BEN JONSON

Prefixed to The Workes of Benjamin Jonson, 1640, and Ben Jonson's Execration against Vulcan, 1640. From an early state of the engraving in the library of Mr. Beverly Chew, and here reproduced by permission.
THE JONSON ALLUSION-BOOK

A COLLECTION OF ALLUSIONS TO BEN JONSON FROM 1597 TO 1700

BY

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PREFACE

This volume proposes to do for Jonson what The Shakespeare Allusion-Book does for Shakespeare. While primarily intended to set forth the materials, within the limits specified, relating to Jonson's career as a man of letters, and to disclose the estimates of his genius as expressed by his contemporaries and immediate successors, it will also incidentally supply information on a variety of subjects connected with the literature of the time. For example, it will be of service as a partial allusion-book to many poets of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages; and it will be of no little value as a body of seventeenth-century dramatic criticism.

The editors are not vain enough to suppose that they have been able to collect all the important references to Jonson; for only by the co-operation of many scholars, with labor extending over a long period of years, could a work of this nature be made even approximately complete. In his Preface to The Shakespeare Allusion-Book, the editor states: "These volumes were not made in a day. Thirty years have passed in their compilation, and the thousands of books from which their contents have been drawn stretch over three hundred years. Many willing hands, too, have lent assistance. Antiquarians, scholars, and friendly readers have all most kindly helped." Yet, in spite of the prolonged and painstaking effort of so many collaborators, several supplements to the volumes have appeared, and numerous allusions to Shakespeare remain still ungathered. The editors of The Jonson Allusion-Book have worked without assistance of any kind, and they can only hope that they have made a fair beginning.

A few biographical documents have been included when these relate to the poet's literary career; doubtful allusions, unless
supported by reasonable evidence, have been excluded; and mere indications of Jonson's influence upon others, in the form of imitation or quotation, have, as a rule, been omitted. Moreover, in the period following the Restoration the editors have had to exercise a certain discretion in condensing allusions and passing over those possessing little or no significance. Most of these, however, have been collected, and, if the opportunity offers, may later be published by way of a supplement. Perhaps it should be added that the numerous jingling rhymes printed by W. R. Chetwood in his Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ben Jonson, 1756, have been entirely ignored; Chetwood cites no authority for them, and they seem to be crude fabrications of his own Muse.

Mr. Bradley originally undertook the task of gathering these allusions in the preparation of a doctoral dissertation at Cornell University, and to him belongs the major credit of collecting and transcribing the passages. Later Mr. Adams became associated with him in the labor, and assumed specifically the responsibility of editing the material for the reader.

It has not always been easy to fix the dates of the passages quoted, or to identify the authors; and in dealing with such a mass of detail, it has doubtless been impossible to escape errors. For all such defects the editors crave the indulgence of scholars.
The Privy Council, 1597.

A letter to Richard Topclyfe, Thomas Fowler, and Richard Skevington, esquires, Doctour Fletcher and Mr. Wilbraham.

Uppon informacion given us of a lewd plaie [The Isle of Dogs] that was plaied in one of the plaiehowses on the Bancke Side, contanynge very seditious and sclangereous matter, wee caused some of the players [Robert Shaw, Gabriel Spencer, and Ben Jonson] to be apprehended and comytted to prysone, whereof one of them [Ben Jonson] was not only an actor but a maker of parte of the said plaie. For as moche as yt ys thought meete that the rest of the players or actors in that matter shalbe apprehended to receave soche punyshment as theire leude and mutynous behavior doth deserve, these shalbe therefore to require you to examine those of the plaiers that are comytted, whose names are knowne to you, Mr. Topclyfe, what ys become of the rest of theire fellowes that either had theire partes in the devysinge of that sedytious matter or that were actors or plaiers in the same, what copies they have given forth of the said playe and to whome, and soche other pointes as you shall thincke meete to be demaunded of them, wherein you shall require them to deale trulie as they will looke to receave anie favour. Wee praie you also to peruse soch papers as were fownde in Nash his lodgings, which Ferrys, a Messenger of the Chamber, shall delyver unto you, and to certyfie us th’examynacions you take.

[Acts of the Privy Council 1597, New Series, ed. J. R. Dasent, 1890 —, xxvii, 338. The letter was written in the latter half of July, and relates to the performance of The Isle of Dogs by the Pembroke’s Company at the Swan. For a full discussion of this episode see Joseph Q. Adams, Shakespearean Playhouses, pp. 170–75; 154–55.]

Philip Henslowe, 1597.

R of Bengemenes Johnsones
Share as followeth 1597
R. the 28 of July 1597..........................iiij* ix d
lent unto Bengemen Johnson player the 28 of July 1597 in Redey mony the some of fower poundes to be payd yt agayne when so ever ether I or any for me shall demande yt I saye..............................

wittnes E Alleyn & John Synger

[Henslove's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, pp. 47, 200. The meaning of the first passage is not clear; the second passage suggests the interpretation that when Jonson was in trouble over The Isle of Dogs he applied to Henslowe for aid.]

The Privy Council, 1597.

A warrant to the keeper of the Marshalsea to release Gabriell Spencer and Robert Shaa, stage-players, out of prison, who were of lat comitted to his custodie. The like warrant for the releasing of Benjamine Johnson.


The Northumberland Manuscripts, about 1597–8.

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*    *    *    *

Rychard the second
Rychard the third
Asmund and Cornelia

Ile of Doges frmnt [fragment] by Thomas Nashe & inferior plaier[s].

[Northumberland Manuscripts: Collotype Facsimile and Type Transcript of an Elizabethan Manuscript preserved at Alnwick Castle, North- umberland, ed. F. J. Burgoyne, 1904.]

Philip Henslowe, 1597–98.

lent unto Bengemen Johnstone the [2] 3 of desembr 1597 upon a Bocke wch he was to writte for us befor crysmas next after the data herof wch he showed the plotte unto the company J saye lente in Redy money unto hire the some of......

lent unto Bengemen Johnson the 3 of desembr 1597 upon a boocke wch he showed the plotte unto the company wch he promysed to dd unto the company at cryssmas next the some of............
lent Bengemyne Johnson the 5 of Jenewary 1597
J Redy mony the some of

lent unto the company the 18 of aguste 1598 to
bye a Boocke called hoote anger some cowld of
m'r porter m'r cheattell & bengemen Johnson in
fulle payment the some of

Lent unto Robart shawe & Jewbey the 23 of
Octobr 1598 to lend unto m'r Chapmane one his
playe boocke & ij eectes of a tragedie of bengemens
plotte the some of

[Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, pp. 70, 82, 200, 93, 98.]

Francis Meres, 1598.

... So these are our best for Tragedie, The Lorde Buckhurst,
Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master
Edward Ferris, the author of the Mirror for Magistrates, Marlow,
Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker,
and Beniamin Johnson.

[Palladis Tamia, 1598.]

Middlesex Sessions' Rolls, 1598.

22 September, 40 Elizabeth.—True Bill against Benjamin
Johnson, late of London, yoman, for killing Gabriel Spencer in
the fields of Shoredicche.

* * * *

Cogn’ Indictament petit librum legit vt Cl’icus sign’ cum l’r’a T
Et delr juxta formam statul’, &c.

Midds:—Juratores pro D’na Regina p’ntant q’d Benjaminus
Johnson nup’ de London yoman vicesimo secundo die Septembris
Anno regni d’n’e n’r’e Elizabethe Dei gra’ Anglie Franc’ et
Hib’ nie Regine fidei defensor’, &c., quadragesimo vi & armis, &c.
In et sup’ quendam Gabrielem Spencer in pace Dei & d’c’e d’n’e
Regine apud Shordiche in Com’ Midd’ pred’ in Campis ib’m
existen insultu’ fecit Et eund’m Gabrielem cum quodam gladio
de ferro et calibe vocat’ a Rapiour precii iiis. quem in manu sua
dextra adtunc & ibi’m h’uit et tenuit extract’ felonice ac voluntar’
percussit & pupugit Dans eidem Gabrieli Spencer adtunc & ib'm cu' gladio pred' in et sup' dextern' latus ip'ius Gabrieli unam plagam mortalem p'funditat' sex pollic' & latidud' unius pollicis de qua quidem plaga mortali id'm Gabriel Spencer apud Shordiche pred' in pred'c'o Com' Midd' in Campis pred'c'is adtunc & ib'm instant' obiit Et sic Jur' pred'c'i dicunt sup' Sacr'm suu' q'd prefat' Benjaminus Johnson pred'c'm Gabrielem Spencer apud Shorediche pred'in pred'c' o Com' Midd' & in Campis predic'is [die & anno] predic'is felonice et voluntar' interfecit & occidit contra pacem D'c' e D'n'e Regine, &c.

Translation:
He confesses the indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter T, and is delivered according to the statute, &c.

Middlesex:—The jurors for the Lady the Queen present, that Benjamin Johnson, late of London, yeoman, on the 22nd day of September, in the fortieth year of the reign of our Lady Elizabeth, by God's grace Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &., with force and arms, &c., made an attack against and upon a certain Gabriel Spencer, being in God's and the said Lady the Queen's peace, at Shordiche in the aforesaid county of Middlesex, in the Fields there, and with a certain sword of iron and steel called a Rapiour, of the price of three shillings, which he then and there had and held drawn in his right hand, feloniously and wilfully beat and struck the same Gabriel, giving then and there to the same Gabriel Spencer with the aforesaid sword a mortal wound of the depth of six inches and of the breadth of one inch, in and upon the right side of the same Gabriel, of which mortal blow the same Gabriel Spencer at Shordiche aforesaid, in the aforesaid county, in the aforesaid Fields, then and there died instantly. And thus the aforesaid jurors say upon their oath, that the aforesaid Benjamin Johnson, at Shordiche aforesaid, in the aforesaid county of Middlesex, and in the aforesaid Fields, in the year and day aforesaid, feloniously and wilfully killed and slew the aforesaid Gabriel Spencer, against the peace of the said Lady the Queen, &c.

[Middlesex Sessions' Rolls, ed. J. C. Jeaffreson, 1886–92, i, 249, xxxviii.]
TO BEN JONSON

Philip Henslowe, 1598.

Letter to Edward Alleyn, September 26, 1598.

... J will teall you some [news] but yt is for me harde & heavey sence you weare wth me J haue loste one of my company wch hurteth me greatley that is gabrell for he is slayen in hogesden [Hoxton] fyldes by the hands of benge[men] Jonson bricklayer thersore J woldayne haue alittell of your counsell yf J cowld your assured frend to my power

Phillippe Henlowe

[Henslowe Papers, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 47.]

Thomas Nashe, 1599.

The straunge turning of the Ile of Dogs fro a comedie to a tragedie two summers past, with the troublesome stir which hapned aboute it, is a generall rumour that hath filled all England. [In a marginal gloss Nashe says:] I hauing begun but the induction and first act of it, the other four acts without my consent, or the least guesse of my drift, or scope, by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine to.

[Lenten Stuffe, 1599; The Works of Thomas Nashe, ed. R. B. McKerrow, 1905, iii, 153-54. For Jonson’s share in The Isle of Dogs see the entries under the year 1597.]

Philip Henslowe, 1599.

Lent unto w^m Borne alles birde the 10 of aguste 1599 } xxxx^a to Lend unto bengemyne Johnson & thomas deckers in earneste of ther boock wch they [are] a writtenge called pagge of p[le]m^o^th the some......

Lent unto Thomas downton the 3 of Sep^mbr 1599 } xxxx^a to lend unto Thomas deckers Bengemen Johnson hary chettell & other Jentellman in earneste of a playe calle Robart the second kinge of scottes tragedie the some of.

Lent unto w^m Borne the 27 of Setmbr 1599 to lend unto Bengemen Johnsone in earneste of a Booke xx^a called the scottes tragedie the some of.

[Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, i, 110, 111, 112.]
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

John Weever, 1599.
Ad Io: Marston, & Ben: Johnson.
Marston, thy Muse enharbours Horace vaine,
Then some Augustus give thee Horace merit,
And thine embuskin'd Johnson doth retaine
So rich a stile, and wondrous gallant spirit;
That if to praise your Muses I desired,
My Muse would muse. Such wittes must be admired.

[Epigrammes in the Oldest Cut and Newest Fashion, ed. R. B. McKerrow, 1911, p. 96.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1600.

8 Aprilis

William holme
Entred for his copie under the handes of master Harsnet.
and master Wyndet warden. A Comical Satyre of
every man out of his humour

4. Augusti

As you like yt / a booke
Henry the ffift / a booke
Every man in his humour / a booke
The commedie of 'muche A doo about nothing' / a
booke

14. Augusti

Master Burby
Walter Burre
Entred for yeir [their] copie under the handes of master
Pasvill [i.e. Pasfeild] and ye Wardens. a booke
called Every man in his humour

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 159, 37, 169.]

Title-pages, 1600.

The Comical Satyre of Every Man out of his Humor. As it was first composed by the Author B. I. Containing more than hath been publiliky Spoken or Acted. With the severall Character of every Person. [With an oblong printer's ornament of two winged satyr-like figures supporting a vase.] London, Printed for William Holme . . . 1600.
[Second edition, with same wording, but with Peter Short's device, and different signatures and setting of type.] London, Printed for William Holme . . . 1600.


**John Bodenham, 1600.**

*To the Reader.*

. . . Now that every one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no man doth assume to him-selfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deserving those things which haue been derived from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I haue set down both how, whence, and where these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the *Muses Garden*, that every ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be injured in the justice of his merit . . . out of . . .

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

From Poems and workes of these noble personages, extant.

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

From divers essayes of their Poetrie; some extant among other Honourable personages writings; some from private labours and translations.

*Edmund Spencer.*
*Henry Constable, Esquier.*
*Samuell Daniell.*
*Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.*
*Thomas Watson.*
Michaell Drayton.
John Davies.
Thomas Hudson.
Henrie Locke, Esquier.
John Marstone.
Christopher Marlow.
Beniamin Johnson.
William Shakspeare.
Thomas Churchyard, Esquier.
Thomas Nash.
Thomas Kidde.
George Peele.
Robert Greene.
Josuah Syluester.
Nicholas Breton.
Geruase Markham.
Thomas Storer.
Robert Wilmot.
Christopher Middleton.
Richard Barnefield.

These being Moderne and extant Poets, that have liu'd togethier; from many of their extant workes, and some kept in priuat.

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

These being deceased. . . .

[Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses, reprinted in The Spenser Society's Publications, 1875. The volume consists of a collection of brief extracts from the English poets mentioned above. Four passages are quoted from Jonson's The Case is Altered.]

Robert Allot, 1600.

[In his England's Parnassus, or The Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets, Allot quotes: Every Man in his Humour, II, i, 223, and V, i, 265; Every Man out of his Humour, Induction, ll. 181,
The following passages attributed to Jonson remain untraced:

Those that in blood such violent pleasure have,
Seldome descend but bleeding to their grave. (P. 159.)

Warres greatest woes, and miseries increase,
Flowes frō the surfets which we take in peace. (P. 171.)

Gold is a sutor, never tooke repulse,
It carries Palme with it, (where e're it goes)
Respect, and observation; it uncovers
The knottie heads of the most surly Groomes,
Enforcing yron doores to yeeld it way,
Were they as strong ram'd up as Aetna gates.
It bends the hams of Gossip Vigilance,
And makes her supple feete, as swift as winde.
It thawes the frostiest, and most stiffe disdaine:
Muffles the clearnesse of Election,
Straines fancie unto foule Apostacie.
And strikes the quickest-sighted Judgement blinde.
Then why should we dispaire? dispaire? Away:
Where Gold's the Motive, women have no Nay. (P. 192.)

John Marston, 1600-01.

Philomuse. . . . Believe it, Doricus, his spirit
Is higher blooded than to quake and pant
At the report of Scoff's artillery.
Shall he be crest-fall'n, if some looser brain,
In flux of wit uncivilly befilth
His slight composures? Shall his bosom faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sour breath
From Hatred's surfeit on his labour's front?
Nay, say some half a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice on his latest scene,
Shall his resolve be struck through with the blirt
Of a goose-breath? What imperfect-born,  
What short-liv'd meteor, what cold-hearted snow  
Would melt in dolour, cloud his muddied eyes,  
Sink down his jaws, if that some juiceless husk,  
Some boundless ignorance, should on sudden shoot  
His gross-knobb'd burbolt with—"That's not so good;  
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light chaffy stuff!"  
Why, gentle spirits, what loose-waving vane,  
What anything, would thus be screw'd about  
With each slight touch of odd phantasmatas?  
No, let the feeble palsey'd lamer joints  
Lean on opinion's crutches; let the—  

*Doricus*. Nay, nay, nay.  
Heaven's my hope, I cannot smooth this strain;  
Wit's death, I cannot. What a leprous humour  
Breaks from rank swelling of these bubbling wits?  
Now out upon 't, I wonder what tight brain,  
Wrung in this custom to maintain contempt  
'Gainst common censure; to give stiff counter-buffs,  
To crack rude scorn even on the very face  
Of better audience. Slight, is't not odious?  
Why, hark you, honest, honest Philomuse  
(You that endeavour to endear our thoughts  
To the composer's spirit), hold this firm:  
Music and poetry were first approved  
By common sense; and that which pleasèd most,  
Held most allowèd pass: know, rules of art  
Were shaped to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules:  
Think you, if that his scenes took stamp in mint  
Of three or four deem'd most judicious,  
It must enforce the world to current them,  
That you must spit defiance on dislike?  
Now, as I love the light, were I to pass  
Through public verdict, I should fear my form,  
Lest ought I offer'd were unsquared or warp'd.  
The more we know, the more we want:  
What Bayard bolder than the ignorant?
Believe me, Philomuse, i' faith thou must,  
The best, best seal of wit is wit's distrust.  

[The Induction to *What You Will*. It is generally supposed that in this passage Marston rebukes Jonson for his arrogant scorn of public criticism.]  

**John Marston, 1600–01.**  

*Sim[plicius Faber].* Monsieur Laverdure, do you see that gentleman? He goes but in black satin, as you see, but, by Helicon! he hath a cloth of tissue wit. He breaks a jest; ha, he'll rail against the courts till the gallants—O God! he is very nectar; if you but sip of his love, you were immortal. . . . (P. 345.)  

* * * *  

*Lampatho.* I'll stand as confident as Hercules,  
And, with a frightless resolution,  
Rip up and lance our time's impieties . . .  
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeves,  
Stand like an executioner to vice . . .  
For I'll make greatness quake. I'll tan the hide  
Of thick-skinn'd Hugeness . . .  
This is the strain that chokes the theatres;  
That makes them crack with full-stuff'd audience;  
This is your humour only in request,  
Forsooth to rail. (P. 376.)  

* * * *  

*Jaco.* They say there's revels and a play at court.  
*Lav.* A play to-night?  
*Qua.* Ay, 'tis this gallant's wit.  
*Jaco.* Is't good? Is't good?  
*Lam.* I fear 'twill hardly hit. (P. 403.)  

*[What You Will; the page references are to *The Works of John Marston*, ed. A. H. Bullen, 1887, vol. ii. Throughout the play Marston satirizes Jonson in the person of Lampatho. The above passages are cited merely by way of illustration. The last refers to Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels.*]
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

The Stationers' Registers, 1601.

23 Maij

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copye under the handes of master Pasfeyld and master warden whyte A booke called *Narcissus the fountaine of self love* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Axe plausibus intonante utroque;
Hæc tu dramata scilicet diserta,
Clepsisti superis negotiosis,
Quæ tu nunc tua venditare pergis:
In jus te voco, Jonsoni venito.
En pro te pater ipse, Rexque Phœbus
Assurgit modò, Jonsoni, palamque
Testatur, tua serio fuisse
illa dramata, teque condidisse
Sese non modò conscio, at juvante:
Unde ergò sibi Plautus illa tandem
Nactus exhibuit, Jovi Deisque?
Maiae Filius, et Nepos Atlantis,
Pennatus celeres pedes, at ungues
Viscatus, volucer puer, vaferque,
Furto condere quidlibet jócoso,
Ut quondam facibus suis Amorem
Per ludos viduavit, et pharetrâ,
Sic nuper (siquidem solet frequenter
Tecum ludere, plaudere, et jocari)
Neglectas tibi clepsit has papyrus
Secumque ad superos abire jussit:
Jam victus taceo pudore, vincis
Phœbo Judice, Jonsoni, et Patrono.

[Charles Fitzgeoffrey, Affaniae: sive Epigrammatum, 1601.]

**Love's Martyr, 1601.**

Hereafter Follow Diverse Poeticall Essaies on the former Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. *Done by the best and chiepest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: never before extant.* And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, *to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisbury.* *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* [Printer's device.] MDCI.

[The above is the title of a small collection of verse appended to Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, celebrating Chester's patron, Sir John Salisbury. Jonson contributes a poem, as do also Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston, and "Ignoto."]
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

Philip Henslowe, 1601.

Lent unto m'r alleyn the 25 of septmbr 1601 to lend unto Bengemen Johnson upon his writtinge of his adicians in geronymo the some of

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[Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, i, 149. The entry relates to additions to Thomas Kyd's The Spanish Tragedy.]

Thomas Dekker, 1601.

To the World.

... I care not much if I make description (before thy Universality) of that terrible Poetomachia lately commenc'd betweene Horace the second [i.e. Jonson] and a band of leane-witted Poetasters [Marston, Dekker, and others]. They have bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but (for want of chopins) have stalk't upon Stages.

Horace hal'd his Poetasters to the barre [in his play, Poetaster], the Poetasters untruss'd Horace [in Satiro mastix, or The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet]: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leave it to the jurie. Horace (questionles) made himselfe beleive, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take up the foyles against him. It's likely, if he had not so beleiv'd, he had not bin so deceiv'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon; and if before Apollo himselfe (who is Coronator Poetarum) an inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry, all Mount Helicon to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetasters side se defendendo. Notwithstanding, the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one and he runnes full butt at me with his satires hornes, for that in untrussing Horace I did onely whip his fortunes and condition of life, where the more noble reprehension had bin of his mindes deformitie, whose greatnes, if his critical lynx had with as narrow eyes observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation, Horace would not have left Horace out of Every man in's Humour. His fortunes? why, does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and see. A second cat-a-mountaine mewes
and calles me barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand; but I wonder what language Tucca would have spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, if I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what test so ever) hee had bin out-fac'd and out-weyed by a settled former approbation; neyther was it much improper to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

I could heere (eeven with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations, but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the divinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoever the limmes of my naked lines may bee, and I know have bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our, new Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca have walkt up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe exorcismes. World, if thy Hugen es will beleive this, doe; if not, I care not, for I dedicate my booke, not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne, defying which, let that mad dog Detraction bite till his teeth bee wore to the stumps. Envy feede thy snakes so fat with poyson till they burst. World, let all thy adders shoote out their Hidra-headed-forked stinges. Ha, Ha, Nauci; if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true Venusian Horace) for these good wordes thou giv'st me: Populus me sibylat at mihi plaudo. World farewell.

* * * *

Horrace [i.e. Jonson] sitting in a study behinde a curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe.

Horace. To thee whose fore-head swels with roses,
Whose most haunted bower
Gives life & sent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses
Things abstruse, deep, and divine,
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.
O me, thy priest, inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In—in—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name—
In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming,
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—
O me, thy priest, inspyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In—sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—
O me, thy priest, inspyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
Good, good! in flowing numbers fild with spright & flame. . . .
(I, ii, 1–20.)

Asin[ius]. . . . As God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Justice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too—I like that—and readst as leageable as some that have bin sav'd by their neck-verse.
(I, ii, 137–42.)

Hor. A pox upon him! By the white & soft hand of Minerva, Ile make him [Captain Tucca] the most ridiculous—dam me if I bring not's humor ath stage! &—scurvy, lymping tongu'd captaine, poor greasie buffe jerkin, hang him! Tis out of his element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt, Asinius, to bee stab'd with his dudgion wit: sirra, Ile compose an epigram upon him, shall goe thus—

Asin. Nay, I ha more news: ther's Crispinus & his jorneyman poet, Demetrius Fannius, too, they sweare they'll bring your life & death upon'th stage like a bricklayer in a play. (I, ii, 161–173.)

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heaven, and mocke The Makers workmanship? Be not you griev'd,
If that which you molde faire, upright, and smooth,
Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues; 
So to be bit, it ranckles not, for innocence 
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs. 
But when your dastard wit will strike at men 
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices 
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart, 
If they take off all gilding from their pilles, 
And onely offer you the bitter coare.

_Hor._ Crispinus!

_Cris._ Say that you have not sworne unto your paper, 
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome 
Of your friends private vices: say you sweare 
Your love and your aleageance to bright vertue 
Makes you descend so low as to put on 
The office of an executioner, 
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne, 
Where ere you finde it standing:
Say you sweare, 
And make damnation parcell of your oath, 
That when your lashing jestes make all men bleed, 
Yet you whip none. Court, citty, country, friends, 
Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor citty, 
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you. (I, ii, 259–84.)

_Tucca._ . . . Why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, with that whooreson, poore lyme & hayre-rascall? why—

_Cris._ O peace, good Tucca, we are all sworne friends.

_Tuc._ Sworne? That Judas yonder that walkes in rug, will 
dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serve under his band of oaths:
The copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelve dozen of graund juryes.

_Blunt._ A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

_Hor._ By Jesu, within this houre—save you, Captayne Tucca.

_Tuc._ Dam thee, thou thin bearded hermaphrodite, dam thee, 
Ile save my selfe for one, I warrant thee. Is this thy tub, 
Diogines? (I, ii, 330–46.)
Tuc. Out, bench-whistler, out, Ile not take thy word for a dagger pye: you browne-bread-mouth stinker, Ile teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a jugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No, you starv'd rascall, thou't bite off mine eares then: you must have three or foure suites of names, when like a lowsie, pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the stile a the big Turkes—Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus. (I, ii, 366-80.)

* * * * *

Blunt. Nay prethee, deare Tucca, come, you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Cris. & Dem. For our sake, Captaine, nay, prethee, holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good, honest rascall, Crispinus, and a poore varlet, Demetrius Fannius, (bretheren in thine owne trade of poetry); thou sayst Crispinus sattin dublet is reavel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out at elboes. Goe two, my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart, capitaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes under your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. ... Ile have thee in league first with these two rowly powlies: ... Crispinus shall give thee an olde cast sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a scene or two, in one of thy strong garlice comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of con-science for't, and sweare tis thine owne, olde lad, tis thine owne: thou never yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor. Never, Captaine, I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now, King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in sattin, Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus; Crispinus shall doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't. (I, ii, 385-420.)

* * * * *
TO BEN JONSON 19

_Tuc._ ... I know th'art an honest, low minded pigmey, for I ha scene thy shoulders lapt in a plaiers old cast cloake, like a slie knave as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio, thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home lowsie, didst not? _Responde_, didst not? ... What, wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ finis yet, Jacke? What, will he bee fiftenee weekes about this cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

_Blunt._ Not yet, hee sweares hee will within this houre.

_Tuc._ His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the puncke, his muse, has sore labour ere the whoore be delivered: the poore saffron-cheeke sun-burnt gipsie wantes phisicke; give the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten pilles, ten shillings, my faire Angelica, they'll make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

_Blunt._ He shall not want for money, if heele write.

_Tuc._ ... Ile dam up's oven-mouth for rayling at's. (I, ii, 433–65.)

* * * * *

_King._ Horace? What's he, Sir Vaughan?

_Sir Vaughan._ As hard-favourd a fellow as your majestie has seene in a sommers day; he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace; tis a poet—we call them bardes in our countrie—singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous that his inke, which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your majestie, and so lifted up your hye and princely coller.

_King._ I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger. (II, i, 150–60.)

* * * * *

_Hor._ Well, away, deare Asinius, deliver this letter to the young gallant, Druso, he that fell so strongly in love with mee yesternight.

_Asin._ ... But hast writ all this since, ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

_Hor._ ... Why, you rooke, I have a set of letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant that but
newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with clapping my hand to 't, that my novice shall start, ho, and his haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing. What, you prettie, diminutive roague, we must have false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma[ster] Justice Shallow. . . . heere be epigrams upon Tucca, divulge these among the gallants. . . . (II, ii, 26–49.)

Sir Quint[iilian]. What gentleman is this in the mandilian, a soldyer?

Sir Vaughan. No, tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as ever any scholler went to cuffes for; tis a gentleman poet; he has made rimes called thalamimums, for M. Pride-groome. . . .

Sir Quint. Is this he? Welcome, sir, your name? Pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name, sir?

Hor. Quintus Horacius Flaccus. (III, i, 69–79.)

* * * *

Sir Vaughan. . . . I will indite the ladies & Miniver caps to a dinner of plumbes, and I shall desire you, M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile, I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie.

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly upon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire. (III, i, 116–22.)

* * * *

Tuc[ca]. . . . Thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

Hor. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vaughan. Then, M. Horace, you plaide the part of an honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could never play that part well in 's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius jorney-man poet, but thou putst up a supplication to be a poore jorney-man player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face upon 't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad
Jeronimoes part, to get service among the mimickes: and, when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst ban-dog (villanous Guy) & ever since bitest, therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst well, read, lege, save thy selfe and read. (IV, i, 151-70.)

* * * *

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted morter-treader: come, my most damnable fastidious rascal, I have a suite to both of you.

Asin. O holde, most pittifull Captaine, holde.

Hor. Holde, Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A gentleman or an honest cittizen shall not sit in your pennie-bench theaters, with his squirrell by his side cracking nuttes, nor sneake into a tavern with his mermaid, but he shall be satyr'd, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must runupo'th stage: you'll ha Every Gentleman in 's humour, and Every Gentleman out on 's humour: wee that are heades of legions and bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you serpentine rascal.

Hor. Honour'd Capten—

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horastratus, for killing a player, but thou must eate men alive? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy patrons? thou 'Anthropophagite, thy Mecaenasses? (IV, ii, 65-87.)

* * * *

Tuc. . . . Tis thy fashion to flirt inke in everie mans face, and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen, yet to give out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know, Monsieur Machiavell, tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd troglo-dite, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them all those hot oathes, to which thy selfe gav'st voluntarie fire, (whê thou wast the man in the moone) that thou wouldst never squib out any new salt-peter jestes against honest Tucca, nor those maligotasters, his poetasters; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst
thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

. . . Thou 'lt shoote thy quilles at mee when my terrible backe 's turn'd for all this, wilt not porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy dialogues to make us talke madlie, wut not Lucian? (IV, ii, 101–31.)

* * * * *

_dicache_. That same Horace, me thinkes, has the most un-godly face, by my fan; it lookes, for all the world, like a rotten russet apple when tis bruiz'd: its better then a spoonefull of sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee soundes it so i' th' nose, and talkes and randes for all the world like the poore fellow under Ludgate: oh fye upon him!

_min[ever]_. By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me to see his face make faces when hee reades his songs and sonnets.

_hor_. Ile face some of you for this when you shall not budge.

_tuc_. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer—foh upon him!

_sir vaughan_. Foh? oundes, you make him urse than old herring: foh? by Sesu, I thinke he's as tidy and as tall a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

_tuc_. The best verse that ever I knew him hacke out was his white neck-verse. Noble Ap Rees, thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe: hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander. . .

_cris_. Come, Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him: whom does he not wrong?

_tuc_. Mary, himselfe, the uglie Pope Boniface pardons himselfe, and therefore my judgement is that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee stab'd, stab'd, stab'd. (IV, iii, 100–54.)

* * * * *

_tuc_. . . . Feele my weapon. . . . As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy aloe, cicatrine tongue, bitter; no tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th'ast a good rouncivall voice to cry lanthorne & candlelight.

_sir vaughan_. Two urds, Horace, about your eares: how
chance it passes that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building symneys and laying downe brickes, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes; your muse leanes upon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance? (IV, iii, 181-98.)

*Tuc.* . . . Dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast morter under thy feete, dost? (IV, iii, 211-12.)

*Hor.* Why would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

*Tuc.* Ile tell thee why, because th'ast entred actions of assault and battery against a companie of honourable and worshipfull fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillers ath land, and if thou beest bound too 't (as I hope thou shalt bee) thou't proove a skip-jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpe that arrogance, and impudence, and ignoraunce are the essential parts of a courtier. . . . Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest ptrooh at worshipfull cittizens, and cal'st them flat-caps, cuckold, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous wives punch & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke fryers. . . . Thou art the true arraign'd poet, and shouldst have been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of purgatory (players I meane) theaterians, pouch-mouth, stage-walkers; for this, poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this—

*Hor.* What could I doe, out of a just revenge, But bring them to the stage? they envy me Because I holde more worthy company.

*Dem.* Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe blush for thine, As often as thou speakest so. Where one true And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart. I make account I put up as deepe share
In any good mans love, which thy worth earnes,
As thou thy selfe. We envy not to see
Thy friends with bayes to crowne thy poesie.
No, heere the gall yses, we that know what stuffe
Thy verie heart is made of, know the stalke
On which thy learning growes, and can give life
To thy (once dying) basenes, yet must we
Dance antickes on your paper.

Hor. Fannius—

Cris. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No, were thy warpt soule put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a jewel set in golde.

Sir Vaughan. And jewels, Master Horace, must be hang'd you know. . .

Tuc. Ist not better be out at elbowes, then to bee a bond-
slave, and to goe all in parchment as thou dost?

Hor. Parchment, Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure you.

Tuc. My perpetuall pantaloone, true, but tis waxt over;
th'art made out of wax; thou must answere for this one day;
thy muse is a hagler, and weares cloathes upon best-be-trust:
th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where;
thou wouldst bee out at elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that
thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill—

Hor. I confesse, Capten, I followed this suite hard. . .

Sir Vaughan. . . I have put upon my heade a fine device
to make you laugh; tis not your fooles cap, Master Horace,
which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha,
is jumbling in my braine. . . To conclude, tis after this
manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to
bee more hye and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry
his terrible person to court, and there before his Masestie dub,
or what you call it, dip his muse in some licour, and christen
him, or dye him into collours of a poet. (IV, iii, 225-323.)

* * * * *

Cris. My Leige, to wed a comicall event
To presupposed tragice argument,
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull poet take degree.
King. Dreadfull, in his proportion, or his pen?
Cris. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men. . .

Demetrius,
Call in that selfe-creating Horace, bring

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his
cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in
by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, . . .

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by'th hornes: so,
baite one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that
stake, Gurnets-head. . . .

Sir Vaughan. Goe too, I pray, Captaine Tucca, give us all
leave to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that Beare-whelp
when thou wut.

Sir Vaughan. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into
his Masesties eares, why you goe thus in Ovids Morter-Morphesis
and strange fashions of apparrell. . . .

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world,
And turne my Muse into a Timonist,
Loathing the general leprozie of sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:
I did it but to—

Tuc. But to bite every Motley-head vice by'th nose; you
did it, ningle, to play the bug-beare satyre, & make a campe
royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bullets: you
nastie tortois, you and your itchy poetry breake out like Christ-
mas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Revelling, & Araign-
ing, & a scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber, the
long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you? . . .

Cris. Under controule of my dreade Soveraigne,
We are thy Judges; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation?
Should I but bid thy muse stand to the barre,
Thy selfe against her wouldst give evidence,
For flat rebellion gainst the sacred lawes
Of divine Poesie: heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Saterist,
And not her love to vertue (as thou preachest).
Or, should we minister strong pilles to thee,
What lumpes of hard and indigested stuffe,
Of bitter satirisme, of arrogance,
Of selfe-love, of detraction, of a blacke
And stinking insolence, should we fetch up?
But none of these; we give thee what's more fit:
With stinging nettles crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said, my poetical huckster, now he's in thy hand-
ling, rate him, doe, rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Majesty, rather then thus to be netled,
Ile ha my satyres coate pull'd over mine eares, and bee turn'd
out a the nine muses service. . . .

Sir Vaughan. Flea off this hairie skin, M. Horace, so, so, so,
untrusse, untrusse.

Tuc. His poetical wreath, my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh—

Tuc. Nay your oohs, nor your Callinoes cannot serve your
turne: your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling,
your face full of pockey-holes and pimples with your fierie
inventions, and therefore to preserve your head from aking, this
biggin is yours,—

Sir Vaughan. Nay, by Sesu, you shall bee a poet, though
not lawrefyed, yet nettlefyed, so.

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but untruss'd now: I owe thee a
whipping still, and Ile pay it: . . . it shall not bee the Whipping
a' th Satyre, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a
counterfeit Jugler, that steales the name of Horace.

King. How? counterfeit? does hee usurpe that name?

Sir Vaughan. Yes indeede, ant please your Grace, he does
sup up that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does, O King Cambises, hee does: thou hast no
part of Horace in thee but 's name and his damnable vices:
thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to
peepe out: but, looke heere, you staring Leviathan, heere's the
sweete visage of Horace; looke, perboylde-face, looke: Horace
had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes): Horace did not skrue and wriggle himselfe into great mens famyliarity, (inpudentlie) as thou doost: nor weare the badge of gentlemens company, as thou doost thy taffetie sleeves, tactkt too onely with some pointes of profit: no, Horace had not his face puncht full of oylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan: Horace lov'd poets well, and gave coxcombes to none but fooles, but thou lov'st none, neither wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt scrag as thou art: no, heere's thee coppys of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villainous faces more, and to looke scurvily upon'th world, as thou dost.

Cris. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath? . . .

Sir Vaughan. Now, Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours, and, like a brokers booke, of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read th'inventory of his oath. . . .

Sir Vaughan. Inprimis, you shall sweare by Phoebus and the halfe a score muses lacking one, not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any man, ooman or silde, could write playes and rimes, as well-favour'd ones as your selfe. . . . You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new play, with the olde lynings of jestes, stolne from the Temples Revels. . . . Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery, when your comedies and enterludes have entred their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at everie lyne, to make gentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraide to take your part. . . . Besides, you must for-sweare to venter on the stage, when your play is ended, and to exchange curtezies and complements with gallants in the lordes roomes, to make all the house rise up in armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges humours and diseases. . . . Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say, your Wits and necessities, alias dictus, to the rifling of your Muse, alias, your Muses up-sitting, alias, a Poets Whitson-Ale, you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in booke-
binders shops, brag that your Vize-royes or Tributorie Kings, have done homage to you, or paide quarterage. . . . Moreover and Inprimis, when a knight or gentlemen of urship, does give you his passe-port, to travaile in and out to his company, and gives you money for Gods sake, I trust in Sesu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth jestes upon his knight-hood, will you not?

* Hor. * I never did it, by Parnassus.

* Tuc. * Wut sweare by Parnassus, and lye too, Doctor Doddi-pol?

* Sir Vaughan. * Thirdly, and last of all, saving one, when your playes are misse-likt at court, you shall not crye mew like a pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out the courtiers element.

* Tuc. * Let the element alone, tis out a thy reach.

* Sir Vaughan. * In brieflynes, when you sup in tavernes amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your manners in too much sawce, nor at table to fling epigrams, embleames, or play-speeches about you (lyke hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the shot, upon payne to sit at the upper ende of the table, a’th left hand of Carlo Buffon. Sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine muses.

* Hor. * By Apollo, Helicon, the muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this. . . .

* King. * . . . He whose pen
Drawes both corrupt and cleare bloud from all men,
Careles what veine he prickes, let him not rave
When his owne sides are strucke. Blowes blowes doe crave.

(V, ii, 112-403.)

* * * * *

EPILOGUS.

* Tucca. * . . . I recant, beare witnes all you gentle-folkes (that walke i’th galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of courtiers, ladies, & cittizens, when once (in an assembly of friers) I railde upon them. That hereticall libertine Horace,
taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Devill & his angels. . . . Are you adviz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away Horaces revenge, but if you set your hands and seales to this, Horace will write against it, and you may have more sport. He shall not loose his labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into waste paper. No, my poetasters will not laugh at him, but will untrusse him agen, and agen, and agen.

[Satiromastix, or The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet. This play, the climax of the Poetomachia, or war between Jonson and Marston and Dekker, was written in reply to Jonson's Poetaster, in which he represented himself as Horace. The passages quoted above are designed merely as illustrations; one should read the play in its entirety. The line numbers refer to the edition by Josiah H. Penniman, Belles-Lettres Series, 1913.]

W. I., 1601.

TO THE VAYNE-GLORIOVS,

the Satyrist, Epigrammatist, and Humorist.

. . . Now by your leave, Monsieur Humorist [i. e. Jonson], you that talke of mens humours and dispositions . . . I consider of you, as of a younger brother: you wanted this same muleis nimium, and nulli satis, coyne (a goodyere of it) and therefore opus & usus put you to such a pinch, that you made sale of your Humours to the Theater, and there plaid Pee boh with the people in your humour, then out of your humour. I do not blame you for this: for though you were guilty of many other things, yet I dare say, you were altogether without guilt at that time, notwithstanding I suppose you would have written for love, and not for money: but I see you are one of those that if a man can finde in his purse to give them presently, they can finde in their hearts to love him everlastingly; for now-adaies Aes in presenti perfectum format amorem. But it makes the lesse matter, because I know but few but are corivals with you in the love of silver. . . .

* * * *

It seemes your brother Satyre, and ye twayne, Plotted three ways to put the Divell downe; One should outrayle him by invective vaine,
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

One all to flout him like a countrey clowne;
And one in action, on a stage out-face,
And play upon him to his great disgrace.

You *Humorist*, if it be true I heare,
An action thus against the Divell brought,¹
Sending your humours to each Theater,
To serve the writ that ye had gotten out.
That Mad-cap² yet superiour praise doth win,
Who, out of hope, even casts his cap at sin.

¹*Against the booke of Humours.*
²*Pasquils Mad-cap.*

[The Whipping of the Satyre. Imprinted at London, for John Flasket. 1601. The pamphlet is directed against John Marston, Nicholas Breton, and Ben Jonson. The passages cited above are merely illustrative; the entire volume should be consulted. Dr. F. E. Fiske is now preparing a reprint of this and other related pamphlets. A reply to The Whipping of the Satyre was issued in 1601 by an anonymous writer, entitled The Whipper of the Satire, his Penance in a White Sheet, but this work, mainly a defense of Marston, contains no clear allusion to Jonson.]

**Nicholas Breton, 1601.**

Maye it please you to understand, that it was my happe of late, passing through Paules Church yarde, to looke upon certaine pieces of Poetrye, where I found (that it greeues me to speake of) one writer so strangely inueigh against another, that many shallow wits stoode and laught at their follies. Now, findinge their labours so toucht with ill tearms, as befitted not the learned to lay open; I thought good, having little to doe, to write unto all such writers, as take pleasure to see their wits plaie with the world, that they will henceforth, before they fall to worke, haue in minde this good prouerbe: *Play with me; but hurt me not: and iest with me; but disgrace me not;* Least that the world this iest do kindly smother, Why should one foole be angry with an other? . . .

* * * *
Tis strange to see the humors of these daies:
How first the Satyre bites at imperfectiōs:
The Epigrammist in his quips displayes
A wicked course in shadowes of corrections:
The Humorist hee strictly makes collections
   Of loth'd behauiours both in youthe and age:
   And makes them plaie their parts upon a stage.

An other Madcappe in a merry fit,
For lacke of witte did cast his cappe at sinne:
And for his labour was well tould of it,
For too much playing on that merry pinne:
   For that all fishes are not of one finne:
   And they that are of cholerick complections,
      Loue not too plain to reade their imperfections.

Now comes another with a new founde vaine:
And onely falls to reprehensions:
Who in a kind of scoffing chiding straine,
Bringes out I knowe not what in his inuentions:
But I will ghesse the best of his intencions:
    Hee would that all were well, and so would I:
    Fooles shuld not too much shew their foolery.

And would to God it had ben so in deed,
The Satyres teeth had neuer bitten so:
The Epigrammist had not had a seede
Of wicked weedes, among his herbes to sowe,
Nor one mans humor did not others showe,
    Nor Madcap had not showen his madness such,
    And that the whipper had not ierkt so much.

No, poets, no: I write to yee in loue,
Let not the world haue cause to laugh at us:
Let us our mindes from such ill meanes remoue,
As makes good spirits for to fall out thus:
Let us our causes with more care discusse:
    Not bite, nor claw, nor scoffe, nor check, nor chide:
    But eche mend one, and ware the fall of pride.
But, if you could, you should doe better much,
To bend your studie to a better end,
And neither one nor other seeme to tuch:
But in such sorte, as may beseeme a friend:
And doe no more your spirits idly spend
With ierking, biting, skoffing and such humors
As fill the world too full of wicked rumors.

* * * *

Let all good wits, if any good there be;
Leaue trussing, and untrussing of their points,
And heare thus much (although not learne) of me;
The spirits, that the Oyle of Grace annoyntes,
Will keepe their senses in those sacred ioynts,
That each true-learned, Christian-harted brother
Will be unwilling to offend another.

[No Whippinge, Nor Trippinge: But a Kinde Friendly Snippinge, ed. Charles Edmonds, in the Isham Reprints, 1895.]

**Anonymous, 1601.**

**Beniamin Johnson.**

**Iud[icio].** The wittiest fellow of a Bricklayer in England.

**Ing[enioso].** A meere Empyrick, one that getts what he hath by obseruation, and makes onely nature priuy to what he indites, so slow an Inuentor that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of Bricklaying, a bould whorson, as confident now in making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a brick. (P. 87.)

* * * *

**Kemp.** Few of the university pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer Ouid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Proserpina & Juppiter. Why heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, I and Ben Ionson too. O that Ben Ionson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit. (P. 138.)

[The Returne from Pernassus, Part II, ed. W. D. Macray, 1886. The play, though probably written in 1601, was apparently not acted until 1602. It was printed in 1606.]
Title-page, 1602.


Philip Henslowe, 1602.

Lent unto bengemy Johnsone at the a poynement of E Alleyn & w'm birde the 22 of June 1602 in earneste of a Boocke called Richard crockbacke & for new adicyons for Jeronymo the some of

[Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, p. 168. This is the second payment to Jonson for additions to The Spanish Tragedy.]

Anonymous, 1602.

Pha[ntastes].... That fellow in the bays, methinks I should have known him; O, 'tis Comedus, 'tis so; but he has become nowadays something humorous, and too-too satirical up and down, like his great grandfather Aristophanes.

[Lingua, 1607; Hazlitt's ed. of Dodsley's Old English Plays, 1874, ix, 416. The passage quoted seems to be directed at Jonson, whose satirical comedies offended many contemporary writers.]

