, Sir Philip de Malpas Grey, Bart., M.P., Oulton Park, Tarporley  
 Egerton, Lord, Tatton Park, Knutsford  
 \*Ellesmere, Earl of, Worsley Hall  
 Ethelston, Rev. Hart, M.A., Cheetham Hill
- \*Faulkner, George, Manchester  
 Feilden, Joseph, Witton, near Blackburn  
 \*Fenton, James, M.A., The Promenade, Southport  
 Fernley, John, Manchester  
 \*Ffrarington, Mrs., Worden Hall, near Preston  
 \*Fielden, Samuel, Centre Vale, Todmorden  
 Fielding, Rev. Henry, M.A., Salmonby Rectory, near Horncastle  
 Fleming, William, M.D., Rowton Grange, near Chester  
 Fletcher, Samuel, Broomfield, near Manchester  
 Forster, John, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London  
 \*Fort, Richard, Read Hall, Padiham  
 \*French, Gilbert J., Bolton  
 Frere, W. E., Rottingdean, Sussex
- Garnett, William James, Quernmore Park, Lancaster
- Germon, Rev. Nicholas, M.A., High Master, Free Grammar School, Manchester  
 Gibb, William, Manchester  
 \*Gladstone, Robert, Oak Hill, near Manchester  
 Gould, John, Manchester  
 \*Gretnall, G., Walton Hall, near Warrington
- Hadfield, George, M.P., Manchester  
 Hailstone, Edward, F.S.A., Horton Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire  
 Hall, Henry, Solicitor, Ashton-under-Lyne  
 Hammersley, J. A., Manchester  
 Hammill, Miss, Fawley Lodge, Lansdowne Road, Cheltenham  
 Hardman, Henry, Bury, Lancashire  
 Hardy, William, Duchy Office, London  
 Hargreaves, George J., Manchester  
 Harland, John, F.S.A., Manchester  
 Harrison, William, Rock Mount, St. John's, Isle of Man.  
 \*Harrison, William, Galligreaves House, near Blackburn  
 \*Harter, James Collier, Broughton Hall, near Manchester  
 \*Harter, William, Hope Hall, near Manchester  
 Hatton, James, Richmond House, near Manchester  
 Hawkins, Edward, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., British Museum, London  
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 \*Heywood, Sir Benjamin, Bart., Claremont, near Manchester  
 Heywood, James, B.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Ardwick  
 Heywood, Thomas, F.S.A., Hope End, Ledbury, Herefordshire  
 Heywood, Thomas, Pendleton, near Manchester  
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 Hickson, Charles, Manchester  
 Hoare, Henry James, The Lodge, Morden, Surrey  
 Hoare, P. R., Kelsey Park, Beckenham, Kent  
 \*Hoghton, Henry  
 Holden, Thomas, Summerfield, Bolton  
 Hornby, Rev. George  
 Hornby, Rev. William, St. Michael's, Garstang  
 Howard, E. C., Brinnington Hall, Stockport  
 Hughes, Thomas, Chester  
 Hull, William Winstanley, Tickwood, near Wellington, Shropshire  
 \*Hulton, Rev. C. G., M.A., Emberton, Newport Pagnell, Bucks  
 Hulton, H. T., Manchester  
 Hulton, W. A., Hurst Grange, Preston  
 Hume, Rev. A., LL.D., Liverpool  
 Hunter, Rev. Joseph, F.S.A., London
- Jackson, Charles R., Barton Lodge, Preston  
 Jervis, Thomas B., Swinton Park, Manchester  
 Johnson, W. R., The Cliffe, Wybunbury, Nantwich

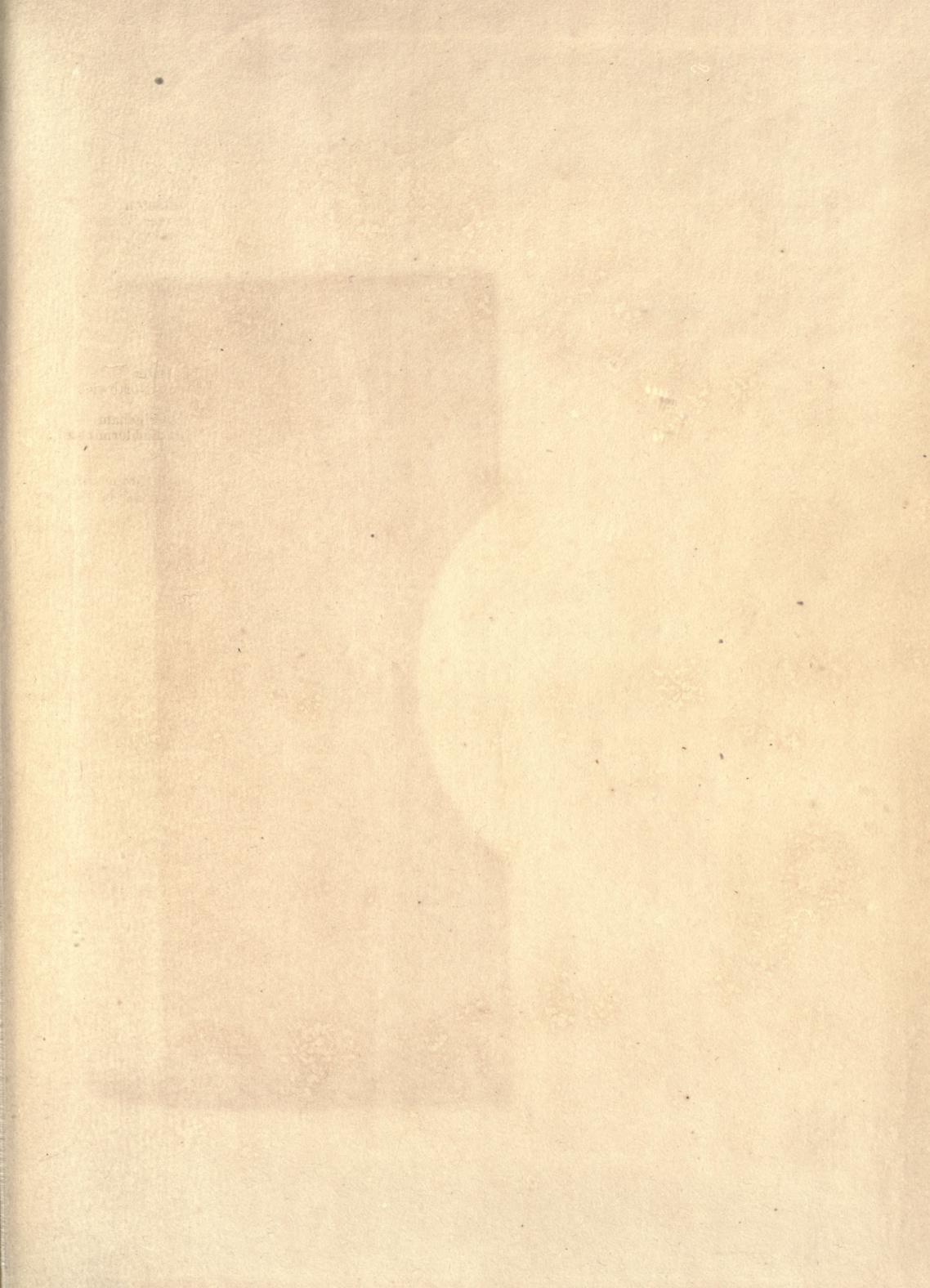
- Jones, Jos., Severnstroke, Worcester  