John Manningham, 1603.

12 Feb. 1602.

Ben Johnson, the poet, nowe lives upon one Townesend, and scornes the world. (Tho: Overbury.)

[Diary of John Manningham, ed. J. C. Bruce, Camden Society, 1868, p. 130.]

William Camden, 1603.

These may suffice for some Poeticall descriptions of our ancient Poets; if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir Philipp Sidney, Ed. Spencer, Samuel Daniel, Hugo Holland, Ben. Johnson, Th. Campion, Mich. Drayton, George Chapman, Iohn Marston, William Shakespeare, and other most pregnant witts of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.

[Remaines concerning Britaine, 1605. Poems, p. 8.]
John Donne, 1603.

To Ben Jonson, 9 Novembris, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
If mean I will spare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill-got the owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid,
And a jury; but 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I had rather sufferer than doer be.
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is, that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? Though less, yet some of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me, double,
Am of this, though it should sink me, careless;
It would but force me to a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win,
If such gain be not loss, from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell His word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too;
How unlike they are that they're liken'd to.
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils;
If good, like Gods; the naught are so like devils.

[Poems of John Donne, ed. 1635.]

Henry Chettle, 1603.

Death now hath seiz'd her in his icy arms,
That sometime was the sun of our delight;
And, pitiless of any after harms,
Hath veil'd her glory in the cloud of night:
Nor doth one poet seek her name to raise,
That living, hourly, striv'd to sing her praise.
He that so well could sing the fatal strife
Between the royal Roses, white and read,
That prais'd so oft Eliza in her life,
His muse seems now to die, as she is dead:
Thou sweetest song-man of all English swains,
Awake for shame! honour ensues thy pains.

But thou alone deserv'dst not to be blam'd:
He that sung forty years her life and birth,
And is by English Albions so much fam'd,
For sweet mixt lays of majesty and mirth,
Doth of her loss take now but little keep;
Or else I guess he cannot sing, but weep.

Neither doth Coryn, full of worth and wit,
That finish'd dead Musæus' gracious song,
With grace as great, and words, and verse as fit,
Chide meagre death for doing virtue wrong:
He doth not seek with songs to deck her hearse,
Nor make her name live in his lively verse.

Nor does our English Horace, whose steel pen
Can draw characters which will never die,
Tell her bright glories unto list'ning men,
Of her he seems to have no memory:
His muse another path desires to tread,
True satyrs scourge the living, leave the dead.

[England's Mourning Garment; worn here by plain Shepherds, in Memory of their sacred Mistress, Elizabeth; Queen of Virtue, while she lived; and Theme of Sorrow, being dead. 1603; reprinted in The Harleian Miscellany, 1809, iii, 534. In the last stanza Chettle alludes to Jonson. During the course of the poem he has occasion to refer to many contemporary poets.]

Anonymous, 1603.

You Poets all, brave Shakspeare, Johnson, Greene,
Bestow your time to write for Englands Queene.
Lament, lament, lament you English Peeres,
Lament your losse possest so many yeeres.
Returne your songs and Sonnets and your sayes:
To set foorth sweete Elizabeth[a]'s praise.

[A mournful Dittie, entituled Elizabeth's losse, together with a welcome for King James. In the Heber Collection of Ballads and Broad-sides.]

I. C., about 1604.

Who'e're will go unto the presse may see,
The hated Fathers of vile balladrie:
One sings in his base note the River Thames
Shal sound the famous memory of noble king Iames;
Another sayes that he will, to his death,
Sing the renowned worthinesse of sweet Elizabeth,
So runnes their verse in such disordered straine,
And with them dare great majesty prophane,
Some dare to this; some other humbly craves
For helpe of Spirits in their sleeping graves,
As he that calde to Shakespeare, Johnson, Greene,
To write of their dead noble Queene;
But he that made the Ballads of oh hone,
Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on:
These fellowes are the slaunderes of the time,
Make ryming hatefull through their bastard rime.
But were I made a judge in poetry,
They all should burne for their yilde heresie.

[Epigrames. Served out in 52 severall Dishes for every man to tast without surfeiting, n. d., Epigram 12.]

Sir John Roe, 1604.

To Ben. Johnson, 6 Ian. 1603.

The State and mens affaires are the best playes
Next yours; 'Tis not more nor lesse than due praise.
Write, but touch not the much descending race
Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us. 
Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend, 
And so me; And when I true friendship end, 
With guilty conscience let me be worse stonge, 
Then with Pophams sentence theeves, or Cookes tongue 
Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell 
As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell; 
Let for a while the times unthrifty rout 
Contemne learning, and all your studies flout. 
Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare, 
More then wee that; ere long God may forbeare, 
But Creditors will not. Let them increase 
In riot and excesse as their meanes cease; 
* * * * 
Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks 
The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe. 

[Although these verses were attributed to Donne in the 1699 edition of his poems, the real author is revealed in Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond: “Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrote a moral Epistle to him which began, That next to plays, the Court and the State were the best; God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.” The masque referred to was probably by Samuel Daniel. Cf. the entry under “Richard Whitlock, 1654.”] 

The Stationers' Registers, 1604. 
16. Februarij 

John Smythick 
Entred for his copy under the handes of master Pasfeild and the wardens A booke called the case is altered. 
How? Aske Dalio and Millo provided that this copie be not taken from my other to the hurt of another mans book..................................................vj\(^d\) 

Edward Blunt 
putt over to 
Thomas Thorp 
6 Augusti 1605 
Entred for his copy under th[e h]andes of Master Pasfeild and the Wardens a booke called the tragedie of Seianus written by Beniamin Johnson..................vj\(^d\) 

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 252, 272.]
Title-page, 1604.

B. Jon: his part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainement through his Honorable Cittie of London. Thurseday the 15. of March. 1603. So much as was presented in the first and last of their Triumphall Arch's. With his speach made to the last Presentation, in the Strand, erected by inhabitants of the Dutchy, and Westminster. Also a briefe Panegyre of his Majesties first and well auspicated entrance to his high Court of Parliament, on Monday, the 19. of the same Moneth. With other Additions. V. S. for Edward Blount, 1604.

[An interesting description of this pageant will be found in Gilbert Dugdale's The Time Triumphant, 1604; see An English Garner, Stuart Tracts, ed. C. H. Firth, 'p. 77.]

John Marston, 1604.

[Dedication.]

BENIAMINO JONSONIO,

POETAE

ELEGANTISSIMO,

GRAVISSIMO,

AMICO

SUO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON,

MUSARUM ALUMNUS,

ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM

D. D.

*   *   *   *   *

Epilogue.

Then till another's happier Muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learnèd ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleased Fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth:
He that knows most knows most how much he wanteth.

[The Malcontent, 1604. The allusion in the Epilogue is probably to Jonson's forthcoming play, Volpone.]
Sir Thomas Edmonds, 1604.

Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, December 5, 1604.

Our Court of ladies is preparing to solemnize the Christmas with a gallant mask [Jonson’s Masque of Blackness] which doth cost the Exchequer £3000. Sir Philip Herbert’s marriage will also produce another mask among the noblemen and gentlemen.

[Edmund Lodge, Illustrations of British History, 1838, iii, 114.]

John Packer, 1604.

Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, December 12, 1604.

Now Sir for Women’s News. Wee have here great Preparation for the Queen’s Mask [of Blackness]; wherein besides her Majesty will be eleven Ladies, Bedford, Suffolk, Susan Vere, Lady Dorothy Rich, a Daughter of my Lord Chamberlaines, Lady Walsingham, Lady Bevill, and some other which I have forgotten for haste. But the Lady of Northumberland is excused by Sickness, Lady Hertford by the Measles. Lady of Nottingham hath the Polypus in her Nostril, which some fear must be cut off. The Lady Hatton would feign have had a Part, but some unknown reason kept her out; whereupon she is gone to her House.

[Winwood State Papers, ii, 39.]

John Chamberlain, 1604.

Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, December 18, 1604.

... Here is great Provision for Cockpit, to entertaine him [King James] at home, and of Masks and Revells against the Marriage of Sir Phillip Herbert and the Lady Susan Vere, which is to be celebrated on St. John’s Day. The Queen hath likewise a great Mask [Jonson’s Masque of Blackness] in hand against Twelfth-Tide, for which there was 3000£. delivered a Month ago.

[Winwood State Papers, 1725, ii, 41.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1604.

Nicolo Molin, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 29 [O.S. 19], 1604.

Her Majesty is preparing a masque [Jonson’s Masque of Blackness] which will cost twenty-five thousand crowns. At
Court they are studying how the Ambassadors can be present at the festival. But as the King declines to make any decision as to precedence between France and Spain, it is held certain that no Ambassador will be invited, and if anyone is curious to see the sight, he must go privately.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, x, 201.]

The Revells Booke, 1605.

On Twelfe Night the Queens Matís Maske of Mources [Jonson's Masque of Blackness] w'h Aleven Laydies of honno2 to accupayney her matíe w'ch cam in great showes of devises w'ch thay satt in w'th exselent musike.

By his Matís plaiers. The 8 of January A play cauled Euery on out of his Umor.

By his Matís plaiers. On Candelmas night A playe Every one in his Umor.

[Peter Cunningham, Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, 1842, p. 204.]

Sir Dudley Carleton, 1605.

Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, January, 1605.

On Twelth-Day . . . at Night we had the Queen's Maske [of Blackness] in the Banqueting-House, or rather her Pagent. There was a great Engine at the lower end of the Room, which had Motion, and in it were the Images of Sea-Horses with other terrible Fishes, which were ridden by Moors: The Indecorum was, that there was all Fish and no Water. At the further end was a great Shell in form of a Skallop, wherein were four Seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the Ladies Suffolk, Darby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham and Bevil. Their Apparell was rich, but too light and Curtizan-like for, such great ones. Instead of Vizzards, their Faces, and Arms up to the Elbows, were painted black, which was Disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so
well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly Sight, then a Troop of lean-cheek'd Moors. The Spanish and Venetian Ambassadors were both present, and sate by the king in State; at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrells so extreamly, that he saith the whole Court is Spanish. But by his Favour, he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private Men, to a private Sport; which he refusing, the Spanish Ambassador willingly accepted, and being there, seeing no Cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis, and took upon him El Señor Embaxadour, wherein he outstript our little Monsieur. . . . The Night's Work was concluded with a Banquet in the great Chamber, which was so seriously assaulted, that down went Table and Tresses before one bit was touched.

[Winwood State Papers, 1725, ii, 43-44.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1605.


On the 16th [O.S. 6th] of this month, Epiphany old style, the King created his second son Duke of York, and made twelve Knights of the Bath, so called because at their creation they are dipped. The morning of that day, the Chamberlain sent to say that if I cared to see the Queen's masque [Jonson's Masque of Blackness] that evening he would secure a convenient seat for myself and three or four of my suite. He explained that all the Ambassadors were being invited privately, so as to avoid quarrels for precedence. I said I would gladly attend. Meanwhile the Spanish Ambassador hearing that the French Ambassador was confined to his bed made vigorous representations at Court to secure for himself a public invitation; and he succeeded. Sir Lewis Lewkenor presently went to visit the French Ambassador, who having got wind of what the Spaniard was about, received Lewkenor very haughtily.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, x, 212. Cf. also State Papers, Domestic, James I, xii, nos. 6, 16; xiv, nos. 59, 60.]
Title-page, 1605.


[Three quarto editions of the play appeared in 1605, with slight variation in title-pages.]

George Chapman, 1605.

To His Most Gracious Majestie:

Vouchsafe most Excellent Soveraigne to take mercifull notice of the submissive and amendfull sorrowes of your two most humble and prostrated subjects for your highnes displeasure [at Eastward Hoe?]: Geo: Chapman and Ben Jhonson; whose chief offences are but two clawses, and both of them not our owne; much less the unnaturall issue of our offenceles intents: I hope your Majestie's universall knowledge will daigne to remember: That all Authoritie in execution of Justice especiallie respects the manners and lives of men commanded before it; And accordinge to their generall actions censures anythinge that hath scapt them in particular; which cannot be so disproportionable that one being actuallie good, the other should be intentionallie ill; if not intentionallie (howsoever it may lie subject to construction) where the whole founte of our actions may be justified from beinge in this kind offensive; I hope the integrall partes will taste of the same loyall and dutifull order: which to aspire from your most Cesar-like Bountie (who conquered still to spare the conquered, and was glad of offences that he might forgive). In all dijection of never-inough iterated sorrowe for your high displeasure, and vowe of as much future delight as of your present anger; we cast our best parts at your highnes feete, and our worst to hell.

George Chapman.

[Reproduced in The Athenæum, March 30, 1901, p. 403. See also Joseph Q. Adams, Shakespearean Playhouses, pp. 216–18. M. Castelain doubts that Eastward Hoe is the play alluded to in these letters.]
George Chapman, 1605.

[Letters to the Lord Chamberlain.]

Most Worthely Honord:

Of all the oversights for which I suffer, none repents me so much as that our unhappie booke [Eastward Hoe?] was presented without your Lordshippes allowance, for which we can plead nothinge by way of pardon: but your Person so farr removed from our requirde attendance; our play so much importun’d, and our cleere opinions, that nothinge it contain’d could worthely be held offensive; and had your good Lordshippe vouchsafte this addition of grace to your late free bounties, to have heard our reasons for our well wayd Opinions; And the wordes truly related on which both they and our enemies Complaints were grounded; I make no question but your Impartial Justice, wolde have stoode much further from their clamor then from our acquittall; which indifferent favoure, if yet your no less than Princelye respect of vertue shall please to bestowe on her poore observant, and commaunde my Appearaunce; I doubt not but the Tempest that hath dryven me into this wrackfull harbor will cleere with my Innocence; And withall the most sorrow inflicting wrath of his Excellent Majestie; which to my most humble and zealous affection is so much the more stormye, by how much some of my obscured laboures have striv’d to aspire in stead therof his illustrate favoure: And shall not be the least honor to his most Royall vertues.

To the most worthy and honorable Protector of vertue: The Lord Chamberlain.

George Chapman.

[To The Lord Chamberlain:]  
Notwithstandinge your lordshipps infinite free bountie hath pardon’d and grac’t when it might justlie have punisht; and remembered our poore reputations when our acknowledged dewties to your lordshippe might worthely seeme forgotten; yet since true honor delightes to encrease with encrease of goodness; & that our habilites and healths fainte under our yrcksome burthens; we are with all humilitie enforc’t to solicit the
propagation of your most noble favours to our present freedome; And the rather since we heare from the Lord Dawbney, that his highnes hath remitted one of us wholie to your Lo: favoure; And that the other had still youre Lo: passinge noble remembrance for his jointe libertie; which his highnes selfe would not be displeas'd to allow; And thus with all gratitude admyringe youre no lesse then sacred respect to the poore estate of vertue, never were our soules more appropriate to the powers of our lives, then our utttmost lives are consecrate to your noblest service.

George Chapman.

[Reproduced in The Athenaeum, March 30, 1901, p. 403.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1605.

6. Augusti

Thomas Thorpe

Entred for his copy by assignement of Edward Blunt the tragedie of Seianus which was entred to the said Edward 2 novembris ultimo ...................vjd

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 297.]

Title-page, 1605.

Seianus his fall. Written by Ben: Jonson. At London, Printed by G. Elld, for Thomas Thorpe. 1605.

George Chapman, 1605.

In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni Et Musis, et sibi in Deliciis.

So brings the wealth-contracting Jeweller
Pearles and deare Stones, from richest shores & streams,
As thy accomplisht Travaile doth confer
From skill-inriched soules, their wealthier Gems;
So doth his hand enchase in ammeld Gould,
Cut, and adornd beyond their Native Merits,
His solid Flames, as thine hath here inrould
In more then Goulden Verse, those betterd spirits;
So he entreasures Princes Cabinets,
As thy Wealth will their wished Libraries;
So, on the throate of the rude Sea, he sets
His ventrous foote, for his illustrious Prise;
And through wilde Desarts, armd with wilder Beasts,
As thou adventurst on the Multitude,
Upon the boggy and engulfed brests
Of Hyrelings, sworne to finde most Right, most rude:
And he, in stormes at Sea, doth not endure,
Nor in vast Desarts, amongst Woolves, more danger;
Then we, that would with Vertue live secure,
Sustaine for her in every Vices anger.
Nor is this Allegorie unjustly rackt,
To this strange length; Onely that Jewels are,
In estimation meerely, so exact:
And thy worke, in it selfe, is deare and Rare.
Wherein Minerva, had beene vanquished,
Had she, by it, her sacred Loomes advanc't,
And through thy subject woven her graphicke Thread,
Contending therein, to be more entranc't;
For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to drawe
The Semi-circle of Sejanus life,
Thy Muse yet makes it the whole Sphære, and Lawe,
To all State Lives; and bounds Ambitions strife.
And as a little Brooke creepes from his Spring,
With shallow tremblings, through the lowest Vales,
As if he feard his streame abroad to bring,
Least profane Feete should wrong it, and rude Gales;
But finding happy Channels, and supplies
Of other Fordes mixe with his modest course,
He growes a goodly River, and describes
The strength, that mannd him, since he left his Source;
Then takes he in delightsome Meades, and Groves,
And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
Before great Palaces, and all Mens Loves
Build by his shores to greete his Passages:
So thy chaste Muse, by vertuous selfe-mistrust,
Which is a true Marke of the truest Merit,
In Virgin feare of Mens illiterate Lust,
Shut her soft wings, and durst not showe her spirit;
Till, nobly cherisht, now thou lett'st her flie,
Singing the sable Orgies of the Muses,
And in the highest Pitche of Tragedie,
Mak'st her command, all things thy Ground produces.
But, as it is a Signe of Love's first firing
Not Pleasure by a lovely Presence taken,
And Bouldnesse to attempt; but close Retiring
To places desolate, and Fever-shaken;
So, when the love of Knowledge first affects us,
Our Tongues doe falter, and the Flame doth rove
Through our thinne spirits, and of feare detects us
T'attaine her Truth, whom we so truely love.
Nor can (saith Aeschilus) a faire young Dame
Kept long without a Husband, more containe
Her amorous eye, from breaking forth in flame,
When she beholds a Youth that fits her vaine;
Then any mans first taste of Knowledge truly
Can bridle the affection she inspireth;
But let it flie on Men, that most unduly
Haunt her with hate, and all the Loves she fireth.
If our Teeth, Head, or but our Finger ake,
We straight seeke the Phisitian; If a Fever,
Or any curefull maladie we take,
The grave Phisitian is desired ever:
But if proud Melancholie, Lunacie,
Or direct Madnesse over-heate our braines,
We Rage, Beate out, or the Phisitian flie,
Loosing with vehemence, even the sense of Paines.
So of Offenders, they are past recure,
That with a tyrannous spleene, their stings extend
Gainst their Reprovers; They that will endure
All discreet Discipline, are not said t' offend.
Though others qualified, then, with Naturall skill
(More sweete mouthd, and affecting shrewder wits)
Blanche Coles, call Illnesse, good, and Goodnesse ill,
Breath thou the fire, that true-spoke Knowledge fits.
Thou canst not then be Great? yes. Who is he,
(Said the good Spartane King) greater then I,
That is not likewise juster? No degree
Can boast of eminence, or Emperie,
(As the great Stagerite held) in any One
Beyond Another, whose Soule farther sees,
And in whose Life the Gods are better knowne:
Degrees of Knowledge difference all Degrees.
Thy Poëme, therefore, hath this due respect,
That it lets passe nothing, without observing,
Worthy Instruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renowne the well deserving:
Performing such a lively Evidence
In thy Narrations, that thy Hearers still
Thou turnst to thy Spectators; and the sense
That thy Spectators have of good or ill,
Thou inject'st joyntly to thy Readers soules.
So deare is held, so deckt thy numerous Taske,
As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian Boules,
Or stuckst rich Plumes in the Palladian Caske.
All thy worth, yet, thyself must Patronise,
By quaffing more of the Castalian Head;
In expiscation of whose Mysteries,
Our Netts must still be clog'd, with heavy Lead,
To make them sincke and catche: For cheerefull Gould
Was never found in the Pierian Streames,
But Wants, and Scornes, and Shames for silver sould.
What, what shall we elect in these extreames?
Now by the Shafts of the great Cyrrhan Poet,
That beare all light, that is, about the world;
I would have all dull Poet-Haters know it,
They shall be soule-bound, and in darknesse hurld
A thousand yeares, (as Sathan was, their Syre)
Ere Any worthy, the Poetique Name,
(Might I, that warme but, at the Muses fire,
Presume to guard it), should let Deathlesse Fame
Light halfe a beame of all her hundred Eyes,
At him dimme Taper, in their memories.
Flié, flie, you are too neare; so odorous Flowers,
Being held too near the Sensor of our Sense,
Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
As being held a little distance thence;
Because much troubled Earthy parts improve them:
Which mixed with the odors we exhale,
Do vitiate what we draw in. But remove them
A little space, the Earthy parts do fall,
And what is pure, and hote by his tenuitye,
Is to our powers of Savor purely borne.
But fly, or staie; Use thou the assiduitie,
Fit for a true Contemner of their scorn.
Our Phæbus may, with his exampleng Beames,
Burn out the webs from their Arachnean eyes,
Whose knowledge (Day-star to all Diadems,)
Should banish knowledge-hating Policies:

*   *   *   *

And so, good Friend, safe passage to thy Freight,
To thee a long Peace, through a vertuous strife,
In which lets both contend to Vertues height,
Not making Fame our Object, but good life.

Come forth, Sejanus, fall before this Booke,
And of thy Falles Reviver aske forgivenesse,
That thy lowe Birth and Merits durst to looke
A Fortune in the face, of such unevennesse;
For so his fervent love to Vertue, hates,
That her pluckt plumes should wing Vice to such calling,
That he presents thee to all marking States,
As if thou hadst beene all this while in falling.
His strong Arme plucking, from the Middle-world,
Fames Brazen House, and layes her Towre as low,
As Homers Barathrum; that, from Heaven hurld,
Thou might'st fall on it: and thy Ruines growe
To all Posterities, from his worke, the Ground,
And under Heav'n, nought but his Song might sound.

HAEC COMMENTATUS EST
Georgius Chapmannus.

[The first of the gratulatory poems prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]
Hugh Holland, 1605.

For his worthy Friend, the Author.

In that this book doth deign Sejanus' name,
Him unto more than Caesar's love it brings:
For where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.
Ye great-ones though, (whose ends may be the same,)
Know, that, (however we do flatter kings,)
Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,
With no less envy had, than lost with shame.
Nor make your selves less honest than you are,
To make our author wiser than he is:
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his Muses swear be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times:
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]

Cygnus, 1605.

To the deserving Author.

When I respect thy argument, I see
An image of those times: but when I view
The wit, the workmanship, so rich, so true,
The times themselves do seem retriev'd to me.
And as Sejanus, in thy tragedy,
Falleth from Caesar's grace; even so the crew
Of common playwrights, whom opinion blew
Big with false greatness, are disgrac'd by thee.
Thus, in one tragedy, thou makest twain:
And, since fair works of justice fit the part
Of tragic writers, Muses do ordain
That all tragedians, Masters of their Art,
Who shall hereafter follow on this tract,
In writing well, thy Tragedy shall act.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]
Th. R., 1605.

To his learned, and beloved Friend, upon his aequall worke.

Sejanus, great, and eminent in Rome,
Raised above all the senate, both in grace
Of princes' favour, authority, and place,
And popular dependence; yet how soon,
Even with the instant of his overthrow,
Is all this pride and greatness now forgot,
(Only that in former grace he stood not)
By them which did his state not treason know!
His very flatterers, that did adorn
Their necks with his rich medals, now in flame
Consume them, and would lose even his name,
Or else recite it with reproach, or scorn!
This was his Roman fate. But now thy Muse
To us that neither knew his height, nor fall,
Hath raised him up with such memorial,
All future states and times his name shall use.
What, not his good, nor ill could once extend
To the next age, thy verse, industrious,
And learned friend, hath made illustrious
To this. Nor shall his, or thy fame have end.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605. The writer was probably Sir Thomas Roe.]

John Marston, 1605.

Amicis, amici nostri dignissimi, dignissimis,
Epigramma.

D.

Johannes Marstonius.

Ye ready friends, spare your unneedful bays,
This work despairful envy must even praise:
Phœbus hath voiced it loud through echoing skies,
Sejanus' Fall shall force thy merit rise;
For never English shall, or hath before
Spoke fuller grac'd. He could say much, not more.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]
William Strachey, 1605.

Upon Sejanus.

How high a poor man shows in low estate
Whose base is firm, and whole frame competent,
That sees this cedar, made the shrub of fate,
Th' one's little, lasting; th' others confluence spent.
And as the lightning comes behind the thunder
From the torn cloud, yet first invades our sense:
So every violent fortune, that to wonder
Hoists men aloft, is a clear evidence
Of a vaunt-courring blow the fates have given
To his forced state: swift lightning blinds his eyes,
While thunder, from comparison—hating heaven,
Dischargeth on his height, and there it lies!
If men will shun swol'n fortune's ruinous blasts,
Let them use temperance: nothing violent lasts.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]

ΦΙΑΟΕ, 1605.

To him that hath so excell'd on this excellent subject.

Thy poem (pardon me) is mere deceit;
Yet such deceit, as thou that dost beguile,
Art juster far than they who use no wile;
And they who are deceived by this feat,
More wise, than such who can eschew thy cheat:
For thou hast given each part so just a style,
That men suppose the action now on file;
(And men suppose, who are of best conceit).
Yet some there be, that are not moved hereby,
And others are so quick, that they will spy
Where later times are in some speech unweaved,
Those, wary simples; and these, simple elves;
They are so dull, they cannot be deceived,
These so unjust, they will deceive themselves.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605.]
Ev. B., 1605.

To the most understanding Poet.

When in the Globe's fair ring, our world's best stage,
I saw Sejanus set with that rich foil,
I look't the author should have born the spoil
Of conquest, from the writers of the age:
But when I viewed the people's beastly rage,
Bent to confound thy grave, and learned toil,
That cost thee so much sweat, and so much oil,
My indignation I could hardly assuage.
And many there (in passion) scarce could tell
Whether thy fault, or theirs deserved most blame;
Thine, for so showing, theirs, to wrong the same:
But both they left within that doubtful hell,
From whence, this publication sets thee free:
They, for their ignorance, still damned be.

[Prefixed to Sejanus, 1605. Possibly "Ev." is an error for "Ed.," and the author Edmund Bolton, one of Jonson's best friends.]

The Privy Council, 1605.

7 Nov. 1605.

A warrant unto Benjamen Johnson to let a certaine priest knowe that offered to do good service to the State, that he should securely come and goe, to and from the Lords, which they promised in the said warrant upon their honors.

[Extract from a MS. in the British Museum, containing an Abstract of the Privy Council Register which is now lost; reprinted in The Athenaeum, April 22, 1865, p. 553, with a letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury, and a general discussion of Jonson's connection with the gunpowder plot conspirators.]

Title-page, 1606.

Hymenaei: or The Solemnities of Masque, and Barriers, Magnificently performed on the eleventh, and twelfth Nights, from Christmas; At Court: To the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union, betweene Robert, Earle of Essex, and the Lady Frances, second Daughter to the most noble Earle of Suffolke. By Ben: Ionson. . . Valentine Sims for Thomas Thorp . . . 1606.
John Pory, 1606.

Letter to Sir Robert Cotton, January, 1606.

I have seen both the Maske [Hymenei] on Sunday, and the Barriers on Munday night. . . . But to return to the Mask. Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The conceit or soul of the Mask was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno Pronuba's priest a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to Union; and here the poet made an apostrophe to the Union of the Kingdoms. But before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth standing behind the altar, and within the concave sat the eight men-maskers, representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who leaped forth to disturb the sacrifice to Union. But amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, with Reason their mediator, sat somewhat like the ladies in the Scollop-shell of the last year. About the globe hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre whereof stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the cantons sat the ladies, four at one corner and four at another, who descended upon the stage, not in the downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket in a well, but came gently sloping down. These eight after the sacrifice was ended, represented the Eight Nuptial Powers of Juno Pronuba, who came down to confirm their Union. The men were clad in crimson, and the women in white. They had every one a white plume of the richest hern's feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels and ropes of pearls both in court and city. (The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them.) They danced all variety of dances, both severally and promiscue, and then the women took the men as named by the Prince [Henry] who danced with as great perfection, and as settled a majesty as could be devised.

[From the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; see J. P. Collier, History of English Dramatic Poetry, 1879, i, 350; the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, xxxiii, note 4.]
John Marston, 1606.

To the General Reader.

... To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and translate Latin prose orations into English blank verse, hath, in this subject, been the least aim of my studies.

[Sophonisba, 1606. Marston seems to be alluding to Jonson's Sejanus.]

Anonymous, 1606.

Envy. From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,
A lean and hungry meagre cannibal,
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chawing malice,
And him I'll make a poet.
This scrambling raven with his needy beard
Will I whet on to write a comedy,
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to factious brains.
And every other where place me a jest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment than blows.

[Epilogue to the 1606 edition of Mucedorus. The allusion has been thought to be to Jonson, and the phrase "needy beard" certainly points to him.]

Thomas Dekker, 1607.

Item, when a cobler of poetry, called a playe patcher, was condemned with his catte to be ducket three times in the cucking-stoole of Pyrphlegeton, (beeing one of the scalding rivers,) till they both dropt again, because he scolded against his betters, and those whom hee lived uppon: laid out at that time for straw, to have caried pusse away if she had kinned, to avoyst anie catterwalling in Hell, j. pennie.

[A Knight's Conjuring, 1607, ed. E. F. Rimbault, 1842, p. 65. The allusion seems to be to Jonson, and the Poetomachia.]

Lewis Machin, 1607.

Everie Woman in her Humor. London. Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be solde at his shép in the Popes-head-Pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1609.

[The title is evidently in imitation of Jonson's Every Man in his Humor, and it is frankly indebted for the suggestion of several of its characters and some of its plot to Every Man out of his Humor. For
the identification of the author, and the date of composition, see J. Q. Adams, "Every Woman in her Humor and The Dumb Knight," in Modern Philology, x, 413. The title of John Day's Humour out of Breath, acted by the same company in 1607-8, is probably a satire on all these "humor" plays.

Records of the Merchant-Taylors' School, 1607.

Whereas the company are informed that the kings most excellent ma'ty with our gratious queene, and the noble prince, and diverse honorable lords and others, determyne to dyne at our hall on the day of theleécon of m-r and wardens, therefore this meeting was appointed to advise and consult howe every thinge may be performed for the reputacon and creditt of the company, and to give his ma'ty best lykeing and contentment, &c. &c. &c. And Sir John Swynnerton is entreated to conferr with Mr. Beniamyn Johnson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome his ma'ty and for musique and other inventions which may give liking and delight to his ma'ty, by reason that the company doubt, that their schoolem-r and schollers be not acquainted with such kinde of entertagnements.

[Minutes of Court, 27 June, 1607, reprinted in The History of Merchant-Taylors' School, H. B. Wilson, 1814, p. 171.]

Records of the Merchant-Taylors' School, 1607.

The following particulars are taken from the Merchant Taylors' Company's Records on the occasion of King James' visit to the Merchant Taylors' School:—

At the upper end of the Hall there was set a chair of Estate, where his Majesty sat and viewed the Hall; and a very proper child, well spoken, being clothed like an Angel of gladness, with a taper of frankincense burning in his hand, delivered a short Speech, containing 18 verses, devised by Mr. Ben Jonson, which pleased his Majesty marvelously well.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 137-38.]
Title-page, 1607.

Ben: Ionson his Volpone Or The Foxe. Printed for Thomas Thorppe. 1607.

Edmund Bolton, 1607.

Ad Utramque Academiam, De Benjamin Ionsonio.

Hic ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis, Graiorum antiqua, et Latii monimenta theatri, Tanquam explorator versans, fœlicibus ausis Praebrebit: magnis cóptis, gemina astra, favete. Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum hic, Atque pari soccum tractat Sol scénicus arte; Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dedisti. At si Jonsonias mulcétatas limite musas Angusta plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contrâ, O nimìùm miseros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua, Aut non sat nota est; aut queis (seu trans mare natis) Haud nota omnino! Vegetet cum tempore vates, Mutabit patriam, fiêtque ipse Anglus Apollo.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607, with the initials E. B. In the folio of 1616 the poem is signed E. Bolton.]

John Donne, 1607.

Amicissimo & meritissimo Ben: Ionson.

Quod arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta, Si auderent hominum Deique juris Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque, Omnes saperemus ad salutem. His sed sunt veteres araneosi; Tam nemo veterum est secutor, ut tu Illos quod sequeris novator audis. Fac tamen quod agis; tuique prima Libri canitie induantur hora; Nam chartis pueritia est neganda, Nascenturque senes, oportet, illi Libri, quês dare vis parennitatem. Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque Te parem; hos superes, ut te futuros,
Ex nostra vitiositate sumas,
Qua priscos superamus, et futuros.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607, signed I. D.; included in the 1650 edition of Donne's Poems.]

T. R., 1607.
To my friend Mr. Johnson.
Epigramme.
Ionson, to tell the world what I to thee
Am, 'tis Friend. Not to praise, nor usher forth
Thee, or thy worke, as if it needed mee
Send I these ri'mes to adde ought to thy worth:
So should I flatter my selfe, and not thine;
For there were truth on thy side, none on mine.

To the Reader. Upon the worke.
If thou dar'st bite this Fox, then read my rhymes;
Thou guilty art of some of these foul crimes:
Which else, are neither his nor thine, but Time's.

If thou dost like it, well; it will imply
Thou lik'st with judgment, or best company:
And he, that doth not so, doth yet envy.

The ancient forms reduced, as in this age
The vices are; and bare-faced on the stage:
So boys were taught to abhor seen drunkards rage.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607. The author is probably Sir Thomas Roe, who prefixed verses to Sejanus in 1605.]

Francis Beaumont, 1607.
To my deare friend, Mr. Beniamin Ionson, upon his Foxe.
If it might stand with justice, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since, firmly resolved, shall never come
To know more than they do; I would have shewn
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered with the grace
Of comic style, which only, is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of nought that may be understood,
Lest they should be disproved: or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
They may continue, simply to admire
Fine cloaths, and strange words; and may live, in age,
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold and knowing Muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607, where the verses are signed merely F. B.
In the folio of 1616, however, they are signed Franc. Beaumont.]

D. D., 1607.

To my good friend, Mr. Johnson.

The strange new follies of this idle age,
In strange new forms, presented on the stage
By thy quick muse, so pleased judicious eyes;
That th' once admired ancient comedies'
Fashions, like clothes grown out of fashion, lay
Locked up from use: until thy Fox' birthday,
In an old garb, showed so much art, and wit,
As they the laurel gave to thee, and it.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607.]

I. C., 1607.

To the ingenious Poet.

The Fox, that eased thee of thy modest fears,
And earthed himself, alive, into our ears
Will so, in death, commend his worth, and thee
As neither can, by praises, mended be:
'Tis friendly folly, thou may'st thank, and blame,
To praise a book, whose forehead bears thy name.
Then Jonson, only this (among the rest,)
I, ever, have observed, thy last work's best:
Pace, gently on; thy worth, yet higher, raise;
Till thou write best, as well as the best plays.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607. The author may be Sir John Cleveland.]

G. C., 1607.

To his deere friend, Benjamin Johnson, his Volpone.
Come yet more forth, Volpone, and thy chase
Perform to all length, for thy breath will serve thee;
The usurer shall never wear thy case:
Men do not hunt to kill, but to preserve.
Before the best hounds thou dost still but play;
And for our whelps, alas, they yelp in vain.
Thou hast no earth; thou hunt'st the Milk-white way,
And through the Elysian fields dost make thy train,
And as the symbol of life's guard the hare,
That, sleeping wakes; and for her fear was safed;
So shalt thou be advanced and made a star,
Pole to all wits, believed in for thy craft,
In which the scenes both mark, and mystery
Is hit, and sounded, to please best and worst;
To all which, since thou makest so sweet a cry,
Take all thy best fare, and be nothing cursed.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607. The author is probably George Chapman.]

E. S., 1607.

To my worthily-esteem'd Mr. Ben: Jonson.
Volpone now is dead indeed, and lies
Exposed to the censure of all eyes,
And Mouths; now he hath run his train, and shewn
His subtle body, where he best was known;
In both Minerva's cities: he doth yield,
His well-formed limbs upon this open field.
Who, if they now appear so fair in sight,  
How did they, when they were endowed with spright  
Of action? In thy praise let this be read,  
The Fox will live when all his hounds be dead.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607. Gifford identifies the author with Edward Scory.]

I. F., 1607.  
To the true Mr. in his Art, B. Jonson.

Forgive thy friends; they would, but cannot praise,  
Enough the wit, art, language of thy plays:  
Forgive thy foes; they will not praise thee. Why?  
Thy fate hath thought it best, they should envy.  
Faith, for thy Fox's sake, forgive then those  
Who are nor worthy to be friends, nor foes.  
Or, for their own brave sake, let them be still  
Fools at thy mercy, and like what they will.

[Prefixed to Volpone, 1607. The author is probably John Fletcher.]

N[athaniel] F[ield], 1607.  
To the worthiest Maister Jonson.

For mee, your Worke or you, most worthy Friend,  
('Mongst these un-æquall'd Men) to dare commend,  
Were damnable presumption; whose weake flame  
Can neither dimme, or light your full grow'n fame:  
How can my common knowledge set you forth,  
When it wants art, and Art it selfe wants worth?  
Therefore, how vaine (although by you, made one)  
Am I, to put such saucy boldnesse on  
To send you Verses? vainer, to conceive  
You do in my weake time so much beleeve,  
As, that without the forfeit of your owne  
Judgement, you'ld let my pen, with theirs, be showne:  
Unlesse, to have me touch what they do write,.  
To give my lame-blind Muse sound strength, cleare sight.  
There'are, whose Playes (nere lik'd) do alwaies passe;  
That have read more, then ever written was;
Will ignorant be of nothing; every place
Th' have seene, or knowe; who, had they but the grace,
That you do me (me thinkes) would say, your streine
Exceeded Plautus, Horace, Virgil's vaine:
Two points they would hit, here; give you your due,
And tell the world how many names they knew
Of Poets, and nought else. For, as the poore,
To make one dinner, scrape at every doore,
Get here a bone, there tainted meate, here bread,
To save 'hem from the number of the dead;
Even so, their Beggar-Muse hence steales a Scene,
Thence begges a speach, & from most Plaies doth gleane,
Till they have made one: which is like, being showne,
The Prisoners-basket, into which is throwne
All mammocks, fish, and flesh, which but to eye
Or sent, would make all (but the neare-sterv'd) die.
These I can now dispraise, But, how O Muse,
Canst thou praise him, who hath more worth t' excuse
Thy not-praysing, then thou faculty to praise?
His name (long since at highest) none can raise.
Yet he, that covets worthy deedes, doth doe 'hem;
If nought, but meanes, withstand thee to pursue 'hem;
But, thou that wouldst ore his true praises looke,
First, pray to understand, then read his booke.

[This poem appears on an inserted leaf at the end of the complimentary poems, in the copy of the 1607 quarto of Volpone presented by Jonson to John Florio, now in the British Museum.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 10 [O.S. December 31], 1608.

The King came back to the City four days ago to keep Christmas. He and the Court are entirely absorbed in the festivities and in the Queen's Masque [Jonson's Masque of Beauty]. She is giving it great attention in order that it may come up to expectation.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, p. 82; cf. pp. 74, 76, and Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, January 5, 1608, p. 394.]
John Chamberlain, 1608.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1608.

The Masque [Jonson's Masque of Beauty] goes forward at Court for Twelfth-day, tho' I doubt the New Room [the new Banqueting House] will be scant ready.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 162.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 17 [O.S. 7], 1608.

The Court is still occupied by festivities. The Queen has put off her Masque [Jonson's Masque of Beauty] for a few days. This function has caused the greatest chagrin to the French Ambassador, who, on learning that the King intended to invite the Spanish Ambassador, did all he could to prevent him as he considered that in this undecided question of precedence, such an invitation would give a signal advantage to the Catholic Ambassador. The King has done everything to come to some compromise but, as yet, the French Ambassador declines to consent.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 83.]

John Chamberlain, 1608.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 8, 1608.

We had great hope to have you here this day; and then I would not have given my part of the Masque for many of their places that shall be present; for I presume that you and your Lady would find easily passage, being so befriended. For the shew [Jonson's Masque of Beauty] is put off till Sunday, by reason all things are not ready. Whatevsoever the devise may be, and what success they may have in their dancing, yet you should be sure to have seen great riches in jewels, when one Lady, and that under a Baroness, is said to be furnished for better than a hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her; and the Queen must not come behind.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 162.]
The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 24 [O.S. 14], 1608.

I must just touch on the splendour of the spectacle [Jonson's Masque of Beauty], which was worthy of her Majesty's greatness. The apparatus and the cunning of the stage machinery was a miracle, the abundance and beauty of the lights immense, the music and the dance most sumptuous. But what beggared all else and possibly exceeded the public expectation was the wealth of pearls and jewels that adorned the Queen and her ladies, so abundant and splendid that in every one's opinion no other court could have displayed such pomp and riches. So well composed and ordered was it all that it is evident the mind of her Majesty, the authoress of the whole, is gifted no less highly than her person. She reaped universal applause and the King constantly showed his approval. At the close of the ceremony he said to me that he intended this function to consecrate the birth of the Great Hall which his predecessors had left him built merely in wood, but which he had converted into stone.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, p. 86; cf. Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, January 8, 1608, p. 394.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 24 [O.S. 14], 1608.

Throughout these festivities I have not had an opportunity to see the King and so I could not execute my commission. He is always away at the chase, for which the season is propitious. He left the day after the Masque [Jonson's Masque of Beauty]. Before he left, however, he sent to his Ambassador in France instructions as to his answers should anything be said to him on this question of precedence. The King also closed the passage between Dover and Calais in order to intercept the message which the French Ambassador here was sending to his master. At a breakfast which the Queen gave to us she began to touch on the subject, but I took care to avoid all discussion.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 87.]
Rowland Whyte, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, January 26, 1608.

The King is newlie gon to Tibbolles for six daies. The Spanish Ambassador has invited the fifteen Ladies that were of the Queen's Maske [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*], to dinner upon Thursday next; and they are to bring with them whom they please, without limitacion. The great Maske [Jonson's *Hue and Cry after Cupid*] intended for my Lord Haddington's mariage is now the only thing thought upon at Court; by five English, Lord Arundell, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montgomery, Lord Theophilus Haward, and Sir Robert Rich; and by seven Scottes, the Duke of Lénox, D'Aubigny, Hay, Master of Mar (yong Erskine) Sanker, and Kenedie. Yt will cost them about £.300 a man.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 175. Nichols incorrectly dates the letter "February"; the correct date is cited by Lodge, *Illustrations*, p. 226.]

Rowland Whyte, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, January 29, 1608.

The Masque [of Beauty] was as well performed as ever any was; and for the device of it, with the Speeches and Verses, I had sent it your Lordship ere this, if I could have gotten those of Ben Jonson. But no sooner had he made an end of these, but that he undertook a new charge for the Masque [The Hue and Cry] that is to be at the Viscount Haddington's Mariage.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 175; Nichols inadvertently gives the date as "February."]

John Chamberlain, 1608.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 11, 1608.

I can send you no perfect relation of the Marriage [of Viscount Haddington], nor Masque [The Hue and Cry after Cupid] on Tuesday; only they say all, but especially the motions were well performed; as Venus, with her chariot drawn by swans, coming in a cloud to seek her Son; who, with his companions, *Lusus, Risus*, and *Jocus*, and four or five wags, were dancing a
matachina, and acted it very antiquely, before the Twelve Signs, who were the Master-maskers, descended from the Zodiac, and played their parts more gravely, being very gracefully attired.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 189; cf. Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1608, p. 403.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1608.

21 Aprilis

Thomas Thorpe

Entred for his copie under the handes of Sir George Bucke and Th[e] wardens. The Characters of Twoo Royall Masks. Invented by Ben. Johnson...vjth[

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 375.]

Title-pages, 1608.

The Characters of Two royall Masques. The one of Blackness, The other of Beautie. personated By the most magnificent of Queenes Anne Queene of great Britaine, &c. With her honorable Ladyes, 1605. and 1608. at Whitehall: and Invented by Ben: Ionson. . . for Thomas Thorp.

The Description of the Masque. With the Nuptiall Songs. Celebrating the happy Marriage of Iohn Ramsey, Viscount Hadington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, Daughter to the right Honor: Robert, Earle of Sussex. At Court On the Shrove-Tuesday at night. 1608. Devised by Ben: Ionson.


Mr. Francis Beaumonts Letter to Ben. Johnson, written before he and Mr. Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finish'd, which deferr'd their merry meetings at the Mermaid.

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring To absent friends, because the self same thing They know, they see, however absent) is Here our best hay-maker (forgive me this; It is our country's style:) in this warm shine I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;
So mixed that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliads;
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit;
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet:
Filled with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this; and yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Make us not laugh when we make legs to knights;
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates;
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal every whit:
Of land, that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house-jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wince, and then lament the blow:
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
TO BEN JONSON

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then where there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past: wit that might warrant be
For the whole town to talk foolishly,
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty: though but downright fools, mere wise:
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballating grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any, with one wind
That takes no medicines. But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that shew
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the gard, have growing souls.
Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banished unto this home. Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine;
I'll drink thy Muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

[Following The Nice Valour in the 1647 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]
John Donne, 1608.


The King is gone this day for Royston, and hath left the Queen a commandment to meditate upon a masque for Christmas, so that they grow serious about that already.

[From the Letters of John Donne, 1651. The masque which resulted from the King’s “commandment” was Jonson’s Masque of Queens.]

Sir Thomas Lake, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Salisbury, November 27, 1608.

His h. commanded me further to advertise your lo. that where he had by my former bre. sent your lo. a warrant for the maske [Jonson’s Masque of Queens] wth a blanck but limited the same to a thousand pounds, he was pleased if it were not already filled your lo. wth opinion of the rest of the lords mentioned in the warrant might enlarge it to some reasonable encrease as you should thinke meet. I moved his Ma™s thereupon that if it pleased him there might be a new warrant made wth out limitation of a somme but left to such bylz as by your Lls should be signed and allowed His Ma™s seamed to like it well and if it please your lo. to think it a fitt way it may be done.

[Warrant, 1608.

Warrant to issue to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Worcester, Master of the Horse, such sums as shall be requisite for the preparation of a masque [Jonson’s Masque of Queens], to be given by the Queen at Christmas.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, James I, December 1, 1608, p. 472. An itemized bill for materials used in this masque may be found in Paul Reyher, Les Masques Anglais, pp. 507-08, printed from the Exchequer of Receipt, Miscellanea, 343, 344, signed by Suffolk and Worcester.]

Audit Office Account, 1609.

To Sir Ricardo Coningesbye . . . for makeinge readie the banquettinge house at Whitehall for the maske [Jonson’s Masque of Queens].]
of Queens] by the space of fower daies menss Januarii 1608, lxxviii° viii°.

[Audit Office, Declared Accounts, Treasurer of the Chamber, B. 389, R. 46.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 9 [O.S. Dec. 30], 1609.

From Sunday last on which day they kept Christmas, till now the Court has been entirely taken up with balls and comedies. The Queen is deeply engaged in preparing a Masque of Ladies [Jonson's Masque of Queens] to wind up with. It will be given to-day week. She is sparing no expense to make it as fine as possible. . . . The Spanish and Flemish Ambassadors are now manoeuvring to be invited to the Masque. They declare it would be a slight to the Embassy-Extraordinary to be left out. On the other hand the French Ambassador, who was omitted last year, which produced some sharp words from his Most Christian Majesty, now declares that he will withdraw from Court if he is not invited.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 212.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 15 [O.S. 5], 1609.

As the Ambassadors of Spain and the Archdukes contine to insist on being invited to the Masque [Jonson's Masque of Queens], the Court has announced that their Majestys wish the French Ambassador and myself to be present. We were informed of this by many of those who have the King's ear. I hear that his Majesty was anxious to dismiss the Ambassador-Extraordinary and told the Queen so, who was quite willing; but the Ambassador neither asks to take leave nor shows any signs of going, and so his Majesty has put off the Masque, which ought to have been given to-morrow, to the 12th of February, the Feast of the Purification.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 219; cf. Nichols, Progresses of King James, ii, 214.]
The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 22 [O.S. 12], 1609.

The Ambassador-Extraordinary stays on here; he says he will not leave till he has received letters from Spain. . . . It is thought that he is staying on to compel the King to invite him to her Majesty’s Masque [Jonson’s Masque of Queens], which in consequence of this may be put off again. All the same the Queen holds daily rehearsals and trials of the machinery. Mean- time the Spanish Ambassador-in-ordinary makes vigorous efforts to be invited; he puts in motion all his supporters and uses the Embassy-Extraordinary as a pretext.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 222.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, February 13 [O.S. 3], 1609.

Thursday was appointed for the Queen’s Masque [Jonson’s Masque of Queens].

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xi, 231; the remainder of this long letter, written in cipher, is devoted to the quarrels of the ambassadors over precedence at the masque; cf. ibid., pp. 233, 236, and 253.]

The Stationers’ Registers, 1609.

26° Januarij

Henry Walleys
Richard Bonion

Entred for their Copye under th[e h]andes of master Segar deputy to Sir George Bucke and of th[e] wardens a booke called, The case is altered .................. vj°

22° Februarij

Richard Bonion
Henry Walleys

Entred for their Copy under th[e h]andes of master Segar and Th’ wardens a booke called, The maske of Queenes Celebrated, done by Beniamin Johnson . . . . vj°
TO BEN JONSON

20 Julij

Henry Walley
Richard Bonyon
Bartholomew Sutton

Entred for their copie by direction of master Waterson warden. a booke called the case is altered whiche was Entred for H[enry] Walley and Richard Bonyon the 26 of January Last.........................vjd

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 400, 402, 416.]

Title-pages, 1609.

Ben: Jonson, his Case is Altered. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Children of the Blacke-friers. At London, Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, . . . 1609.


A Pleasant Comedy, called: The Case is Altered. As it hath beene sundry times acted by the children of the Black-friers. London, Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, and William Barrenger, . . . 1609. [Another issue of the same sheets, with a title-page identical with the preceding issue save that Jonson's name as the author has been omitted.]

The Masque of Queenes Celebrated From the House of Fame: By the most absolute in all State, And Titles. Anne Queene of Great Britaine, &c. With her Honourable Ladies. At White Hall, Feb. 2. 1609. Written by Ben: Ionson. . . . N. Okes for R. Bonian and H. Wally . . . 1609.

[Jonson's description of this masque should be supplemented by reading Harleian MS. 6947, f. 143, printed in Paul Reyher's Les Masques Anglais, p. 506.]

Edmund Bolton, 1610.

The Choise of English.—As for example, language & style (the apparell of matter) hee who would penn our affairs in English,
and compose unto us an entire body of them, ought to have a singuler care ther of. For albeit our tongue hath not received dialects, or accentuall notes as the Greeke, nor any certaine or established rule either of gramer or true writing, is notwithstanding very copious, and fewe there be who have the most proper graces thereof, In which the rule cannot be variable: For as much as the people's judgments are uncertaine, the books also out of which wee gather the most warrantable English are not many to my remembrance, of which, in regard they require a p-\*ticular and curious tract, I forbeare to speake at this present. But among the cheife, or rather the cheife, are in my opinion these.

Sr Thomas Moore's works some fewe outworne or antiquated words exepted.

* * * * *

George Chapmans first seaven books of Iliades.
Samuell Danyell.
Marlowe his excellent fragment of Hero and Leander.
Shakespere, Mr Francis Beamont, & innumerable other writers for the stage, and presse tenderly to be used in this Argument.
Southwell, Parsons, & some fewe other of that sort.
Henry Constable a rare gentleman.
Richard [i.e. Thomas] earle of Dorset, the myrrour of Magistrates, and his tragedies of Gorboduck.
Henry earle of Surrey and Sr Thomas Wyatt of old.
Henry earle of Northampton, sonne of that Surrey, for some fewe things, a man otherwise too exuberent and wordfull.
Grevile lo. Brooke in his impious Mustapha.
Beniamin Johnson. Sr Henry Wotton.
The learned and truely noble Sr John Beaumont barronet in all his &c.; and late dictionaries, some publiqu: speaches, some sermons, &c.

TO BEN JONSON

Deposition, 1610.

Beniamin Johnson of the precinct of the blackfreiers London gent. aged 37 yeres or theraboutes sworne &c.

[This deposition, dated May 5, 1610, is cited by C. W. Wallace, Englische Studien, xliii, 369, note 2. It is of importance for determining the date of Jonson's birth.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1610.

20mo Septembris

John Browne
John Busby

Entred for their Copye under th[e h]andes of Sir George Bucke and master Waterson for master warden Leake, A booke called, Epicoene or the silent woman by Ben: Johnson..........................vjd

3º Octobris

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copy under th[e h]andes of Sir George Bucke and Th'wardens, a Comœdy called, The Alchymist made by Ben: Johnson..........................vjd

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copyes by assignemente from Thomas Thorpe and with the consente of Th'wardens under their handes, 2 bookees th[e] one called, Seianus his fall, th[e] other, Vulpone or the ffoxes....................xijd

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 444, 445]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1610.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 2 [O.S. November 22], 1610.

The King is pleased that at the approaching Christmas she [the Queen] should give another Masque of Ladies [Jonson's Love Freed]; it will precede the Prince's Masque, and neither will be so costly as last year's; which, to say sooth were exessively costly.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xii, 86.]
The Venetian Ambassador, 1610.

Marc’ Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 31 [O.S. 21], 1610.

Their Majesties are awaiting the Marshall de Laverdin, who is coming for the swearing of the treaty with France. He cannot be far away from the sea. He will be nobly entertained. . . . The Masques which the Queen and Prince are preparing [Jonson’s Love Freed from Ignorance and Oberon] are particularly directed to honour this mission.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xii, 101.]

Edmund Howes, 1611.

Uppon New-yeeres night, the Prince of Wales being accompanied with twelve others, viz. two Earles, three Barons, five Knights, and two Esquiers, they performed a very stately Maske [Jonson’s Masque of Oberon], in which was an excellent Sceane, ingenious speeches, rare songs, and great varietie of most delicate Musique, in the beautifull roome at Whitehall which roome is generally called the Banqueting house.

[Annales, or A Generall Chronicle, 1631, p. 999.]
next whom I sat, said that on Sunday next she intended to give her Masque, and she hoped the King would invite me to it.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xii, 106.]

**Accounts of Prince Henry, 1611.**

The Prynces Maske.

Payde to sondrye persons for the chardges of a Maske presented by the Prince before the Kings ma\textsuperscript{tie} on Newyeres day at night beinge the first of Januarie 1610 [1611]. viz.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>To Mercers</td>
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<td>Sylkemen</td>
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<td>Haberdashers</td>
<td>lxxiiij</td>
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<tr>
<td>Embroderers</td>
<td>iiiij</td>
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<tr>
<td>Girdelers and others for skarfes, beltes and gloves</td>
<td>lxxiiij</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hosyers for silke stockinges, poyntes and rybbons</td>
<td>xlix</td>
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<td>Cutler</td>
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<td>Tyrewoman</td>
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<td>Taylors</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoemaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>To Inigoe Jones deyser for the saide Maske</td>
<td>xxvij</td>
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In all.................M.iiijxij | vj | x

[From The Accompte of the Money Expended by Sir David Murray Kt. as Keeper of the Privie Purse to the late Noble Prynce Henry, Prynce of Wales, reprinted by Peter Cunningham in Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, 1842, pp. viii-ix. The account relates to Jonson's Oberon, the Fairy Prince: A Masque of Prince Henry's.]

**The Venetian Ambassador, 1611.**

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 21 [O.S. 11], 1611.

The Queen’s Masque [Jonson’s Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly] is put off to the Feast of the Purification; either because
the stage machinery is not in order or because their Majesties thought it well to let the Marshall [de Laverdin] depart first.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xii, 110.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1611.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, February 11 [O.S. 1], 1611.

The Marshall [de Laverdin] is hurrying his departure, urged, as he says, by couriers express; nothing keeps him but the Queen's Masque [Jonson's Love Freed], which takes place the day after to-morrow.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xii, 115.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1611.

1610

The bill of account of the hole charges of the Queen's Ma'ts Maske at Christmas 1610.

Inprimis, to Mr. Inigo Johnes, as apeareth by his byll, 238li. 16s. 1od.

Item, to Mr. Confesse upon his bill for the 12 fooles .16li. 6s. 6d.

Item, to his taylour for making the suites, as apeareth by his bill ................................................................. 8li.

Item, for 128 yeardes of fustian to lyne their coates, att 1od. the yeard ............................................................... 5li. 6s. 8d.

Item, for 87 ownces of coper lace, att 18d. the ownce, and 6 ownces at 20d. the ownce, used for the 11 preestes gowndes and hoodes wth shues and scarffes ........................................... 7li. 4d.

Item, for 24 yeardes of riband to beare their lutes, att 12d. the yeard, and one dosen att 3d. and half a dosen at 2d. the yeard ................................................................. 1li. 8s.

Item, to the taylour for making those gowndes and hoodes . .4li.

Item, to the 11 preestes to buy their silke stockinges and shoues, att 2li. a pceee ................................................................. 22li.

Item, for 3 yeardes of flesh collored satten for Cupides coate and hose att 14s. the yeard ............................................ 2li. 2s.

Item, for 26 yeardes of callico to lyne the preestes hoodes, att 20d. the yeard ......................................................... 2li. 3s. 4d.
Item, to the taylor for making and furnishing of Cupides suite
with lace and puffs..................................................1li. 10s.
Summa.................................................................308li. 14s. 3d.

Rewardes to the persons employed in the maske.
Inprimis, to Mr. Benjamin Johnson for his invention.....40li.
Item, to Mr. Inigo Johnes for his paynes and invention....40li.
Item, to Mr. Alfonso for making the songes..................20li.
Item, to Mr. Johnson for setting the songes to the lutes....5li.
Item, to Thomas Lupo for setting the dances to the violens..5li.
Item, to Mr. Confesse for teachinge all the dances...........50li.
To Mr. Bochan for teaching the ladies the footing of 2 danses,
20li.
To the 12 musitions that were preestes that songe and played,
24li.
Item, to the 12 other lutes that suplied, and with fluites.....12li.
Item, to the 10 violens that contynualy practized to the Queene,
20li.
Item, to 4 more that were added at the Maske.................4li.
Item, to 15 musitions that played to the pages and foolees..20li.
Item, to 13 hoboyes and sackbuttes............................10li.
Item, to 5 boyes, that is, 3 graces, sphynkes, and cupid.....10li.
Item, to the 12 fooles that danced.............................12li.
Summa.................................................................292li.

Summa totalis is....................................................600li. 14s. 3d.
Whereof ther is receaved...........................................400li.
So the Wardrobe being not yet discharged ther remayns to be
allowed.................................................................200li. 14s. 3d.

There was receaved from the Kinges Wardrobe of Sr Roger
Aston—
Inprimis, of severall collered taffite for 12 foolees, and 3 graces,
52 ells, and a q'ter att 17s. the elle.........................44li. 8s. 3d.
Item, of crimson taffite for the 11 preestes amounting to 55 els
and Mr. Confesse his coate being in the number, at 17s. the
elle.................................................................46li. 15s.
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

Item, of watched satten for the preestes hoodes and gorgettes, 26 yeardes 3 quarters, att 15s. the yeard............19li. 19s. 9d.
Item, of taffite sarsnett for scarffes to girde their gówndes, beinge 18 ells att 8s. the ell.......................7li. 4s.

**Summa..............................................118li. 7s.**

Memorandum, that this last summe of 118li. 7s. is to be allowed to Sth Roger Aston, Knight, over and above the other foresayd summe of 600li. 14s. 3d.

T. Suffolke.

E. Worcester.


**Thomas Coryat, 1611.**

I heard in Venice that a certaine Italian Poet called Jacobus Sannazarius had a hundred crownes bestowed upon him by the Senate of Venice for each of these verses following. I would to God my Poeticall friend Mr. Benjamin Johnson were so well rewarded for his Poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as these of Sannazarius.

[Coryat’s Crudities, 1611, p. 159. Cf. the entry under “Robert Lovelace, before 1658.”]

**Title-page, 1611.**

Catiline his Conspiracy. Written by Ben Jonson. London, Printed for Walter Burre, . . . 1611.

**Francis Beaumont, 1611.**

*To my Friend, Master Ben Jonson, Upon His Catiline.*

If thou had’st itched after the wild applause
Of common people, and had’st made thy laws
In writing, such, as caught at present voice,
I should commend the thing but not thy choice.
But thou hast squared thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages, yet, from understood;
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
Lost, till the readers can grow up to it.
Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

[Prefixed to Catiline, 1611.]

**John Fletcher, 1611.**

*To my Worthy Friend, Ben Jonson, on his Catiline.*

He, that dares wrong this play, it should appear
Dares utter more than other men dare hear,
That have their wits about them: yet such men,
Dear friend, must see your book, and read; and then
Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill,
And lay you·by, calling for mad Pasquill,
Or Green's dear Groatsworth, or Tom Coryate,
Or the new Lexicon, with the errant pate:
And pick away, from all these several ends,
And dirty ones, to make their as-wise friends
Believe they are translators. Of this, pity!
There is a great plague hanging o'er the city;
Unless she purge her judgment presently.
But, O thou happy man, that must not die,
As these things shall; leaving no more behind
But a thin memory, like a passing wind
That blows, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.
Thy labours shall outlive thee; and, like gold
Stamp't for continuance, shall be current where
There is a sun, a people, or a year.

[Prefixed to Catiline, 1611.]

**Nathaniel Field, 1611.**

*To his Worthy and Beloved Friend, Master Ben Jonson, on his Catiline.*

Had the great thoughts of Catiline been good,
The memory of his name, stream of his blood,
His plots past into acts (which would have turned
His infamy to fame, though Rome had burned),
Had not begot him equal grace with men,
As this, that he is writ by such a pen:
Whose inspirations, if great Rome had had,
Her good things had been bettered, and her bad
Undone; the first for joy, the last for fear,
That such a Muse should spread them to our ear.
But woe to us then! for thy laureat brow
If Rome enjoyed had, we had wanted now.
But in this age, where jigs and dances move,
How few there are that this pure work approve.
Yet better than I rail at, thou canst scorn
Censures that die ere they be thoroughly born.
Each subject, thou, still thee each subject raises,
And whosoe’er thy book, himself dispraises.

[Prefixed to Catiline, 1611.]

**John Davies of Hereford, 1611.**

Some burden me, sith I oppresse the Stage,
With all the grosse *Abuses* of this Age,
And presse mee after, that the World may see
(As in a soilléd Glasse) her selfe in mee.
Where each man *in*, and *out of’s humor* pries
Upon himselfe; and laughs untill he cries.
*Untrussing humerous Poets*, and such *Stuffe*
(As might put plainest *Pacience* in a Ruffe)
I shew men: so, they see in mee and *Elues*
Themselves scornd, and their Scorners scorne themselves.

[*Papers Complaint, 1611; The Complete Works of John Davies*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 76.]

**A. H., 1611.**

A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate
Hath made the World it selfe insatiate:
It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,
Better than what *Ionson* or *Drayton* sings.

John Davies of Hereford, about 1611.

To my well accomplish'd friend Mr. Ben Johnson.

I love thy parts, so, must I love thy whole:
Then, still be whole in thy beloved parts:
Th'art sound in body: but, some say any soule
Enuy doth ulcer: yet corrupted hearts
Such censurers may have: but, if thou bee
An envious soule, would thou could'st envy mee.

But (ah!) I feare my vertues are too darke
For Enuie's shadow, from so bright a sparke.

[The Scourge of Folly, n. d., about 1611, Epig. 156.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1612.

15 Maii

Joseph Stepneth

Entered for his Copy under th' [h]andes of master Nydd and Th[e] wardens, A booke called Ben Johnson his Epigrams.....................vj^d

28. Septembris

Walter Burre

Entred for his copie by assignement from John Browne and, consent of the Wardens in full Court holden this Day. A booke called the Commoditye of 'the silent Woman'.....................vj^d

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 485, 498.]

Title-page, 1612?

The Silent Woman, a Comedie, by Ben Jonson. . . . for Walter Burre, 1612.

[No copy of a 1612 quarto of this play is now known, yet it seems probable that the play was printed in this year. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on September 20, 1610, and on September 28, 1612, was transferred to Walter Burre, presumably for the edition conjecturally described above. William Gifford positively states that he had seen a quarto of 1612. Its existence is indicated by Francis Beaumont's commendatory poem (see the following entry), written before Beaumont's death in 1616, and included in the Jonson folio of 1616, which reprints certain commendatory poems from earlier quartos.]
Francis Beaumont, 1612?

On the Silent Woman.

Hear, you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will inform you where you happy be:
Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some private man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the stage;
Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he mean
To scourge but vices in a laboured scene,
Yet private faults shall be so well exprest,
As men do act 'em, that each private breast,
That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

[Prefixed to The Silent Woman, which apparently was printed in 1612.]

Title-page, 1612.

The Alchemist. Written by Ben. Ionson. . . . London,
Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Walter Burre, and are to be sold by John Stepneth, . . . 1612.

George Lucy, 1612.

To my Friend Mr. Ben Jonson, Upon His Alchemist.

A master, read in flattery's great skill,
Could not pass truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his art, than you out of yours do raise.
Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
Unless you your own praises do set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you have written well;
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

[Prefixed to The Alchemist, 1612.]
John Webster, 1612.

To the Reader.

I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other mens worthy labours; especially of that full and hightned stile of Maister Chapman, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister Johnson, the no lesse worthy composures of both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont, & Maister Fletcher, and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, & M. Heywood; wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martiall: non norunt haec monumenta mori.

[The White Devil, 1612.]

S. R., 1612.

In Vulponem.

The Fox is earthed now in the ground,
Who living, fear'd not hone nor hound,
That kept the Huntsmen at a bay,
Before their faces ceaz'd his prey.
Of whose successful thriving wit,
Bookes have beene made, and playes beene writ,
That prey'd on Mallard, Plover, Ducke,
And ever Scap'd by craft or lucke:
Yet now hee's gone: what though behinde,
Are Cubbes too many of his kinde?
Who whilst by death hee's kept away,
Will make a purchase of his prey.
And when the old he left is gone,
Will finde out more to worke upon.
In Skinners shops' though some appeare,
Tis long before the last comes there.

[The Curtaine-Drawer of the World, 1612; reprinted in A. B. Grosart, Unique or Very Rare Books, 1876, iii, 58.]
John Taylor, 1612.

To my deere respected friend, Maister Benjamin Johnson.
Thou canst not dye for though the stroake of death
Deprives the world of thy worst earthly part:
Yet when thy corps hath banished thy breath,
Thy living Muse shall still declare thy Art.
The fatall Sisters and the blessed Graces,
Were all thy friends at thy Nativitie:
And in thy mind the Muses tooke their places,
Adoring thee with rare capacitie.
And all the Worthies of this worthy Land,
Admires thy wondrous all-admired worth,
Then how should I that cannot understand
Thy worth, thy worthy worthinesse set forth?
Yet beare the boldnesse of the honest Sculler,
Whose worthlesse praise can fill thy praise no fuller.

[The Sculler, 1612, reprinted in 1614 as Taylors Water-Worke, and included in the Folio of 1630; see the Spenser Society's reprint of the Folio, p. 498.]

Treasurer's Accounts, 1613.

Item, paid to the said John Hemings, 20th May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz., one play called A bad beginning makes a good ending; one other, called The Captain; one The Alchemist; one other Cardano; one other Hotspur; one other Benedicite and Bettris; all played in the time of this account. Paid 40 pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward 20 pounds more..........................................................£ 60.

[Extract from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I; in The Shakespeare Society's Papers, 1845, ii, 125.]

Henry Parrott, 1613.

Cignus per plumas Anser.
Put off thy buskins, Sophocles the great,
And mortar tread with thy disdained shanks.
Thou thinkst thy skill hath done a wondrous feat,
For which the world should give thee many thanks.
Alas! it seems thy feathers are but loose
Pluckt from a swan, and set upon a goose.

[Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 1613, Epigram 163.]

Robert Daborne, 1613.
Letter to Philip Henslowe, August, 1613.
I pray s't let ye boy giv order this night to the stage keep to set up bills agst munday for Eastward hoe & one wendsday the New play.

[Henslowe Papers, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 70.]

Robert Daborne, 1613.
Letter to Philip Henslowe, November 13, 1613.
Sr y'r man was w'th me, whoe found me wrighting the last scene, which I had thought to have brought y'u to night, but it will be late ear I can doe it; & being satterday night, my occa-
tion urges me to request y'u spare me x s. more, & for y'r mony, if y'u please not to stay till Johnsons play [Bartholomew Fair] be playd, the Kings men hav bin very earnest w'th me to pay y'u in y'r mony for y'r curtesy, whearin y'u shall have 30 s. proffit w'th many thanks. . . .

Sater No 13 ever at y'r comand
1613 Rob: Daborne

[Henslowe Papers, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 78.]

John Chamberlain, 1613.
Letter to Mrs. Alice Carleton, December 30, 1613.
I hear little or no commendation of the Masque [Jonson's Irish Masque] made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, ii, 725.]

John Chamberlain, 1614.
Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1614.
The loftie maskers were so well liked at court the last week that they were appointed to performe yt [The Irish Masque]
again on monday yet theyre devise \(w^e\)h was a enimicall imitation of t\(h\)e Irish was not so pleasing to many, \(w^e\)h thincke [this] no time (as the case stands) to exasperat that nat\[ion\] by making . it ridiculous.

[State Papers, Domestic Series, James I, lxxvi, no. 2. For payments for this masque, see lxxv, nos. 32, 33; cf. also no. 53. See Howes's Continuation of Stow's Annales, 1631, p. 1005.]

**John Selden, 1614.**

I presume I have sufficiently manifested the contrarie, and answerd their urged Autorities, producing also one out of Euri-pides his Orestes, seeming stranger against my part then anie other: which, when I was to use, and having not at hand the Scholiast . . . I went, for this purpose, to see it in the well-furnisht Librarie of my beloved friend that singular Poet M. Ben: Ionson, whose speciall Worth in Literature, accurat Judgment, and Performance, known only to that Few which are truly able to know him, hath had from me, ever since I began to learn, an increasing admiration.

[Titles of Honor, 1614, Preface, sig. d, recto.]

**Treasurer's Accounts, 1614.**

To Joseph Taylor for himselfe and the reste of his fellowes servauntes to the Lady Eliz her grace upon the Councells Warrault dated at Whitehall 21 June 1614 for presenting before his Ma\(t\)y a Comedy called Eastward Howe on the xxvth of January last past—vjl, xiijs. iiijd. and by way of his Ma\(t\)s reward lxvjs. viijd. In all xli.

[From the Office Books of the Treasurers of the Chamber; reproduced in Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, by Peter Cunningham, 1842, p. xlv.]

**John Chamberlain, 1614.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, December 1, 1614.*

And yet for all this penurios world we speake of a maske [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] this Christmas toward \(w^e\)h the K. geves 1500 £. the principall motive whereof is thought to be the gracing of younge Villers and to bring him on the stage.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, lxxviii, no. 65.]

Canvas for the Boothes and other necessaries for a play called Bartholmewe Faire.

[Pipe Office, 2805 (1614–1615); reproduced in Reyher's *Les Masques Anglais*, 1909, p. 382, note 2.]

John Chamberlain, 1615.

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1615.*

To-morrow night there is a Masque [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicat*ed] at Court; but the common voice and preparations promise so little, that it breeds no great expectation.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 27.]

John Finett, 1615.

The 5. of January 1614. The Earl of Sommerset . . . gave me directions to invite the Spanish and the Venetian [Ambassadors] . . . to a Maske of Gentlemen [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicat*ed] set forth at the charge of his Majesty, and to come at an houre, about six in the Evening to a Supper that should be prepared for them in the Council Chamber. They both . . . accepted the Invitation, and came the next day at the time appointed. A little before Supper, the Spanish Ambassador taking me aside, desired me to deale freely with him, & to tel him whether Sir Noell Caron, the States Ambassador were invited, and if invited, what place was intended him, whether in publique neere his Majesty, or in private in some Corner of the Roome? [Following a heated discussion which resulted later from the presence of the Ambassador from Holland at the masque, the Spaniard finally withdrew followed by the latter, who was requested by James to leave, in order that it might not be said that preference was given Holland over Spain. The withdrawal of these two left the Venetian Ambassador alone in the place of honor.] . . . The Venetian Ambassador as soone as the Spanish was departed, was conducted by me into the second Roome from the privie Gallerie, and there attending till his Majesty and the Queene came, went along with them, and was seated on the left hand of the King, beneath the Queene, and the
Prince on the right. At the same time the Agent of Florence . . . supped also in the Councell Chamber, and followed the King to the Maske with the Venetian, but having been ordained his scate in one of the Galleries, he intreated me to moove the Lord Chamberlaine, that (as he understood the great Duke his Masters Agent, and the Duke of Savoyes had been) he might be placed among the Lords, which was assented to, and he was placed . . . beneath the lowest Baron the Lord Mordant, and above Sir Thomas Howard second Son to the Lord Treasurer.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 19-24.]

**John Chamberlain, 1615.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 12, 1615.*

The only matter I can advertise since I wrote the last week is the success of the masque [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] on Twelfth-night, which was so well liked and applauded that the king had it represented again the Sunday night after, in the very same manner, though neither in device nor show was there anything extraordinary, but only excellent dancing, the choice being made of the best, both English and Scots.

[The Court and Times of James the First, 1849, i, 356. The remainder of this long letter concerns the quarrel of the ambassadors.]

**The Venetian Ambassador, 1615.**

*Antonio Foscarini, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 23 [O.S. 13], 1615.*

After I had written my last, I was invited by the king to the masque [Mercury Vindicated] which was danced on the following evening in the great hall.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xiii, 317.]

**The Stationers' Registers, 1615.**

20 Januarij 1614.

William Stansbye

Entred for his Coppie under the handes of master Tavernour and both the wardens Certayne Masques at the Court never yet printed written by Ben Johnson. vj

[Arber's Transcript, iii, 562.]
TO BEN JONSON

John Selden, 1615.

Letter to Ben Jonson, February 28, 1615.

. . . With regard to what the Greeks and Latins have of Adargatis, Derceto, Atargata, Derce (all one name) &c. you best know, being most conversant in the recondite parts of human learning; . . . [he concludes, after a variety of extracts from the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, &c.:] In the connexion of these no vulgar observations, if they had been to a common learned reader, there had been often room for divers pieces of theology dispersed in Latin and Greek authors, and fathers of the Church, but your own most choice and able store cannot but furnish you with whatever is fit that way to be thought. Whatever I have here collected, I consecrate to your love, and end with hope of your instructing judgment.

[An extract from a long letter of eight folio pages; from the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, xxxviii.]

Treasurer's Accounts, 1615.

To Nathan Feilde in the behalfe of himselfe and the rest of his fellows upon the Lord Chamberleynes Werraunt dated 11 June 1615 for presenting a playe called Bartholomewe Fayre before his Ma'tie on the first of November last past x

[From the Office Books of the Treasurers of the Chamber; in Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, by Peter Cunningham, 1842, p. xlv.]

Thomas Coryat, 1615.

A Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in the Eastern India, on Michaelmas day. Anno 1615.

Pray remember my commendations with all respect to M. Williams the goldsmith and his wife; and to Beniamin Johnson, and to reade this letter to them both. . . .

[Thomas Coriate Traveller for the English Wits, 1616, sig. L 7, verso.]

Thomas Coryat, 1615.

To the High Seneschall of the Right Worshipfull Fraternitie of Sireniacall Gentlemen, that meete the first Friday of every moneth,
at the signe of the Mermaid in Bread-street in London: From the Court of the Great Mogoll, resident at the Towne of Asmere, in the Eastern-India. November 8, 1615.

Pray remember the recommendations of my dutifull respect; to all those whose names I have heere expressed, being the lovers of Vertue, and Literature; and so consequently the wel-willers (I hope) of a properous issue of my designements, in my laborious pedestriall perambulations of Asia, Africa, and Europe. . . .

In primis, to the two Ladies Varney, . . .

2 Item, to that famous Antiquarie, Sir Robert Cotten, . . .
3 Item, . . . Master William Ford, . . .
4 Item, to Master George Speake, . . .
5 Item, to Master John Donne, . . .
6 Item, to Master Richard Martin, . . .
7 Item, to Master Christopher Brooke, . . .
8 Item, to Master John Hoskins, . . .
9 Item, to Master George Garrat, . . .
10 Item, to Master William Hackwell, . . .
11 Item, to Master Beniamin Johnson the Poet, at his Chamber at the Black-Friers.
12 Item, to Master John Bond, . . .
13 Item, to Master Doctor Mocket, . . .
14 Item, to Master Samuel Purchas, . . .

[From Purchas his Pilgrimes, 1625, Part i, pp. 595-97.]

R. C., about 1615.

Johnson they say's turnd Epigrammatist,
Soe think not I, believe it they that list.
Peruse his booke, thou shalt not find a dram
Of witt befitting a true Epigram.
Perhaps some scraps of play-bookes thou maist see.
Collected heer & there confusedlie,
Which piece his broken stuffe; if thou but note,
Just like soe many patches on a cote.
And yet his intret Cato sta[n]ds before,
Even at the portall of his pamphlets dore;
As who should say, this booke is fit for none
But Catoes, learned men, to looke upon:
Or else, let Cato censure if he will,
My booke deserves the best of iudgement still.
When every gull may see his booke's untwitten,
And Epigrams as bad as e're were written.

Johnson, this worke thy other doth distaine,
And makes the world imagine that thy vein
Is not true bred but of some bastard race.
Then write no more, or write with better grace;
Turne thee to plaies, & therin write thy fill;
Leave Epigrams to artists of more skill.

[The Times' Whistle, ed. J. M. Cowper, 1871, p. 132. The author was probably Richard Corbet.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy? "No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last." "I pr'y the, what?" says he. "I' faith, Ben, I'le e'en give him a douzen good Lattin Spoones, and thou shalt translate them."

[This tradition, elsewhere recorded, is here cited from Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, Merry Passages and Jests, Harl. MS. 6395, ed. W. J. Thoms, Camden Society, 1839, p. 2.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Ben Johnson, at the Christning of Shakespeare his child, to which he was invited god-father, said to him—' Now you expect a great matter. But I will give it a Latin (latten) spoon, and you shall translate it.'

[From the Plume MSS., number 25, leaf 161.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Mr Ben: Johnson and Mr Wm. Shake-speare Being Merrye at a Tavern Mr Jonson haveing begune this for his Epitaph
Here lies Ben Johnson that was once one he gives ytt to Mr Shakspear to make upp who presently wrightes

Who while hee liv'de was a sloe thing
and now being dead is Nothinge.


**Tradition, before 1616.**

*B. Johnson in seipsum.*

Heere lies Johnson,
Who was ones sonne:
He had a little hayre on his chin,
His name was Benjamin!


**Tradition, before 1616.**

'Here lies Ben Johnson—who was once one.'

This he made of himself. Shakspere took the pen from him and made this:

'Here lies Benjamin—with short hair upon his chin—
Who, while he lived, was a slow thing,—
And now he's dead is nothing.'

[From the Plume MSS., number 25, leaf 77 from end A.]

**Tradition, before 1616.**

Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

Jonson

If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

Shakespeare

Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

[Choice Notes from William Oldys' manuscript Adversaria, in Notes and Queries, Series 2, vol. xi, p. 184. The quotation is said to be from "Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo. MS., vol. 1, sometime in the Harleian library; which volume was returned to its owners."
TO BEN JONSON

John Finett, 1616.

The King being desirous, that the French, Venetian, and Savoyard Ambassadors should all be invited to a Maske [Jonson's *Golden Age Restored*] at Court prepared for New-years night, an exception coming from the French, was a cause of deferring their invitation till Twelfe night, when the Maske was to be re-acted. This French Ambassador having demanded Audience by the mediation of the Lord Haye, and not obtained it as he affected ... was offended that the Spanish Ambassador ... should have ... an Audience before him. With this consideration, and not without his Majesties sense of such formality, he was not invited till for the Twelfe night, when he with the other two mentioned were received at eight of the Clock, the houre assigned (no Supper being prepared for them, as at other times to avoid the trouble incident) and were conducted to the privy Gallery by the Lord Chamberlaine, and the Lord Danvers appointed ... to accompany them, the Master of the Ceremonies being also present.

They were all there placed at the Maske on the Kings right hand ... first and next to the King the French, next him the Venetian, and next him the Savoyard. At his Majesties left hand sate the Queene, and next her the Prince. The Maske being ended, they followed his Majesty to a Banquet in the Presence, and returned by the way they entered.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 31–32.]

William Browne, 1616.

Jonson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One so judicious, so well knowing, and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth prefer
To able censure; for the theatre
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays.

[Britannia's Pastorals, 1616, Bk. ii, Song ii.]
George Gerrard, 1616.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 14, 1616.

The King feasted by Alderman Cockayne and the new Company of Merchant Adventurers, who gave him 1,000l. in a basin and ewer of gold. Dyers, cloth dressers, with their shuttles, and Hamburgians, were presented to the King, "and spake such language as Ben Jonson putt in theyre mouthes."

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1616, p. 373.]

Abrah[am] Holl[and], 1616.

Johnsoni typus, ecce! qui furoris,
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti,
Antiquae reparator unus artis,
Defuncta Pater Eruditionis,
Et Scenæ veteris novator audax.
Nec fælix minus, aut minus politus
Cui solus similis, Figura, vivet.

O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his shape soe lively as to write.

[Lines beneath the engraved portrait prefixed to the 1616 (and 1640) folio of Jonson's Workes. The portrait seems also to have been printed and sold separately, since it has below it the statement "Are to be Sould by William Peake."]

Title-page, 1616.


[This title-page is elaborately engraved by William Hole.]

John Selden, 1616.

Ad V. Cl. Ben Jonsonium, Carmen Protrepticôn.

Raptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
Pulset; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat; qui manibus facit deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
TO BEN JONSON

Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camænæ
Nam totum rogitant tuae, nec ullam
Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
Lectorem) et numeros, acumen, artem.
Mirum judicium, quod ipse censor,
Jonsoni, nimium licēt malignus,
Si doctus simul, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem et nitidum, facetiāsque
Dignas Mercurio, novāsque gnomas
Morum sed veterum, tuique juris
Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam semper fore, tāmque te loquutum,
Ut nec Lemnia notior sigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,
Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm musâ fueris sciente notus,
Quàm musâ fueris tuæ notatus,
Illâ, quæ unica, sidus ut refulgens,
Stricturas, superat comis, minorum:
In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuisset Plauti
Usuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
Musæ si Latio, Jovisque Athenis
Dixissent. Fore jam sed hunc et illas
Jonsoni numeros puto loquutos,
Anglis si fuerint utrique fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amœnè
Sparsim tamque sophos amœna sternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minūs placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, et thyasus chorūsque amantum
Musas hoc cipiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisque
Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tām quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palām merentis
Tot laurus cupidī reposta scripta;
Dum secernere te tuasque musas
Audemus numero ungulē liquorem
Gustante, et veteres novem sorores
Et Sirenibus et solent cicadis:
Dum et secernere posse te videmur,
Efflictum petimus novūmque librum,
Qui nullo sacer haut petatur āvō,
Qui nullo sacer exolescat āvō,
Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
Ut nos scire aлиquid simul putetur.
Atquī hoc macte sies, velutque calpar,
Quod diis inferiūm, tibi sacremus,
Ut nobis benē sit; tuāmque frontem
Perfundant ederē recentiores
Et splendor novus. Invident coronam
Hanc tantam patriā tibique (quantā
Æternūm ā merito tuo superbum
Anglorum genus esse possit olim)
Tantūm qui penitūs volunt amōenas
Sublatas literas, timēntve lucem
Ionsonī nimiam tenebriones.

[Prefixed to The Workes of Benjāmin Jonson, 1616.]

Edward Hayward, 1616.

To Ben. Ionson, on his workes.

May I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whose fame is that of height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the sky?
Yes. Since the most censures, believes, and saith
By an implicit faith:
Lest their misfortune make them chance amiss,
I'll waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou only art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance shows he can do more
Than hath been done before,
Or will be after; (such assurance gives
Perfection where it lives.)
Words speak thy matter; matter fills thy words:
And choice that grace affords,
That both are best: and both most fitly placed,
Are with new Venus graced
From artful method. All in this point meet,
With good to mingle sweet.
These are thy lower parts. What stands above
Who sees not yet must love,
When on the base he reads Ben Jonson’s name,
And hears the rest from fame.
This from my love of truth: which pays this due
To your just worth, not you.

[Prefixed to The Workes of Benjamin Jonson, 1616.]

William Fennor, 1616.
The Description of a Poet.

... But when his writings are not understood,
Oh! 'tis a plague beyond man’s patient thought,
What he makes good a multitude makes nought.
A horrid murtherer, or a base thiefe,
In his foule bosome harbers lesser griefe
Then Heaven-bred Poesye; they shall be tryed
By upright justice, and their faults descried
Before a publike bench, hold up their hand
And plead "Not guiltie"; on their just cause stand
Twelve men empannelled to finde this out
Before the sentence passe, to cleere the doubt
Of judging rashly. But sweet Poesye
Is oft convict, condemn’d, and judg’d to die
Without just triall, by a multitude,
Whose judgements are illiterate and rude.
Witness Scejanus, whose approved worth
Sounds from the calme South to the freezing North;
And on the perfum'd wings of Zepherus,
In triumph mounts as farre as Æolus;
With more than humane art it was bedewed,
Yet to the multitude it nothing shewed;
They screw'd their scurvy jaws and lookt awry,
Like hissing snakes, adjudging it to die;
When wits of gentry did applaud the same,
With silver shouts of high loud-sounding fame;
Whilst understanding-grounded men contemn'd it,
And wanting wit (like fools) to judge, condemn'd it.
Clapping or hissing is the onely meane
That tries and searches out a well-writ sceane;
So it is thought by Ignoramus crew,
But that, good wits acknowledge, is untrue;
The stinkards oft will hisse without a cause,
And for a bawdy jeast will give applause.
Let one but ask the reason why they roare,
They'l answere, "Cause the rest did so before."

[Fennor's Descriptions; or A True Relation of Certain and Divers Speeches, Spoken before the King and Queen's Most Excellent Majestie, in The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 143.]

John Dunbar, 1616.


Filius Hebræis Ben est: Son filius Anglis:
Filii es ergo duo: quot tibi quæso patres?
Si scio, disperiam: scio quod sit magnus Apollo
Unus de patribus, magne poeta, tuis.

[Epigrammaton Joannis Dunbari Megalo-Britanni, 1616.]

Robert Anton, 1616.

But the sound melancholicke mixt of earth,
Plowes with his wits, and brings a sollid birth:
The labor'd lines of some deepe reaching scull,
Is like some Indian ship or stately hull,
That three years progresse furrows up the maine,
Bringing rich ingots from his loaden braine;
His wit the sunne, his labors are the mines,
His sollid stuffe the treasure of his lines:
Mongst which most massive mettals I admire
The most iudicious Beaumont and his fire:
The ever colum builder of his fame,
Sound searching Spencer with his Faerie frame:
The labor'd Muse of Johnson, in whose loome
His silke-worme stile shall build an honor'd toombe
In his owne worke: though his long curious twins
Hang in the roofe of time with daintie lines;
Greeke-thundring Chapman, beaten to the age
With a deep furie and a sollid rage.
And Morral] Daniell with his pleasing phrase,
Filing the rockie methode of these daies.

[The Philosophers Satyrs, 1616.]

Edward Sherburn, 1616.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, November 18, 1616.
Preparation for a masque [Jonson's Vision of Delight] &c.,
which will increase the King's debt 2,000 £.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1616, p. 406.]

John Chamberlain, 1617.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 18, 1617.

. . . On twelue night was a maske [Jonson's Vision of Delight]
wherin the new made Earle [of Buckingham] and the Earle of
mongomerie daunced wth the Queene. I have heard no great
speach nor commendations of the maske neither before nor since,
but yt is apointed to be represented again to morrow night, and
the Spanish Ambassador invited. . . . The Virginian woman
Pocahontas wth her father Counsaillor have ben wth the King
and graciously used, and both she and her assistant well placed
at the maske, she is upon her return (though sore against her will)
yf the wind wold come about to send them away.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, xc, 25.]
John Chamberlain, 1617.
Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 22, 1617.

... This night he [Baron de Tour, the French ambassador] is solemnly invited by the Lord Hay to the wardrobe to supper and a masque [Jonson's Lovers Made Men].

[Birch, T. and R. F. Williams, The Court and Times of James the First, 1849, i, 459. Cf. State Papers, xc, nos. 79, 94]

John Chamberlain, 1617.
Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, March 8, 1617.

The Frenchmen are gone after their great entertainment, which was too great for such petty companions, specially that of the Lord Hay. . . .

[Birch, T. and R. F. Williams, The Court and Times of James the First, i, 462. The allusion is to Jonson's Lovers Made Men.]

Title-page, 1617.


George Gerrard, 1617.
Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 4, 1617.

Ben Jonson is going on foot to Edinburgh and back, for his profit.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1617, p. 472.]

John Davies of Hereford, 1617.

To my learnedly witty friend, Mr. Beniamin Johnson.

Thy sconse, that guards thy wits as it they guard,
Large, round, & sound, yet no whit can be spar’ed:
For thy Wit’s throng: that plenty makes thee scarce,
Which makes thee slow, as sure in prose or verse,
As say thy worst detractors; then, if thou
For all eternity, writ’st sure and slowe,
Thy Wits, as they come thronging out of dore,
Do sticke awhile, to spread their praise the more.

[Wits Bedlam, 1617; The Complete Works of John Davies, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 4.]

**Edmund Bolton, 1617–25.**

The Proposition made in Parliament concerning an Academ Royal, or College and Senate of Honor, by the Lord Marquis of Buckingham, and there approved; as it was occasioned and founded upon the reasons severally presented to his Sacred Majesty and to his Lordship before Christmas last, A.D. 1620, in the name of The Honor of the Kingdom and of the Antiquities thereof.

... To convert the Castle Royal of Windsor, ... or if not Windsor, what other place his Majesty shall be pleased to appoint, to an English Olympus; nay, rather not to convert it, but only to obtain so transcendant and pompous a favour, as that his sacred self and nobles stellified in the Order of the Garter, as in their proper sphere, would receive and take in this humanity of heroic faculties into that as it were divinity of their splendour, place, and calling: to erect thereby an order within the Order of Saint George, and as it were to draw a narrow circle within a large, concentrick, that company to consist of selected persons competent for such a noble use, with particular privileges, fees, and ornaments, and they incorporated under the title of a brotherhood or fraternity associated for matters of honour and antiquity, and under a certain canon of government, at His Majesty's pleasure; a member subject to the famous Earl Marshalship of England during the exercise or agon: the rules and laws to be such as shall by moral learning be found most apt to habituate heroic virtues, for the love thereof to enflame man's heart with the sober desire of glory. The officers to be chosen answerably worthy to such laws; men whose pay and ends must be only honour. All questions of heroic doctrine to be distinctly spoken unto out of writing upon sufficient warning first given, not after the tumultuous, violent, and clamorous manner of ordinary schools, but after
the grave and honourable forms of Parliament; the speech or
discourse to remain under the author's subscribed name and
seal of arms. The general exercise to be summary at Saint
George's Feast, the particulars to be quarterly; the names,
styles, and armories of the brethren to be publicly set over each
gentleman's head, and all to remain upon record with the Register
of the Society.

[Harl. MS. 6143. The men selected to be founders of this Royal
Academy were "Mr. George Chapman, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir
Kenelm Digby, Mr. Michael Drayton, Mr. Benjamin Jonston,
Mr. Inico Jones, Mr. Endymion Porter, Mr. John Selden, Sir
Henry Wotton," and seventy-five others. For a general summary
of this long manuscript, see the article by Joseph Hunter in
Archaeologia, xxxii, p. 132 ff. The project was under discussion
from 1617; its realization was apparently prevented by the death
of King James.]

Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 2, 1618.

The Qu: hath caused ye La. maske to be put of w^e^ my L^d^ Hay
should have made at ye^e^ robes last night. The other w^e^h
ye^e^ Prince is to make in the banqueting house on 12^th^ night, and
wherein himself is to be an actor, is likely to hould.