 Jones, Wm. Roscoe, Athenæum, Liverpool  
 Jordan, Joseph, Manchester
- Kay, Samuel, Manchester  
 Kemp, George Fawke, Rochdale  
 Kennedy, Mrs., Ardwick House, near Manchester  
 Kershaw, James, M.P., Manchester
- Langton, William, Manchester, *Hon. Secretary*  
 Leeds Library  
 Lees, Rev. William Frant, Tunbridge Wells  
 Legh, G. Cornwall, M.P., F.G.S., High Legh, Knutsford  
 Legh, Rev. Peter, M.A., Newton, near Warrington  
 \*Leigh, Egerton, Jun., The West Hall, High Leigh,  
 Knutsford
- Leigh, Henry, Patricroft  
 Leigh, Miss, The Limes, Hale, near Warrington  
 Lingard, John R., Stockport  
 Lingard, Rev. R. R., Tay Bank, Dundee  
 Lowndes, Edward C., Preston  
 \*Loyd, Edward, Combe, Croydon  
 \*Loyd, Edward, Jun., Manchester  
 Lyett, W. E., Manchester  
 Lyon, Edmund, M.D., Manchester  
 Lyon, George, Manchester  
 Lyon, F. H., Appleton Hall, Warrington
- McClure, William, Eccles  
 MacKenzie, John Whitefoord, Edinburgh  
 \*Manchester, The Bishop of  
 Mann, Robert, Manchester  
 Mare, E. R. Le, Manchester  
 Markland, J. H., F.R.S., F.S.A., Bath  
 \*Marriott, John, Liverpool  
 Marsden, Rev. J. H., Canon of Manchester  
 Marsden, G. E., Manchester  
 \*Marsh, John Fitchett, Warrington  
 Marshall, William, Penwortham Hall, Preston  
 Marshall, Frederick Earnshaw, Ditto  
 Marshall, John, Ditto  
 Mason, Hugh, Groby Lodge, Ashton-under-Lyne  
 Mason, Thomas, Copt Hewick, near Ripon  
 Massie, Rev. E., M.A., Gawsworth Rectory, near Congleton  
 Master, The Ven. Archdeacon, M.A., Croston  
 Mayer, Joseph, F.S.A., Lord-street, Liverpool  
 Mellor, Thomas, Manchester  
 Mewburn, Francis, Darlington  
 Miller, James, Manchester and Liverpool District Bank,  
 Manchester
- Monk, John, The Temple, London  
 Moreland, Jas., Manchester  
 \*Mosley, Sir Oswald, Bart., Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire  
 \*Moss, Rev. John James, Otterspool, Liverpool  
 Moul, William, Parkside, Prescot  
 Murray, James, Manchester
- Naylor, Benjamin Dennison, Altringham  
 Neild, Jonathan, Jun., Rochdale  
 Neild, William, Mayfield, Manchester
- Newall, Henry, Hare Hill, Littleborough,  
 Newall, W. S., Ackworth House, Pontefract  
 \*Newbery, Henry, Manchester  
 Nicholson, James, Thelwall Hall, Warrington
- Ormerod, George, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.G.S., Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire  
 Ormerod, Henry Mere, Manchester
- \*Parker, Robert Townley, Cuerden Hall, near Preston  
 Parkinson, Mrs., St. Bees  
 Parkinson, Lieut. Colonel, Eppleton Hall, Fence Houses, Durham  
 \*Patten, J. Wilson, M.P., Bank Hall, Warrington  
 Peacock, John, Hough Green, Chester  
 Pedder, Richard, Preston  
 Peel, George, Brookfield, Cheadle  
 Peel, Jonathan, Knowlmere Manor, near Clitheroe  
 Peel, Joseph, Singleton Brook, near Manchester  
 Peet, Thomas, Union Bank, Manchester  
 Pegge, John, Newton Heath, near Manchester  
 Perris, John, Lyceum, Liverpool  
 Peto, Sir Samuel M., Bart, Somer Leyton Park, near Lowestoft  