Your L^p^ heard before this time y^t^ ye^e^ marchands of middleb.
& ye^e^ East Indies have undertaken to furnish ye^e^ excheque^r^ with
50000£, of w^e^h^his ma^tie^ hath bin pleased to assigne for Ireland
12000£, for ye^e^ arrerages of ye^e^ artillerie 8000£, for Marquis
Hammelton 8000£, for my L^d^ D'Aubigni 4000£, for my L^d^ Hey
3000£, for my L^d^ Haddingto 2000£ and 4000£ for ye^e^ Princes
maske [Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue]. al which he wil most
gratiously per forme if there be not to much difficulty found in ye^e^
collecting of it.

London, Jan. 2^2_1, 1617.

Your L^p^s^ most devoted to do you service

Nathanael Brent.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, xcv, no. 3; cf. xciv, no. 52.]
John Chamberlain, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 3, 1618.

The Muscovy Ambassadors shall be feasted at Court tomorrow, and on Twelfth-night is the Prince's Masque [Jonson's Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue].

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1823, iii, 453.]

John Finett, 1618.

A Mask [Jonson's Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue] prepared for Twelftyde (wherein the Prince was to be a principall Actor) and that his first Exercise in that kinde) was a subject for the King to invite to it the Spanish Ambassador, and to observe the promise his Majestiy had made him the yeare before to that purpose, the rather because a Marriage between the Prince and the Infanta was then in Treaty.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, p. 48.]

Horatio Busino, 1618.

On the 16th [O.S. 6th] of the current month of January, his Excellency was invited to see a representation and masque [Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue], which had been prepared with extraordinary pains, the chief performer being the king's own son and heir, the prince of Wales, now seventeen years old, an agile youth, handsome and very graceful. At the fourth hour of the night we went privately to the Court, through the park. On reaching the royal apartments his Excellency was entertained awhile by one of the leading cavaliers until all was ready, whilst we, his attendants, all perfumed and escorted by the master of the ceremonies, entered the usual box of the Venetian embassy, . . . Whilst waiting for the king we amused ourselves by admiring the decorations and beauty of the house. . . . Then such a concourse as there was, for although they profess only to admit the favoured ones who are invited, yet every box was filled notably with most noble and richly arrayed ladies, in number some 600 and more according to the general estimate; the dresses being of such variety in cut and colour as to be indescribable; the most delicate plumes over their heads, springing
from their foreheads or in their hands serving as fans; strings of jewels on their necks and bosoms and in their girdles and apparel in such quantity that they looked like so many queens, so that at the beginning, with but little light, such as that of the dawn or of the evening twilight, the splendour of their diamonds and other jewels was so brilliant that they looked like so many stars. During the two hours of waiting we had leisure to examine them again and again.

At about the 6th hour of the night the king appeared with his court, having passed through the apartments where the ambassadors were in waiting, whence he graciously conducted them, that is to say, the Spaniard and the Venetian, it not being the Frenchman's turn, he and the Spaniard only attending the court ceremonies alternately by reason of their disputes about precedence.

On entering the house, the cornets and trumpets to the number of fifteen or twenty began to play very well a sort of recitative, and then after his Majesty had seated himself under the canopy alone, the queen not being present on account of a slight indisposition, he caused the ambassadors to sit below him on two stools, while the great officers of the crown and courts of law sat upon benches. The Lord Chamberlain then had the way cleared and in the middle of the theatre there appeared a fine and spacious area carpeted all over with green cloth. In an instant a large curtain dropped, painted to represent a tent of gold cloth with a broad fringe; the background was of canvas painted blue, powdered all over with golden stars. This became the front arch of the stage, forming a drop scene, and on its being removed there appeared first of all Mount Atlas, whose enormous head was alone visible up aloft under the very roof of the theatre; it rolled up its eyes and moved itself very cleverly. As a foil to the principal ballet and masque they had some mummeries performed in the first act; for instance, a very chubby Bacchus appeared on a car drawn by four gownsman, who sang in an undertone before his Majesty. There was another stout individual on foot, dressed in red in short clothes, who made a speech, reeling about like a drunkard, tankard in hand, so that he resembled Bacchus's cupbearer. This first scene was very gay
and burlesque. Next followed twelve extravagant masquers, one of whom was in a barrel, all but his extremities, his companions being similarly cased in huge wicker flasks, very well made. They danced awhile to the sound of the cornets and trumpets, performing various and most extravagant antics. These were followed by a gigantic man representing Hercules with his club, who strove with Antaeus and performed other feats. Then came twelve masked boys in the guise of frogs. They danced together, assuming sundry grotesque attitudes. After they had all fallen down, they were driven off by Hercules. Mount Atlas then opened, by means of two doors, which were made to turn, and from behind the hills of a distant landscape the day was seen to dawn, some gilt columns being placed along either side of the scene, so as to aid the perspective and make the distance seem greater. Mercury next appeared before the king and made a speech. After him came a guitar player in a gown, who sang some trills, accompanying himself with his instrument. He announced himself as some deity, and then a number of singers, dressed in long red gowns to represent high priests, came on the stage, wearing gilt mitres. In the midst of them was a goddess in a long white robe and they sang some jigs which we did not understand. It is true that, spoiled as we are by the graceful and harmonious music of Italy, the composition did not strike us as very fine. Finally twelve cavaliers, masked, made their appearance, dressed uniformly, six having the entire hose crimson with plaited doublets of white satin trimmed with gold and silver lace. The other six wore breeches down to the knee, with the half hose also crimson, and white shoes. These matched well their corsets which were cut in the shape of the ancient Roman corslets. On their heads they wore long hair and crowns and very tall white plumes. Their faces were covered with black masks. These twelve descended together from above the scene in the figure of a pyramid, of which the prince formed the apex. When they reached the ground the violins, to the number of twenty-five or thirty began to play their airs. After they had made an obeisance to his Majesty, they began to dance in very good time, preserving for a while
the same pyramidal figure, and with a variety of steps. Afterwards they changed places with each other in various ways, but ever ending the jump together. When this was over, each took his lady, the prince pairing with the principal one among those who were ranged in a row ready to dance, and the others doing the like in succession, all making obeisance to his Majesty first and then to each other. They performed every sort of ballet and dance of every country whatsoever such as passamezzi, corants, canaries see Spaniards and a hundred other very fine gestures, devised to tickle the fancy. Last of all they danced the Spanish dance, one at a time, each with his lady, and being well nigh tired they began to lag, whereupon the king, who is naturally choleric, got impatient and shouted aloud: "Why don't they dance? What did they make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance." Upon this, the Marquis of Buckingham, his Majesty's favourite, immediately sprang forward, cutting a score of lofty and very minute capers, with so much grace and agility that he not only appeased the ire of his angry lord, but rendered himself the admiration and delight of everybody. The other masquers, thus encouraged, continued to exhibit their prowess one after another, with various ladies, also finishing with capers and lifting their godesses from the ground. We counted thirty-four capers as cut by one cavalier in succession, but none came up to the exquisite manner of the marquis. The prince, however, excelled them all in bowing, being very formal in making his obeisance both to the king and to the lady with whom he danced, nor was he once seen to do a step out of time when dancing, whereas one cannot perhaps say so much for the others. Owing to his youth he has not yet much breath, nevertheless he cut a few capers very gracefully. The encounter of these twelve accomplished cavaliers being ended, and after they had valiantly overcome the sloth and debauch of Bacchus, the prince went in triumph to kiss his father's hands. The king embraced and kissed him tenderly and then honoured the marquis with marks of extraordinary affection, patting his face. The king now rose from his chair, took the ambassadors along with him, and after passing through a number of chambers and
galleries he reached a hall where the usual collation was spread for the performers, a light being carried before him. After he had glanced all round the table he departed, . . . The table was covered almost entirely with seasoned pasties and very few sugar confections. There were some large figures, but they were of painted pasteboard for ornament. The repast was served upon glass plates or dishes and at the first assault they upset the table and the crash of glass platters reminded me precisely of a severe hailstorm at Midsummer smashing the window glass. The story ended at half past two in the morning and half disgusted and weary we returned home.

[Anglipotrida, written by Horatio Busino, the chaplain to the Venetian Ambassador, reprinted in Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xv, 111-114.]

**Sir Edward Harwood, 1618.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 7, 1618.*

... The last night beinge twelfthnight was the masque [Jonson's Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue], the antimasque beinge of little boyes dressed like bottells and a man in a tonne w'eh the bottells drew out and tost too and fro, not ill liked the conceite good the poetry not so. The Ambassadors of Spayne and the Venetian was at it: the frenche not.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, xcv, no. 8.]

**John Chamberlain, 1618.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.*

On Twelfth-night was the Prince's Masque; . . . There was nothing in it extraordinary; but rather the invention proved dull, Mr. Comptroller's [Sir Thomas Edmondes's] daughter bore away the bell for delicate dancing, though remarkable for nothing else but for multitude of jewels, wherewith she was hanged as it were all over.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 464.]
Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.

The Masque of Twelfth Night was so dull that people say the poet [Ben Jonson] should return to his old trade of brick-making.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 512.]

Edward Sherburn, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.

The maske [Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue] was had on Twelwth-night wherein the Prince was one, y e L: will perceive the concept by perusing this little book. I must tell yo' L: it came far short of the expectaçon & Mr Inigo Jones hath lost in his reputaçon in regard some extraordinary devise was looked for (it being the Prince his first mask) and a poorer was never sene.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, xcv, (addenda) 10*. Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1623–1625, p. 552.]

Sir Gerard Herbert, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 12, 1618.

On Twelfth Night was the Prince’s Masque; he acted well. As the Queen could not see it, it will be repeated for her on Shrove Sunday.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 512; cf. also State Papers, xcvi, no. 27, in which Gerard describes the masque as it was repeated on February 17.]

John Chamberlain, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 21, 1618.

On Shrove Tuesday the Prince’s Masque [Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue] for Twelfth-night was represented again with some few alterations and additions; but little bettered.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 468.]

Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 21, 1618.

The Prince’s masque [Pleasure Reconciled] exhibited again [on February 17], with the addition of goats and Welsh speeches.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 523.]
Exchequer Accounts, 1618.

Thomas Knyuett ordinary Groome of the Prince his highnes chamber being sent by the Comaundem of Sr Robert Cary Knight Chamberlaine to the Prince his highnes from Newmarkett to Chelsey parke to Sr John Cotton to seeke Mr Eliott to warne him to attend the Prince with his hawke after dinner. Also another time sent by Mr Gray from White hall to Blackfriers to Mr Johnson the Poet to come to the Prince for severall services hee prayeth to have allowance for his paines and charge of his horse and botehire too and fro and to be rated by the hono\textsuperscript{ble} Sr Robert Cary Knight Chamberlaine to his highnes, and paied by the wor\textsuperscript{y}. Mr. Adam Newton Recevier\textsuperscript{r} generall of his highnes Treasure iiiij\textsuperscript{s}.

Ro: cary
Alexander

[Exchequer of Receipts, Miscellaneous, cccxlviii.]

Edmund Bolton, about 1618.

But if I should declare mine own Rudeness rudely, I should then confess that I never tasted English more to my liking, nor more smart, and put to the height of Use in Poetry, then in that vital, judicious, and most practicable Language of Benjamin Jonson's Poems.

[Hypercritica, Addresse the Fourth, Sect. iii.]

John Taylor, 1618.

To all my Loving Adventurers, by what Name or Title soever, my General Salutation.

Reader, these Travels of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends both in this Kingdom of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critics, do lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson, I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their
imagination are all wide, for he is a gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requital, for so much goodness formerly received. (P. 121.)

* * * * *

Now the day before I came from Edinburgh, I went to Leeth, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master Benjamin Jonson, at one Master John Stuarts house; I thank him for his great kindness toward me: for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England. And withal, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends: So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope never to see him in a worse estate: for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth, and their own honours, where, with much respective love he is worthily entertained. (P. 138.)

[The Pennyles Pilgrimage, 1618; the page references are to the Folio of 1630.]

Edinburgh Council Records, 1618.

[The following is a summary of Professor Masson's account of Jonson's reception by the civic authorities of Edinburgh in 1618.]

In the Register of the Edinburgh Town Council, under the date 25th September 1618, appears a minute stating that on that day, the Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, and Council "being conveynitt," and having transacted some other pieces of business, the following order was passed:—

"Ordanis the Deyne of Gild to mak Benjamyn Jonsoun, Inglisman, burges and gild-brother in communi formâ."

At the time of their order to the Dean of Guild Aikennhead to make Jonson a burgess and guild-brother, the Magistrates and Town Council had resolved that it would be but right and fitting that the admission of so distinguished an Englishman to the freedom of Edinburgh should not be a mere affair of appearance and handshaking at a Council meeting, but should be marked by
some more solid and memorable accompaniment. The proof is furnished by this minute of a subsequent meeting of the Magistrates and Council, of date 16th October 1618, or three weeks after their former order:—

"Ordanis the Thesaurer to pay to James Ainslie, laite baillie, twa hundreth twenty-ane pound, sex schillingis, four pennyis, debursit be him upone the denner maid to Benjamin Jonstoun, conforme to the Act maid thairanent and compt given in of the same."

The transaction reappears at a later date in this entry in the Treasurer's accounts, taking credit for the sum he had paid:—

"Item, thair aucht to be allowed to the Compter, payit be him to James Ainslie, bailie, for expenses debursit upone ane bancquett maid to Benjamin Johnstoune, conforme to ane Act of Counsell of the dait the [blank] day of September 1618—iiexxi lib vi8 viii8"—fourpence more, it will be observed, than in the former reckoning. The banquet must have been on some day between the 25th of September and the 16th of October.

The following entry in Dean of Guild Aikenhead's accounts refers to Ben Jonson's burgess-ticket, which, as Professor Masson suggests, must have been about as handsome as could then be devised:—

"Item, the twentie day of Januar I6VIe and nyntene yeiris, geivin at directione of the Counsell to Alexr. Patersons for wrytting and giltyn of Benjamine Johnestounes burges ticket, being thrisy writtin, xiii lib vi8 viiie."

[For fuller details see Professor Masson's article in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, December, 1893.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations.

That he had ane intention to perfect ane Epick Poeme intitled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowsed by Fame; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes.

* * * *
All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italiannes.

Daniel was at jealousies with him.
Drayton feared him; and he esteemed not of him.
That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.
That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wroth a moral Epistle to him, which began, That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.
He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.
Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.
That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.
Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrames of Martiall.
That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, i.e. Poets, and but a base fellow.
That such were Day and Midleton.
That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.
Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.

Of his owne lyfe, education, birth, actions.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father lost all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfeitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (I think was to be a wright or bricklayer), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campes, killed ane enemie and taken opima spolia from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed
his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.

He maried a wyfe who was a shrew, yet honest: 5 yeers he had not bedded with her, but remayned with my Lord Aulbanie.

In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigrame.

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.
He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage. In his youth given to veneration, he thought the use of a maid nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wife, and would never have another mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wife to court him, whom he enjoyed two years ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; another, lay divers times with a woman, who shewed him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes (as the setting of the favour of damosells on a cword-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was, thereafter laid him on a carriage, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delighted much (saying, his father young was so inclined), though the Father abhorred it.

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made an appointment to meet an old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she keeped; and it was himself disguised in a long gown and a white beard at the light of dimmed burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ladder.

Every first day of the new year he had 20 lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrock to buy books.

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine.

Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, but I do not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.
He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his booke, i.[e.] sold them all for necessity.

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what therafter sould befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.

At his hither comming, Sr Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poetical Dactylus and Spondaeus.

* * * *

His opinione of verses.

That he wrott all his first in prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

* * * *

Of his workes.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.

He hath a pastorall intitled The May Lord. His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedfoord's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembrook, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clowynes making mirth and foolish sports.

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex mariage.

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.

In a poem he calleth Edinborough
The heart of Scotland, Britaines other eye.

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to Comedia Vetus, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. Παρεπγευμενος is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.

He hath commented and translated Horace Art of Poesie: it is in Dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and keept long in wrytt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.

* * * *

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,

Here lyes Benjamin Johnson dead,
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;
That as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and evermore will.

Ane other

Here lyes honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen.

* * * *

Misellaneous.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.

* * * *

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

* * * *

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet. He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr againe: they
were appearing like Coriat's: the first two days he was all ex-coriate.

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.

* * * *

January 19, 1619.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorners of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a disssembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasies, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.

[Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations. The extracts above were chosen to reflect the impression that Jonson made on Drummond. The reader should consult the complete document.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Letter to Ben Jonson, January 17, 1619.

Sir,

Here you have that Epigram which you desired with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country
(unto which my power can reach) command it; there is nothing I wish more than to be in the calendar of them who love you.
I have heard from Court that the late Masque was not so approved of the King, as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. Such applause hath true worth even of those who otherwise are not for it. Such, to the next occasion, taking my leave, I remain Your loving friend.

W. D.

[Reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, xlvii.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Letter to Ben Jonson, July 1, 1619.

Worthy Friend,

The uncertainty of your abode was a cause of my silence this time past—I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place either of the City or Court, where he shall not be found out. In my last (the missing letter) I sent you a description of Loch Lomond, with a map of Inch-merionach, which may, by your book, be made most famous, . . .

[Reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, xlvii.]

Mr. Craven, 1619.

To Mr. Ben: Jonson in his Jorney.

When witt, and learninge are so hardly sett
That from their needfull meanes they must be bard
Unless by going harde ye mayntnance gett
Well maye Ben: Johnson say ye world goes hard.

This was M" Ben: Johnsons Answer of ye suddayne
Il may Ben Johnson slander so his feete
for when ye profitt with ye payne doth meete
Although ye gate were hard ye gayne is sweete.

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, Anglia, xxxvii, 470.]
TO BEN JONSON

Oxford University Register, 1619.
19 July 1619, created M. A.:—

JOHNSON, BENJAMIN; "omni humana litteratura feliciter instructus et eo nominea serenissimo rege annua pensione eaque satis honorifica honestatus."

[Register of the University of Oxford, 1571–1622, 1887, ii, 238.]

Thomas Cooke, 1619.

Mensis Jenevar Anno Regis Jacobi Decimo Septimo, 1619.
Thomas Cooke, one of the Gromes of the Prince his chamber, being sent in his Highnes service by ye comand of Mr Welter Alexander, Gentellman Usher, Daily Waiter to the Prince his Highnes, of two Message two severall tymes from the Court at Whithaell into London by Crippellgatt, to warn Mr Ben Johnson the Poet, and the Players at the Blackfriers to attend Hys Highnes that night following at Court, wch. severall services being done, he returned each tyme with answer. . . .

[Printed in Notes and Queries, 4th S., March 4, 1871, p. 183.]

Title-page, 1620.


Henry Fitzgeoffrey, 1620.

How many Volumes lye neglected thrust
In every Bench-hole? every heape of dust?
Which from some Gownis practice, Powder plot,
Or Tiburne Lecturs, all their substance got:
Yet tosse our Time-stalles, you'll admire the rout
Of carelesse fearelesse Pamphlets flye about
Bookes made of Ballades; Workes of Playes. . . .

[Certain Elegies, 1620, lib. i, sat. i. The allusion is one of many to Jonson's calling his volume of plays The Workes of Benjamin Jonson.]
John Taylor, 1620.

In Paper, many a Poet now survives
Or else their lines had perish'd with their lives.
Old Chaucer, Gower, and Sir Thomas More,
Sir Philip Sidney who the Lawrell wore,
Spencer, and Shakespeare did in Art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniel,
Silvester, Beaumont, Sir John Harrington,
Forgetfulness their workes would over run,
But that in Paper they immortally
Doe live in spight of Death, and cannot dye.

And many there are living at this day
Which doe in paper their true worth display:
As Davis, Drayton, and the learned Dun,
Johnson, and Chapman, Marston, Middleton,
With Rowley, Fletcher, Withers, Massinger,
Heywood, and all the rest where e're they are,
Must say their lines but for the paper sheete
Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feete.

[The Praise of Hemp-seed, 1620; in the 1630 folio, p. 72.]

John Finett, 1621.

On Twelfeday following, the Ambassador and his chiefe followers were brought to Court by the Earle of Warwick to be present at a Maske [Jonson's News from the New World]; he seated as before with the King, the better sort of the other on a fourme behind the Lords (the Lord Treasurer onely and the Marquesse of Hamilton sitting at the upper end of it) and all the rest in a Box, and in the best places of the Scaffolds on the right hand of his Majesty. No other Ambassadors were at that time present or invited.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, p. 71.]

Thomas Locke, 1621.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 7, 1621.

Entertainments given to the Great Monsieur of France [Cadenet], at his first audience on New Year's Eve; on the 4th
instant, at the Parliament House; and on the 6th, at a masque [Jonson's *News from the New World*] at Whitehall, where none were allowed below the rank of a Baron.

*[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1621, p. 212; cf. p. 214, no. 24.]*

**John Finett, 1621.**

When it was thought, that the Spanish Ambassador would have held it an indignity, and wrong to his Master, to be present at a Maske [Jonson's *News from the New World*] seen before by a French Ambassador (as the last, and the same Maske had been by the Mareshall *de Cadenet* at Twelftide) he appeared at it on Shrove-Sunday [February 11] seated at the left hand of his Majesty under the State) different from what had been formerly resolved on, that no Ambassador in regard of their troublesome Puntillious) should any more sit so with his Majesty) and had his family placed over a Box at the Kings right hand, in which were placed the Spanish Ambassadors two Sons together with the Arch-Dutchess Agent.

*[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, p. 73.]*

**Sackville Crow, 1621.**

Account [by Sackville Crow] of his disbursements [for Buckingham], out of 1,000£. received from Mr. Packer, including 100£. given to Ben Jonson.

*[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, July 21, 1621, p. 277.]*

**John Chamberlain, 1621.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, August 4, 1621.*

On yesterday the King was to be entertained by the Lord of Buckingham at Burley in Rutlandshire, a house of the Lord of Harington's that he bought of the Lady of Bedford, where was great provision of Plays, Masques, and all manner of entertainment, and this day the Court removes to Belvoir.

*[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 709. Jonson’s Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies was given at Burley, August 3. On August 18 Chamberlain wrote to Carleton that the King was so much pleased with his entertainment at Buckingham's that he made some verses on the subject; see State Papers, cxii, no. 77.]*
Joseph Mead, 1621.

Letter to Sir Martin Stuteville, September 15, 1621.

A friend told me this Faire time (Stourbridge) that Ben Jonson was not knighted, but scaped it narrowly, for that his majestie would have done it, had there not been means made (himself not unwilling) to avoyd it.

[Baker's MSS., xxxii, 355; reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, 1.]

Reversionary Grant, 1621.

A reversionary grant from the King, by letters patent dated October 5, 1621, of the Office of Master of the Revels, to "our beloved servant Benjamin Jonson, gentleman, the said office to be held and enjoyed by him and his assigns, during his life, from and after the death of Sir George Buc, and Sir John Astley, or as soon as the office should become vacant by resignation, forfeiture, or surrender."

[Grant Book, p. 346.]

John Chamberlain, 1621.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, October 27, 1621.

Ben Jonson's pension is increased from 100 marks to 200£. A ballad in his masque performed at Burghley was much applauded.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1621, p. 303.]

John Chamberlain, 1621.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, November 17, 1621.

Dr. Donne is to be Dean of St. Paul's, so that if Ben Jonson could be Dean of Westminster, St. Paul's, Westminster, and Christchurch would each have a poetical Dean.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1621, p. 310.]

Robert Burton, 1621.

And where shall a man walk, converse with whom, in what Province, City, and not meet with Signior Deliro, or Hercules Furens, Menades, and Corybantes?

*   *   *   *
Many men to fetch over a young woman, . . . will not stick to . . . feign any thing comes next, . . . how bravely they will maintain her, like any Lady, Countess, Duchess, or Queen; they shall have gowns, tiers, jewels, coaches, and caroches, choice diet,

*The heads of Parrats, tongues of Nightingals,
The brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches,
Their bath shall be the juice of Gilliflowers,
Spirit of Roses, and of Violets,
The milk of Unicorns, &c.*

as old Vulpone courted Cælia in the Comœdy. . . .

'Tis a great fault (for some men are uxorii) to be too fond of their wives, to dote on them as Senior Deliro on his Fallace. . . .

[The Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621; edited by A. R. Shiletto, i, 134, iii, 141, iii, 307. Delirio and Fallace appear in Every Man Out of his Humor; the verses are quoted from Volpone, iii, 6.]

John Finett, 1622.

Twelftide appearing, and a Maske [Jonson’s Masque of Augurs] being to be presented by the Prince and other Lords and Gentlemen, my Lord Chamberlaine gave me in charge to repaire to the Venetian Ambassador, Seigniour Girolenio Landi, with this message as from himself (with request of his Secrecy) That whereas he had told him two or three days before that no Ambassador should be invited to the Maske (as the King had signified to him his intention) he perceived that the Spanish Ambassador (the Count of Gondemar) had under-hand pressed his Majesty to be invited, so as not to appear to have doubled with him in what he had told him, he bade me let his Excellency know, that if he would for forme sake be invited and frame some excuse for his not coming, he would himselfe (as from his Majesty) send him an invitation. But if he would be really invited and come, his request should be, that he would make his way to it by the Marquis of Buckingham. When I had delivered this message to the Ambassador in hearing of his Secretary (whom he called in) he made answer, That for excuse of his not coming (though for
forme invited) he would never give that advantage to the Spanish Ambassador to say of him, that one day he would be well, and another ill for his satisfaction (as he knew some had been) as if he stood in awe of him; and for the other point of making his way by the Marquis of Buckingham, he would never do it, since he had always (he said) made his access to his Majesties Presence by the right door of the Lord Chamberlain, and would now enter by no other.

But since he saw (he said) what this tenderness meant, he desired me to intreat his Lordship in his name, that he would be pleased to go directly to his Majesty, and by way of remembrance (no otherwise) put him in mind from him, That the last year the French Ambassador Extraordinary Monsieur de Cadenet, and the Ordinary Monsieur de Tilliers were invited to the Prince his Maske at Christmas, and the Spanish Ambassador to the same Maske repeated at Shrovetide, to which he could and might justly have taken Exceptions, that he was both times omitted, but that the King of Bohemiaes Ambassador, being not then (no more then he) invited, he was content to suffer with him; but that now (though he might in reason expect, that he should be (as in his turne) invited alone, he would not be so punctuall, but would referre all to his Majesties pleasure, yet if any other Ambassador should be invited he would expect the like honour, as a respect due to the Prince and State he represented, who in all publicke places had, and were to have entertainment il par delle teste Coronate equall with Crowned Kings. And as for the Spanish Ambassador (he said) his presence at the Maske should not be an Exclusion to him with whom though he had no correspondency of business nor visits, he had yet of Salutation and civill respects, which had many times in encounters in the Streets, passed between them, and might and should pass on his part at the Mask, if he should there meete him: This message returned by me to the Lord Chamberlaine, and seconded at the same time by the Ambassadors Secretary, and my Lord conveying it to the King, his Majesty was pleased that he should be (as he was the next day) invited, and was at the Maske entertained with the like respect as was the Spanish Ambassador. The
States Ambassadors were not at the same time invited with respect to the incompatibility between them and the Spanish, and the Russian then here might with as little reason expect it, in regard he had questioned precedence of all other Kings Ministers. The French Ambassador had an Invitation pro forma tantum, with a civill request of his next comming to avoid question, which it seems, he tooke not with discontent, because his Wife and Neece were there present invited.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 91-92.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1622.

Girolamo Lando, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 21 [O.S. 11], 1622.

There was some idea not to invite me to the masque [Jonson's Masque of Augurs], which is one of the two annual ceremonies attended by the ambassadors. France was not asked because Spain had been. When I heard that they proposed to leave me out because Spain and I did not visit each other, I tactfully contrived to convey that your Serenity ought not to be deprived of the customary honour on that account, and finally I gained my point, to which I attached importance. The ceremony was most sumptuous.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, xvii, 216.]

John Finett, 1622.

The night following [i.e. May 6, but really May 5] was represented a Maske [Jonson's Masque of Augurs], Acted the Christmas before by the Prince &c. At which were present (seated with his Majesty) the Spanish Ambassadors Don Carlos de Colonna, and the Count de Gondemar, though this had taken his leave three or four dayes before, his Son and other their Followers of quality had their seates neere the King in a Scaffold on his right hand; the rest of them were bestowed together with the States, and other strangers promiscuously on a Scaffold behind the King, over the entrance there on the left hand of his Majesty. The young Landsgrave of Hess was brought in by me the back way through the Garden, and supping with the Duke of Lenox (as
did also the Baron of Paperherin remaining here after the departure of the Emperours Ambassador) was seated amongst the great Ladies.

The French Ambassador Monsieur de Tillier receiving a kind of Invitation, by way of offer, to be present at this Maske, returned answer, that he most humbly kissed his Majesties handes for the honour intended him; but his stomach would not (he said) agree with cold meat, and desired therefore his absence might be pardoned, hereby pointing at the Invitation and presence of the Spanish Ambassador in the first place at the same Maske the Christmas before now repeated.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 105-106.]

**John Chamberlain, 1622.**

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, May 11, 1622.*

Barclay's Argenis has grown so scarce that the price has risen from 5s. to 14s.; the King has ordered Ben Jonson to translate it, but he will not be able to equal the original. . . . The King is at Greenwich or Eltham, and supped with the Lord Treasurer at Chelsea on May-day. At a masque [Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*] he sat between Gondomar and Don Carlos de Colonna the new Spanish Ambassador.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1622, p. 390.]

**Title-pages, 1622.**

The Masque of Augures. With several Antimasques. Presented on Twelfe night. 1621. [N.d.]

Ben Jonson his Motives. 1622. 8vo.

[Anthony à Wood, in *Athenae Oxonienses* (ed. Bliss, 1815, ii, 614), mentions this second item among Jonson's published works; W. C. Hazlitt, *Hand-Book*, p. 307, describes it as "a tract relating to his differences with Inigo Jones." No copy is known, and Wood may have been in error.]

**John Marriot, 1622.**

*The Stationer to the Reader.*

I entreated him [Wither] to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages; but he told me how that were to take away
the employment of his interpreters. Whereas, he would purposely leave somewhat remaining doubtful, to see what Sir Politic Would-be and his companions could pick out of it.

[Prefixed to George Wither's Faire-Virtue, 1622, and signed John Marriot. Sir Politic Would-be is a character in Volpone.]

George Wither, 1622.

 Readers; I speake to you that have understanding; when these first fruites of my infant Muses shall come to your judicious censures; doe not looke for Spencers or Daniels well-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now-flourishing Johnson. Say, 'Tis honest plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. (To the Reader, p. 17.)

* * * * * *

But what need any man therein speake more
Than Divine Sidney hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
I have oft sighed, and bewailed my Fate,
That brought me forth so many yeeres too late
To view that Worthy; And now thinke not you
Oh Daniel, Drayton, Johnson, Chapman, how
I long to see you with your fellow Peeres,
Sylvester matchlesse, glory of these yeeres:
I hitherto have onely heard your fames,
And know you yet but by your Workes and Names:
The little time I on the earth have spent,
Would not allow me any more content:
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'll not disdaine my Youth:
For know you Muses Darlings, Ile not crave
A fellowship amongst you for to have,
Oh no; for though my ever-willing-hart
Have vow'd to love and praise You and your Art,
And though that I your stile doe now assume,
I doe not, nor I will not so presume;
I claime not that too-worthy name of Poet;
It is not yet deserv'd by me, I know it:
Grant me I may but on your Muses tend,
And be enrol'd their Servant, or their Friend;
And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a Fellow (if it please you) take me. (P. 292 ff.)

[Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622, reprinted in the Spenser Society Publications, 1871.]

Reversionary Grant, 1622.
Grant to Wm. Painter of the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, after Ben Jonson, who now holds the reversion after Sir Geo. Buck and Sir John Ashley.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1622, p. 432.]

Sir William Burlase, about 1622.

The Painter to the Poet.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter half like thee, a poet:
Ben, I would shew it.

But in this skill my unskilful pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth will still be found far higher;
And I a liar.

Then, what a painter's here! or what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skill's no greater,
And he a cheater?

Then, what a poet's here! whom, by confession
Of all with me, to paint without digression,
There's no expression.

[From the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, iii, 330. In his Underwoods Jonson prints a reply, The Poet to the Painter, An Answer.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1623.

Upon New-years day at night The Alchemist was acted by the kings players.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, 1917, Plays and Masques at Court, p. 49.]
TO BEN JONSON.

John Finett, 1623.

A Maske [Jonson's *Time Vindicated*] to be presented by the Prince, the Marquis of Buckingham, and other Gentlemen on Twelfnight, 1622. was for that day, and a second remitted till Sunday the ninth of January, principally with regard to his Majesties indisposition, but as some thought, not without expectation that the States Ambassadors would first be gone, to avoide the distaste that might be taken from their not Invitation, whereto it seemed his Majesty (for some Spanish respect as was thought) had no great affection. But they staying, (their business with the Merchants, about composing the East-Indian differences being not yet concluded) divers underhand passages, and discourses for and against the sight of the Maske, were carried to and fro as much as might be to content them, and not displease others. For first, they had an offer made them to have a Boxe appointed them apart and by themselves only, which they absolutely refused, Ambassadors Ordinarie before having had (said they) the honour to sit with his Majesty in the same place together with the French, and other Kings Ambassadors (as also with the Spanish, till that Question fell between him and Sir Noell Caron) but the intention in truth was, that they should not then be invited (at least to be ranked in publick, as they pretented it to be their due *al par delle Teste Coronate*) and reasons were framed to keep them off from discontent, as well as from their apparence there, but they might seem not of the Substantiallest. [The English Court was forced in the end to refuse outright to invite the Ambassadors from Holland to the masque.] . . . Onely a dozen of their followers had places assigned them over the Lord Chamberlains Box at the entrance into the Banqueting House from the Princes Galleries. . . . The French Ambassador that night, and the Venetian supped with the Duke of Lenox, and entered the Roome with the King, both seated there on his left hand; the French even with him, and the Venetian somewhat more forward.

Sir Henry Herbert, 1623.

Upon Sunday, being the 19th of January, the *Princes Masque [Time Vindicated]* appointed for Twelfe daye, was performed. The speeches and songs composed by Mr. Ben. Johnson, and the scene made by Mr. Inigo Jones, which was three tymes changed during the tyme of the masque: where in the first that was discovered was a prospective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House; the second was the Masquers in a cloud; and the third a forrest. The French ambassador was present.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 50.]

John Chamberlain, 1623.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 25, 1623.

My very goode Lord: yt is somewhat long since I wrote and longer since I heard from you till yesterday that I receved yo\textsuperscript{rs} of the 27\textsuperscript{th} of this present, the cause of my silence was the often deferring of the maske [Time Vindicated] and the k's removing caused by his indisposition, for here was nothing to write of but dauncing and feasting w\textsuperscript{ch} was more frequent all this christmas then ever I knew or remember, and continues ever since even till now, but the departure of the French ambassadors Lady w\textsuperscript{th} her niece madamoiselle St Luc (who bare a principall part in all these meetings) was the cause that the maske could not well be put of longer then sonday last, the french and venetian ambassadors were present and they say yt was performed reasonablie well both for the device, and for the handsome conveyance and varietie of the scene whereof Innigo Jones hath the whole commendation. Ben Johnson they say is like to heare of yt on both sides of the head for personating George Withers a poet or poetaster as he termes him, as hunting after fame by beeing a crono-mastix or whipper of the time, w\textsuperscript{ch} is become so tender an argument that yt must not be touched either in iest or earnest.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, vol. cxxvii, no. 27. Cf. Nichols, *Progresses*, iii, 802; *Court and Times of James I*, ii, 356. Miss Sullivan, in *Court Masques of James I*, p. 246, dates the letter January 20, but internal evidence points to the later date.]
John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 3, 1624.

Here is much practising against the masque [Neptune's Triumph] at Twelfth-night, and many meetings at Noblemen's houses in the afternoons; as, yesterday the Prince, with the rest of the retinue, were at the Lord of Bridgewater's, where they had a great banquet, and afterwards went home to supper, as the usual manner is.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 947.]

Title-page, 1624?

Neptunes Triumph for the returne of Albion, celebrated in a Masque at the Court on the Twelfth night 1623.

[This masque was prepared for Twelfth Night, but was not presented. The above edition has neither printer's name nor date. The statement on the title-page, combined with the details of the presentation, suggest that it was printed in anticipation of the actual performance.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1624.

Upon Twelfe Night [January 6, 1624], the maske [Neptune's Triumph] being put off, More Dissemblers besides Women, by the King's company, the prince only being there.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 51.]

John Finett, 1624.

A Maske [Neptune's Triumph] being prepared by the Prince (with the Duke of Buckingham, and others &c.) for Twelfnight a message was sent from his Majesty to the French Ambassador (by whom carried I could not learne) to this purpose. That whereas there was a Maske towards, and that his Majesty was desirous that the Marquess de la Inojosa, who had not seen any in this Kingdome, should be at it, he intended to visit him also (the French Ambassador, and in the first place, but would take it, as a respect to his satisfaction, if (to avoid the encounter, and question about their Precedence) he might before hand know, that he would be absent, framing some such excuse, as he should
think fittest. To this the Ambassador returning at that instant no satisfieing answer, he soone after intreated the Earle of March to present one from him to his Majesty in these words. That about two yeares since upon the like occasion, he had received the like message, but knowing how strongly his Majesty stood then affected to the Alliance with Spaine, he would give him no distast, but with excuse of his indisposition kept himselfe absent, that if he should now againe do the like, he should in the sight of the world put a scorne uppon himselfe, and do an un-answerable wrong to the King his Master, between whom, and the King of Spaine his Majesty knew (if he would be pleased to declare his knowledge) that there was no question to be made of the right of Precedence; that in this regard, he humbly beseech't his Majesty to proceed plainly, and fairely without useing any more colourable, or alternative Invitations (as he had done,) which might imply a Parity, in no sort to be yeelded to by the King his Master, in whom was the absolute right of Priority. That if his Majesty intended to invite him; he hoped he would intend also to entertain him with fitting respects, for come he would, if he should be invited, and if he should not, and the other [the Spanish Ambassador] should, he would protest against it, and immediately returne home to the King his Master with the account of his Treatment. That further his Majesty would be pleased to consider, that whereas he was at that instant sending a Person of quality to the King his Master, he might with reason expect, that whatsoever want, or omission he (the French Ambassador) should meet with here, it would be returned in France in the same measure. This message (the substance whereof he repeated to me two or three dayes after) was brought little sooner to the King, then it was made known to the Marquess de la Inojosa, who instantly sent for the Master of the Ceremonies, and in a storming manner gave him a message (repeating it twice or thrice) to be delivered to his Majesty by him in this sence; that he knew what respect had been formerly given the King of Spaines (his Masters Ministers) especially those that had been here Extraordinary, and what alternative course of invitation had been used with them, and the French; that he
looked for no less honour to be done to him then to his Predecessors, and that since it was both his right and his turne to be now invited, he would expect it, beseeching his Majesty not underhand to invite the French Ambassadors (as he knew (he said) he was intended) but to invite him directly, and openly first, and only, that so if (he Inojosa) must be made a Subject for gazers abroad, it might be to some purpose, and that he might have a just, and an apparent cause to write to his Master of the wrong done him here in his Minister, with other words in an high Spanish Stile to that purpose, which when the Master of the Ceremonies had twice or thrice requested him to temper, to take time to think better of them, and to communicate his intended message with his Collegue (Don Carlos) he only yeelded to satisfie him in this last of communicating his intention (as he did that night with that much more temperate and considerate Gentleman) from whom wresting (as Don Carlos himself after acknowledged) a consent for the carriage of that message to the King by Sir Lewes Lewkner, the Maske was thereupon respited &c.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 133-35. See also Lord Chamberlain's Office, Class Miscellaneous, 5, no. 1, pp. 148 ff., reprinted by Miss Mary Sullivan, Court Masques of James I, p. 247.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 17, 1624.

The Masque [Neptune's Triumph] for Twelfth-night was put off by reason of the King's indisposition, as was pretended; but the true cause is thought to be the competition of the French and Spanish Ambassadors, which could not be accommodated in Presence.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 960.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 19, 1624.

Sends convivial laws of Ben Jonson, laid down for a chamber in the inn of the Devil and St. Dunstan, by Temple Bar.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, clxviii, no. 8.]
John Chamberlaiin, 1624.

*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, August 21, 1624.*

Young Maynard wrote a masque, which was acted before the King at Burghley, with little applause; Ben Jonson wrote one to be performed before the King at Killingworth, whilst the King was at Warwick.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, vol. clxxi, no. 66.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1624.

1624, December 27. Upon St. John’s night, [the prince] and the duke of Brunswick being there, *The Fox*, by the [King’s Men]. At Whitehall.

For the Palsgrave’s Company; A new Play, called, *The Masque*. The masque book was allowed of for the press; and was brought me by Mr. Jon[son] the 29th December 1624.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 52, 30, 41. The second entry seems to be confused; for a possible explanation see op. cit., p. 30, note 3.]


A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate
Hath made the World it selfe insatiate!
It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,
Better than what Johnson or Drayton sings:
As in North-Villages, where euery line
Of Plumpton Parke is held a worke divin.


John Finett, 1625.

The fourth of January I received Order for the invitation of the French Ambassador (the Marquess de Fiat) the Venetian Seignior Pesaro (not long before arrived here in place of Seignior Valeresso) and two Agents Monsieur Brumeau for the King of Spaine, and Monsieur Van Mal for the Archdutches) to a Maske [Jonson’s *The Fortunate Isles*] of the Prince, with certaine Lords and Gentlemen on Twelfnight. I propounded, and obtained of
the Venetian that he would (Sir Lewes Lewkner being then absent) call in his way to Court, and accompany thither the French Ambassadors, that I might with one labour attend them both, and introduce them (as I had directions) by the Parke through the Galleries at eight of the clock at night (the place, and hour assigned also the Agents) but being the next morning, assured by the Prince himself, that the Maske was to be put off till Sunday the ninth of January, I was upon his Highness intimation sent to disinvite them all which I performed with the French personally, and with the rest by Letter. But on Saturday re-invited them for the next day, when about four of the clock, the Marquess Hamilton, (Lord Steward of his Majesties Household) then supplying the place of the Lord Chamberlaine indisposed) gave me in charge to repaire to the Ambassadors, and to let them know, that in regard of the inconveniency that would grow from the intrusion of multitudes of people by the way of the Galleries (if they were left open) he desired they would enter the Court by the great Gate, and thence pass for their repose to the Marquesses Lodgings, till the King should come by, and take them along with him. This intimation was given also to the two Agents, who had the same Order for their Entrance as the former, but were likewise diverted, and conducted to a Roome apart in my Lord Stewards Lodgins, which was so ordered of design to avoid their, and the French Ambassadors encounter, not with apprehension of strife for place, their difference of qualities of Agents and Ambassadors clearing all such question, but of distast perhaps to either from their incompatibility; a regard taken also in placing their Followers in several Scaffolds to avoid differences and wranglings that might occure even amongst those of inferior condition, if seated promiscuously together in a Scaffold; a provisionable care that the King himself had, and expressed it that day at his Dinner. The Ambassadors were seated with the King (as accustomed) and the Agents bestowed amongst the Lords, beneath Earles, and above Barons.

[Finetti Philoxenis, 1656, pp. 143-44. See also Lord Chamberlain's Office, Class Miscellaneous, 5, no. 1, pp. 164 ff., reprinted by Miss Mary Sullivan, Court Masques of James I, p. 248.]
John Chamberlain, 1625.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 8, 1625.

We should have had a Masque [The Fortunate Isles] on Twelfth-night, but it was put off till to-morrow, and perhaps longer or altogether, as it was last year.

[The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 1027.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1625.

Upon Twelve night [January 6, 1625], the Masque [The Fortunate Isles] being put of, and the prince only there, Tu Quoque by the Queene of Bohemias servants. At Whitehall, 1624.

Upon the Sunday night following, being the ninthe of January 1624, the Masque [The Fortunate Isles] was performed.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 52.]

Title-page, 1625?

The Fortunate Isles and their Vnion, celebrated in a Masque design'd for the Court, on the Twelfth night. 1624.

Caleb Morley, about 1625.

Coppie of a noate of Mr. Morleys, had fro Oxford. Whereas Caleb Morley Mr. of Arts & sometymes fellowe of Baliel Colledg in ye Universitie of Oxon hath intended & laboured a speedie and certaine Course for ye attayning & retayninge of languages & other partes of good literature purposed for ye generall ease & benifit of ye studious in either kinde. We whose names are under written & of ye same Universitie purpose & promise our best furtherance & assistance therein on his behalfe by our Countenance & Labours to our powers not onlie to welcome but also to helpe such a labour pretended for ours provided that any Contribution of money from us be always excepted.

Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Henry Spilman, Dr. Rives (?) Advoc. Regis, Dr. Duck, Cancillar, Londi., Dr. Baskevile, Med. Dr., Dr. Andrews, Med. Dr., Mr. S——, Theolog., Mr. Adsworth (?), Theolog., Mr. Selden, Gentl., Mr. Benjam. Johnson, Mr. Mathew Bust, Mr. of Eaton School, Mr. Farnaby, Heynes (?), Mr. Robinson Scholar of Winchester, S.
[MS. in Sl. 1466 ff., f. 16; reprinted by W. D. Briggs, Modern Philology, xi, 287. Many great persons seem to have interested themselves in Morley's project. On October 28, 1624, Conway writes to the Bishop of London saying that “the King wishes his opinion on a new alphabet invented by Mr. Morley, a minister, for the more easy attaining of languages, for the sole printing and publishing of which he requests a patent.”]

**Richard James, 1625.**

To Mr. Benj: Jhonson on his Staple of News first presented.

Sir, if my robe and garbe were richly worth
The dainger of a statute comming forth,
Were I or man of law or law maker,
Or man of Courte to be an undertaker;
For judgement would I then comme in and say
The manye honours of your staple play:
But being nothing so, I dare not haile
The mightie floates of ignorance, whoe faile
With winde and tide; their Sires, as stories tell,
In our eight Harrie's time crownd Skeltons Nell,
And ye foule Boss of Whittington with greene
Bayes, which on living frontes are rarelye seene;
Soone sprung soone fading; but deserving verse,
Must take more lasting glorie from ye herse;
When vulgars loose their sight, and sacred peeres
Of poetrerie conspire to make your yeeres
Of memorie eternall, then you shalbe read
By all our race of Thespians, board and bed;
And banck and boure, vallie and mountaine will
Rejoice to knowe somme pieces of your skill;
Your rich Mosaique workes, inled by arte
And curious industrie with everie parte
And choice of all ye Ancients.—So I write,
Though for your sake I dare not say and fighte.

[The Poems, etc., of Richard James, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1880, p. 221.]

**Richard James, 1625.**

Some Johnson, Drayton, or some Herick would
Before this time have characted the Mould
AN ALLUSION-BOOK

Of his perfections; and in living Lines,
Have made them knowne before these mourning times.

[The Muses Dirge, consecrated to the Remembrance of the High and Mightie Monarch, James, 1625; in The Poems, etc., of Richard James, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1880, p. 121.]

Richard James, about 1625.
Ad Doct. Franciscū James.

Tertullianus, Cyprianus, Chrysostomus acriter invehunter in artem Roscianam et spectacula. * * * Credo si reviviscerent jā patres illi libenter spectarent ingeniū fœcundissimi Beniamini Jonsoni, quem ut Thuanus de Petro Ronsardo censeo cū omni antiquitate comparandū si competa et plena sensibus poemata ejus et scenica spectemus: cui non Catullianum illud et Martianis sunt in apologiā. Nam castū esse decet piū poetam ipsum: versiculos nihil necesse est, et

innocuous censura potest permettere lusus
Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est:
Sed chartam amat vita innocentiores, ut quam reposcēt in ævū longū elegantiorum manus, cum pulvis et umbra tantū fuerit tam virginis chartæ pater:

Ede tuos tandem populo Jonsone libellos
Et cultum docto pectore profer opus
Quod nec Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis artes
Nec sileant nostri, prætereantque senes.
Ante fores stantem dubitas admittere famam
Teque piget famæ præmia ferre tue
Post te victuræ per te quoque vivere chartæ
Incipient, cineri gloria fera venit.

[From a MS. volume of letters by Richard James; reprinted by A. B. Grosart in his edition of The Poems, etc. of Richard James, 1880, pp. lv-lvi.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1626.

John Waterson

14 Aprill

Entred for his Copie under the handes of Master Doctor Worrall and Master Islip warden A booke Called The Staple of Newes being a Comedie. ..................vj

[Arber's Transcript, iv, 156.]
William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1626.

Of the Entertainments he made for King Charles the First.

When his Majesty was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire; and lying at Worksop Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck, where my Lord then was, my Lord invited his Majesty thither to a dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my Lord between four and five thousand pounds; which his majesty liked so well, that a year after his return out of Scotland, he was pleased to send my Lord word, that her Majesty the Queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her, as he had formerly done for him. Which my Lord did, and endeavoured for it with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence: Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise; and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in short, did all that ever he could imagine, to render it great, and worthy their royal acceptance.


Michael Drayton, 1627.

Of Poets and Poesie.

Next these, learn'd Johnson, in this List I bring, Who had drunke deepe of the Pierian spring, Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer, And long was Lord here of the Theater, Who in opinion made our learn'st to sticke, Whether in Poems rightly dramatique, Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they, Should beare the Buskin, or the Socke away.

[The Battale of Agincourt, etc., 1627, p. 207.]
Tradition, before 1628.

Ben: Johnson was at a taverne and in comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome; Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of raw wine, gives it the tapster: "Sirrha," sayes he, "carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him"; the fellow did so, and in those words: "Friend," sayes Dr. Corbett, "I thanke him for his love; but pr'y thee tell hym from me hee's mistaken, for sacrifices are allwayes burn't."

[Printed from Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, Merry Passages and Jests, Harl. MS. 6395, by William J. Thoms, in Anecdotes and Traditions, Camden Society, 1839, pp. 29-30.]

London City Records, 1628.

Martis secundo die Septembris 1628 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliae, etc., quarto.

Item: this daie Beniamyn Johnson Gent is by this Court admitted to be the Citties Chronologer in place of Mr. Thomas Middleton deceased, to have hold exercise and enioye the same place and to have and receive for that his service out of the Chamber of London the some of one hundred Nobles per annum to contynue duringe the pleasure of this Court and the First quarters payment to beginn att Michaelmas next.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 42, fol. 271.]

Examination, 1628.

Examination of Benjamin Jonson, of Westminster, gent., taken by Attorney General Heath. Saw certain verses beginning, "Enjoy thy bondage," and ending, "England's ransom here doth lie," and entitled, "To his confined Friend, &c.," at Sir Robert Cotton's house at Westminster. Coming there, as he often does, these verses lying on the table after dinner, he was asked concerning them as if he had been their author. Protests the contrary, on his Christianity and hope of salvation. Heard of them with detestation. Heard by common fame that one Zouch Townley made them, a scholar and a divine, and a student of Christ Church, Oxford. On a Sunday after examinant had
heard Mr. Townley preach at St. Margaret's in Westminster, Mr. Townley taking a liking to a dagger with a white haft which examinant wore at his girdle, examinant gave it to him two nights after, being invited by Townley to supper, but without any relation to these verses.

[Calendar of State Papers, vol. cxix, no. 33, October 26, 1628.]

William Davenant, 1629.

Florello. D'ye walk like Neptune in a masque
Attended on by two o' th' calm winds?
[The Just Italian, IV. i. The allusion is to Jonson’s Fortunate Isles.]

Thomas May, 1629.

To my worthy friend, John Ford.
'Tis said, from Shakspeare's mine your play you drew:
What need?—when Shakspeare still survives in you;
But grant it were from his vast treasury reft,
That plund'r'er Ben ne'er made so rich a theft.
[Reprinted in Malone's Shakespeare, ed. Boswell, 1821, i, 405. The play referred to is The Lover's Melancholy. Cf. the entry “Endymion Porter, before 1635.”]

Francis Lenton, 1629.

He better loves Ben Johnson's booke of playes,
But that therein of wit he finds such plenty,
That hee scarce understands a jest of twenty.
[The Young Gallants Whirligigg, 1629; in Shakespeare Society Publications, 1846, p. 126.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1629.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 32.]

Treasurer of Westminster Abbey, 1629.

Jan. 19, 1628[9]. Given by Dr. Price to Mr. Beniamin Jhonson in his sickness and want; wth consent of Dr. Price, Dr. Sutton, Dr. Grant, Dr. Holt, Dr. Darel, and my Lord of Lincoln's good likinge signified by Mr. Osbalston 5ti.
This I sent to Dr. Price, February 24, by Tho. Bush.

[An Entry in the Accounts of the Treasurer of Westminster Abbey; see The Antiquary, xli, 70.]

Joseph Webbe, 1629.

A Letter brefly touching the large extent & infinite use, of yt little booke called Entheatus Materialis primus, lately written by ye Author of yt booke, to his deare & lovinge frend Mr. Benjamin Johnson. And his answere.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson, eldest sonne of our Brittaine muses: J. W. wisheth Bayes; a marble, or some brasen statua; & perpetuall memory.

Deare Brother

Within ye circuite of my best acquaintance, I find none of Apollo's Judges to grace more ye seate of his Justice either with gravity of person, multiplicicitie of reading, or depht of understanding; than you doe. Nor find I any, from w'm I should more joyfull receive applause for good; or more patiently tollerate, rebuke for ill; than from ye doome of yours discretion. Give mee therefore leave to intreate none but you to lift the Bilance betweene my last booke, & some ill Savouring breath of Malice, now call'd emulation; & to make a just report of both theyre valewes.

[Webbe then goes on to complain of the envious strictures that have been passed upon him, to ask Jonson to judge between him and his critics, to give a complex mathematical demonstration of the principle of his book, and at length concludes:]

Though much more may be sayde ir ye behalfe of this little booke: yet let this suffice for ye present. And let report & it bee judg'd by your opinion. Meane while I rest.

Your devoted frend

and brother

Joseph. Webbe.

Glassenbury house
in Smithfield, Jan:
20, 1628[–9]:

[Sl. MS. 1466 ff., 203 f., printed by W. D. Briggs, Modern Philology, xi, 286. Jonson's answer appears to be lost.]
James Shirley, 1629.

To the Right Honourable Francis, Earl of Rutland, &c.

My most honoured Lord,

When the age declineth from her primitive virtue, and the silken wits of the time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledged master, learned Jonson) disgracing nature, and harmonious poesy, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not safe to appear without protection.

[Dedication of The Grateful Servant, 1629.]

William Habington, 1629.

. . . Go forward still; and when his Muse expires,
Whose English stains the Greek and Latin lyres,
Divinest Jonson, live to make us see
The glory of the stage reviv'd in thee.

[Gratulatory poem to James Shirley, prefixed to The Grateful Servant, 1629.]

Thomas Randolph, about 1629.

An Answer to Master Ben. Jonson's Ode, to persuade
him not to leave the Stage.

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

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

Thou canst not find them stuff
That will be bad enough
To please their palates; let 'em thine refuse
For some Pie-Corner muse.
She is too fair a hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn.
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain,
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy door.

And let those things in plush,
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broome swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to clothes, but brains.
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes;
This only in my Ben I faulty find;
He's angry, they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,
While thou can't touch a lute,
And string thy Horace? let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say [that] thou art mine.
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by so strange neglect,
I should myself suspect
The palsy were as well thy brains disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they please.
TO BEN JONSON

And though thou well canst sing
The glories of thy king,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
To please him as to praise,
I would not have thee choose
Only a treble muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know:
Thou, that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.


I. C., about 1629.

Ode to Ben Jonson, upon his Ode to Himself.

Proceed in thy brave rage
Which hath raised up our stage
Unto that height as Rome, in all her state,
Or Greece might emulate;
Whose greatest senators did silent sit,
Hear and applaud the wit,
Which those intemperate times
Used when it taxed their crimes;
Socrates stood and heard with true delight
All that the sharp Athenian Muse did write

Against his supposed fault;
And did digest the salt
That from that full vein did so freely flow:
And, though that we do know
The Graces jointly strove to make that breast
A temple for their rest,
We must not make thee less
Than Aristophanes.
He got the start of thee in time and place,
But thou hast gained the goal in art and grace.
But if thou make thy feasts
For the high-relished guests
And that a cloud of shadows shall break in,
   It were almost a sin
To think that thou shouldst equally delight
   Each several appetite;
   Though Art and Nature strive
Thy banquets to contrive.
Thou art our whole Menander, and dost look
Like the old Greek; think then but on his cook.

If thou thy full cups bring
Out of the Muses' spring
And there are some foul mouths had rather drink
   Out of the common sink,
There let them seek to quench th' hydropic thirst
   Till the swoln humour burst.
   Let him, who daily steals
   From thy most precious meals,
Since thy strange plenty finds no loss by it,
Feed himself with the fragments of the wit.

And let those silken men,
   That know not how or when
To spend their money or their time, maintain
   With their consumed no-brain
Their barbarous feeding on such gross base stuff
   As only serves to puff
   Up the weak, empty mind,
   Like bubbles full of wind,
And strive t' engage the scene with their damned oaths,
As they do with the privilege of their clothes.

Whilst thou takest that high spirit,
   Well purchased by thy merit:
Great Prince of Poets, though thy head be gray,
   Crown it with Delphic bay,
And from the chief (pin) in Apollo's choir
   Take down thy best tuned lyre,
Whose sound shall pierce so far
It shall strike out the star
Which fabulous Greece durst fix in heaven, whilst thine
With all due glory here on earth shall shine.

Sing, English Horace, sing
The wonder of thy King;
Whilst his triumphant chariot runs his whole
Bright course about each pole.
Sing down the Roman harper; he shall rain
His bounties on thy vein,
And with his golden rays
So gild thy glorious bays,
That Fame shall bear on her unwearied wing
What the best Poet sung of the best King.

[From Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry. Englished by Ben: Jonson, 1640. Gifford assigns the poem to John Cleveland, but J. M. Berdan, in his edition of Cleveland’s poems, 1903, p. 177, seriously questions the attribution.]

Thomas Carew, about 1629.

To Ben Jonson.

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his Play of ‘The New Inn.’

'Tis true, dear BEN, thy just chastising hand
Hath fix’d upon the ’sotted Age a brand,
To their swol’n pride and empty scribbling due;
It can nor judge, nor write: and yet ’tis true
Thy Comic Muse, from the exalted line
Touch’d by thy ‘Alchemist,’ doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much, since all thy Eaglets may
Endure the Sunny trial, if we say
‘This hath the stronger wing,’ or, ‘that doth shine
Trick’d up in fairer plumes’; since all are thine.
Who hath this flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tuned choir of swans? or who hath dared
To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
By City-Custom or by Gavel-kind
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex and place;
Though one hand shape them, and though one brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.

Why should the follies, then, of this dull Age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage,
As seems to blast thy else-immortal Bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
Such thirst will argue drought. No, let be hurl'd
Upon thy works by the detracting world
What malice can suggest: let the Rout say
' The running sands that—ere thou make a play—
Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin frame,
To swallow when th' hast done thy shipwreck'd name.'
Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid,
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, 'that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.'

Repine not at thy thrifty taper's waste,
That sleeks thy terser poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring thy booty home,
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils so torn
From conquer'd authors be as Trophies worn.
Let others glut on the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath; trust thou to after days:
Thy labour'd 'Works' shall live, when Time devours
Th' abortive offspring of thy hasty hours.
Thou art not of their rank, the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge: then let this suffice—
The wiser world doth greater Thee confess
Than all men else, than Thy self only less.

[Poems, 1640.]
Anonymous, about 1629.

*The Country's Censure on Ben Johnson's New Inn.*

Listen (decaying Ben) and Counsell heare
Wittes have their date and strength of braines may weare
Age, steept In sacke, hath quencht, thy Enthean fier
Wee pitty ye now, whom once, wee did Admire:
Surrender then thy right to th' stage; forbeare
To dare to wright, what others Loath to heare
and Justlye, since thy Crazye Muse doth now
To quitte her Spartane province; fayntly knowe
Swear not by God tis good; for yff you doe:
The world will taxe your zeale, and Judgment too;
for In a Poett, yf that's last regarded
New Inn's discretion, hath the quite discarded:
From Aganippes pale, and plct the Amonge
Not the giddye headed; but the unbrowed Thronge.
Rayle not att the Actors; doe not them Abuse,
Action to dullness; Cannott Life Infuse;
For Velvett, Scarlett, Plush, doe tell you true,
'Twas not their Cloathes; but they did blush for you;
To see; and was not that, Just cause of rage;
Weakenes and Impudence possest the stage,
Iniurde the strength of witt; now cloyde and dry;
Goodstucke, Prue, Frampole, Stuffell, Burst typ: fly;
And their Comrades, whose Language but to heare;
Might stricke A surffett, Into A gentle eare,
but lett me tell thee this, Ben; by the way,
Thy Argument's as tedious as thy play;
Thou saist noe Palsy doth thy Brayne pan vex,
I praye the tell me what; an Apoplex:
Thy Pegasus can stirr, yett thy best Care,
Makes hur but shuffle; lyke the parson mare
Who from his owne side witt; sayes thus by mee,
Hee hath bequeathed his bellye unto thee,
To holde that little Learning, whiche is fled;
Into thy Gutttes; from out thy Emptye head;
Yett thou art Confident; & darst still sweare,  
The fault's not In thy Brain, but In their eare;  
What dismal fate is this thus on the seaseth;  
Thy worth doth fayle; thy Arrogance Increaseth;  
Pride and presumption, hath dethronde thy witt,  
And set upp Philautie; In place of ytt;  
Thy Innbred Darling, whose stronge selfe Conceipt,  
Forstalling prayse, did thy Just prayse defeate,  
Worth being selfe praisd, doth fall, hee is the best Poett;  
Can Justly merritt Prayse; & yett scarce knowe ytt;  
But tis New Inn's disaster; not to knowe  
What or thy selfe, or others Can Allow  
Wee wronge the nott, for take thy enraged Appeale  
Twill rather foster thy Mad wound then heale  
For knowe; what Justly doth dispise,  
Doth prove, A greater scandell to our eyes:  
And sure that sensure must Impartiall bee  
Whear readers, and spectators both agree;  
Yett, yff pure need Inforce thee, to this shame,  
Wee proner are to Advise thee, then to blame,  
Since wittes doe fayle, thou wert best pore Crackt braine else;  
To turne myne host; and keepe new Inn thy selfe;  
But Change thy signe, yff thou'lt; bee ruld by me  
Noe more Light hart, but light Brayne; lett yt bee.  

[MS. Ashmole 38, fol. 79, 80.]

**Owen Feltham, about 1629.**

*An answer to the Ode, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.*  

Come leave this sawcy way  
Of baiting those that pay  
Dear for the sight of your declining Wit;  
'Tis known it is not fit,  
That a Sale Poet, just contempt once thrown,  
Should cry up thus his own.  
I wonder by what Dower,  
Or Patent, you had power  
From all to rape a judgment. Let't suffice,  
Had you been modest, y'ad been granted wise.
'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell,
As a Translator: But when things require
A Genius, and Fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft y'ave wanted Brains
And Art to strike the White,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if Men vouch not things Apochryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your Gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peek, Fly, and all
Your Jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able Brain,
As they do throw a Stain
Thro' all th' unlikely Plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles.
While yet there is not laid
Before a Chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd: as might have serv'd of old
For Schools, when they of Love and Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the Show
Should Judgment be and Know-
Ledge, there are in Plush who scorn to drudge
For Stages, yet can judge
Not only Poets looser Lines, but Wits,
And all their Perquisits.
A Gift as rich, as high
Is Noble Poesie:
Yet tho' in sport it be for Kings a Play,
'Tis next Mechanicks, when it works for pay.

Alcaeus Lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon,
Ere taught so bold assuming of the Bays,
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail Men into Approbation,
Is new to yours alone;
And prosper not: For know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not Love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous Strain,
Where Self-conceit, and Choler of the Blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those Raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your Crown,
Till the World puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver Theme no Phæbus ever saw.

[lusoria; or occasional pieces, first printed as an addition to the eighth edition of feltham's resolves, 1661, folio.]

Richard Brome, after 1629.

The Prologue.

Quot quot adestis Salvete salvetote.

The Schoolemaster that never yet besought yee,
Is now become a suitor, that you'll sit,
And exercise your Judgement with your wit,
On this our Comedy, which in bold Phrase,
The Author sayes has past with good applause
In former times. For it was written, when
It bore just Judgement, and the seal of Ben.
Some in this round may have both seen 't, and heard,
Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard. . . .

[prologue to richard brome's the city wit, acted 1629, printed 1653.]

James Howell, 1629.

To my Father, Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Father Ben. Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ, there's no great Wit without some mixture of madness; so saith the Philosopher: Now was he a fool who answer'd,
nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiae, nor small wit without some allay of foolishness. Touching the first, it is verify'd in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your Fox, and madder when you writ your Alchymist; you were mad when you writ Catilin, and stark mad when you writ Sejanus; but when you writ your Epigrams, and the Magnetick Lady, you were not so mad: Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine Fury, that heating and heightning Spirit which Ovid speaks of.

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo: That true Enthusiasm which transports, and elevates the souls of Poets above the middle Region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to Heaven to touch the Stars with their laurell'd heads, to walk in the Zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Dr. Davies Welsh Grammar, before Christmas I am promis'd one: So, desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd it from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threaten'd you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns; I rest—Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour, J. H. Westm., 27 June 1629.

James Howell, 1630.

To Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Father Ben, you desir'd me lately to procure you Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time that it may serve for a New-year's-gift, in which quality I send it you. . . .


[Epistolae Ho-Eliana, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 276. Cf. the preceding entry.]
AN ALLUSION–BOOK

Royal Grant, 1630.

Charles, R.

Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of us, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be; and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Johnson hath lately surrendered unto us. Know yee nowe, that wee, for divers good considerations us at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done unto us and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to proceede in those services of his Witt and penn, which wee have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him, are graciously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one hundred marks, unto an annuitie of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof of our especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England by the year,
unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of our Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson. . . . And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, have given and granted, and by these presents for us, our heires and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns, one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly: to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said terse of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein, we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne, or who shall have the care or charge of our said wines, that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terse of wine yearly, and once in every year unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although express mention, &c. In witness, &c.

Ex per Ro. Heath.

Witness, &c.

Maie it please your most excellent Majestie,

This conteyneth your majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100 £ per annum, and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall.

And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 100 marks per annum.

Signified to be your Majestie's pleasure by the Lord Theasurer.

Ro. Heath.
March 1630.

Expl. apud Westm' vicesimo sexto die Martii anno R Ris Caroli quinto,

per Windebank.

[Reprinted from The Works of Ben Jonson, ed. P. Whalley, 1756, i, lviii-lxi.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1630.

Exchequer account of receipts and issues from this day to the 16th inst. Among the payments occurs, "Ben Jonson, 25 £."

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I, vol. clxx, no. 43, July 9, 1630.]

Anonymous, about 1630?

Big Benjamin hath had a cup of sacke
So often at his mouth that now his backe
Is almost brooke; whereas if hee his cup
In his sack's mouth had closely tyed up:
Hee might have had a blessing and have bin
As fortunate as little Beniamin—
Though hee bee brooke, and broake, and broke in twaine
The Parliament hath peiced him againe.

[Harl. MS. 4955, fol. 84, reproduced in Peter Cunningham's Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, 1842, p. xlix.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1630.

John Spencer

3° Julij 1630.

Assigned ouer unto him by Mistris Bur[re] by a note
under her hand and consent of master Purfoot warden,
the copies followinge..........................iiiij

Narcissus' the fountaine of [self] love. [Jonson]
A mad world my masters.
The Alchemist [Jonson]
The preachers travelles [Cartwright]
Silent Woman [Jonson]
Od[e] combes Complaint [T. Coryat]
Ignoramus [G. Ruggle]
An Introduction to a devout life.
Conclave Ignatij [J. Donne]
[Arber's Transcript, iv, 238.]

Thomas Carew, 1630.

Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drouth
Of wit, that, with the cry, spends not his mouth ... .
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th'untun'd Kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense: but, like lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy Play, whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wisemen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.
[To my worthy Friend, M. D'avenant, upon his excellent Play, The Just Italian, prefixed to The Just Italian, 1630.]

Thomas Randolph, 1630.

A gratulatory to Master Ben. Johnson, for his adopting him to be his son.

I was not born to Helicon, nor dare
Presume to think myself a Muse's heir.
I have no title to Parnassus Hill
Nor any acre of it by the will
Of a dead ancestor, nor could I be
Ought but a tenant unto poetry.
But thy adoption quits me of all fear,
And makes me challenge a child's portion there.
I am akin to heroes, being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, Musaeus, Homer too, beside
Thy brothers by the Roman mother's side;
As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latin lyre
That is so like thee, Horace; the whole quire
Of poets are, by thy adoption, all
My uncles; thou hast given me power to call
Phoebus himself my grandsire; by this grant
Each sister of the Nine is made my aunt.
Go, you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineal honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a herald's faith you build the same:
Though you may bear a gorgon on your crest
By direct line from Perseus; I will boast
No further than my father; that's the most
I can, or should be proud of; and I were
Unworthy his adoption, if that here
I should be dully modest; boast I must,
Being son of his adoption, not his lust.
And, to say truth, that which is best in me
May call you father; 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a spark of that celestial flame
Within me? I confess I stole the same,
Prometheus-like, from thee; and may I feed
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more moons thou hast, that shine by night,
All bankrupts, were't not for a borrow'd light,
Yet can forswear it; I the debt confess,
And think my reputation ne'er the less.
For, father, let me be resolv'd by you:
Is't a disparagement from rich Peru
To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy ore
To ransack Tagus' or Pactolus' shore?
Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want
Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
A lesser orchard? Sure, it cannot be:
Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.
Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,
And pay a filial reverence to thy name,
For when my muse upon obedient knees
Asks not a father's blessing, let her lese
The fame of this adoption; 'tis a curse
I wish her, 'cause I cannot think a worse.
And here, as piety bids me, I entreat
Phoebus to lend thee some of his own heat,
To cure thy palsy; else I will complain
He has no skill in herbs; poets in vain
Make him the god of Physic, 'twere his praise
To make thee as immortal as thy bays—
As his own Daphne, 'twere a shame to see
The god not love his priest more than his tree.
But if heaven take thee, envying us thy lyre,
'Tis to pen anthems for an angel's quire.

[Poetical and Dramatic Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 537; printed from the Kingsborough-Haslewood MS., vol. i, fol. 128.]

Sir George Gresley, 1631.

Letter to . . . ., Essex House, February 2, 1631.

The Queen and her ladies do practise the masque [Jonson's Chlorida], which they intend to perform at Shrovetide, twice a-week.

[Thomas Birch, The Court and Times of Charles the First, 1848, ii, 95; the letter is inadvertently dated 1632.]

Sir Thomas Colepepper, 1631.

Letter to Sir Francis Nethersole, at The Hague, February 15, 1631.

Everybody is busy about the performance of the Queen's mask [Chlorida] on Shrovetide next. All the Court ladies are daily practitioners.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I, clxxxv, no. 5. See also no. 23.]

The Lord Chamberlain's Warrant-Book, 1631.

Warrant to Edmund Taverner Esq. for £600 to be employed towards the Queen's Masque [Chloridia] at Shrove-tide next. Feb. 14th 1630-1.
Warrant for £200 extra to be paid Taverner for the same Masque. Feb. 19, 1630.

[Extracts from the Lord Chamberlain's Warrant-Book, v, 93, pp. 228, 231; reproduced in Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, xlvi, 95.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1631.

Received of Mr. Taylor and Lowins, in the name of their company, for the benefitt of my winter day, upon the second day of Ben Jonson's play of Every Man in his Humour, this 18 day of February, 1630—12l. 4s. 0d.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 44.]

Title-pages, 1631.


Chloridia. Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs. Personated in a Masque, at Court. By the Queenses Maiesty And her ladies. At Shroue-tide. 1630... for Thomas Walkley.

[These two masques were presented at Court on January 9, 1631 and February 22, 1631 respectively. The second bears no date of printing, but both were published by Thomas Walkley, and both, probably, appeared before March 23, 1630–31.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1631.

Thomas Alchorne

17mo die Aprilis 1631.

Entred for his Copye under the handes of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Kingston warden a Comedy Called New Inne written by Ben: Johnson ..........vjd

[Arber's Transcript, iv, 251.]

Title-page, 1631.

The New Inne. Or, The light Heart. A Comoedy. As it was never acted, but most negligently play'd, by some, the King's Servants. And more squeamishly beheld, and censured by others, the Kings Subjectes. 1629. Now, at last, set at liberty
to the Readers, his Ma\textsuperscript{ties} Servants, and Subjects, to be iudg'd. 
1631. By the Author, B. Ionson. . . . London, printed by
Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, . . . MDCXXXI.

\textbf{R. Goodwin, 1631.}

\textit{Vindiciae Jonsonianae.}

Since, what past Ages onlie had begun, 
and ventur'd at, Thou hast exactlie done; 
And that the Ancients, more precede not thee 
in Time, then thou dost them, in Poësie: 
Staine not that Well-gaind Honour, with the Crude, 
or the rash Censure, of a Multitude 
Of Silken fooles; who cannot Understand 
(for they were borne not to have wit, but Land) 
Thy sublim'd Soule: but daily doe preferre 
those, who almost as diligentlie erre, 
as thou dost write; more Comick rules mistake, 
then thou observ'dst of old, or new dost make; 
Revenge those wrongs with pittie; for wee see, 
'tis Ignorance in them, noe Crime in thee, 
that moulds their Judgments. who ere chanc't to see, 
that vast prodigious Louvre-Gallerie, 
but at his Entrance (judging by his Eyes) 
Would thinke the roof inclin'de, the floore did rise! 
And, at the end, each Equidistant Side, 
mett in one Point! though, there, they bee as wide 
as where he stood; soe they who now adaies 
Come to behold, not understand thy Plaies; 
With weake-ey'd Judgment, easelie may depresse 
thy loftie Muse, extoll the Lowlines, 
of trampled Poets; with Sinister Witt, 
Contract thy Dexterous vaine to answear it, 
and be deceav'd like him, or as those Eyes, 
which, through grosse Vapours, and thick ayre that flies 
Close to the earth, the rising Sun can view, 
and with deluded Sence doe judge it true, 
that, then, hee's twice as Great, as when hee hath ran, 
and is inthron'd, in their Meridian.
Though at that time, he was more distant farre, then the Whole Earth's Semidiameter;
Even so these Gallants, when they chance to heare
A new Witt peeping in their Hemisphere,
Which they can apprehend, their clouded Braines,
Will straight admire, and Magnifie his Straines,
farre above thine; though all that he hath done,
is but a Taper, to thy brighter Sun;
Wound them with scorne! Who greives at such Fool's tongues,
doth not revenge, but gratifie their Wrongs.
Who's doom'd to erre, Unto himself must bee
An Heretique, if he judge right of Thee:
Icterick-eyes, all different colours thinke
the same; What feaverish Palates drink,
tast's ill; though nere so good; wee find by Sence,
ev'en Contraries may have Coincidence.
for, to a Smileing Statue, let a hand
adde some few Teares, though all the lines els stand,
and Liniaments untouch't, it will appeare,
like Sorrowes figure, and the lively chere
Drown'd into Sadnes: soe when these bold Men,
blindlie misled, shall temerate thy Pen,
Adding their Censures; thou maist seeme to bee,
as different from Thy selfe, as they from Thee.
Wer't not the Sence I had of sacred writt,
I should have call'd it Blasphemy 'gainst witt,
And Sacriledge 'gainst Art; but when I see
They little knowe themselves, & farr lesse Thee,
Their dislike is thine Honour; Hee that's mov'd,
With such mens censures; graunteth it half prov'd
that he is guiltie; Innocence no Lawes,
Vertue feares no Detraction; 'tis no cause,
Yet Argument of worth, in that 'tis true,
Your Witt cannot suite them, nor their Braines you.
Could such poore Intellectualls as theirs,
But reach thy pitch, the Mind, that now admires,
Would then contemne Thee; Hee's esteem'd by none,
that can be understood by every one;
Fear'st then, thy Fame that warr's 'gainst Tyme; Thy Pen, that triumph's, can be foil'd by Out-side Men?
Such Aromatique Trees? is 't such a Grace
t'have pretious Barkes, when as the Timber's base?
Had they been halfe soe vers'd in Witt; soe bred in Learned Authors, as they're deepelie read
in subtil Shop-Bookes, I confesse their Doome,
that give's thee a laurell now, had giv'n thee a Tombe.
But scorne to stand, feare not to fall, by Votes
of such imbroydered—glittering—Silver Coates!
The Capitol was sav'd, I doe confesse by watchfull Geese; but when Roomes thankfulnes;
a silver goose erected, which there stood,
did that discover foes, or doe Roome good?
Nor can these Gilt-men, Thee. Thy dareing Pen, that may contend with Fate, can that feare men?
When Roome, that quel'd the world, to thee had beene a debtor for her Safetie (had she scene, or beeno so blest, as to have heard one Lyne,
Which thy Pen wrote of bloody Cataline)
More, then to that Vaine Consulls glorieing Style,
Whose every period seems a German myle;
Whose fluent tongue, more lively, at that time, exprest his owne vaine-glorie, then their Crime;
for words and Actions, might be easily knowne, the thought's were only Cataline's, and thine owne. And thou didst write, what he durst think, or dare:
Could wee now Question Cataline, and compare Him with thy writeings, wee should sweare, almost, Thy Muse had beene Confessor to his Ghost;
And his soules Characters in his Front had read, Which threatned death, when he himself was dead. Had shee read thy Sejanus life, and fate; World's second Head! that Tympany of State!
She had a wonder scene, farre greater, then, then was himselfe! him, equall'd by thy Pen!
Nay more a miracle; for on thy Stage,
Caesar's out done in Crafte, Rome in her rage.
The other workes, rais'd by thy skillfull hand,
pittying the Worlds old wonders, they shall stand
As Monuments of thee, more firme, amids
all envies blasts, then Ægyptys Pyramids
Those burthens of the Earth, 'gainst laboring stormes;
Thus, then secur'd above the reach of Harmes,
Low Soules can meditate; use not that pen,
that could affright the world, 'gainst such poore Men.
Hee is more foole, then Tyrant, that would kill,
His Enemie at once: too great an Ill
It is to them, they cannot hurt thee: bee
then wise to them as they are fooles to Thee.
For if those men that built th' Ephesian Pile,
did feed the toil'd out Asses all the while,
on publique charge, whose younger strength did bring,
Materialls to that Structure (as a thinge
As great in Charity, for them to yield
food to those beasts, as Piety to builde
Their Goddesse such a Temple) shal't be thought
that the ridiculous Asses, which once brought,
Thee such Materials, as have made thy Stage,
to be the Greatest wonder of our Age,
Should not at last (tyr'd-out in Follies) gett,
Licence to banquet, their Decrepit Witt,
on Offall Poets? on the Comon Store,
and Scraps of Witt? Nay greive there are no more,
to please their Tasts. for when Fooles plentie bee,
Wise men are Miracles. When Rome did see,
at Cæsar's Triumph, all the figures there,
of rich Materials, Gold and Silver were:
And in the Triumph, next to his, not one,
but carv'd in wood, in Ivory, or Stone;
They did conceive, the last which they had seen,
serv'd as a case to keepe great Cæsars in:
Soe after thy rare peeces, when wee heare
such blockish Poëms, doe they not appeare
like dark-foiles, closely sett? which cannot shine,
Yet give what in themselves they want, to thine,
Lustre and life; as they were only shewne,
to lock thy Memory up in, not their owne;
and that soe safelie too; that Fate from Thee
Cannot take life; it may Mortalitie;
Other Oblivion, then, thou ne're shalt find,
than that, which, with Thee must put out Mankind.

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, Anglia, xxxvii, 479.]

John Selden, 1631.

But of the Crown of Laurell given to Poets, hitherto. And
thus haue I, by no unseasonable digression, performed a promise
to you my beloved Ben. Jonson. Your curious learning and
judgement may correct where I have erred, and adde where my
notes and memory have left me short. You are

—omnia Carmina doctus
Et calles Mython plasmata & Historiam.

And so you both fully know what concerns it, and your singular
Excellencie in the Art most eminently deserves it.

[Titles of Honor, second, and revised, edition, 1631. The above passage
does not appear in the first edition of 1614.]

Edmund Howes, 1631.

Our moderne, and present excellent Poets which worthily
flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowl-
edge lived togeather in this Queenes raigne, according to their
Priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set downe (viz)
George Gascoigne Esquire, Thomas Churchyard Esquire, Sir Ed-
ward Dyer Knight, Edmond Spencer Esquire, Sir Philip Sidney
Knight, Sir John Harrington Knight, Sir Thomas Challoner
Knight, Sir Frauncis Bacon Knight, & Sir John Davie Knight,
Master John Lillie Gentleman, Master George Chapman Gentle-
man, M. W. Warner Gentleman, Mast. Wil. Shakespeare Gentle-
man, Samuell Daniell Esquire, Michaell Draiton Esquire, of the
Bath, Master Christopher Marlo Gen., M. Benjamine Johnson
Gentleman, John Marston Esquire, Master Abraham Frauncis
Gent., Master Frauncis Meers Gentle., Master Josua Siluester
Gentle., Master Thomas Decker Gentleman, M. John Flecher

[Annales, or Generall Chronicle of England, 1631, p. 811.]

James Shirley, 1631.

Hi[polito]. . . Are you melancholy? a masque is prepared, and music to charm Orpheus himself into a stone; numbers presented to your ear that shall speak the soul of the immortal English Jonson . . .

[Love's Cruelty, II, ii.]

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, 1631.

So let His liegiers with the poets joyne; Both having shares, both must in grief combine: Whil'st Johnson forceth with his elegie Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythian's eye, (Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gusht From forth the rock and like a torrent rusht).

[An Elegy on Dr. Donne, reprinted in Miscellanies of The Fuller Worthies' Library, ed. A. B. Grosart, iii, 381.]

The Stationers’ Registers, 1631.

Master Allott

7° September.

Assigned over unto him by a note under the hand of Master John Waterson a booke called The stapell of Newes written by Master Ben: Johnson . . . . . . . . . . . . vjd

this note was subscribed by Master Islip and master Smithwicke Wardens

[Arber’s Transcript, iv, 260.]

Proposed Edition, 1631?

Bartholomew Fayre: A Comedie, Acted in the Yeare, 1614. By the Lady Elizabeths Servants. And then dedicated to King Iames, of most Blessed Memorie; By the Author, Beniamin Johnson. . . . London, Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls Church-yard. 1631.
The Diuell is an Asse: A Comedie Acted in the Yeare, 1616. By His Maiesties Servants. The Author Ben: Johnson. . . .

[These three plays, printed in folio, with continuous signatures, seem to have been designed for a second volume of Jonson's Workes as originally issued in 1616; some copies were apparently bound up, without a general title-page (a copy, thus originally bound, is in the possession of one of the editors of this Allusion-Book). All three plays were later included in the folio volume of 1640, which, though it contains in addition The Magnetic Lady, A Tale of a Tub, The Sad Shepherd, and Mortimer His Fall, has the title The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. The Second Volume. Containing these Playes, Viz. 1 Bartholomew Fayre. 2 The Staple of Newes. 3 The Di.ell is an Asse.]

Thomas Heywood, 1631.

To the Reader.
Curteous Reader, my plaies have not beene exposed to the publicke view of the world in numerous sheets, and a large volume, but singly (as thou seest) with great modesty and small noise.

[Prefixed to The Fair Maid of the West. Heywood elsewhere takes occasion to refer adversely to Jonson's issuing his plays under the title of Workes.]

London City Records, 1631.

Jovis decimo die novembris 1631, Annoque Regni Regis Caroli Angliae, etc., septimo.
Item: it is ordered by this Court that Mr. Chamberlen shall forbear to pay any more fee or wages unto Benjamine Johnson the Citties Chronologer until he shall have presented unto this Court some fruits of his labours in that his place.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 46, fol. 8. See Jonson's interesting letter to the Earl of Newcastle, December 10, 1631, printed in the Shakespeare Society Papers, 1844, vol. i: "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their Chanderly Pension for Verjuice and Mustard, 33 li 6 s."]
Sir Henry Herbert, 1631.

Received of Mr. Blagrave, in the name of the kings company, for the benefit of my winter day, taken upon The Alchemiste, this 1 of Decemb. 1631,—13l. os. od.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 44.]

John Pory, 1632.

Letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, January 12, 1632.

The last Sunday at night, the king’s Mask was acted in the banqueting house, the queen’s being suspended till another time, by reason of a soreness which fell into one of her delicate eyes.

The inventor or poet of this Mask was Mr. Aurelian Townshend, sometime toward [steward] to the Lord Treasurer Salisbury; Ben Jonson being, for this time, discarded by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones, who, this time twelve-month, was angry with him for putting his own name before his in the title-page; which Ben Jonson has made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo.

Jan. 12, 1631.

[Reprinted from the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, lv.]

John Milton, 1632.

Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson’s learned sock be on.

[L’Allegro, ll. 131-32.]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1632.

Thou more than Poet, our Mercurie (that art Apollo’s Messenger, and do’st impart His best expressions to our eares) live long To purifie the slighted English tongue That both the Nymphes of Tagus, and of Poe, May not henceforth despise our language so. Nor could they doe it, if they ere had scene The matchlesse features of the faerie Queene; Read Johnson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or Thy neat-limnd peeces, skilfull Massinger.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Massinger’s Emperor of the East, 1632.]
Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, 1632.

An Anniversary Epistle on Sir Henry Morison, with an Apostrophe to my Father Jonson.

Noble Father.

I must imitate Mr: Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you, \(^w\)th ill verses, and the intention of professing my service to you by them. It is an Anniversary on Sr Harry Morison. In \(^w\):, because there is something concernes, some way, an Antagonist of yours, I have aplied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certaine that, \textit{tale temperamentum sequor ut de iis quaeri non poterit, si de se bene sentiat}. What here [sic] is ill in them (\(^w\) I feare is all) it belongs only to my self; if there be any thing tollerable, it is somethinge you drop't negligentlie some day at the Dogg, \& I tooke up.

\textit{Tu tantum accipies, ege te legisse putabo, et tumidus Galla credulitate fruar.}

\textit{Sr}: I am

Your Sonne, \& Servant

This is Poëtique furie! when the pen
of such a Poet-paramont, as Ben,
Hath writt, to write againe! and dare to meane
(Where such a Sickle reapt before) to gleane!
But pardon Father for what I rehearse,
but imitates thy friendship, not thy Verse.
Thou of\(^1\) thy Mistresse; and\(^2\) his Mistresse, say;
his acts; Her beauties, let thy Muse display;
Shew us, he will fifth Henries acts repeat,
and prove a greater Charles, then Charles the Great!
how now hee governes, and will conquer men!
and write his Justice now; his triumphs then!
This is thy work! My 'Affection cannot bee
better expres't, then by ill Poëtrye.
Hee wrongs his Greif els, if he seeme t'have time
to change an Epithite, dislike a Rime.

\(^1\) The King. \(^2\) The Queene.  [Marginal notes in the manuscript.]
If what he writt he crosse, or it appeares
his paper have a blott, but from his teares,
Passion being strong, Invention should be weak.
such verse as Quarles makes God-all-mighty speake
Would serve a mourner; and admired bee
for the no Care, and the Humility.
And I am certaine, even what here is writt
Will praise my freindship, though condemne my witt.

* * * * *

Hee1 to great Virgill, such affection tooke,
he was no more his Reader, but his booke!
Did Ovid's, and high Lucans praise display,
Without beholdingnes to Sands or May!
And next, his admiration fix't on thee,
Our Metropolitane in Poëtry! . . .

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, Anglia, xxxvii, 474.]

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, about 1632.

An Epistle to his Noble Father, Mr. Jonson.

The Fox the Lions sight extreamelie fear'd
haveing his force, and feircenes onlie heard;
And, the first time, was Ague-struck to see
his dangerous Pawes, and King-like Majestie;
The second meeting-time, approaching nere,
A warmer courage thaw'd away his feare;
The third, you would have thought, he had his Twin
his Den-fellowe, or long acquaintance bin.
'Twas onlie custome; for the Fox had skill
to know the Lion, was a Lion, still.
Such is my case: for when I first did see
the Patent of your Imortalitie
Your workes, by whose full Style, Strong Witt, I knew
so long as English liv'd, so long would you!
I should have quak'd, if I had thought to write
to Phæbus, his owne wonder, Mans Delight!
That which augments my Courage, with such Store,
is not I like you lesse; But know you more;

1 Morison. [Marginal note in the manuscript.]
I thought you proud, for I did surely knowe,
had I Ben: Jonson, bene, I had beene soe.
And thought it was forgiveable, nay fitt
for him, whose Muse had such wit-wonders, writt.
Now I recant; And doubt, whether your Store
of Ingenuity, or Ingenie, be more!
I wish your Wealth were equall to them both,
You have deserv'd it: yet I should be loth
that want, should a Quotidian trouble bee
to such a Zeno, in Phylosophie;
Shame's wants worst companie; and 'tis no shame
to want in Mettall, and be rich in fame
In Hell, it might Sejanus spirits raise
that your pen spoke of him, although Dispraise.
Hee sure would choose a mention from your Quill,
rather, then t'have bene fix't a Favorite still.
Hee may allow Tiberius thanks, not hate;
his worser, hath begot his better Fate.
Hee had not cause to joy, so in that hower
he second was in place; but first, in power,
of all the world! Then can there be a Blisse
to be compar'd, nay to come neare to his?
Whom this your Quill (not differing from your hart)
hath often mencion'd, on the better part?
Shall he that all els cures, himself not live?
can you want that, you can to others give?
None gives but what hee hath; that happines
You deale abroad, still you your-self possesse:
Though given to others, it becomes their Due:
it, echo-like, reverberates to yow!

* * * *

that Man's most happie, that makes others soe.

Ipse ego qui nihil me affirmo scribere versus
Invenior Parthis mendacio, et prior orto
Sole, Vigil calamum, et chartas, et scrinia posco.

Your Sonne and servant.

Lucius Cary.

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, Anglia, xxxvii, 478.]
Anonymous, 1632.

In the yeere 1612 master Daniel Fealtie being in France, Chaplaine to the embassadour of our late soueraigne, there came to Paris one M. Kneuet, half-brother to M. John Foord, an honest and vertuous gentleman then living in that citty. This M. Kneuet, being, upon his arrival there, put in mind, that he was mistaken in the matter of religion, . . . tould his brother (M. Foord) he would see one of ours defend it before M. Fealtie. . . . Withall he acquainted M. Fealtie with the busines, and with the point he meant should be discussed. M. Fealtie thinking himselfe alone hard enough for the whole church of Rome, undertooke it. . . . At leingth, upon the third of September, word was sent to M. D. Smith (who . . . was entreated to undertake the cause) that he should provide himselfe for the morrow. On the 4 of September there met at M. Kneuet's chamber M. D. Smith, and M. Fealty. With M. D. Smith came his cozen M. Rainer, . . . and with M. Fealty came one M. John Porie, who had beene a burgeois (as it was said) in the first parlament in king James his time. There were also present M. John Foord, M. Thomas.Rant, M. Ben. Johnson, M. Henrie Constable and .others, not English onlie but also French: for M. Fealty presuming the victory, had made the matter knowne.

[The Summe of a Conference betwixt M. D. Smith now B. of Chalcedon, and M. Dan. Fealty Minister, 1632; cited in Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, ed. Philip Bliss, 1815, iii, 1254.]

Thomas Randolph, 1632.

Eclogue to Master Jonson.

TITYRUS [i.e. Jonson].

Under this beech why sitt’st thou here so sad,
Son Damon, that was erst a jovial lad?
These groves were wont to echo with the sound
Of thy shrill reed, while every nymph danc’d round.
Rouse up thy soul; Parnassus Mount stands high,
And must be climb’d with painful industry.
TO BEN JONSON

DAMON [i.e. Randolph].
You, father, on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steep a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
New with wax, never to joint it more.

TITYRUS.
Fond boy, 'twas rashly done: I meant to thee
Of all the sons I have, by legacy
To have bequeath'd my pipe. Thee, thee of all
I meant it should her second master call.

DAMON.
And do you think I durst presume to play
Where Tityrus had worn his lip away?
Live long thyself to tune it; 'tis from thee,
It has not from itself such harmony.
Bvt if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our Tityrus in his grave;
Yonder, upon yon aged oak, that now
Old trophies bears on every sacred bough,
We'll hang it up a relic; we will do it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

TITYRUS.
Can'st thou farewell unto the Muses bid?
Then bees shall loathe the thyme, the new-wean'd kid
Browse on the buds no more; the teeming ewes
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.