 Philippi, Frederick Theod., Belfield Hall, near Rochdale  
 \*Philips, Mark, The Park, Manchester  
 Piccopic, Rev. G. J., M.A., Brindle, Chorley  
 Picton, J. A., Clayton Square, Liverpool  
 Pierpoint, Benjamin, Warrington  
 Pilkington, George, Manchester  
 Porrett, Robert, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., 49, Bernard Street,  
 Russell Square, London  
 Prescott, J. C., Summerville, near Manchester  
 Public Library, Boston, U. S.  
 Public Library, Melbourne
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 Radford, Thomas, M.D., Higher Broughton, near Manchester  
 Raffles, Rev. Thomas, D.D., LL.D., Liverpool  
 Raine, Rev. J., Jun., M.A., York  
 Raines, Rev. F. R., M.A., F.S.A., Milnrow Parsonage,  
 Rochdale  
 Ramsbotham, James, Crowboro' Warren, Tunbridge Wells  
 Reiss, Mrs., Broom House, near Manchester  
 Renaud, Dr., Manchester  
 Rickards, Charles H., Manchester  
 Robinson, Dixon, Clitheroe Castle, Clitheroe  
 Robson, John, M.D., Warrington  
 Rondeau, J. B., Kent Place, Ordsall Lane, Salford  
 Roscoe, James, Knutsford  
 Royds, Albert Hudson, Rochdale  
 Royle, Alan, Ardwick  
 Rushton, James, Rawtenstall
- Salisbury, Enoch Gibbon, Stanley Place, Chester  
 Samuels, John, Manchester  
 Satterfield, Joshua, Alderley Edge  
 \*Scholes, Thomas Seddon, 16, Dale Street, Leamington  
 Sharp, John, Lancaster

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

Sharp, Thomas B., Manchester  
 Sharp, William, Linden Hall, Lancaster  
 Sharp, William, 102, Piccadilly, London  
 Shaw, George, St. Chad's Upper Mills, Saddleworth  
 Shepherd's Library, Preston  
 Shuttleworth, Sir J. P. Kay, Bart., M.D., Gawthorpe Hall, Burnley  
 Simms, Charles S., Manchester  
 Simpson, John Hope, Bank of Liverpool  
 Simpson, Rev. Samuel, M.A., St. Thomas's Parsonage, Douglas, Isle of Man  
 Sion College, The Master of, London  
 Skaife, John, Blackburn  
 Skelmersdale, The Lord, Lathom House, near Ormskirk  
 Smith, Rev. J. Finch, Aldridge Rectory, near Walsall  
 Smith, J. R., Soho Square, London  
 Smith, Feredey, Manchester  
 Sowler, R. S., Manchester  
 Sowler, John, Manchester  
 Spafford, George, Manchester  
 Standish, W. S. C., Duxbury Hall, Chorley  
 \*Stanley, The Lord, Knowsley  
 \*Stanley of Alderley, The Lord  
 Stanley, Walmsley, Bootle Village, Liverpool  
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 Wheeler, Benjamin, Exchange Arcade, Manchester  
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 Whitelegg, Rev. William, M.A., Hulme, near Manchester  
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 Wilson, Rev. John, M.A., Meysey Hampton Rectory, Cricklade, Gloucestershire  
 \*Wilton, The Earl of, Heaton House  
 Wood, William R., Singleton, Manchester  
 Woodhouse, John, Bolton  
 Worthington, Edward, Manchester  
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 Wray, Rev. Cecil Daniel, M.A., Canon of Manchester  
 Wright, Rev. Henry, M.A., Mottram St. Andrew's, near Macclesfield  
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