DAMON.
I by those ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get.
They shall no more be mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine—
Thine, which the floods have stopp'd their course to hear;
To which the spotted lynx hath lent an ear.
Which while the several echoes would repeat,
The music has been sweet, the art so great
That Pan himself, amaz'd at thy deep airs,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the Gods, Pan doth the pipe respect:
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.
Pan can distinguish what thy raptures be
From Bavius' loose, lascivious minstrelsy,
Or Maevius' windy bagpipe—Maevius, he
Whose wit is but a tavern timpany.
If ever I flock of my own do feed,
My fattest lambs shall on his altar bleed.

TITYRUS.

Two altars I will build him, and each year
Will sacrifice two well-fed bullocks there:
Two that have horns, that while they butting stand,
Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,
That such a patron hast as mighty Pan?
Whence is this fury? Did the partial ear
Of the rude vulgar, when they late did hear
Egon and thee contend which best should play,
Him victor deem, and give thy kid away?
Does Amaryllis cause this high despair?
Or Galatea's coyness breed thy care?

DAMON.

Neither of these: the vulgar I contemn.
Thy pipe not always, Tityrus, wins from them:
And as for love, in sooth I do not know
Whether he wears a bow and shafts, or no.
Or did I, I a way could quickly find
To win the beauteous Galatea's mind,
Or Amaryllis. I to both could send
Apples that with Hesperian fruit contend:
And on occasion could have quickly guess'd
Where two fair ring doves built their amorous nest.
TO BEN JONSON

TITYRUS.

If none of these, my Damon, then a-reed,
What other cause can so much passion breed?

DAMON.

Father, I will; in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears. . . .

[The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Randolph, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 605. The poem is too long to be quoted here in full.]

John Marriot, 1633.

All men, we know, delight in Benjamin.


Thomas Heywood, 1633.

My Playes are not exposed unto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Works, as others.

[To the Reader, prefixed to The English Traveller, 1633. This is one of many jibes at Jonson's publication of his plays under the title of Workes.]

Thomas Bancroft, 1633.

But the chast bay not euery songster weares,
Nor of Appollo's sonnes proue all his heires:
'Tis not for all to reach at Shakespeares height,
Or thinke to grow to solid Johnsons weight,
To bid so faire as Chapman for a fame,
Or match (your family) the Beaumonts name.

[Verses prefixed to his Glutton's Fever, 1633.]

Shackerley Marmion, 1633.

Enter CARELESS, drunk.

Car. . . . Save you, fair lady.
Æmilia. ' Save you, Master Careless.
Car. Will you hear me speak any wise sentences?
I am now as discreet in my conceit
As the seven Sophies of Greece, I am full
Of oracles, I am come from Apollo;  
Would he had lent me his tripos to stand upon,  
For my two legs can hardly carry me.  
Æmi. Whence come you? from Apollo?  
Car. From the heaven  
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god  
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalalias,  
And has his incense, and his altars smoking,  
And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence do I come!  
My brains perfum'd with the rich Indian vapour,  
And height'ned with conceits, from tempting beauties,  
From dainty music and poetic strains,  
From bowls of nectar, and ambrosiac dishes:  
From witty varlets, fine companions,  
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,  
Sails thy brave Careless.

[A Fine Companion, 1633, II, iv. The passages gives an interesting description of Jonson's gatherings with his "sons" at the Apollo.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1633.

R. for allowinge of The Tale of the Tubb, Vitru Hoop's parte wholly strucke out, and the motion of the tubb, by commande from my lorde chamberlin: exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the kings workes, as a personal injury unto him. May 7, 1633,—2l. o. o.

1633, October 18. On friday the nineteenth [an error for "eighteenth"] of October, 1633, I send a warrant by a messenger of the chamber to suppress The Tamer Tamd, to the Kings players, for that afternoone, and it was obeyed; upon complaints of foule and offensive matters conteynd therein.

They acted The Scornful Lady instead of it.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 34, 20.]

Thomas Nabbes, 1633.

Jamses. How shall we spend the day, Sam?  
Sam. Let's home to our studies and put cases.  
Jams. Hang cases and bookes that are spoyld with them.
Give me Johnson and Shakespeare; there's learning for a gentleman. I tell thee, Sam, were it not for the dancing-schoole and Playhouses, I would not stay at the Innes of Court for the hopes of a chiefe Justice-ship. (III, i.)

* * * * *

Wife. ... There was a Tub at Totenham; you know the success of it. (V, iv.)

[Tottenham Court, 1633. The second passage seems to be an allusion to Jonson's Tale of a Tub.]

John Pory, 1633.

Letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, September 20, 1633.

Ben Jonson (who I thought had been dead) hath written a play against next term called the Magnetick Lady.

[Reprinted in J. P. Collier's Annals of the Stage, 1879, i, 471.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1633.

Received of Knight, for allowing of Ben Johnsons play called Humours Reconcil'd, or the Magnetic Lady, to be acted, this 12th of Octob, 1632 [Malone's error for 1633?], 2l. 0. 0.

1633, October 24. Upon a second petition of the players to the High Commission court, wherein they did mee right in my care to purge their plays of all offense, my lords Grace of Canterbury bestowed many words upon mee, and discharged mee of any blame, and layd the whole fault of their play, called The Magnetick Lady, upon the players. This happened the 24 of Octob. 1633, at Lambeth. In their first petition they would have excused themselves on mee and the poett.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 34, 21.]

Alexander Gill, 1633.

To B Johnson on his Magnetick Lady.

Is this ye Load-stone Ben that must attract Applause and laughter at each scene and act? Is this the child of your bedridden witt And none but ye black-friers to foster it? If to the fortune you had sent your Lady, Mongst prentises or applewives, it may be
Your Rosy foole might have some sport begott
With his strang habit & indefinite nott,
But when as silke and push & all the witts
Are cal’d to see, and censure as befitts;
And if your folly take not, they perchance
Must here themselves stil’d Gentle Ignorance.
Foh how it stinkes! what generall offence
Gives thy prophaneness such gross impudence?
O how y* freind Natt: Butter gan to melt
When at the pooreness of your platt he smelt
And Inigo with laughter then grew fatt
That ther was nothing ther worth laughing att.
And yet thou crazy wretch art confident
Belching out full-mouth’d oathes w*th foule intent
Calling .vs fooles and rogues vnletterd men
Poore narrow soules y* cannot judge of Ben.
Yet what is worse after three shamefull foyles
The printer must be put to further toyles
Whereas indeede to vindicate thy fame
Th' hadst better given thy pamp[h]let to y* flame,
Oh what a strange prodigious yeare t'wil bee!
If this thy play come forth in thirtie three;
Let Domes Day rather come on newe years eve
And of thy paper plague y* world bereave.
Which plague I feare worse than a Serjant's bitt
Worst then infection or an ague fitt,
Worse then the Astronomers Divining lipps
Worse then three suns, a comet, or eclips:
Or if thy learned brother Allestree
(Whose Homer vnto thee for Poetrie)
Should tell of raine vpon St Swithins day.
And y*t should wash our harvest quite away.
As for y* press if thy play must come to it
Let Tho: Purfoote or John Trundle do it,
In such dull characters, as for releifes
Of fires and wracks wee find in begging breifes,
And in Cap-paper let it printed bee;
(Indeede brown paper is to good for thee)
But let it then be soe Apocryphall
As not to dare to venter on a stall
Vnless of Druggers, Grocers, Chandlers, Cooks,
Victuallers, Tobacco men, & such like rookes;
From bucklers bury let it not be bar’d
But thinke not of Duck lane, or Pauls-church-yard:
But to advise thee Ben in this strict age
A Brick-kilne’s better for thee then a stage
Tho[u] better knowest a grounsel how to lay
Then lay the plott or groundworke of a play;
And better canst direct to cappe a chimny
Then to converse w’t Clio or Polyhymny,
Fall to thy trade in thy old age agen,
Take vp thy trugge and trowell gentle Ben;
Let playes alone, or if thou needs will write
And thrust thy feeble muse forth into light,
Lett Lowin cease and Taylor fear to touch
The loathed stage, for now thou makst it such.

[From a seventeenth century commonplace-book in the possession of one of the editors of this volume; see Modern Language Review, vii, 296. A slightly imperfect copy, with some variant readings, from the Ashmole MSS., is printed in The Works of Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, 1871, ii, 437.]

Zouch Townley, 1633.

To Mr. Ben Johnson against Mr. Alexander Gill’s verses wrighten by hym against the play called The Magnettick Ladye.

Itt cannott move thy frind, firme Ben, that hee Whome the starr-chamber censur’d, rayles at thee.
I gratulate the methood of thy fate,
That joyn’d the next, in malice, to the state;
Thus Nero, after parricidall guilt,
Brookes noe delayes till Lucan’s blood bee spilte,
Nor could his mischife finde a second crime Unles hee slew the poett of the tyme.
But, thankes to Hellicon, here are no blowes,
This drone noe more of stinge than honye shewes;
His verses shall be counted censures, when  
Cast malefactors are made jurie-men.  
Meane-while rejoice, that soe disgrac't a quill  
Tempted to wound that worth, tyme cannot kill.  
And thou who darst to blast fame fully blowne,  
Lye buried in the ruines of thynke owne,  
Vex not thynke ashes, open nott the deepe,  
The goste of thynke slayne name would rather sleep.

[MS. Ashmole 38 (6907), fol. 59.  Printed in Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*,  
ed. Philip Bliss, 1815, ii, 600, and in Gifford's edition of Jonson.  
The verses are found also in the commonplace-book mentioned  
in the preceding entry, where they are entitled "To B Johnson on  
Gil's rayling."]

George Chapman, 1633?

George Chapman, 1633?

A *Invective* written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben. Jonson.

Great, learned, witty Ben, be pleased to light  
The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright  
All us, thy sublearn'd, with luciferous boast  
That thou art most great, most learn'd, witty most  
Of all the kingdom, nay of all the earth;  
As being a thing betwixt a human birth  
And an infernal; no humanity  
Of the divine soul shewing man in thee,  
Being all of pride composed and surquedry.  
Thus it might argue; if thy petulant will  
May fly-blow all men with thy great swan's-quill,  
If it can write no plays, if thy plays fail,  
All the earnests of our kingdom straight must vail  
To thy wild fury; that, as if a fiend  
Had sharp'd his sickle, shew'st thy breast is spleen'd,  
Frisking so madly that 'gainst Town and Court  
Thou plant'st thy battery in most hideous sort.  
If thy pied humours suffer least impair,  
And any vapour vex thy virulent air,  
The Dunkerks keep not our coal ships in awe  
More than thy moods are thy admirers' law;
All else, as well the grafters of thy paws  
With panic terrors fly, bed-rid of cause,  
And let the swinish itch of thy fell wreak  
Rub 'gainst the presence-royal without check.  
How must state use thee if thy veins thus leak,  
Thou must be muzzled, ring'd, and led in chains,  
Lest dames with child abide untimely pains,  
And children perish; didst thou not put out  
A boy's right eye that cross'd thy mankind pout?  
If all this yet find pardon, fee, and grace,  
The happiest outlaw th' art that ever was.  
Goodness to virtue is a godlike thing,  
And man with God joins in a good-doing king  
But to give vice her rein; and on all his  
(As their pure merits) to confer all this  
Who will not argue it redounds?  
Whatever Vice is sustain'd withal, turns pestilent fever,  
What nourishes virtue, evermore converts  
To blood and spirits of nothing but deserts;  
And shall a viper hanging on her hand  
By his own poison his full swindge command?  
How shall grave virtue spirit her honour'd fame  
If motley mockery may dispose her shame  
Never so dully, nor with such adust  
And clouted choler? 'tis the foulest lust  
That ever yet did violate actions just.  
But if this weigh'd, proved vile, and saucy spirit,  
Depraving every exemplary merit,  
May yet nought less all his fat hopes inherit—  
(When men turn harpies, their blood standing lakes  
Green-bellied serpents, and black-freckled snakes,  
Crawling in their unwieldy elotter'd veins:  
Their tongues grown forked, and their sorcerous pens  
Like pictures prick'd, and hid in smoking dunghills  
Vex'd with the sun) 'tis time I think to banish  
And cast out such unhallowedly disloyal  
From blood thrice sacred and divinely royal.
There's an invention mountebank enough
To make petards to blow up men's good names,
Virtues and dignities, for vice's pleasure;
Take but an idle and ridiculous crew
Of base back-biters that it never knew
Virtue or worth to manage; great flesh-flies
Slight all the clear and sound parts where they pass
And dwell upon the sores; and call to them
The common learned gatherer of poisons
For envied merits that we cannot equal,
And let them glean from malice and foul mouths
Devices long since done, and set them down
With spleen, stupid and dead as brutish rests,
Transforming all most wrathful fumes to jests,
Letting the king his royal ear allow;
And there's a reputation broke as small
And with as mighty arguments let fall
As the Greek man's pure bodies genital;
So that if scandals false bear free their spite
All guiltless forms are forced with rape and flight,
And shall all other raisers of their names
T'airs highest region by such short-wing'd fames
Hold not their titles, and whole states-like tenures?
May we not humblest things with highest rate
And least with great'st, where right must moderate?
Now to your parts call'd good; your sacred desk,
The wooden fountain of the mighty Muses,
Alas! is burn'd; and there all their wealth fail'd
That never can with all time be retail'd.
Why then as good not name them? yes, O yes,
Ten times repeated will all brave things please,
Not with their titles yet, and poor self-praises.
He lives yet (heaven be praised!) that can write
In his ripe years much better, and new-born
In spite of Vulcan, whom all true pens scorn.
Yet let me name them in meantime to cheer
His greedy followers with a prick'd-up ear,
It does himself ease, and why them no good?
Come serve it in then: give him golden food.
Nobody, he dares say, yet have sound parts
Of profound search and mastery in the arts;
And perfect then his *English Grammar* too
To teach some what their nurses could not do,
The purity of language, and among
The rest his Journey into Scotland sung,
And twice-twelve-years stored-up humanity,
With humble gleanings in Divinity
After the Fathers, and those wiser guides
That faction had not drawn to steady sides:
Canst thou lose these by fire, and live yet able
To write past Jove's wrath, fire, and air, things stable,
Yet curse as thou wert lost for every bable?
Some poor thing write new; a rich casket, Ben,
All of rich gems, t'adorn most learned men;
Or a reclaim of most facete supposes
To teach full-habited men to blow their noses.
Make the king merry; would'st thou now be known
The Devil and the Vice, and both in one
Thou doest things backwards, are men thought to know
Masteries in th' arts, with saying they do so,
And crying fire out in a dream to kings,
Burn things unborn, and that way generate things,
Write some new lactean way to thy high presence
And make not ever thy strong fancy essence
To all thou would'st be thought in all worlds' worth,
Or else like Hercules Furens breaking forth
Biting the green-cloth, as a dog a stone
And for ridiculous shadow of the bone
Hazard the substance; will thy fortune still,
Spite of all learning, back the wit thy will,
Though thy play genius hang his broken wings
Full of sick feathers, and with forced things,
Imp thy scenes, labour'd and unnatural,
And nothing good comes with thy thrice-vex'd call
Comest thou not yet, not yet? O no, nor yet;
Yet are thy learn'd admirers so deep set
In thy preferment above all that cite
The sun in challenge for the heat and light
Of both heaven's influences which of you two knew
And have most power in them; Great Ben, 'tis you.
Examine him, some truly-judging spirit,
That pride nor fortune hath to blind his merit,
He match'd with all book-fires, he ever read
His dusk poor candle-rents; his own fat head
With all the learn'd world's, Alexander's flame
That Caesar's conquest cow'd, and stript his fame,
He shames not to give reckoning in with his;
As if the king pardoning his petulancies
Should pay his huge loss too in such a score
As all earth's learned fires he gather'd for.
What think'st thou, just friend? equall'd not this pride
All yet that ever Hell or Heaven defied?
And yet for all this, this club will inflict
His faultful pain, and him enough convict
He only reading show'd; learning, nor wit;
Only Dame Gilian's fire his desk will fit.
But for his shift by fire to save the loss
Of his vast learning, this may prove it gross:
True Muses ever vent breaths mixt with fire
Which, form'd in numbers, they in flames expire
Not only flames kindled with their own bless'd breath
That give th' unborn life, and eternize death.
Great Ben, I know that this is in thy hand
And how thou fix'd on heaven's fix'd star dost stand
In all men's admirations and command;
For all that can be scribbled 'gainst the sorter
Of thy dead repercussions and reporter.
The kingdom yields not such another man;
Wonder of men he is; the player can
And bookseller prove true, if they could know
Only one drop, that drives in such a flow.
Are they not learned beasts, the better far
Their drossy exhalations a star
Their brainless admirations may render;
For learning in the wise sort is but lender
Of men’s prime notion’s doctrine; their own way
Of all skills’ preceptible forms a key
Forging to wealth, and honour-soothed sense,
Never exploring truth or consequence,
Informing any virtue or good life
And therefore Player, Bookseller, or Wife
Of either, (needing no such curious key)
All men and things, may know their own rude way.
Imagination and our appetite
Forming our speech no easier than they light
All letterless companions; t’all they know
Here or hereafter that like earth’s sons plough
All under-worlds and ever downwards grow.
Nor let your learning think, egregious Ben,
These letterless companions are not men
With all the arts and sciences indued,
If of man’s true and worthiest knowledge rude,
Which is to know and be one complete man,
And that not all the swelling ocean
Of arts and sciences, can pour both in:
If that brave skill then when thou didst begin
To study letters, thy great wit had plied,
Freely and only thy disease of pride
In vulgar praise had never bound thy [hide].


John Rogers, 1633.

Si cadus expletus meritò Jonsonius audit,
(Nunc licèt exhaustum declamet nescia turba)
Tûte Caballini fis jure Tricongio fontis.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Hausted’s Senile Odium, 1633.
The allusion is to the failure of Jonson’s Magnetic Lady.]
Edward Kemp, 1633.

Trutinam plebis amove,
Et tolle lances: Bellua (Jonsoni) haec tui
Magneticam socci vim, & arduam ecstasin
Contemnere audet: merita nec satis aestimat
Inops tribus tua, verticis gaudet nives
Spectare, canitiémque parentis:———
——— Laureati (quam dolet!)
Properavit horum contumaciá Senis
Paralysis; en! Infamiae (Potens) cadis
Reus invidendae; chartularúmque veterum
Concoctiones furtae putantur.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Hausted’s Senile Odium, 1633.

Shackerley Marmion, 1633.

Crit[ic to the Author]. Oh, you are deaf to all
Sounds but a plaudit, and yet you may
Remember, if you please, what entertainment
Some of your tribe have had that have took pains
To be contemn’d, and laught at by the vulgar,
And then ascrib’d it to their ignorance.
I should be loth to see you move their spleens
With no better success, and then with some
Commendatory Epistles fly to the press,
To vindicate your credit.

[Prologue to A Fine Companion, 1633. The allusion is clearly to Jonson.]

Anonymous, 1633?

Jonson that whilome brought the guilty age
To suffer for her misdeeds on ye stage,
Ruin’d by age now cannot hold out play,
And must bee forc’d to throw his cards away:
For since he so ill keeps what hee earst wonne,
Since that his reputation’s lost and gone,
The age sweares she’ll no longer hold him play
With her attention; but without delay
Will rise, if some fresh Gamester will not fitte,
That's furnished with a better stocke of witte.

[These verses appear in a contemporary hand in a copy of the 1616 folio edition of Jonson, described in the Sale Catalogue of Lilly's books (page 160, item 1557); see J. M. Cowper, *The Times Whistle*, 1871, p. xii.]

**Tradition, about 1633.**

In a Conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling, who was a profess'd admirer of Shakespear, had undertaken his Defence against Ben. Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, hearing Ben frequently reproaching him with the want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Antients, told him at last, 'That if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Antients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from 'em; (a fault the other made no Conscience of) and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same Subject at least as well written by Shakespear.'

[Recorded by Nicholas Rowe, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to his edition of Shakespeare, 1709, i, xiv. Charles Gildon, without mentioning Jonson, records the tradition with fuller details, in his Miscellaneous Letters and Essays, 1694. John Dryden also alludes to it in his Essay of Dramatic Poesy, 1668, as does Nahum Tate in the Dedication prefixed to his Loyal General, 1680. As for Hales, see P. Des Maizeaux, *Life of the Ever-memorable Mr. John Hales*, 1719.]

**George Chapman, before 1634.**

*Epicure's Frugality.*

Frugality is no philosophy
That is not gelt of pride and misery,
That hang him like a nasty boar behind,
And grunt him out of all the human kind;
That dares assume to free a man of God,
Without whom he's a rogue past period,
A spawn of lust, in sack and Jonson sod.

Sir Henry Herbert, 1634.

1633-4, January 14. The Tale of the Tub was acted on tuesday night at Court, the 14 Janua. 1633, by the Queenes players, and not likte.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 54.]

London City Records, 1634.

Jovis xviii die septembris 1634 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliae etc., decimo.

Item: this day Mr. Recorder and Sir James Hamersley Knight and Alderman declared unto this Court His Majesty's pleasure signified unto them by the right honorable the Earle of Dorsett for and in the behalfe of Beniamine Johnson the Cittyes Chronologer, Whereupon it is ordered by this Court that his yearely pension of one hundred nobles out of the Chamber of London shalbe continued and that Mr. Chamberlen shall satisfy and pay unto him his arrerages thereof.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 46, fol. 443.]

Leonard Digges, before 1635.

Upon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Author, and his Poems.

Poets are borne not made, when I would prove
This truth, the glad rememberance I must love
Of never dying Shakespeare, who alone,
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
That heard th'applause . . .
So have I seen, when Cesar would appeare,
And on the Stage at halfe-sword parley were,
Brutus and Cassius: oh how the Audience
Were ravish'd, with what wonder they went thence,
When some new day they would not brooke a line,
Of tedious (though well laboured) Catiline;
Sejanus too was irksome, they priz'de more
Honest Iago, or the jealous Moore.
And though the Fox and subtile Alchimist,
Long intermitted could not quite be mist,
Though these have sham'd all the Ancients, and might raise,
Their Authours merit with a crowne of Bayes.
Yet these sometimes, even at a friends desire
Acted, have scarce defrai'd the Seacoale fire
And doore-keepers: when let but Falstaffe come,
Hall, Poines, the rest you scarce shall have a roome
All is so pester'd: let but Beatrice
And Benedicke be seene, loe in a trice
The Cockpit, Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear Malvoglio, that crosse garter'd Gull...

[Printed in Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-spear, 1640. Digges died in 1635.]

Endymion Porter, before 1635.

Upon Ben Jonson, and his Zany, Tom Randolph.
Quoth Ben to Tom, the Lover's stole,
'Tis Shakspeare's every word;
Indeed, says Tom, upon the whole,
'Tis much too good for Ford.

Thus Ben and Tom, the dead still praise,
The living to decry;
For none must dare to wear the bays,
Till Ben and Tom both die.

Even Avon's swan could not escape
These letter-tyrant elves;
They on his fame contriv'd a rape,
To raise their pedant selves.

But after times with full consent
This truth will all acknowledge,—
Shakspeare and Ford from heaven were sent,
But Ben and Tom from college.

[From Boswell's Variorum ed. of Shakespeare, 1821, i, 405. Cf. the entry "Thomas May, 1629."
Anonymous, about 1635.

Hax[ter]. I have, indeed, puissant sir, been in my time rallied amongst those blades; but it has been my scorn of late to engage my tuck upon unjust grounds.

Tim[on]. Tucca, thy valour is infinitely beholden to thy discretion.

["Lady Alimony, I, iii, in Hazlitt's ed. of Dodsley's Old English Plays, 1874, xiv, 284. Tucca, created by Jonson in Poetaster, appears also in Dekker's Satiromastix."]

James Howell, 1635.

To my Honoured Friend and Fa[ther], Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Fa. Ben,

... I thank you for the last reglo you gave me at your musæum, and for the good company. I heard you censur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a Porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am, in no common way of Friendship—Yours,

J. H.

Westm., 3 of May 1635.

[Epistolae Ho-Eliana, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, pp. 322–24.]

James Howell, 1635.

To Mr. B. J.

F. B. The Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild Boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a Goose-quill, sometimes; no, not the Badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his Teeth meet and the Bone crack. Your quill hath prov'd so to Mr. Jones; but the Pen wherewith you have so gash'd him, it seems, was made rather of a Porcupine than a Goose-quill, it is so keen and firm. You know, Anser, Apis, Vitulus, Populos & Regna gubernant.

The Goose, the Bee, and the Calf (meaning Wax, Parchment, and the Pen) rule the World; but, of the three, the Pen is the most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but
you must not let it tyrannize in that manner, as you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in 't, or that your Ink was too thick with Gall, else it would not have so bespatter'd and shaken the Reputation of a Royal Architect; for Reputation, you know, is like a fair Structure, long time a rearing, but quickly ruin'd. If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more Copies of the Satire; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court by it; and, as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a Judgment in Poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleas'd therewith. Dispense with this freedom of—Your respect-ful S. and Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 July 1635.

[Epistole Ho-Eliane. ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 376.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1635.

Master Stansby.


Entred for his Copies by vertue of a noate under the hand of Walter Burre and master Mathew Lownes warden bearing date the 10th of June 1621 as thereby appeareth these Copies following (viz'.) by order of a Court..............................iiij°. vjd

Every Man in his humor
Cinthias Reuells
Seianus
The ffox
The Silent Woman
The Alchimist
Catalyne

[Arber's Transcript, iv, 342.]

Title-page, 1635.

Cataline his Conspiracy. Written by Ben: Ionson. And now Acted by his Maiesties Servants with great Applause. . . .
London. Printed by N. Okes, for I. S., . . . 1635.
Thomas Heywood, 1635.

Our moderne Poets to that passe are driven,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had given;
And, as we wisht to have their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.

Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
To be call'd more than Robin: who had he
Profest ought save the Muse, Serv'd, and been Free
After a seven yeares Prentiseship; might have
(With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.

Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit;
Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
Was called but Tom. Tom Watson, though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote
Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.

Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.
Excellent Bewmont, in the formost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than Franck.
Mellifluous Shake-speare, whose inchanting Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will.
And famous Johnson, though his learned Pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.

Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but Jacke.
Deckers but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton.
And hee's now but Jacke Foord, that once were John.

[The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells, 1634, p. 206.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1635.

Account of receipts and payments of the Exchequer from 23rd October to this day. ** * and among fees,— ** ** "Benjamin Johnson" 25 L.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I, vol. ccci, no. 29, November 6, 1635.]
Title-page, 1636.


Thomas Heywood, 1636.

But when Ben: Johnson, and brave Draytons name Shall be Inscrib'd; I dare proclaime the same To be a worke ennobled: For who dare With them (and these here intermixt) compare.

["A Panegerick to the worthy Mr. Robert Dover," in Annalia Dubren-sia, 1636, sig. K.]

Francis Izod, 1636.

ACHILLES! happy thrice, in his thrice happy Acts, More happy farr, in that those much renown'd Facts Of his stand on record; immortalized still, By sacred accent of that sweet Meonian quill; Great Alexander reades, and is with envie blowne, That such another was not left to blaze his owne. Ben: Johnsons sullen Muse (brave Dover) much envies To vie thy sports, with that Olimpicke Exercise:

["To his Noble Friend Mr. Robert Dover," in Annalia Dubrensia, 1636, sig. D₄.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1636.

1635-6, February 18. The Silent Woman playd at Court of St. James on thursday ye 18 Febr. 1635.


Actors' Bill for Plays at Court, 1636.

Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636.

1. Easter munday at the Cockpitt the firste parte of Arviragus.
2. Easter tuesday at the Cockpitt the second parte of Arviragus.
3. The 4th of April at the Cockpitt the Silent Woman. . . .

[From a bill presented by the King's Company for plays acted before the King and Queen in 1636. Twenty-two plays in all were acted, only one of which was by Jonson. See *The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 75.]

James Howell, 1636.

*To Sir Tho. Hawk, Knight.*

Sir,

I was invited yesternight to a solemn Supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remember'd; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome: One thing interven'd, which almost spoil'd the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. buzz'd me in the ear, that tho' Ben. had barrell'd up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the *Ethiques*, which, among other precepts of Morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favour'd solecism in good manners. . . . But for my part, I am content to dispense with the *Roman* infirmity of B. now that time hath snowed upon his *pericranium*. You know Ovid, and (your) Horace were subject to this humour, . . . as also Cicero. . . . There is another reason that excuseth B., which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his Body, why not that of the Brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble extraction? . . . I am, Sir—Your very humble and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

*Westm., 5 Apr. 1636.*

*[Epistola Ho-Eliane, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 403.]*

Philip Massinger, before 1637.

*The Copie of a Letter written upon occasion to the Earle of Pembroke Lo: Chamberlaine.*

My Lord,

. . . I know

That Johnson much of what he has does owe
TO BEN JONSON

To you and to your familie, and is never slow
To professe it. . . .

[MS. G. 2. 21 of Trinity College, Dublin, pp. 554–59, reproduced in The Athenaeum, September 8, 1906, p. 273. In the Dublin MS. the poem is attributed to Massinger; but in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, I, lix, this letter is said to have been written by Eliot and addressed to the Earl of Montgomery; it is quoted from his "Poems, p. 108."]

Anonymous, before 1637.


I dare not doe thy Memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefes to give a tongue;
Ile onely sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemne teares at thy great Funerall;
For every eye that raines a shrowre for thee,
Laments thy losse in a sad Elegie.
Nor is it fit each humble Muse should have,
Thy worth his subject, now th'art laid in grave;
No its a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthies Pamphlets are not sence in Prose.
Let learned Johnson sing a Dirge for thee,
And fill our Orbe with mournefull harmony:
But we neede no Remembrancer, thy Fame
Shall still accompany thy honoured Name,
To all posterity; and make us be,
Sensible of what we lost in losing thee:
Being the Ages wonder whose smooth Rhimes
Did more reforme than lash the looser Times. . . .

[Appended to Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare, 1640. Certain echoes of Jonson's verses to Shakespeare in the Folio of 1623 are obvious.]

Tradition, before 1637.

One day, being rallied by the Dean of Westminster about being buried in the Poets' Corner, the poet is said to have replied (we tell the story as current in the Abbey): "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir,
6 feet long by 2 feet wide is too much for me: 2 feet by 2 feet will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean, and thus the conversation ended.

[Peter Cunningham, *Handbook of London*. For a discussion of this eccentric request, and the citation of evidence to show that Jonson, in accordance with his request, was buried in an upright position, see Joseph Q. Adams, *The Bones of Ben Jonson*, in *Studies in Philology*, xvi, 289.]

**Sir John Suckling, about 1637.**

*A Session of the Poets.*

A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say,
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepared before with canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays.

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors, that had lasted many an age,
And he hoped they did not think the *Silent Woman,*
The *Fox* and the *Alchemist,* outdone by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry 't, at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

[Fragmenta Aurea, 1646.]
Anonymous, about 1637.


Die Johnson, crosse not our Religion so
As to be thought immortall; let us know
Thou art no God; thy works make us mistake
Thy person, and thy great creations make
Us Idoll thee, and cause we see thee do
Eternall things, think thee eternall too,
Restore us to our faith and dye, thy doome
Will do as much good as the fall of Rome:
'Twill crush an heresie, we ne're must hope
For truth till thou be gon, thou and the Pope.
And though we may be certaine in thy fall
To lose both wit and judgement, braines and all,
Thou Sack, nor Love, nor Time recover us,
Better be fooles than superstitious.
Dye! to what end should we thee now adore,
There is not Schollership to live to more,
Our language is refin'd: professors doubt
Their Greek and Hebrew both shall be put out
And we that Latin studied have so long
Shall now dispute and write in Johnsons tongue,
Nay, courtiers yeeld, and every beautious wench
Had rather speak thy English then her French.
But for thy matter fancy stands agast
Wondering to see her strength thus best at last.
Invention stops her course and bids the world
Look for no more; she hath already hurld
Her treasure all on one, thou hast out-done
So much our wit and expectation,
That were it not for thee, we scarce had known
Nature her selfe could ere so farre have gon.
Dye! seemes it not enough thy verse's date
Is endlesse; but thine own prolonged fate
Must equall it; for shame engross not age
But now (the fi[f]th Act ended) leave the stage.
And let us clap, we know the Stars that do
Give others one life, give a laureat two.
But thou, if thus thy body long survives,
Hast two eternities, and not two lives.
Die for thine own sake, seest thou not thy praise
Is shortened only by this length of days.
Men may talk this, and that, to part the strife,
My tenet is, thou hast no fault but life.
Old Authors do speed best, me-thinks thy warm breath
Casts a thick mist betwixt thy worth, which death
Would quickly dissipate. If thou wouldst have
Thy Bayes to flourish, plant them on thy grave.
Gold now is drosse, and Oracles are stuffed
With us, for why? Thou art not low enough.
We still look under thee. Stoop, and submit
Thy glory to the meanest of our wit.
The Rhodian Colossus, ere it fell,
Could not be scan'd and measured, half so well.
Lie level to our view, so shall we see,
Our third and richest University.
Art's length, Art's heighth, Art's depth, can ne're be found,
Till thou art prostrate, stretch'd upon the ground.
Learning no farther then thy life extends,
With thee began all Arts, with thee it ends.

[With Restor'd In Severall Select Poems Not formerly publish't, 1658, pp. 79-81.]

**Benjamin Wright, 1637.**

*Letter to Endymion Porter, May 2, 1637.*

2 May 1637. My service to Mr. Hobbes. Pray tell him Mr. Warner would make us believe miracles by a glass he can make. I doubt he will prove Ben's Doctor Subtle.

[From the Cavendish Papers; in the Thirteenth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, 1892, ii, 131. The allusion is to a character in The Alchemist.]

**Sir Edward Walker, 1637.**

Anno 1637.—Thursday, 17 August.—Died at Westminster Mr. Benjamin Johnson, the most famous, accurate, and learned poet of our age, especially in the English tongue, having left
behind him many rare pieces which have sufficiently demonstrated to the world his worth. He was buried the next day following, being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobilitye and gentrie then in the towne.

[Notes from a MS. of Sir Edward Walker, Kt. Garter, in his own hand, Notes and Queries, 1st S., October 30, 1852, p. 405. Jonson died on August 6, Old Style; Walker is presumably using the new style.]

Act Book, 1637.

There can be little doubt of his identity with the 'Beniaminus Johnson, nuper civitatis Westmonasterii,' administration of whose goods—of the value of eight pounds eight shillings and tenpence—was granted on 22 August, 1637, to William Scandret, 'uni Creditorum.'

[Entry relating to Ben Jonson, in Act Book, 1637, folio 53, in the Commissary Court of Westminster, Notes and Queries, 10th S., February 18, 1905, p. 125.]

King Charles I, 1637.

Letter to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, August (?), 1637.

We understand that the place of historian to the city of London is become void by the death of "Benjamin Johnson." We recommend Thomas May, whom we know to be every way qualified for that employment, expecting that you forthwith choose him to the said place.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I, vol. ccclxvi, no. 66.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1637.

Henry Gosson


Entred for his Copie under the hands of master Baker and Master Aspley warden a Booke called an Eligie upon the Death of Beniamin Johnson Poett. by John Taylor. .................................................. vjd

[Arber's Transcript, iv, 394.]

Thomas Willford, 1637?

An Epitaph upon the most learned Comedian and Modern Poet, Beniamin Johnson, who left the Church and died Año Dom’i MDCXXX[VII].
Here Johnson lies, who spent his days,
In making sport, and comicke plays:
His life a Play, perform'd the worst,
The last Act did disgrace the first,
His part he plaid, exceeding well,
A Catholike, untill he fell
To Sects and Schisms, which he did chuse,
Like to a fiction of his Muse.
He staid there till the Scene was past,
Without a Plaudit given at last:
So ill he plaid, the later part,
The Epilogue did breake his heart.
When Death his bodie did surprise,
The Fatall Sisters clos'd his eyes,
And took him to his tyring roome;
Where I will leave him to his doome;
But wish that I could justly raise,
Memoria1ls of eternall praise.
But Ben, from whence thy mischiefe grew,
I mourne, but must not say, Adue.


Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmorland, 1637.

In Obitum Ben Johns. Poetae eximii.

He who began from Brick and Lime
The Muses Hill to climbe;
And whilom busied in laying Ston,
Thirsted to drink of Helicon;
Changing His Trowell for a Pen,
Wrote straight the Temper not of Dirt but Men.

Now sithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gone
Let Those remain of th'occupation
He honor'd once, square Him a Tomb may say
His Craft exceeded farr a Dawbers way.
Then write upon't, He could no longer tarry,
But was return'd again unto the Quarry.

[Poems of Mildmay, in A. B. Grosart's Unique or Very Rare Books, 1879, x, 169. At the Anderson Galleries in New York was sold on April 29, 1920, Mildmay's own copy of Jonson's Workes, 1616, with this poem written on the inside cover.]

Sir Kenelm Digby, 1637.

To Doctor Duppa, the Dean of Christchurch, and the Prince's Tutor.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, with much gladness, you have been careful to gather what has been written upon Mr. Johnson since his death. It is an office well beseeming that excellent piety that all men know you by; yet were but half performed if you should let it rest here. As your own tenderness towards that worthy man hath made you seek to bathe yourself in his friends' tears, so your humanity towards the public, which good men rejoice to see you in the way so much to advance, ought not to be satisfied until you have given it a propriety in these collections. Besides, I believe, if care of earthly things touch souls happily departed, that these compositions delivered to the world by your hand, will be more grateful obsequies to his great ghost, than any other that could have been performed at his tomb; for no Court's decree can better establish a lawful claimer in the secure possession of his right, than this will him of his laurel, which, when he lived, he wore so high above all men's reach, as none could touch, much less shake from off his reverend head. I am writing, by this private incitement of you unto so just a work, to witness in a particular manner to yourself, who loved him dearly, the great value and esteem I have of this brave man; the honour of his age; and he that set a period to the perfection of our language: and will, as soon as I can do the like to the world, by making it share with me in those excellent pieces, alas that many of them are but pieces! which he hath left behind him, and that I keep religiously by me to that end. I promise myself that your goodness and friendliness to me will pardon me for that awhile diverting your thoughts, that are continually busied about what is of great consequence, knowing me to be,
Your most affectionate and humble servant.

[Harl. MS. 4153, f. 21, reproduced in Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, 1827, pp. liii–iv.]

James Howell, 1638.

To Dr. Duppa, L. B. of Chichester, His Highness’s Tutor at St. James.

My Lord,

It is a well-becoming and very worthy work you are about, not to suffer Mr. Ben. Johnson to go so silently to his grave, or rot so suddenly: Being newly come to Town, and understanding that your Johnsonus Virbius was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir Thomas Hawkins, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing Decastie, which if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F., Mr. Ben. Johnson.

And is thy Glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
Well Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Tho’ they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail ’gainst Night’s three daughters, but
One still must spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despite of distaff, clue, and knife,
Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a Light,
Which like thy Bays shall flourish ev’ry age,
While sock or buskin shall attend the stage.

— Sic vaticinatur Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your Lordship, as being—Your very humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 of May 1636 [1638].

[Epistola Ho-Eliana, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 332.]

Title-page, 1638.

Ionsonus Virbius: or the Memorie of Ben: Johnson Revived by the Friends of the Muses. London, printed by E. P. for Henry Seile. 1638.
TO BEN JONSON

E. P., 1638.

The Printer to the Reader.

It is now about six months since the most learned and judicious poet, B. Jonson, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shows that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled; not that the gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a gentleman [Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester], who truly honored him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell,

[Prefixed to Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, 1638.

An Eclogue on the Death of Ben Jonson, between Melibæus and Hylas.

Mel. Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy târrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stay'd,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made.

Hyl. Oh! Melibæus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigor as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

Mel. What mean thy folded arms, thy downcast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?
What mean thy words which so distracted fall
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief convey'd
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drown'd?
Thy harvest fail'd, or Amarillis frown'd?

_Hyl._ Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amarillis' face.
Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours, which were full days,
Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious lays:
And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den.

_Mel._ JONSON you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the person by the character.

_Hyl._ You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.

_Mel._ Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those:
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widow'd stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immortal heart,
He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,
To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail,
For the less love should his own favorite fail:
So moan'd himself when Daphne he ador'd,
That arts relieving all, should fail their lord.

_Hyl._ But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favor was with gods and kings.

_Mel._ Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honor of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his theme,
And praising works which that rare loom hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excell,
But what he praised) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen, what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast;
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none.
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse rose,
More than his verse the low rough times of those,
(For such, his seen, they seem'd), who highest rear'd,
Possest Parnassus ere his power appear'd.
Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendant see,
Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
Which _till_ is _never_, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow:
His learning such, no author old nor new,
Escap'd his reading that deserved his view,
And such his judgment, so exact his test,
Of what was best in books, as what books best,
That had he join'd those notes his labors took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost:
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes.
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted children equal not,
The generous issue his own brain begot:
So great his art, that much which he did write,
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight,
Each sort as well as sex admir'd his wit,
The he's and she's, the boxes and the pit;
And who less lik'd within, did rather choose,
To tax their judgments than suspect his muse.
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purg'd and amended rise,
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
Where the spectators act, and the sham'd age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
Where each man finds some light he never sought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
Whose politics no less the minds direct,
Than these the manners, nor with less effect,
When his Majestic Tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,
And yet the minds against all fear assure,
And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for ends)
Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do move,
The general frame to sap and undermine,
In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
He shows the wiser and the nobler arts,
By which a state may be unhurt, upheld,
And all those works destroyed, which hell would build.
Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
Had they not call'd in judgment to their wit)
Us'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
But was sole workman and sole architect.
And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.

_Hyl._ Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
Where most he past belief, fell short of truth.
Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
And though it raise my cause, it bates my grief,
Since fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy friend reviv'd.

_Mel._ More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother words with my unpolish'd style)
And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what reward it gain'd:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his name:
To him how daily flock'd, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at glory from so great a foe:
How the wise too, did with mere wits agree,
As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny;
Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
To contribute to so deserv'd a fame:
How great Eliza, the retreat of those
Who, weak and injur'd, her protection chose,
Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favors did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find,
(But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind)
Who favor'd quiet, and the arts of peace,
(Which in his halcyon days found large encrease)
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declar'd great Jonson worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
How mighty Charles amidst that weighty care,
In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
That neither power may force, nor art surprise,
So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
And far as Neptune claims, extends his reign;
Found still some time to hear and to admire,
The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,
And to his Muse's feet combin'd his own;
As did his queen, whose person so disclos'd
A brighter nymph than any part impos'd,
When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
Her graceful motions to his powerful voice:
How above all the rest was Phœbus fired
With love of arts, which he himself inspired;
Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheer'd,
Than he in person to his sight appear'd,
Nor did he write a line but to supply,
With sacred flame the radiant god was by.

_Hyl._ Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
I saw as much when I did see his verse.

_Mel._ Since he, when living, could such honors have,
What now will piety pay to his grave?
Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a grave, much less a pile)
The monuments possess an ample room,
And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state;
His great perfections our great loss recite,
And let them merely weep who cannot write.

_Hyl._ I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice;
So great a task as this requires a voice
Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
And Fame's own trumpet but appears too small,
Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
Would more my folly than his praise proclaim,
And when you wish my weakness, sing his worth,
You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth.
I am by nature form'd, by woes made, dull,
My head is emptier than my heart is full;
Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry.
Nor should this work proceed from woods and downs,
But from the academies, courts, and towns;
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighboring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:
Yet for this cause no labor need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.

_Mel._ If to obey in this, thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:
Our towns prest by our foes invading might,
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use;
So Jonson dead, no pen should plead excuse.
For elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring,
Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
To save his fame from that invader, Time,
Whose power, though his alone may well restrain,
Yet to so wish'd an end, no care is vain;
And time, like what our brooks act in our sight,
Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his glory than thy love:
Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent,
Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
Suppose it chance no other pen do join
In this attempt, and the whole work be thine?—
When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled, reign'd,
The whole world suffer'd; earth alone complain'd.
Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by art, and better known to fame?
To that great deluge which so far destroy'd,
The earth her springs, as heaven his showers employ'd.
So may who highest marks of honor wears,
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

Hyl. I yield, I yield, thy words my thoughts have fired,
And I am less persuaded than inspired;
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,
The woods shall echo all the city's grief:
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
Should I give presents and leave debts unpaid?
Want of invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
AND (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
Else in this work which now my thoughts intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)
Which by the subject's power embalm'd, may last,
Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows cast,
And, feather'd by those wings, fly among men,
Far as the fame of poetry and Ben.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, 1638.

To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.

If Romulus did promise in the fight,
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a temple, and perform'd his vow,
Why should not we, learn'd Jonson, thee allow
An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
Learning, that would have left us, has been stay'd.
The actions were different: that thing
Requir'd some mark to keep't from perishing.
But letters must be quite defaced, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Sir John Beaumont, 1638.

To the Memory of Him Who Can Never be Forgotten, Master Benjamin Jonson.

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,
I might have then observ'd the laws of verse:
But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
In numbers, what the world grants numberless:
Such are the truths, we ought to speak of thee,
Thou great refiner of our poesy,
Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead;
Then with that pure elixir rais'd the dead!
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies),
Had been deem'd mortal, did not Jonson rise,
And with celestial sparks (not stoln) revive
Those who could erst keep winged fame alive:
'Twas he that found (plac'd) in the seat of wit,
Dull grinning ignorance, and banish'd it;
He on the prostituted stage appears
To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears;
Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
So that who could in Jonson's lines be high,
Needed not honors, or a riband buy;
But vice he only shewed us in a glass,
Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;
So, he observ'd the like decorum, when
He whipt the vices, and yet spar'd the men:
When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
And sign from virtue was his party-coat;
When devils were the last men on the stage,
And pray'd for plenty, and the present age.

Nor was our English language only bound
To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)
Translated in the macaronic tongue;
Cloth'd in such rags, as one might safely vow,
That his Mæcenas would not own him now:
On him he took this pity, as to clothe
In words, and such expression, as for both,
There's none but judgeth the exchange will come
To twenty more, than when he sold at Rome.
Since then, he made our language pure and good,
And us to speak, but what we understood,
We owe this praise to him, that should we join
To pay him, he were paid but with the coin
Himself hath minted, which we know by this,
That no words pass for current now, but his.
And though he in a blinder age could change
Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more strange
To see (however times and fashions frame)
His wit and language still remain the same
In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it use
As golden pills, by which they might infuse
Their heavenly physic; ministers of state
Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers, legs,
Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant begs
He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
As in few words a man may utter much.
Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I do,
To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
Who dead's my Wonder, living was my Friend.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Sir Thomas Hawkins, 1638.

To the Memory of Master Benjamin Jonson.

To press into the throng, where wits thus strive
To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire:
But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,
Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,
They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,
And ways not track'd to write, and speak disclose.

But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,
Or comic sock of mirthful action,
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speak, beyond what they think, less, understand:
And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play
Folly, and brain-sick humors of the time,
Distemper'd passion and audacious crime,
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate
The vice presented, and there lessons learn,
Virtue, from vicious habits to discern.
Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,
Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;
And take thou, Ben, from Verse a second breath,
Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Henry King, 1638.

To the Memory of My Friend, Ben Jonson.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off death's pale dart; for, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leap'd from thine own fire.

What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless muse: and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.

All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expense
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise;
(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.

Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd,
Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie,
A Relic fam'd by all posterity.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Henry Coventry, 1638.

To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.

Might but this slender offering of mine,
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
The near acquaintance with thy greater name
Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
For the least legacy of wit, as due.
I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
Hath made the near attendance of thy hearse.
I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.

As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to rest,
And darkness made the world's unwelcome guest,
We grovelling captives of the night, yet may
With fire and candle beget light, not day;
Now he whose name in poetry controls,
Goes to converse with more refined souls,
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,
Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.
Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
But no hereditary beam of Ben.
Our knock'd inventions may beget a spark,
Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
And like the same made not to burn, but cure.
When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the stage,
'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.
—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,
Stain'd by profaner parricides in verse,
Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
Merely because thou'dst offer to be old:
'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
But arguments they understood not thee.
Nor is't disgrace, that in thee, through age spent
'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy fame,
I'll but by invocation use thy name,
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Thomas May, 1638.

An Elegy upon Benjamin Jonson.

Though once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's hearse,
Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
And thought a greater honor than that fear
He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;
Let not our poets fear to write of thee,
Great Jonson, king of English poetry,
In any English verse, let none whoe'er,
Bring so much emulation as to fear:
But pay without comparing thoughts at all,
Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;
Nor think whate'er they write on such a name,
Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;
If low, it rights thee more, and makes men see,
That English poetry is dead with thee;
Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composed piece of thine;
Or shew what judgment, art and wit did join
To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honor'd Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was link'd so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
And if in thy expressions aught seem'd scant,
Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Dudley Diggs, 1638.

An Elegy on Ben Jonson.

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were crime
In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.
My thoughts are so below, I fear to act
A sin, like their black envy, who detract;
As oft as I would character in speech
That worth, which silent wonder scarce can reach.
Yet, I that but pretend to learning, owe
So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew
My weakness in thy praise; thus to approve,
Although it be less wit, is greater love:
'Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues
At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.
For, who would image out thy worth, great Ben,
Should first but, what he praises; and his pen
Thy active brains should feed, which we can't have,
Unless we could redeem thee from the grave.
The only way that's left now, is to look
Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;
And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie
Some judgment, where we cannot make, t' apply
Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this wit,
And think, we do not steal, but only fit
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears.
O could we weep like thee! we might convey
New breath, and raise men from their beds of clay
Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.
Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I meet
Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding sheet!
For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from you;
Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.
TO BEN JONSON

Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er see
True life, until they were entomb'd by thee.

You that pretend to courtship, here admire
Those pure and active flames, love did inspire:
And though he could have took his mistress' ears,
Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced tears;
His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloister'd votary no harm.
The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrin'd.

He that would worthily set down his praise,
Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight
With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valor equals; and that age
Receives a greater glory from our stage.
Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and fear,
Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire
Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall burn,
Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!

Some like not Tully in his own; yet while
All do admire him in thy English style,
I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

George Fortescue, 1638.

To the Immortality of My Learned Friend, Master Jonson

I parlied once with death, and thought to yield,
When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my herse,
Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.

I live, and to thy grateful Muse would pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day
Of thy fair rights, through th' innumerous light,
That flows from thy adorers, seems as bright,
As when the sun darts through his golden hair,
His beams' diameter into the air.
In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
These lights that go before make dark my story.
Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
A sacred power, immortalizing men,
And thou dispensing life immortally,
Does now but sabbatise from work, not die.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

William Habington, 1638.

An Elegy upon the Death of Ben Jonson, the Most Excellent of English Poets.

What doth officious fancy here prepare?—
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and care
To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to stand,
And thence bring for this work materials fit:
Great Jonson needs no architect of wit;
Who forc'd from art, receiv'd from nature more
Than doth survive him, or e'er liv'd before.

And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide,
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief, but pride,
Which, that your cypress never growth might want,
Did it near his eternal laurel plant.

Heaven at the death of princes, by the birth
Of some new star, seems to instruct the earth,
How it resents our human fate. Then why
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch, die
Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?
Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
And can produce no light, but what is known,
A common mourner, when a prince's fall
Invites a star t' attend the funeral?
But those prodigious sights only create
Talk for the vulgar: Heaven, before thy fate,
That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges hear,
Made the sad stage close mourner for a year;
The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
Instructed) seeing its own fate in thine,
And knowing how it ow'd its life to thee,
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;
And had continued so, but that thy wit,
Which as the soul, first animated it,
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
Till time be buried in eternity.

But you! whose comic labors on the stage,
Against the envy of a froward age
Hold combat! how will now your vessels sail,
The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning every where
And Jonson dead, whose art your course might steer?

Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your eye,
Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis Jonson, there
He shines your Star, who was your Pilot here.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Edmund Waller, 1638.

Upon Ben Jonson, the Most Excellent of Comic Poets.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults endures,
A remedy, like those whom music cures.
Thou not alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
Hast traced with thy all-rembling pen,
But all that custom hath impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the brother can the brother know,
Is represented to the wondering eyes,
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks may find,
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind;
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colors, speech, and motion graced.
The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none can render thine, who still escapes,
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

James Howell, 1638.

Upon the Poet of His Time, Benjamin Jonson, His Honored Friend and Father.

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labors lent?
Well, Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but,
One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despight of spindle, clue, and knife,
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638. Cf. the entry "James Howell, 1638" on page 202.]
TO BEN JONSON

John Vernon, 1638.

An Offertory at the Tomb of the Famous Poet Ben Jonson.

If souls departed lately hence do know
How we perform the duties that we owe
Their reliqués, will it not grieve thy spirit
To see our dull devotion? thy merit
Profaned by disproportion’d rites? thy herse
Rudely defiled with our unpolish’d verse?—
Necessity’s our best excuse: ’tis in
Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
’Gainst which ’tis now in vain to labor, we
Did nothing know, but what was taught by thee.

The routed soldiers when their captains fall
Forget all order, that men cannot call
It properly a battle that they fight;
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
’Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung
By those distinctly that have lost their tongue;
And therefore whatsoe’er the subject be,
All verses now become thy ELEGY:
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
Th’ afflicted reader sighs, Ben Jonson’s dead.
This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
A lasting trophy in thy honor’d praise;
Since fate (it seems) would have it so exprest,
Each muse should end with thine, who was the best:
And but her flights were stronger, and so high,
That time’s rude hand cannot reach her glory,
An ignorance had spread this age, as great
As that which made thy learned muse so sweat,
And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
Purg’d by thy art, it gain’d a lasting strength;
And now secur’d by thy all-powerful writ,
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:
Though (to our grief) we ever must despair,
That any age can raise thee up an heir.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Anonymous, 1638.

To the Memory of Ben Jonson.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men:
The soul which answer'd best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himself ow'd all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

John Cleveland, 1638.

To the Same.

Who first reform'd our stage with justest laws,
And was the first best judge in your own cause:
Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre;
From principles which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrace,
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive,

Here Jonson lies, whom, had I nam'd before,
In that one word alone, I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
TO BEN JONSON

Jasper Mayne, 1638.

To the Memory of Ben Jonson.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an extasy cannot be told.
We must be ravish'd first; thou must infuse
Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
Our works) so that't had been but one great verse,
Though the priest had translated for that time
The liturgy and buried thee in rhyme,
So that in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid:
And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie.
'Twere frail solemnity: verses on thee
And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots, than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.

Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,
So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenced face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,
And ask a Selden to say, this was thee,
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.
Let authors write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works; they had their whole growth then
When first borne, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood
Which can't, without succession, be good.
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did sit
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:
That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit:
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
Though they should the length of consumptions lie
Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last
Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;
And so thy Alchemist played o'er and o'er,
Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
That but to some not half thy acts were parts:
Since of some silken judgments we may say,
They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
So that th' unlearned lost their money; and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot
Call'd down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot;
The stage was still a stage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' the world, disjoin'd by seas.
Thine were land-tragedies no prince was found
To swim a whole scene out then o' the stage drown'd;
Pitch'd fields, as Red-bull wars, still felt thy doom;
Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room;
Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,
Humors that should above the people rise.
Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chaste, 'so 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.
We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n sin did-in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault:
Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy sting not blood, but humors draw,
So much doth satire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as some call
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
That 'twas revenge, not truth, that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage:
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;
And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
Thou mightst have us'd th' old comic freedom, these
Might have seen themselves play'd like Socrates;
Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek spleen;
And hadst not chosen rather to translate
Their learning into English, not their hate:
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft;
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrow'd in thee, did grow thine by the change,
Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
And like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
Poets and kings are not born every day.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

William Cartwright, 1638.

In the Memory of the Most Worthy Benjamin Jonson.

Father of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rd's thy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose;
Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seem
Better to some, that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hoped, since that divine
Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how;
And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.
Where shall we find a muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much 'wit, as prophecy;
And though we know the character, may swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.

Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
For public, stampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see,
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.
Thine equal skill thus wrestling nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly everywhere.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where even the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labor'd and tried, heated, and beat and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hinder'd by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry,
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still.
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men;
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.

No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse.
No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy star was judgment only, and right sense
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate
Used the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been:
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and color unto things,
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair.
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no labor, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the seas hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek, and Latin gardens to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors! unto whom we owe
Those that we had, and those that we want too:
Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate:
Success thou ne'er thoughtst virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and the age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air; styled name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence.
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before.
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less.
TO BEN JONSON

But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast
Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Joseph Rutter, 1638.

An Elegy upon Ben Jonson.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and name
Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,
Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough
To raise it higher, through our want of stuff,
I find no room for praise, but elegy,
And there but name the day when thou didst die:
That men may know thou didst so, for they will
Hardly believe disease or age could kill
A body so inform'd, with such a soul,
As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.

But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,
That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,
Begin to enquire what means thou left'st behind
For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:
And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
And found the inventory in thy Book;
A stock for writers to set up withal:
That out of thy full comedies, their small
And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;
And when they shall upon some credit pitch,
May be thought well to live, although not rich.
Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal
We have! enough to make a commonweal
Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
Were made to set out their activity.
Learning great store for us to feed upon,
But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
And like a desperate debt, bequeath'd, not paid
Before thy death has us the poorer made.
Whilst we with mighty labor it pursue,
And after all our toil not find it due.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Owen Feltham, 1638.

To the Memory of Immortal Ben.

To write is easy; but to write of thee
Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty.
So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,
That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.
For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,
Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase
Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,
Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each line to life were propertied)
Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,
Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage
Is widow'd now; was bed-rid by thy age.
As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath
Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spight of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reign'd, and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were usher'd in by peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since Jonson's gone, we well may say,
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.
Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid Jonson? from whose full strong quill,
Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had skipt
Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleas'd spectator's light,
And in such graceful measures, did discover
Her beauties now, that every eye turn'd lover.
Who is't shall make with great Sejanus' fall,
Not the stage crack, but th' universe and all?
Wild Catiline's stern fire, who now shall show,
Or quench'd with milk, still'd down by Cicero?
Where shall old authors in such words be shown,
As vex their ghosts, that they are not their own?
Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's fate
To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.
Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
May chatter out his own wit's funeral chime:
And those slight nothings that so soon are made,
Like mushrooms, may together live and fade.
The boy may make a squib; but every line
Must be consider'd, where men spring a mine:
And to write things that time can never stain,
Will require sweat, and rubbing of the brain.
Such were those things he left. For some may be
Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
This I'll presume to say. When time has made
Slaughter of kings that in the world have sway'd:
A greener bays shall crown Ben Jonson's name,
Than shall be wreath'd about their regal fame.
For numbers reach to infinite. But he
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
And boldly said so much in his own praise,
No other pen need any trophy raise.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

George Donne, 1638.

To the Memory of Ben Jonson.

I do not blame their pains, who did not doubt
By labor, of the circle to find out
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
That others should prove constancy in change.
He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
A body to the echo, make it live,
Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would borrow
Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
But here I yield; invention, study, cost,
Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
When any frail ambition undertakes
For honor, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,
Pure judgment, Jonson, 'tis an excellence
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do
Requires himself, and 'twere a labor too
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts
Of bravest acts must die, without reports,
Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhor’d,
Let memory be nothing but a word;
Grant Jonson the only genius of the times,
Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,
All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
Of barbarism; yet this lends only praise
To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
For he will grow more fresh in every story,
Out of the perfum’d spring of his own glory.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Shackerley Marmion, 1638.

A Funeral Sacrifice to the Sacred Memory of his Thrice Honored Father, Ben Jonson.

I cannot grave, nor carve; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name should live
In tombs, and brass, until the stones, or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
But nature has afforded me a slight
And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
Above the vulgar pitch. Ben, she was thine,
Made by adoption free and genuine;
By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
By Jove himself; before thy birth was given.
The sisters nine this secret did declare,
Who of Jove’s counsel, and his daughters are.
These from Parnassus’ hill came running down,
And though an infant did with laurels crown.
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their arms,
And dancing round, encircled him with charms.
Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
When he grew up to years, his mind was all
On verses; verses, that the rocks might call
To follow him, and hell itself command,
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from his hand.
The satyrs oft-times hemm'd him in a ring,
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him sing;
Whose vocal notes, tun'd to Apollo's lyre,
The syrens and the muses did admire.
The nymphs to him their gems and corals sent;
And did with swans and nightingales present
Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden ore,
That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed,
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
So shall his wit's rich veins, the world supply
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be dry.
For whether he, like a fine thread does file
His terser poems in a comic style,
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list,
To draw his lines out with a stronger twist:
Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
Such curious tracts; nor does the spring bestow
Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
As his work smile with figures, and with flowers.
Never did so much strength, or such a spell
Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
For whilst that he in colors, full and true,
Men's natures, fancies, and their humors drew
In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
Fitting each person to his time and place;
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make haste,
Binding the middle with the first and last:
He framed all minds, and did all passions stir,
And with a bridle guide the theatre.

To say now he is dead, or to maintain
A paradox he lives, were labor vain:
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does wear
Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near
Where Orpheus' harp turns round with Læda's swan:
Astrologers, demonstrate where you can,
Where his star shines, and what part of the sky
Holds his compendious divinity.
There he is fix'd; I know it, 'cause from thence,
Myself have lately receiv'd influence.
The reader smiles; but 'let no man deride
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

John Ford, 1638.


So seems a star to shoot: when from our sight
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass, our cozen'd eye
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,
Both differing, as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else, had grown together,
And wither'd without memory to either:
Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath fill'd up the book of fame!
Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,
Jonson, a work of honor lives enroll'd:
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets hath call'd home,
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
Moved each by other, the most low (in years)
Consented in their harmony; though some
Malignantly aspected, overcome
With popular opinion, aim'd at name  
More than desert: yet in despight of shame  
Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,  
Made music to the harshness of their songs.  
Drawn to the life of every line and limb,  
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)  
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;  
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.  
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall  
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:  
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use  
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,  
Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory,  
Sung thanks of honor, or some nobler story.  
The court, the university, the heat  
Of theatres, with what can else beget  
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove  
Our Poet first in merit, as in love:  
Yet if he do not at his full appear,  
Survey him in his Works, and know him there.  

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

**Ralph Brideoake, 1638.**

*Upon the Death of Master Ben Jonson.*

'Tis not secure to be too learn'd, or good,  
These are hard names, and now scarce understood:  
Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may have  
The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,  
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,  
That both the man and Epitaph there lie!  
Whilst those that soar above the vulgar pitch,  
And are not in their bags, but studies rich,  
Must fall without a line, and only be  
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.  
He that dares praise the eminent, he must  
Either be such, or but revile their dust;  
And so must we, great Genius of brave verse!  
With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.
It is a task above our skill, if we
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy;
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of fame,
To patch our credit up, we use thy name;
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass:
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
Jonson! that's weight enough to crown thy stone:
And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
Under the heavy load! a name shall stand
Fix'd to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral,
If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of Ben,
In spight of ignorance thou must survive
In thy fair progeny; that shall revive
Thy scatter'd ashes in the skirts of death,
And to thy fainting name give a new breath;
That twenty ages after, men shall say
(If the world's story reach so long a day,)
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
Have well translated Ben the English lyre.
What sweets were in the Greek or Latin known.
A natural metaphor has made thine own:
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
And neat conceits in our own tongue exprest,
That ages hence, critics shall question make
Whether the Greeks and Romans English spake.
And though thy fancies were too high for those
That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,
Though the fine plush and velvets of the age
Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the stage,
And with their mast and acorn stomachs ran
To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger food,
'Cause not by them digested, was not good;
These moles thy scorn and pity did but raise,
They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
Were all the choice of wit and language shown
In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Randolph, all
Surviv'd thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
Their notes had been too low; take this from me,
None but thyself could write a verse for thee.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Richard West, 1638.

On Master Ben Jonson.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee),
Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy night
Could not be seen, we darken'd were with light.
For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.
Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth:
And (like a statue homely fashion'd) raise
Some trophies to thy memory, though not praise.
Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight to look
On the majestic splendor of thy book,
That rather choose to hear an Archy's prate,
Than the full sense of a learn'd laureat,
May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.
Ploughmen who puzzled are with figures, come
By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
And milk-sop heirs, which from their mother's lap
Scarce travell'd, know far countries by a map.
Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's style
Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
In winter nights, or after meals they be,  
I must confess, very good company:  
But thou exact'st our best hours industry;  
We may read them; we ought to study thee:  
Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give  
Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.  

Thou that with towering thoughts presum'st so high,  
(Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany)  
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mischief calls  
The blood of kings to their last funerals,  
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove  
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;  
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,  
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.  

Learn the compendious age of slippery power  
That's built on blood; and may one little hour  
Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe  
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.  

Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause  
They are good, and savor of our kingdom's laws.  
Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound  
Those things alone that solid are and sound.  
Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass  
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.  
There's none that wish thee rods instead of bays,  
But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.  

Let scribblers (that write post, and versify  
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)  
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,  
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.  
Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought it fit;  
But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit  
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to pass  
But what could be no better than it was.  
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in haste;  
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.  
While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate  
As birth, and sells like almanacks out of date;
The marble glory of thy labor'd rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.
Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun advance?
Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of chance.
How this whole kingdom's in thy debt! we have
From others periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruin'd sculls and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies' remedy.
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and sack.
He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit,
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot.

Our canting English, of itself alone,
(I had almost said a confusion)
Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.
Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.
The cringing Monsieur shall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment.
Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish!
And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar talk
In greater state and pomp than he could walk:
Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.
Who Tully in thy idiom understands,
Will swear that his orations are commands.

But that which could with richer language press
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.
TO BEN JONSON

Had I thy own invention (which affords
Words above action, matter above words)
To crown thy merits, I should only be
Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Robert Meade, 1638.

To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.

Our bays, methinks, are wither'd, and they look
As if, (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;
While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
Design'd, as fitter for thy company.

Where shall we now find one dares boldly write,
Free from base flattery yet as void of spight?
That grovels not in's satires, but soars high,
 Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,
That either dazzle, or affright the times?

Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart the tide
O' the foaming multitude, when to their side
Throng'd plush, and silken censures, whilst it chose
(As that which could distinguish men from clothes,
Faction from judgment) still to keep thy bays
From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.

But why wrong I thy memory whilst I strive,
In such a verse as mine to keep't alive?
Well we may toil, and shew our wits the rack,
Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack

Worthy expressions thy great loss to moan;
Being none can fully praise thee but thy own.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

H. Ramsay, 1638.

Upon the Death of Benjamin Jonson.

Let thine own Sylla, Ben, arise, and try
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,
That I may fright Contempt, and with just darts
Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts!
But why do I rescue thy name from those
That only cast away their ears in prose?
Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
To venture rhymes, 'tis but court balladry,
Singing thy death in such an uncouth tone,
As it had been an execution.
What are his faults (O envy!)—That you speak
English at court, the learned stage acts Greek?
That Latin he reduced, and could command
That which your Shakspeare scarce could understand?
That he exposed you, zealots, to make known
Your profanation, and not his own?
That one of such a fervent nose, should be
Posed by a puppet in Divinity?
Fame, write them on his tomb, and let him have
Their accusations for an epitaph:
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes defy,
That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.
Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell
The trick and policy of doing well?
Others may please the stage, his sacred fire
Wise men did rather worship than admire:
His lines did relish mirth, but so severe,
That as they tickled, they did wound the ear.
Well then, such virtue cannot die, though stones
Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones:
He lives to me; spite of this martyrdom,
Ben, is the self-same poet in the tomb.
You that can aldermen new wits create,
Know, Jonson's skeleton is laureat.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Sir Francis Wortley, 1638.
En
Jonsonus noster
Lyricorum Drammaticorumque
Corypheus
Qui
Pallade auspice
Laurum à Graecia ipsaque Roma
rapuit,
Et
Fausto omine
In Britanniam transtulit
nostram:
Nunc
Invidia major
Fato, non Æmulis
cessit.

Anno Dom. CIIDIXXXXVII.
Id. Nonar.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Thomas Terrent, 1638.

In Obitum Ben Jonsoni Poetarum Facile Principis.

In quæ projicior discrimina? quale trementem
Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?
Me miserum! incusso pertentor frigore, et umbrâ
Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse
Quod celebro; famæ concepta mole fatisco,
Exiguumque strues restringuit praegravis ignem.

Non tamen absistam, nam si spes talibus ausis
Excidat, extabo laudum Jonsoni tuarum
Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,
Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,
Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poëæ.
Quis nescit, Romane, tuos in utrâque triumphos
Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptra secutum?
Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem
Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,
Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque
Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma monarcha.
   En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
Munera jactantes eadem, similibus beatos
Fortuna; haec quoque sècla suum videre Maronem,
Cæsarei vixit qui laetus imagine sceptri,
Implevitque suum Romano carmine nomen.
   Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa paratus,
En series eadem, vatumque similiimus ordo.
Quis neget incultum Lucreti carmen, et Enni
Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa Latinæ?
   Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum
Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;
Nascenti apta parum divina haec machina regno,
In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque debeat
Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
Nec geminos vates, nec te Shakspeare silebo,
Aut quicquid sacri nostros conjecit in annos
Consilium fæt: per seros ite nepotes
Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper
Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,
Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.
Est vobis decor, et nativa gratia Musæ,
Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò lāta remittit,
Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.
   Sed quâm te memorem vatum Deus: O nova gentis
Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!
Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens
Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille
Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaque fundit
Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,
Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,
Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem
Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.
Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem
Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti
Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur
Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti
Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?
Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,
Turbine corrupus nullo: cui spiritus ingens
Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in œstro,
Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam
Edomat, et cudit suspenso metra furore.

In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes
Qualia molitur; qualì bacchatur hiatu?
En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camænaæ,
Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!
O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertaæ
Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,
Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces
Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!
Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pomæ,
Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?
Non tu divini Cicerō dux inclyte facti,
Romave majores vidit servata triumphos.

Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno
Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:
Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina
Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.

At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,
Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,
Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.
A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra
Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,
Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.
O fortunatum, qui te, Jonsonem, sequutus
Contexit sua filia, suique est nominis author.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Robert Waring, 1638.

_Vatum Principi Ben. Jonsono Sacrum._

Poëtarum Maxime!
Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus,
Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.
Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,
Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxitemerita vates
Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,
Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,
Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.
Nulli se longius indulsit Deus, nulli ægrius valedixit;
Pares testatus flammans,
Dum exul, ac dum incola.
Annorumque jam ingrrente vespere,
Pectus tuum, tanquam poeseos horizonta,
Non sìne rubore suo reliquit:
Vatibus nonnullis ingentiaprodere; nec scire datur:
Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,
Ferarum ritu vaticinantium
Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,
Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.
Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia, prodest ignorare.
Tibi primo contigit furore frui proprio,
Et numen regere tuum.
Dum pari luctâ afflatibus indicium commisisti,
Bis entheatus:
Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes et scientias,
Tui plenus poeta.
Qui furorem insaniae eximens
Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hauriri.
Primus omnium,
Qui effrænem caloris luxuriem frugi consilio castigaveris,
Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placiturum
Possideret Britannia,
Miraretur orbis,
Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum, præter famam.
Quod prologi igitur
Velut magnatum propylæa domini titulos proferunt, 
Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum, ipse author, 
Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis, 
Aut vaticinantis, 
Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere. 
Proinde non invidià tantum nostrâ, sed laude tuâ 
Magnum te prodiere jusserunt fata. 
Qui integrum nobis poetam solus exhibuisti, 
Unusque omnes exprimens. 
Cum frondes aíi laureas decerpunt, tu totum nemus vindicas, 
Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus perstringis 
Utrumque exosus, 
Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ acetum immiscere. 
Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam dirupisti, 
Nec exili nimis tubam emaculasti; 
Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse factus. 
Unâ obsequii religione imperium nactus es: 
Rerum servus, non temporum. 
Ita omnium musarum amasius, 
Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas. 
Sit Homeri gloria 
Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputant musæ, 
Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas tonans pater, 
Sive soccum pede complest rotundo, 
Et epigrammata dictas agenda, 
Facetiasque manibus exprimendas, 
Adoranda posteris ducis vestīgia, et nobis unus es theatrum metari. 
Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit tua, 
Nec poemata, sed poesin ipsam parturiit, 
Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit, 
Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras peccare. 
Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et spectacula; 
Scenamque condis quæ legis magis gestiat quam spectari. 
Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium, 
Alii, quibus nullus Apollo, sed Mercurius numen, 
Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et amasia,
Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo poetæ.
Quibus musa pagis primisque plaestival apta,
Præmoriturum vati carmen,
Non edunt, sed abortiunt;
Cui ipsum etiam prælum conditorium est,
Novâque lucinae fraudâ in tenebras emittuntur authores,
Dum poemata sic ut diaria,
Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,
Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,
Ipsi tantum Plauto σύγχρονοι:
Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanis facetiæ
Non extra suum theatrum plausus invenerunt:
Tu interim
Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri genium.
Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.
Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescentis carmen,
Et perenne uno fundis poema verbo,
Tuas tibi gratulamur felices moras!
Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas nostri fecit reverentia?
Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æternum legi.
Poteras tu solus
Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.
Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,
Romam Britannis calamus tuus,
Quam sic vinci gestientem,
Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis collibus cernimus.
Demum quod majus est, aetatem nobis nostram subjicit;
Oraculique vicarius,
Quod jussit Deus, fides praestat sacerdos,
Homines seipsos noscere instituens.
Lingua nostra
Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,
Vocesque patrias, et tuas simul formasti.
Nec indigenam amplius, sed Jonsoni jactamus facundiam,
Ut inde semper tibi contingat tua linguâ celebrari;
Qui et Romam
Disertiores docuisti voces.
Mancipiali denuò iocomatè superbientem,
Græciamque etiam
Orbis magistram excoluisti,
Nunc alìà quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquentem.
Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia contemnere,
Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii compendium:
   Sed ut ille pictor,
Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,
Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines
Sparserat natura,
Collegit artifex:
Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens oceanum,
   Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo Venerem.
   Ita tibi parem machinam molito,
In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:
Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo accedunt,
   Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.
   Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa poesis;
   Authorum non alius calamus, sed author.
Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem docens,
   Quem debeat genium habere victuros liber.
Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum tantùm judices fue-
   runt:
   Tu solùm Columna.
Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat domino;
   Et qui cæteros emendatiùs transcripteras
   Ipse transcripti nescis.
Par prioribus congressus, futuris impar
   Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

William Bew, 1638.
Epitaphium in Ben. Jonson.
Adsta, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto
Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.
Socci deliciæ; decus cothurni;
Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri;
Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis
Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi
Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;
Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum
Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus
Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;
Scriptorum genius; poeticus dux,
Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Samuel Evans, 1638.

In Obitum Ben. Jonson.

Nec sic excidimus: pars tantûm vilior audit
Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget
Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat auras,
Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
Ingenii strictura micat: fælicior ille,
Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada Phœbo,
In famulante faces accendimus, idque severæ,
Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus umbrae.
Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poëtae,
Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat Hebro,
Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula Phœbo,
Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reciprocat auras.
Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga freæ neæ theatri,
En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica palmis;
Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces
Mæoniâ Jonsone cheli, te pronus amantum
Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.
Benjamini insignis quondam quintuplice ditis
Suffitu mensæ, densâque paropside, sed tu
Milenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis
Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, placentam.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Ralph Brooke, 1638.

In Ben. Jonson.

Quod martes Epico tonat cothurno,
Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,
Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos
Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa
Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantæ sorores
Ulli dexterius favent poetae,
Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,
Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis:
Sed quod Anglia quotquot eruditos
Fæcundo ediderit sinu poetas
Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
Hos industria finxerit, labosque
Jonsoni, hoc proprium est suumque totum,
Qui Poēmata fecit et Poetas.

Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.

Anonymous, 1638.

Ἰωνίσσων ποτε φύντι παρεστη ποτια Μωϋσα,
Και Βρομιος, και Ερως, και Χαριτων θιαςως,
Ευίος αρτιτοκων λαβε νεβριδι, σπαιρξε τε κισσω,
Λουσα και ποτισας νεκταρ τῳ βοτρυνος.
Κυσσαν δι’ αἰ χαριτες, και αειθαλεσσι βοδοισιν
Εστεφον, ηδ’ ιεροις βακχαριδος πεταλως.
Κεστον τυθος ερως, συλησας μητερα δωκεν,
‘Αγνον θελξινω φιλτρον αοιδοπολο.’
Τοις δ’ επι Μωσα σοφοψ ψιθυρισματι παιδ’ εμυσε,
Χρυσειας πτερυγας λικνου υπερσχομενή
Χαιρε θεών κηριξ, γαιης μεγα χαριη βρεταννης.
Χαιρ’ ελπις Σκηνων των ετι γυμνοποδων
Αίς συ χορηγησων ειτ’ εμβαδως, ειτε κοθορνους,
‘Ελλαδα και ‘Ρωμην ει φθονον ουστρελασεις.
Γαυριων θριγκοις νεοδμητου Θεατρου,
Ικρί’ αμειψαμενου μαρμαρων ψαλιδων.
George Daniel, 1638.


Great Flame of English Poets gon! how shall Wee strew our flowers at thy Funerall?
What obsequies performe! what rites prepare Unto thy Herse? What Monument but were Too narrow to Containe Thee! or what State But were beneath the honour of thy fate?
Noe, rather, wee (remaining of the Tribe, Sad Orphans) can but wish what wee escribe Unto thy Merit. All wee bring to thee, Is but our Tears, our filial Pietie.

Great Lord of Arts, and Father of the Age!
The first and best Informer of the Stage!
How shall wee speake of him? what Numbers bring T'empassionate, and worthy Orgies Sing?
What Shall we Say? Shall wee in a Iust Zeale, Rebuke the Age of Ignorance, and tell Aloud his Merits? Shall wee wepee, or boast His worth? or Losse? Shall wee say, when wee lost Him, a sad Night of follie did orespread This Island, as wee see, and wee are dead, Rather then Hee wee weep for? For Hee still Lives to instruct the Age with a Strong Quill. And as he did from Ignorance reduce Th' abusèd Stage, Soe has he left to us,
(Who act upon this greater Theatre)
Grave morall Pandects, Strong, & yet soe Cleare Hee is his owne Expositor; and wee (If sottishly not blind or worse), may see Vertue in Act; and everie gracefull Step She treads may be our Path; but wee all Sleepe,
Uncapable of what Hee taught; or how
To valew what Hee left us. I could bow
(And would the Age might doo't without offence)
To name him, with a Modest Reverence.
For Shall wee kneele to Titles? and observe
fformalities to those, who nought deserve?
(More then their Name or painted outside give)
And shall My Lord have a prerogative
ffor vertue, in his Ancestors? (though hee
Perhaps the Shame of all his Pedigree;)
And our Great Lord of witt, where vertue in
Her Sphere did move; where Art and Iudgment Shine,
(Inseparable) bee with Common Men,
And vulgar Mention named? oh! the Pen
Of Witt and Truth forbid it! Rather let
The worthles present Age his Name forget.
For wee are Emulous fooles, and will admitt
Noe Rivalls in the Claime wee lay to witt.

But After-Ages (more Iudicious,
Unswaied by Passion, only Sedulous
To honour vertue,) shall, (I will not Doubt)
Advance his Name; when the despisèd Rout
(His Scorne) shall perish, in the filthy Smoake
Of their owne Follies. Then, all Eyes shall looke
With Joy and Admiration, to receive
A Light their Fathers could not. I will leave
Only this little: Iudgement shall Allow,
(When Men have Eyes to see & witt to know
Who merit most) the greatest Eulogie,
For Language, Art, and all Dexteritie
Of Witt, to Him: and happ'lie were the flame
Extinct, wee might recover't in his Name.
A Charme soe stronge, Who ever shall reherse
Ben: Ionson, cannot chuse but make a verse.

[The Poems of George Daniel, ed. from the original MSS., by A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 63–65.]
George Daniel, about 1638.

Upon Ben Jonson's Booke.

Bee not Deceiv'd (Dull world) Hee is not Dead;
Rumor is false; open His Booke, and read.
It is Himselfe; there, Everie Scene affords
Words above Action; Matter beyond Words.
If, Readers, what I say, will not suffice
T'evince your follies, I dare bid you twice
What yet you have not Done; open and Read;
Recant, or else 'tis You, not Hee, that's Dead.

[The Poems of George Daniel, edited by A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 66.]

G. W., 1638.

Immortal Ben is dead; and as that ball
On Ida toss'd, so is his crown by all
The Infantry of wit.

[Verses prefixed to Thomas Randolph's Poems with the Muses Looking-Glass, 1638; in Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Randolph, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 507.]

W. Markham, 1638.

. . . My worthy Friend, this Play o' th' publick stage
Hath gain'd such fair applause, as't did engage
A nation to thy Muse; where thou shalt reign
Vicegerent to Apollo, who doth deign,
His darling Ben deceased, thou should'st be
Declar'd the heir apparent to his tree.

[From verses prefixed to James Shirley's Royal Master, 1638; Shirley's Works, ed. A. Dyce, 1833, i, lxxxvi.]

Richard Brome, 1638.

To my Lord of Newcastle, on his Play called The Variety. He having commanded me to give him my true opinion of it.

My Lord,
I could not think these seven yeares, but that I
In part a poet was, and so might lie,
By the Poetick Licence. But I finde
Now I am none, and strictly am confin'd
To truth, if therefore I subpœna'd were
Before the Court of Chancerie to swear.
Or if from thence I should be higher sent,
And on my life unto a Parliament
Of wit and judgement, there to certify
What I could say of your VARIETY:
I would depose each Scene appear'd to me
An Act of wit, each Act a Comedy,
And all was such, to all that understood,
As knowing Johnson, swore By God 'twas good.

[The Weeding of the Covent-Garden, 1658, sig. A₄.]

Richard Brome, 1638.

But it is Known (peace to their Memories)
The Poets late sublimed from our Age,
Who best could understand, and best devise
Workes, that must ever live upon the Stage
Did well approve, and lead this humble way,
Which we are bound to travaile in to night;
And, though it be not trac'd so well, as they
Discover'd it by true Phoebean light
Pardon our just Ambition, yet, that strive
To keep the weakest Branch o' th' Stage alive.

[From the Prologue to The Antipodes, acted 1638, printed 1640. The allusion to "The Poets late sublimed from our Age" surely points to Jonson, and possibly to Shakespeare.]

Actors' Bill for Plays at Court, 1638.

[Plays acted] before the king & queene this [present] yeare of our lord 1638.

At the Cocpit the 26th of march............The lost ladie
At the Cocpit the 27th of march.............Damboyes
At the Cocpit the 3d of Aprill...............:AgLaura
* * * * * *
At the Cocpit the 8th of November............The fox.

[From a bill for Court performances presented by the King's Men. The manuscript is slightly defective at the top, and words have been supplied, in brackets, from a similar bill presented by the King's Men in 1637. See The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 76.]
Sir Aston Cokaine, 1638–39.

... If y'are come to-day
In expectation of a faultless play,
Writ by learn'd Jonson, or some able pen
Fam'd and approv'd of by the world, you then
We disappoint. Our poet had never yet
Hisses condemn, or hands commend his wit.

[Prologue to The Obstinate Lady, acted 1638–39, printed 1657.]

Thomas Bancroft, 1639.

To Ben Jonson.

As Martial's Muse by Cæsar's ripening rays
Was sometimes cherished, so thy happier days
Joy'd in the sunshine of thy royal JAMES,
Whose crown shed lustre on thy Epigrams:
But I, remote from favour's fostering heat,
O'er snowy hills my Muses' passage beat,
Where weeping rocks my harder fates lament,
And shuddering woods whisper my discontent.
What wonder then my numbers,
Like streams of Tigris, run so slow and cold!

To the Same.

Let Ignorance with Envy chat,
In spite of both, thou fame shalt win;
Whose mass of learning seems like that,
Which Joseph gave to Benjamin.

[Two Books of Epigrams, 1639.]

Robert Davenport, 1639.

Anne. ... I'me like the man that could endure no noise
In th' Silent Woman, answer all in signs.

[A New Trick to Cheat the Divell, 1638, V, iii.]

John Taylor, 1639.

At a place called Priors Thorns ... there dwelt a man named Frier, who was rich in substance, but very poore and miserable
in his conditions: belike hee had read or heard of a Play that was written 40 years since by Master Benjamin Johnson, the Play is extant, and is called Every Man out of his Humour, in which Play was acted and personated a mizerly Farmer, that had much corne in his Barnes, and did expect a scant or barren Harvest, that through want and scarcity hee might sell his corne at what deare rates hee pleased, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the Harvest proved abundantly plentifull, wherefore hee being in an extraordinary merry or mad veine, put himselfe to the charge of the buying of a two penny halter, and went into his Barn as secretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he fastened the other end to a beam, and most neatly hang'd himself: But (as ill luck would have it) his man presently came into the Barne, and espyde his Master so bravely mounted, the unlucky knave drew his Knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as lowde as he could, rubbing and chafing his Master with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the last he awak'd out of his traunce and fetch'd a deep groan, began to stare and look about him; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his first words to his man was Sirrah, who did cut this? O Master (said the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to doe it, and I pray you to take God in your minde, and never more to hazard your soule and body in such a wicked manner: to which good counsell of the poor fellow, the Caitiffe replyde, Sirrah, If you would be medling (like a sawcy busie rogue) you might have untyle it, that it might have serv'd another time; such an unthrifty rascal as thou will never be worth such a halter, it cost me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, hee did abate the said two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another service: This was acted really and lately at the place aforesaid, in imitation of that part in the Play, of Every Man out of his Humour.

[Part of this Summers Travels, 1639; in the Spenser Society's reprint, 1870, p. 20.]
James Shirley, 1637-40.

A Prologue to The Alchemist.

The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
And true art, made to shame what hath been writ
In former ages; I except no worth
Of what or Greek or Latins have brought forth;
Is now to be presented to your ear,
For which I wish each man were a Muse here,
To know, and in his soul be fit to be
Judge of this masterpiece of comedy;
That when we hear but once of Jonson's name,
Whose mention shall make proud the breath of fame,
We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
A justice unto him the poets' king.
But he is dead: time, envious of that bliss
Which we possess'd in that great brain of his,
By putting out this light, hath darken'd all
The sphere of poesy, and we let fall,
At best, unworthy elegies on his hearse,
A tribute that we owe his living verse;
Which though some men, that never reach'd him may
Decry, that love all folly in a play,
The wiser few shall this distinction have,
To kneel, not tread, upon his honour'd grave.

[From Shirley's Poems, 1646, under the heading "Prologues and Epilogues Written to several Plays presented in this Kingdom, and elsewhere"; reprinted in Dyce's ed., 1833, vi, 490. The prologue was designed for The Alchemist as performed in Ireland.]

Anonymous, before 1640.

His Mistris Shade.

... Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid by,
Whom faire Corinna stands, and doth comply
With Ivory wrists, his Laureat head, and steepes,
His eyes in dew of kisses while he sleepees.
Then soft Catullus, sharpe fang'd Martiall,
And towring Lucan, Horace, Tuvinall;
And snakie Perseus; these and those whom rage,
(Dropt from the Larre of heaven) fill'd to enrage
All times unto their frensies, thou shalt there
Behold them in an Amphitheater.
Amongst which Synod crown'd with sacred bayes,
And flattering joy weele have to recite their playes.
Shakespeare and Beamond, Swannes to whom the Spheares
Listen, while they call backe the former yeares
To teach the truth of Scenes, and more for thee,
There yet remains brave soule than thou canst see
By glimmering of a fancie: doe but come,
And there Ile shew thee that illustrous roome,
In which thy father Johnson shall be plac'd,
As in a Globe of radiant fire, and grac'd,
To be of that high Hyrarchy, where none
But brave soules take illumination:
Immediately from heaven. . .


The Stationers' Registers, 1640.

John Benson
20°. Februarij. 1639 [i.e. 1640].
Entred for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes
and Master Bourne warden a booke called The Masque
of the Gypsies by Beniamin: Johnson .......... .vj^d

Master Crooke
and
Richard: Seirger

20°. Martij
Entred for their Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes
and master ffetherston warden four Masques viz . . .vj^d

The Masque of Augures.
Tyme vindicated
Neptunes triumphes. and
Panns Anniversary or the sheapards
holy day.

with sundry Elegies and other Poems by Beniamin: Johnson.

[Arber's Transcript, iv, 500, 503.]
Title-pages, 1640.

The Workes of Benjamin Jonson . . . London. Printed by Richard Bishop, and are to be sold by Andrew Crooke . . . 1640. [Folio, with the engraved portrait by Robert Vaughan, and verses by Abraham Holland, facing the elaborately engraved title-page by Hole.—Both the portrait and the engraved title-page are the same as in the 1616 folio, and the volume is a second edition of that work.]

The Workes of Benjamin Johnson. The second volume. Containing these Playes, Viz. 1 Bartholomew Fayre. 2 The Staple of Newes. 3 The Divell is an Asse. . . . London: Printed for Richard Meighen, 1640. [Folio. There was also another issue; see W. W. Greg, Hand-List of English Plays, p. 56.]


Ben: Jonson's Execration against Vulcan With divers Epigrams by the same Author to severall Noble Personages in this Kingdom. Never Published before. London: Printed by J. O. for John Benson . . . 1640. [With the portrait by Robert Vaughan and verses by Abraham Holland, as in the folios of 1616 and 1640.]

William Hodgson, 1640.

On the Author of this Volume, the Poet Laureat, Ben Jonson.

Here is a poet! whose unmuddled strains
Shew that he held all Helicon in's brains.
What here is writ, is sterling; every line
Was well allowed of by the Muses nine.
When for the stage a drama he did lay,
Tragic or comic, he still bore away
The sock and buskin; clearer notes than his
No swan e'er sung upon our Thamesis;
For lyric sweetness in an ode, or sonnet,
To Ben the best of wits might veil their bonnet.
His genius justly, in an entreat rage,
Oft lashed the dull-sworn factors for the stage:
For Alchymy, though 't make a glorious gloss,
Compared with Gold is bullion and base dross.

On his elaborated Art-contrived Playes. An Epigram.
Each like an Indian ship or hull appears,
That took a voyage for some certain years,
To plough the sea, and furrow up the main,
And brought rich ingots from his loaded brain.
His art the sun; his labours were the lines;
His solid stuff the treasure of his mines.

Edward Herbert, Lord of Cherbury, 1640.

To his Friend Ben Johnson, of his Horace made English.
It is not enough Ben Johnson to be thought
Of English Poets best, but to have brought
In greater state to their acquaintance one
So equal to himself and thee, that none
Might be thy second, while thy Glory is
To be the Horace of our times and his.

Barton Holyday, 1640.

To Ben Jonson.
'Tis dangerous to praise; besides the task
Which to do 't well, will ask
An age of time and judgment; who can then
Be praised, and by what pen?
Yet, I know both, whilst thee I safely chuse
My subject and my Muse.
For sure, henceforth our poets shall implore
Thy aid, which lends them more,
Than can their tired Apollo, or the Nine
She wits, or mighty wine.
The deities are bankrupts, and must be
   Glad to beg art of thee.
Some they might once perchance on thee bestow:
   But now to thee they owe:
Who dost in daily bounty more wit spend,
   Than they could ever lend.
Thus thou didst build the Globe, which, but for thee,
   Should want its axle-tree;
And, like a careful founder, thou dost now
   Leave rules for ever, how
To keep't in reparations, which will do
   More good than to build two.
It was an able stock thou gav' st before;
   Yet, lo, a richer store!
Which doth, by a prevention, make us quit
   With a dear year of wit:
Come when it will, by this thy name shall last
   Until Fame's utmost blast, . . .

[Prefixed to Jonson's Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry, 1640.]

Zouch Townley, 1640.

BEN,
The world is much in debt, and though it may
Some petty reck'nings to small poets pay:
Pardon if at thy glorious sum they stick,
   Being too large for their arithmetic.
If they could prize the genius of a scene,
The learned sweat that makes a language clean,
Or understand the faith of ancient skill,
   Drawn from the tragic, comic, lyric quill;
The Greek and Roman denizened by thee,
And both made richer in their poetry;
This they may know, and knowing this still grudge,
That yet they are not fit of thee to judge.
I prophesy more strength to after time,
Whose joy shall call this isle the poets' clime,
Because 'twas thine, and unto thee return
The borrowed flames with which thy Muse shall burn.
Then when the stock of other's fame is spent,
Thy poetry shall keep its own old rent.

[Prefixed to Jonson's *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry*, 1640.]

C. G., 1640.

*To censuring Criticks, on the approved Comedy, The Antipodes.*

Jonson's alive! the World admiring stands,
And to declare his welcome there, shake hands;
*Apollo's* Pensioners may wipe their eyes,
And stifle their abortive *Elegies*:
*Taylor* his Goose-quill may abjure againe,
And to make Paper deare, scribbling refraine;
For sure there's cause of neither. *Jonson's* ghost
Is not a Tenant i' the Elizian Coast:
But next with too much scorne, at your dispraise,
Silently stole unto a grove of Bayes;
Therefore bewaile your errours, and entreat
He will returne, unto the former seat,
When he was often pleas'd to feed your eare
With the choice dainties of his Theatre;
But *I* much feare, he'll not be easily wonne
To leave his Bower, where griefe and he alone
Do spend their time, to see how vainly wee
Accept old toyes for a new Comedie.
Therefore repaire to him, and praise each line
Of his *Vulpone, Sejanus, Cateline*.
But stay, and let me tell you where he is;
He sojournes in his *Brome's* Antipodes.

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's *The Antipodes*, 1640.]

C. G., 1640.

I doe not wonder that great *Johnsons* Play
Was scorn'd so by the ignorant, that day
It did appeare in its most glorious shine;
And comely action grac'd each learned line.
There was some reason for it: 'twas above
Their reach, their envy; their applause or love:
When as the wiser few did it admire,  
And warm'd their fancies at his genuine fire.

[Prefixed to Thomas Nabbes' The Unfortunate Mother, 1640.]

Richard Doddridge, 1640.

Thus (Friend) the bayes still flourish; Johnson dead,  
Randolph deceas'd, they fall to crowne thy head;  
Yet see, how full his flowing fancie meetes  
With thy rich Genius! and sweetly greets  
Thy first-borne infant, making almost one  
A jealous, and a Fatall Union:
Thine is a full, stuff't, fluent wit, that speaks  
Meerly it's owne; not like the running leakes  
Of a crack't crazy braine, that dribbles forth  
Either but little, or what's little worth;  
His straines lift high too, thine mount; all confesse  
Both tyre expression with a curious dresse,  
And tricke it up so neatly, 't doth surpasse;  
The Muses sure lent both a looking-glasse;  
The difference (if any) this may be,  
Chame brought him up, but Isis foster'd thee.  
'Twixt thee and him (Great Ben!) a parallel  
Would chance strike credit deafe, make envie swell,  
Swell then who list, and burst; since deads thy heire,  
He's to thy wit the sole Executer: (T. Randolph.)  
The legacies being paid, all he assayes,  
S'no more than what he well deserves, thy bayes:  
His Muse but yet new borne hath felt thy fate;  
And like thine glories in the rabbles hate;  
As soone as shee had life, she was wish't dead,  
Or under her owne ashes buried;  
But now a glorious Phænix rais'd is shee  
From this and her supposed Tragedie.

[Prefixed to Samuel Harding's Sicily and Naples, or The Fatall Union, 1640.]
Nicholas Downey, 1640.

Ben is deceas'd, and yet I dare avow,
(Without that booke) Ben's redivivus now,
I could beleeve a Metempsycosis,
And that thy soule were not thine owne, but his
Or else the Genius which did wait upon
His worthy quill serves thee, now he is gone;
But I observe this difference, thy braine
Vents fancies with a pleasure, his with paine;
His were mature indeed, they went full time
Before they were deliver'd into rime;
Thine were conceiv'd, brought forth at once, yet may
As they are faire, be as long-liv'd as they;
Who reads thy play-worke (Friend) needs not compell,
Or force thy lines to make them parallel
With his, unlesse 'cause thou contract'st in one
Small part, what he in a whole play has done.

His humorists in thy Alphonso ly:
Sejanus, Catiline's damn'd treachery
Lives in Ursini's treasons, there is not
Ben's Fox can scape the policy o' th plot.

[Prefixed to Samuel Harding's Sicily and Naples, 1640.]

S. Hall, 1640.

Things hid in wide-sleeve gownes, all you can see
Of Artists in them is, they'r come t' A. B.
Men that thy play, as some new lesson con,
And hacke, and mangle thy blest Union;
Poore fools! I pity them; how would they looke,
If at the barre Ben Johnson were their booke?
His Fox would on these geese revenge thee so,
We should no hissing but i' th Common know;
Nor neede they other halter, Catiline
Affords them rope enough, in each strong line: ...

[From verses prefixed to Samuel Harding's Sicily and Naples, 1640.]
Sir John Suckling, 1640.

Hast thou seen the down i' th' air,
when wanton blasts have tost it;
Or the ship on the sea,
when ruder waves have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weeping,
or the fox's sleeping?
Or hast view'd the peacock in his pride,
or the dove by his bride,
when he courts for his lechery?
O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is she! . . .

[This "Song to a Lute," from Suckling's The Sad One, IV, iii, is imitated from the song in Jonson's The Devil is an Ass, II, ii.]

Richard West, 1640.

As twere the only office of a Friend
To Rhyme, and 'gainst his Conscience to commend;
And sweare like Poets of the Post, This Play
Exceeds all Johnson's Works.

[From commendatory verses prefixed to James Ferrand's EMOTION, 1640.]

George Lynn, 1640.

For, when th' inticing pleasure of thy Line
And teeming Fancies unexhausted Myne
I view, me thinks the Genius of those Three
Admired Laureats are ensphear'd in Thee,
Smooth Shakespeare, neat Randolph, and wittie Ben,
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from Thy Pen.

[From commendatory verses prefixed to John Tatham's The Fancies Theater, 1640.]

W. Ling, 1640.

Had I Chapmans Line or Learning, Johnsons Art,
Fletchers more accurate Fancie, or that part
Of Beaumont that's divine, Dun's profound skill,
Making good Verses live, and damning ill:
I then would praysie thy Verses, which sho'd last
Whilst Time ha's sands to run, or Fame a blast.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to John Tatham's The Fancies Theater, 1640.]
Anonymous, 1640.

To Mr. Benjamin Johnson.

Had Rome but heard her worthies speak so high,
As thou hast taught them in thy Poesie;
She would have sent her poets to obtain,
(Tutor'd by thee) thy most majestique strain.

[Wits Recreations, 1640, Epigram 7.]

Anonymous, 1640.

B. J. approbation of a copy of verses.

One of the witty sort of Gentlemen,
That held society with learned Ben—
Shew'd him some verses of a tragic sense
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after Ben had been a kind partaker
Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker;
What unjust man he was, that spent his time,
And banish'd reason to advance his rime:
Nay gentle Ben, replyes the Gentleman,
I see I must support the Poet than;
Although these humble strains are not so fit
For to please you, hee's held a pretty wit;
Is he held so? (sayes Ben) so may a Goos,
Had I the holding, I would let him loos.

[Wits Recreations, 1640, Epigram 330.]

Anonymous, 1640.

To Mr. Ben Johnson, demanding the reason why he call'd his plays works.

Prav tell me Ben, where doth the mystery lurk,
What others call a play, you call a work.

Thus answer'd by a friend in Ben Johnson's defence.
The Authors friend thus for the Author sayes,
Bens playes are works, when others works are plays.

[Wits Recreations, 1640, Epigram 455.]
Anonymous, 1640.

On Ben Johnson.

Here lyes Johnson with the rest
Of the Poets; but the best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

Another on Ben: J.

The Muses fairest light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the line
That none can passe; the most proportion'd wit
To Nature: the best Judge of what was fit:
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen:
The voyce most eccho'd by consenting men:
The soul which answer'd best to all well said
By others; and which most requitall made:
Tun'd to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her musick with her own.
In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himselfe ow'd all his Art;
Here lyes Ben: Johnson, every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

[Wits Recreations, 1640, Epitaphs 190, 191.]

Anonymous, 1640.

The vertue of Sack.

Fetch me Ben Johnsons skull, and fill't with sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weaknesse in the wine,
There's Virtue in the cup to make 't Divine.

[Wits Recreations, 1640; Hotten's reprint, p. 425. The poem was printed also in Poems on Affairs of State, 1704, iii, 15, as "Written in the year 1641."]
Sir John Suckling, 1640.

*Drollio*. A Rare Mask no doubt, who contriv'd it?

*Lepido*. Marry he that says 'tis good, howsoe'er he has
made it, Signior *Mullicarni*.

*Drol*. Who, the Poet Laureat?

*Lep*. The same.

*Drol*. O then 'twere Blasphemy to speak against it:
What, are we full of *Cupids*?
Do we sail upon the vast, and resail,
And fetch the Mask from the Clouds?

*Lep*. Away, Critick, thou never understoodst him.

*Drol*. Troth I confess it, but my Comfort is,
Others are troubled with the same Disease,
'Tis Epidemical, *Lepido* take't on my Word,
And so let's in, and see how Things go forward.

[The Sad One, Act V, scene 1, lines 458–9. The allusions seem to be
to Ben Jonson and Cynthia's Revels.]

Nicholas Dixon, 1641.

Noble kinsemen 1634 . . .
Ben Jonsons Poems 4° 00-00-06
Beaumont's poems 4° 00-00-06 . . .
Shakespeare's poems 8° 00- 1-00 . . .

- Received upon this Bill y° 4th of march 1640, for y° use of
mr mosely my maister . . . I say Received — — —
Per me Nicholas Dixon.

[From a MS. in the Record Office, noted in the Catalogue of State
Papers, Domestic Series, 1640-41. Dixon was a servant for the
bookseller, Humphrey Mosely, and the bill relates to books
supplied to a customer.]

Martin Parker, 1641.

All Poets (as adition to their fames)
Have by their Works eternized their names,
As Chaucer, Spencer, and that noble earle,
Of Surrie thought it the most precious pearle,
That dick'd his honour, to Subscribe to what
His high engenue ever amed at
Sydney and Shakspire, Drayton, Withers and
Renowned Jonson glory of our Land:
Deker, Learn'd Chapman, Haywood al thought good,
To have their names in publike understood, . . .

[The Poet's Blindman's Bough, 1641; ed. E. W. Ashbee, 1871, p. 3.]

Sir John Suckling, before 1642.
The sweat of learned Johnson's brain,
And gentle Shakespear's eas'er strain,
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In spite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you sit
The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.

[Fragmenta Aurea, 1646; in The Works of Sir John Suckling, ed. A. H. Thompson, 1910, p. 27. These verses were addressed to John Hales.]

Abraham Cowley, 1642.
Aurelia. . . . I shall never hear my Virginals when I play
upon 'um, for her daughter Tabytha's singing of Psalms. The
first pious deed will be, to banish Shakespear and Ben Johnson
out of the parlour, and to bring in their rooms Marprelate, and
Pryn's works. . . .

[The Guardian, acted March 12, 1641-42, IV, vii.]

James Shirley, 1642.
Prologue.
Does this look like a Term? I cannot tell;
Our poet thinks the whole town is not well,
Has took some physic lately, and, for fear
Of catching cold, dares not salute this air. . . .
I'll promise neither play nor poet live
Till ye come back. Think what you do; you see
What audiences we have, what company
"To Shakespear comes, whose mirth did once beguile
"Dull hours, and buskin'd, made even sorrow smile;
"So lovely were the wounds, that men would say,
"They could endure the bleeding a whole day."
He has but few friends lately; think o' that; He'll come no more; and others have his fate.  
"Fletcher, the Muses' darling, and choice love  
"Of Phoebus, the delight of every grove;  
"Upon whose head the laurel grew, whose wit  
"Was the times wonder, and example, yet:  
'Tis within memory, trees did not throng,  
As once the story said, to Orpheus' song.  
"Johnson, t'whose name, wise art did bow, and wit  
"Is only justified by honouring it;  
"To hear whose touch, how would the learned quire  
"With silence stoop! and when he took his lyre,  
"Apollo dropp'd his lute, asham'd to see  
"A rival to the god of harmony."  
You do forsake him too. We must deplore  
This fate, for we do know it by our door. . . .

[Prologue to The Sisters, licensed April 26, 1642.]

**Henry Glapthorne, 1642.**

Then that great wonder of the knowing age,  
Whose very name merits the ampest page  
In Fames faire book, admired Johnson stood  
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood  
Quaffing crownd bowles of Nectar, with his bayes  
Growing about his temples; chanting layes,  
Such as were fit for such a sacred Eare  
As his majestick Masters was; to heare,  
Whom he so oft pleas'd with (those mighty tasks  
Of wit and judgement) his well laboured Masks.


**Sir Henry Herbert, 1642.**

1641–2, January 6. On Twelffe Night, 1641, the prince had a play called The Scornful Lady, at the Cockpitt, but the kinge and queene were not there; and it was the only play acted at courte in the whole Christmas.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 58.]
Anonymous, 1643.

I am persuaded in time they [the Royalists] will go near to put down all preaching and praying, and have some religious masque or play instead of morning and evening prayer; it has been an old fashion at Court, amongst the Protestants there, to shut up the Sabbath with some wholesome piece of Ben Jonson or Davenant, a kind of comical divinity. "Aulicus," fie! are you not ashamed so many bishops and so many prelates at Oxford, and bring forth no better a reformation?

[From the newspaper, Mercurius Britannicus, 1643, no. 12, p. 89.]

Anonymous, 1643.

[Addressing the Parliament.]
We will not dare at your strange Votes to Jear, Nor personate King Pym with his State-flear. Aspiring Cataline shall be forgot, Bloody Sejanus, or who e're would Plot Confusion to a State; ...

[Rump. An Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times, from Anno 1639 to Anno 1661. The Players Petition to the Parliament, 1662, Part I, p. 33.]

Sir Richard Baker, 1643.

... For Writers of Playes, and such as had been Players themselves, William Shakespeare, and Benjamin Johnson, have specially left their Names recommended to posterity.

[Chronicle of England, 1643, under the heading "Men of Note in her time," p. 120.]

Thomas Fuller, 1643–62.

Benjamin Jonson was born in this city. Though I cannot, with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child, he lived in Harts-horn-lane near Charing-cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.
He was first bred in a private school in Saint Martin's church; then in Westminster school; witness his own epigram;

'Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
How nothing's that to whom my country owes
The great renown and name wherewith she goes,' etc.

He was statutorily admitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge (as many years after incorporated an honorary member of Christ Church in Oxford) where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let them blush not that have, but those who have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations. Indeed his parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in a learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observation. What was ore in others, he was able to refine to himself.

He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the volge (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, and that with due commendation, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all that desire to be old should, excuse him therein.

He was not very happy in his children, and most happy in those which died first, though none lived to survive him. This
he bestowed as part of an epitaph on his eldest son, dying in infancy:

'Rest in soft peace; and, ask'd, say here doth lye,  
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.'

He died anno Domini 1638; and was buried about the belfry, in the abbey church at Westminster.

* * * *

Many were the wit-combates betwixt him [William Shake-  
speare] and Ben Johnson; which two I behold like a Spanish  
Great Gallion and an English man-of-War: Master Johnson  
(like the former) was built far higher in Learning; Solid, but  
Slow in his performances. Shakespear, with the English man-  
of-War, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all  
tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the  
quickness of his Wit and invention.

[The History of the Worthies of England, 1662; ed. P. A. Nuttall, 1840,  
ii, 424, iii, 284.]

Thomas Prujean, 1644.

Of Ben Johnson's death.

Here lyes the Fox: then what neede wee  
Fear 't in a glasse of sack? Be free;  
Drink 't off. By Jesus, Ben doth sweare,  
Vulpona ne'ere shall hurt us here.

[Aurorata, 1644; quoted by J. P. Collier, A Bibliographical and Critical  
Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language, 1866, iii, 248.]

Anonymous, 1644.

Aulicus keeps to the old way of devotion, and that is the offer-  
ing up the incense of so many lies and intelligence every Sunday  
morning: one would thinke that the Judgements which have  
been writ from heaven against the prophanation of that day,  
recorded by our protomartyr, Master Burton, should be able to  
deterre a Diurnall maker, a paper-intelligencer, a penny worth of  
newes, but the Creature hath writ hismelfe into a reprobate sense,
and you may see how it thrives with him, for his braines have been wonderfully blasted of late, and plannet-strucke, and he is not now able to provoke the meanest Christian to laughter, but lies in a pair of foule sheets, a wofull spectacle and object of dullnesse, and tribulation, not to be recovered by the Protestant or Catholique liqour, either Ale or strong beer, or Sack, or Claret, or Hippocras, or Muscadine, or Rosasolis, which hath been reputed formerly by his Grandfather Ben Johnson and his Uncle Shakespeare, and his Couzen Germaines Fletcher, and Beaumont, and nose-lesse Davenant, and Frier Sherley the Poets, the onely blossoms for the brain, the restoratives for the wit, the (I Sic) bathing for the wine muses, but none of these are now able either to warme him into a quibble, or to inflame him into a sparkle of invention, and all this because he hath prophaned the Sabbath by his pen.

[From the newspaper, Mercurius Britannicus, January 4–11, 1644.]

Anonymous, 1644.

There is no sort of verse either ancient, or modern, which we are not able to equal by imitation; we have our English Virgil, Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Juvenal, Martial, and Catullus: in the Earl of Surry, Daniel, Johnson, Spencer, Don, Shakespear, and the glory of the rest, Sandys and Sydney.

[Vindex Anglicus; or the Perfections of the English language defended and asserted, Oxford, 1644; reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, v, 431.]

Thomas Farnaby, 1645.

Ad Lectores.

Martialem solum a Clariss. viro Petro Scriverio emendatum editumque desiderabam, quem nulla mea aut amicorum cura parare potuit, cujus tamen vicem non raro supplevit amica opera Ben. Isononii viri (quod quæ ille per ludum scripserit, serio legentibus liquido apparebit) in poëtis omnibus versatissimi, historiarum, morum, rituum, antiquitatum indagatoris exquisitissimi, & (quod semper in illo adverti) non contenti brachio levi
tesqua & dignos vindice nodos transmittere, sed penitissimos usque sensus ratione, lectione, ingenio eruere desudantis, digni denique (utcunque a probatis merito probetur suo) meliori theatro quam quo malevolorum invidiam pascat, quanquam & hoc regium est, posse invidiam cum mereri, tum pati. Ille, inquam, mihi emendationes aliquot suppeditavit ex C. V. Scr...
JOHN PICVS, Earle of Miranda-
dula, High Chamberlaine.

JVLIVS CESAR
SCALIGER

The Jurours.

George Wither
Thomas Cary
Thomas May
William Davenant
Josuah Sylvester
Georges Sandes
Michael Drayton
Francis Beaumont
John Fletcher
Thomas Haywood
William Shakespeere
Philip Massinger

JOSEPH SCALIGER,
the censor of manners in
Parnassus.

BEN. JOHNSON, Keeper of the
Trophonian Denne.

JOHN TAYLOVR, Cryer of the
Court.

* * * * *

(The Court thus set) the sturdy Keeper then
Of the unhospital Trophonian Den,
His trembling Pris'ners brought unto the barre;
For sterne aspect, with Mars hee might compare,
But by his belly, and his double chinne,
Hee look'd like the old Hoste of a New Inne.
Thus when sowre Ben his fetter'd cattell had
Shut up together in the pinfold sad:
John Taylour, then the Courts shrill Chanticleere
Did summon all the Jurours to appeare.

* * * * *
While *Civicus* did thus his tryall heare;
One comes, and whispers Phoebus in the ear,
And him advertis'd, that a secret friend
Of *Civicus*, did to his Highness send,
A present of some Sack, and sugar loaves.
And that therewith, the Giver humbly moves,
That the poore Pris'ner might receive such grace,
As might be justly found in such a case.

*Apollo* then, in choler and disdain,
Did thus break out in termes. What madness vain,
Or impudence (said He) in humane race
Remains? That they should think with bribes t'efface
Our resolutions just, and us divert
From judgement by the law, and by desert;
Then he the *Gaoler* call'd for (Honest Ben)
The Keeper fat, of the *Trophonian Den*:
Him he commands to seize upon (in hast)
The bringer of the bribe, and keep him fast;
And since the *Tubbe* of which he told the tale,
By splitting, had deceiv'd him of his ale;
And since his *New-Inne* too had got a crack,
He bids him take the Sugar loves, and Sack,
To make his lov'd *Magnatick Lady* glad,
That still (for want of an applause) was sad.

[The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours, 1645; reprinted in *Publications of the Spenser Society*, pp., 3-49, 21-22.]

**Paul Aylward, 1645.**

*To his deere friend Mr. Henry Burkhead.*

You I preferre. *Johnson* for all his wit
Could never paint out times as you have hit
The manners of our age: The fame declines
Of ne're enough prays'd *Shakespeare* if thy lines
Come to be publisht: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*’s skill
Submitts to yours, and your more learned quill.

[Prefixed to Burkhead’s *Tragedy of Cola’s Furie*, Kilkenny; 1645.]
Daniel Breedy, 1645.
Deere friend since then this papece so well limn'd
As most would thinke 'twas by Ben. Johnson trimm'd,
That Shakespeare, Fletcher, and all did combine
To make Lirenda through the Clouds to shine.
[Commendatory lines prefixed to Henry Burkhead's Tragedy of Cola's Furie, Kilkenny, 1645.]

Samuel Sheppard, 1646.
So his that divine Plautus equalled,
Whose commick vain Menander nere could hit,
Whose tragick sceans shall be with wonder read
By after ages, for unto his wit
My selfe gave personal ayd, I dictated
To him when as Sejanus fall he writ,
And yet on earth some foolish sots there bee,
That dare make Randolf his rival in degree.
[The Times Displayed in Six Sestyads, 1646, the Sixth Sestyad; quoted from E. Brydges, The British Bibliographer, 1810, i, 534.]

George Daniel, 1646.
To Time and Honour.
... The proud Italian
And iustly proud in Poesie, will allow
The English (though not Equall) next him now.
The noble Sidney, crown'd with liveing Bayes;
And Spencer, cheif, (if a peculiar praise
May pass, and from the rest not derogate)
The learnèd Jonson, whose Dramaticke State
Shall stand admir'd Example, to reduce
Things proper, to the light, or buskind Muse.
[The Poems of George Daniel, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 33.]

George Daniel, 1646.
A Vindication of Poesie.
Here pause a little; for I would not Cloy
The curious Eare, with recitations;
And meerly looke at names; attend with Ioy
Unto an English Quill, who rivall'd once
   Rome, not to make her blush; and knowne of late
Unenvied ('cause unequall'd) Laureate.

This, this was Ionson; who in his owne name
Carries his praise; and may he shine alone;
I am not tyed to any generall flame,
Nor fixèd by the Approbation
   Of great ones; But I speake without pretence,
Hee was, of English Drammatickes, the Prince.

[The Poems of George Daniel, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 29.]

Henry Vaughan, 1646.

To my Ingenuous Friend, R. W.

When we are dead, and now, no more
Our harmles mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the towne; . . .
Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
To give's one grave as wee'de one minde;
There—as the wiser few suspect,
That spirits after death affect—
Our soules shall meet; and thence will they
—Freed from the tyranny of clay—
With equall wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove;
Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
More of thy genius, and my mind:
   First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
Great Ben they'le see, whose sacred layes,
The learnèd ghosts admire, and throng,
To catch the subject of his song.
Then Randolph in those holy meades,
His Lovers, and Amyntas reads,
Whilst his Nightingall close by,
Sings his, and her owne elegie.

[Poems, 1646; in The Works of Henry Vaughan, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1871, ii, 7. See also the entry "Henry Tubbe, about 1650."]
Robert Hills, 1647.

To the most Ingenious Master Robert Baron,
on his Masterpiece of Tragedy.

Pythagoras sang truth, souls shift we see
For Johnson's transmigrated into Thee:
Or if that Doctrines false, thy glory's more
Without his helps to equal, whom before
We thought Sans peer: both are so very well,
So like, as mix them, and you cannot tell
Me which is which. Thou Fame enough hast won,
Thy name is up, now maist thou lie till Noon,
And rest thy strong Muse, having equall'd him
Whom sharpest wits did our best Poet deem:
I know thy Judgment's more than t'aim ought higher,
Thou mightest as well hope to drown Phoebus Lyre;
Yet write again, till all the world's agree'd
Thy Pegasus has breath as well as speed.
Mean time, who'll number our best Playes aright
First Cataline, then let him Mirza write,
So mix your names: in the third place must be
Seianus, or the next that comes from thee.

[Prefixed to Robert Baron's Mirza, 1647, sig. A4.]

Robert Baron, 1647.

Emir-hamze-mirza's Ghost irritating his Brother Abbas to revenge him upon himself, bids him act those things upon his Son, which his very enemies shall pitty, (not without the example of the matchless Johnson, who, in his Cataline (which miraculous Poem I propose as my pattern) makes Sylla's Ghost perswade Catiline to do what Hannibal could not wish).

* * * *

For the other ingredients of witchcraft ... I refer you to Ovids Met. ... and Master Sandys his learned comment thereon: To Father Lewis Richeome, his Pilgrim of Loretto ... to Delrius disguis. Magic. and to our elaborate Poet Laureat, Johnson, his Masque of Queens, in which inimitable Poem he has
treasured up all the knowledge of the Antients, of this Theam, of which all or most of the Antient Poets wrote something, bringing in some Witch.

[Annotations to Robert Baron’s *Mirza*, 1647, pp. 161, 223. For Baron’s extensive indebtedness to Jonson, see J. F. Bradley, *Modern Language Notes*, xxxiv, 402.]

**Sir George Lisle, 1647.**

*To the memory of my most honoured kinsman,*

*Mr. Francis Beaumont.*

Great Father Johnson bow’d himselfe when hee
(Thou writ’st so nobly) vow’d he envy’d thee.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

**Sir John Denham, 1647.**

*On Mr. John Fletcher’s Workes.*

Then was wits Empire at the fatall height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprong,
Like petty Princes from the fall of *Rome,*
When *Johnson, Shakespeare,* and thy selfe did sit,
And sway’d in the Triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from *Johnson* oyle and sweat did flow,
Or what more easie nature did bestow
On *Shakespeare*es gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appeare.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

**James Howell, 1647.**

*Upon Master Fletchers Dramaticall Workes.*

Had now grim Ben bin breathing, with what rage
And high-swole fury had Hee lash’d this age,
*Shakespeare* with *Chapman* had grown madd, and torn
Their gentle *Sock,* and lofty *Buskins* wore,
To make their Muse welter up to the chin
In blood.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]
George Buck, 1647.

Let Shakespeare, Chapman, and applauded Ben,
'Weare the Eternall merit of their Pen,
Here I am love-sicke: and were I to chuse,
A Mistris corrivall 'tis Fletcher's Muse.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

William Cartwright, 1647.

Upon the report of the printing of the Dramaticall Poems
of Master John Fletcher.

Though when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulged unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts dresse, appeared both such,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont e'r it did come forth,
Working againe, untill he said 'twas fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit;
Though thus he call'd his Judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him halfe the name,
'T is knowne, that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the Spunge and Pencill were his owne;
That himself judged himselfe, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too;
Else we had lost his Shepheardesse, a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece,
Where softnesse raignes, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as flounds of Balsam meet.
Where dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
Drawne, like their fairest Queen, by milkie Doves;
A piece, which Johnson in a rapture bid
Come up a glorifi'd Worke, and so it did.

*    *    *    *

'Twixt Johnsons grave, and Shakespeares lighter sound,
His muse, so steer'd that something still was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his owne,
That 'twas his marke, and he was by it knowne.
Another.

*Johnson* hath writ things lasting, and divine,
Yet his Love-Scenes, *Fletcher*, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and exprest love so,
As heat with Ice, or warme fires mixt with Snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,
Which burne, and raigne in noble Lovers hearts,
Hast cloath'd affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their owne true fires,
Such moving sighes, such undissembled teares,
Such charmes of language, such hopes mixt with feares,
Such grants after denials, such persuits
After despaire, such amorous recruits,
That some who sate spectators have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest,
And felt such shafts steale through their captiv'd sence,
As made them rise Parts, and goe Lovers thence.

* * * *

Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thy selfe to praise
Under thy friends names, or to purchase Bayes
Didst write stale commendations to thy Booke,
Which we for *Beaumonts* or *Ben Johnsons* tooke;
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, *Fletcher*, who writes like thee.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

John Berkenhead, 1647.

*On the happy Collection of Master Fletcher's Works,*
*never before Printed.*

Dead and insipid, all despairing sit
Lost to behold this great Relapse of Wit:
What strength remains, is like that (wilde and fierce)
Till Johnson made good Poets and right Verse.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Edward Powell, 1647.

*To the memorie of Master Fletcher.*

So sweet, it gain'd more ground upon the Stage,
Than Johnson with his self-admiring rage
Ere lost.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Joseph Howe, 1647.

In Honour of Mr. Fletcher.
How was he Ben, when Ben did write
To th'stage, not to his judge endite?
How did he doe what Johnson did,
And Earne what Johnson wou’d have s’ed?

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Henry Harrington, 1647.

On Mr. Fletcher’s ever to be admired Dramaticall Works.
Pray tell me, gallant Wits, could Criticks think
There ere was solecisme in Fletchers Inke?
Or Lapse of Plot, or fancy in his pen?
A happinesse not still alow’d to Ben!
After of Time and Wit h’ad been at cost
He of his owne New-Inne was but an Hoste.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Richard Brome, 1647.

To the memory of the deceased but ever-living Authour in these
his Poems, Mr. John Fletcher.

While this of Fletcher and his Works I speake:
His Works (says Momus) nay, his Plays you’d say:
Thou hast said right, for that to him was Play
Which was to others braines a toyle. . . .
Most knowing Johnson (proud to call him Sonne)
In friendly Envy swore, He had out-done
His very Selfe.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. The first four
lines allude to Jonson's having called his plays "Workes."]

Henry Vaughan, 1647.

Upon Mr. Fletcher's Playes Published 1647.

This, or that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run paralell with thee.
True, *Ben* must live! but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past.


**Robert Herrick, before 1648.**

*Upon Ben Jonson.*

Here lyes Johnson with the rest
Of the Poets; but the Best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his Story, not this Stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

[Hesperides, 1648.]

**Robert Herrick, before 1648.**

*An Ode for Him.*

Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each Verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come agen:
Or send to us,
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Tallent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

[Hesperides, 1648.]
Robert Herrick, before 1648.


After the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd,
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride,
Together with the Stages glory stood
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures ract:
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did squake,
Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake:
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
Or flash about the spacious Theater.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proofe
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her roofe.
Artlesse the Scane was; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist:
Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt
In utter darkenes did, and still will sit
Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she
Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

[Hesperides, 1648.]

Robert Herrick, before 1648.

His Prayer to Ben Johnson.

When I a Verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old Religions sake,
Saint Ben to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my Lyrick.

Candles Ie give to thee,
And a new Altar;
And thou Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

[Hesperides, 1648.]

Thomas Bradford, 1648.
Here is a Chimist which from a rude masse
Extracts Elixar that death may well surpasse
Spencer's ninth Canto in the fairy Queene,
Or Ben's Vulpony, oh had he but seene
Thy pregnant fancy, how could he forebeare
To rend his Cat'line and by Jove to sweare
Thy'ns the better.

[Prefixed to Robert Baron's Cyprian Academy, 1648.]

Anonymous, 1648.

Wednesday the 27 of December.
From Windsor came to White-Hall this day thus. That the
King is pretty merry, and spends much time in reading of Sermon
Books, and sometimes Shakspeare and Ben: Johnsons Playes.

[Perfect Occurrences of Every Daies iournall in Parliament, Proceedings
with His Majesty, and other moderate intelligence, No. 104, Fryday,
Dec. 22 to Fryday, Dec. 30, 1648.]

George Daniel, 1648.

... But what Stile
Carries a Buskin deep enough to Sing
Royall Distresses and lament a King?
Call Suckling from his Ashes, reinspir'd
With an Elizian Trance; ...
Oh! he may Speake, or Ionson's numerous Soule
(Now great as Pindar's) might these Gests enroll;
But then, alas, the greife is where it lay;
They sing too high; wee know not what they Say;
For earth is dull, and may not comprehend
Those heights of wonder which they else have pen'd.

[ΠΟΛΤΑΟΓΙΑ; or Several Ecloges; in The Poems of George Daniel, ed.
A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 195.]
John Cook, 1649.

He [Charles] was no more affected with a list that was brought in to Oxford of five or six thousand slain at Edgehill, than to read one of Ben. Johnson's tragedies.

* * * * *

Had he [Charles] but studied Scripture half so much as Ben. Johnson or Shakespear, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was setled in the kingdon, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which had killed his father Joash.

[King Charles his Case, 1649; reproduced in The Somers Collection of Tracts, 1811, v, 215, 219.]

Anonymous, 1649.

Though Johnson, Shakespeare, Goffe, and Davenant, Brave Sucklin, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shurley want
The life of action, and their learned lines
Are loathed by the Monsters of the times;
Yet your refined Soules, can penetrate
Their depth of merit, and excuse their Fate.

[The Famous Tragedie of King Charles I, Basely Butchered, 1649, p. 4.
The Prologue to the Gentry.]

Henry Tubbe, about 1650.

... When Thou & I,
That never single were, must part and dye:
Our Freinds (I hope) will be so liberall
And kind, to let us have one Buriall,
One Grave to blend our Ashes, as one Life
Did mix our equall Hearts with mutuall strife
Of Friendship & Delight. There (as Wise Merr Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
Free from the trouble of these earthly Grotts;
Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.
First the Great Shadow of Renowned BEN
Shall give us hearty, joyfull Wellcome: then
Ingenious Randolph from his lovely Arms
Shall entertaine us with such mighty charms
Of strict embraces, that wee cannot wish
For any comforts greater than this Blisse.

[From Harl. MS., 4126; reproduced in Oxford Historical and Literary Studies, v, 65. Cf. the entry "Henry Vaughan, 1646."]

Robert Wilde, about 1650.

Invent[ion]. May I be so bold as to peruse your Library?
Ped[anto]. Yes Sir, if you please; see the Books I have bor-
rowed for the Business.

[Invention takes up the Books, looks in them, and speaks.]

* * * *

Ben. Johnson.

Invent.

Great Brick-bat Ben, the Envy of thy Days!
Thy only English Brow deserves the Bays.
Others did wear the Ivy-Bush as Sign,
Not of their Wit, but, Lattice-face, and Wine.
But thy Industrious Brain (great Ben!) did seem
To make the Lawrel, which thou wore, grow Green.
Thine are the Tragicks and the Comick Lays;
And thou'rt th'Refiner of our Drossy Phrase;
And so thy Alchymy, I dare behold,
Hath turn'd our baser Mettal into Gold.

Fur[or Poeticus]. Pritty! Pritty! . . . Every half quarter of
an Hour a glass of Sack must be sent of an Errand into his Guts,
to tell his Brains they must come up quickly, and help out with
a Line.—So take him Jaylor.

Shakspear.

Invent.

His Quill as quick as Feather from the Bow!
O who can such another Falstaff show?
And if thy Learning had been like thy Wit,
Ben would have blusht, and Johnson never writ.

[The Benefice, 1689, sigs. A₄ verso, B₁ verso. The coarseness of the
language prevents the passage from being cited entire.]
Anonymous, 1651.

Now men may see, how much reason Ben. Jonson had, when as, lying sick in his bed, very poor, and that after much importunity of Courtiers, ten pounds were sent to him by the King, after the receipt of which, Ben. threw them through the glassed windowes, saying, *this mans soule was not fit to live in an alley.*

And this said man's soul, was more fixt on Bens verses, and other Romances, during the time of his imprisonment, then on those holy Writs, wherein salvation is to be sought for the soul, as well as for the body.

[The None-Such Charles, his Character, 1651, p. 170.]

F. J., 1651.

The Preface to the Reader.

... Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being the translator hereof, followed his father's steps; they both of them loved sack and harmless mirth.

[Prefixed to Thomas Randolph's Hey for Honesty, 1651.]

Samuel Sheppard, 1651.

*On Mr. Davenants most excellent Tragedy of Albovine king of the Lombards.*

Shakespeares Othello, Johnsons Catiline,

Would lose their luster, were thy Albovine Placed betwixt them.

[Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and Romantick, 1651, Book 4, Epigram 30.]

J. S., 1651.

To the Reader.

The true and primary intent of the Tragedians and Comedians of old, was to magnifie Virtue and to depress Vice; And you may observe throughout the Works of incomparable Johnson, excellent Shakespear, and elegant Fletcher, &c., they (however vituperated by some streight-laced brethren not capable of their sublimity,) aim at no other end.

[An excellent Comedy, called the Prince of Priggs revels, 1651.]
Anonymous, 1651.

To the Reader.

... There are can witness, that our ablest Judge & Professor of Poesie, said with some passion, My Son Cartwright writes all like a Man: you'll soon guess 'twas Ben Jonson spake it: What had Ben said had he read his own eternity in that lasting Elegy given him by our Author, or that other Latine one by our Author's Friend Mr. Robert Waring, neither of which Peeces are easie to be imitated.

Sir Robert Stapylton, 1651.

On Mr. Cartwright and his Poems.
All Poets graces may in him be read,
Why should not all their Bayes then crown his head?
'Tis true, he's of our Authors last set forth,
But last in Order is the first in Worth:
If Time be measur'd by an hour-glass run,
He may be Johnson's Grand-Child, Fletcher's Son.

W. Towers, 1651.

On Mr. William Cartwright's surviving Poems.
How did the factious London-Wits first praise,
And then with slanderous But maligne thy Bayes! ... 
And thus thy Father Johnson (since naught can
Besides the Sun and Man, beget a Man,
Phoebus and He thy (Sire) was hiss'd at still
More with the Fools Goose-Tongue, than the Goose-Quil;
Only 'cause his Theorbo did so much
Excell their Crowd, and jarring Cyttern Touch.

William Stanton, 1651.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Mr. William Cartwright.
O could we mourn thy Fall with such a Verse
As thou didst powre on honour'd Johnson's Hearse!
An Elegie so high and wisely writ,
It shews who is and who is not a Wit;
Which had He liv’d to read, He had defi’d
All the mad World, having Thee on his side;
For Thou so praisest Him, thy Eulogy
Still dwels on Him, and yet rebounds to Thee;
Thine and His Temples jointly Crown’d: elsewhere
Thou outwrit’st Others, but thy own self there.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright’s Comedies, etc., 1651.]

Francis Vaughan, 1651.

On Mr. William Cartwright’s excellent Poems.

. . . Cartwright, till now, we could have dress’d thy Shrine;
For ’twas but stealing some good Peece of thine;
Swear it our own, subscribe our names unto’t,
And heretofore they made no bone to do’t,
Who having robb’d thee, cry ’tis Scholars Wit;
And then the needy Gallants think th’are quit:
(So the Arrested Knight told Standers-by,
These are poor Folk, they come to beg of me.)
Thus Jonson is decry’d by some who fleece
His Works, as much as he did Rome or Greece:
They judge it lawfull Prize, doing no more
To him, than he to those that dy’d before;
Why do they then let Merchants Ships go free,
Who but translate, worse Ware, and worse than He?
These East-and-West-Translators, not like Ben,
Do but enrich Themselves, He other men.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright’s Comedies, etc., 1651.]

William Bell, 1651.

To the Memory of Mr. William Cartwright.

How had we lost both Mint, and Coyn too, were
That salvage love still fashionable here,
To sacrifice upon the Funerall Wood
All, the deceas’d had e’r held deer and good!
We would bring all our speed, to ransome thine
With Don’s rich Gold, and Johnson’s silver Mine;
Then to the pile add all that *Fletcher* writ, Stamp'd by thy Character a currant Wit: *Suckling*'s Ore, with *Sherley*'s small mony, by *Heywood* old Iron, and *Shakspear*'s Alchemy.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies, etc.*, 1651.]

**Jasper Mayne, 1651.**

*To the deceased Author of these Poems.*

For thou to Nature had'st joyn'd Art, and skill, In Thee *Ben Johnson* still held *Shakespear*'s Quill; A Quill, rul'd by sharp Judgement, and such Laws, As a well studied Mind, and Reason draws.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies, etc.*, 1651.]

**R. C., 1651.**

*To the Reader.*

The strength of his [Bosworth's] 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 for parallel.

[Prefixed to William Bosworth's *The Chast and Lost Lovers, 1651.*]

**Anonymous, 1652.**


*A Hermeticall Banquet, drest by a Spagiricall Cook, 1652, p. 35.*

**John Martyn, Henry Herringham, and Richard Mariot, 1652.**

*The Booksellers to the Reader.*

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring *Ben Johnson's*
two volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakespear: both which are designed by yours,

Ready to serve you.

[Prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's The Wild-Goose Chase, 1652.]

Title-page, 1652.

The Widow A Comedie. As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Fryers with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben: Jonson. John Fletcher. Tho: Middleton. Gent. Printed by the Originall Copy . . . for Humphrey Moseley . . . 1652.

Alexander Gough, 1652.

To the Reader.

Considering how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues; instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believe it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Laelius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. . . . Since our own countrymen are not in anything inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement.

[Prefixed to The Widow, 1652.]

John Hall, 1652.

To Master Richard Brome, on his Play, called, A Joviall Crew.

Playes are instructive Recreations:
Which, who would write, may not expect, at once,
No, nor with every breeding, to write well.
And, though some itching Academicks fell
Lately upon this Task, their Products were
Lame and imperfect; and did grate the eare;
So, that they mock'd the stupid Stationers care,
That both with Guelt and Cringes did prepare
Fine Copper-Cuts; and gather'd Verses too,  
To make a Shout before the idle Show.  
Your Fate is other: You do not invade;  
But by great Johnson were made free o' th' Trade.  
So, that we must in this your Labour finde  
Some Image and fair Relique of his Minde.  

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's A Joviall Crew, 1652.]

John Tatham, 1652.

To my Worthy Friend Master Richard Brome, on his excellent  
Play, called, A Joviall Crew.  

There is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,  
Down with the Dagon-Poet, Johnson dies.  
His Works were too elaborate, not fit  
To come within the Verge, or face of Wit.  
Beaumont and Fletcher (they say) perhaps, might  
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night:  
But Shakespeare the Plebean Driller, was  
Founder'd in's Pericles, and must not pass.  
And so, at all men flie, that have but been  
Thought worthy of Applause; therefore, their spleen.  
Ingratefull Negro-kinde, dart you your Rage  
Against the Beams that warm'd you, and the Stage! . . .  
Some hopes left us, that this, thy well-wrought Piece,  
May bring it Cure, reduce it to its sight,  
To judge th' difference 'twixt the Day, and Night;  
Draw th' Curtain of their Errours; that their sense  
May be conformable to Ben's Influence;  
And finding here, Nature and Art agree,  
May swear, thou liv'st in Him, and he in Thee.  

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's A Joviall Crew, 1652.]

Francis Kirkman, 1652.

To His much honored Friend, Wil. Beeston, Esq.  

Worthy Sir,  
Divers times (in my hearing) to the admiration of the whol Company, you have most judiciously discoursed of Poësie. . . .  
I am vers’d in Forraign tongues and subscribe to your opinion,
that no Nation ever could glory in such Playes, as the most
learned and incomparable Johnson, the copious Shakespear, or
the ingenuous Fletcher compos'd.

[Prefixed to The Loves and Adventures of Clerico & Lozia, 1652.]

J. Hall, 1653.

And though I do not tell you, how you dress
Virtue in glories, and bold vice depress,
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutchess' fall,
Or the just ruin of your Cardinal;
Yet this I dare assert, when men have nam'd
Jonson, the nation's laureat, the fam'd
Beaumont and Fletcher, he that wo'not see
Shirley the fourth, must forfeit his best eye.

[Commentary verses on James Shirley's The Cardinal, 1653. The
writer was probably the "Jo. Hall" who prefixed commendatory
verses to Shirley's The Grateful Servant.]

Richard Fleckno, 1653.

From thence passing on to Black-fryers, and seeing never a
Play-bil on the Gate, no Coaches on the place, nor Doorkeeper at
the Play-house door, with his Boxe like a Church-warden, desiring
you to remember the poor Players, I cannot but say for Epilogue
to all the Playes were ever Acted there:

Poor House, that in dayes of our Grand-sires,
Belongst unto the Mendiant Fryers:
And where so oft in our Fathers dayes
We have seen so many of Shakspears Playes.
So many of Johnsons, Beaumonts, & Fletchers,
Untill I know not what Puritan Teachers:
(Who for their Tone, their Language, & Action,
Might 'gainst the Stage make Bedlam a faction)
Have made with their Raylings the Players as poore
As were the Fryers and Poets before:
Since th'ast the tricke on't all Beggars to make,
I wish for the Scotch-Presbyterian's sake
To comfort the *Players* and *Fryers* not a little,  
Thou mayst be turn'd to a *Puritan* spittle.  

*[Miscellania, 1653, p. 141.]*

**Sir Aston Cokaine, 1653.**

*A Preludium to Mr. Richard Brome's Playes.*

Then we shall still have *Playes!* and though we may  
Not them in their full Glories yet display;  
Yet we may please our selves by reading them,  
Till a more Noble Act this Act condemne.  
Happy will that day be, which will advance  
This *Land* from durt of precise Ignorance;  
Distinguish *Morall Virtue*, and *Rich Wit*,  
And *gracefull Action*, from an unfit  
Parenthesis of *Coughs*, and *Hums*, and *Haes*,  
Threshing of Cushions, and *Tautologies*.  
Then the dull *Zelots* shall give way, and flye,  
Or be converted by bright *Poesie*.  
*Apollo* may enlighten them, or else  
In *Scottish Grots* they may conceale themselves,  
Then shall Learn'd *Johnson* reassume his *Seat*,  
Revive the *Phænix* by a second heat.  
Create the Globe anew, and people it,  
By those that flock to surfet on his *Wit*.  
Judicious *Beaumont*, and th'Ingenious *Soule*  
Of *Fletcher* too may move without controule.  
*Shakespeare* (most rich in *Humours*) entertaine  
The crowded *Theaters* with his happy veine.  
*Davenant* and *Massingier*, and *Sherley*, then  
Shall be cry'd up againe for Famous men.  
And the Dramatick *Muse* no longer prove  
The peoples Malice, but the peoples Love.  
Black, and white *Fryers* too, shall flourish againe,  
Though here have bin none since Queen *Mary's* reign.  
Our *Theaters* of lower note in those  
More happy daies, shall scorne the rustick *Prose*  
Of a *Jack-pudding*, and will please the *Rout*,  
With wit enough to beare their *Credit* out.
TO BEN JONSON

The Fortune will be lucky, see no more
Her Benches bare, as they have stood before.
The Bull take Courage from Applauses given,
To Eccho to the Taurus in the Heaven.
Lastly, St. James may no aversion show,
That Socks, and Buskins tread this Stage below.
May this Time quickly come, those daies of Blisse
Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abisse.
Then (with a justly attributed praise)
Wee'll change our faded Broom, to deathlesse Baies.

[Prefixed to Five New Playes, 1653.]

Title-page, 1654.
The Harmony of the Muses, or the Gentlemans and Ladies
Choicest Recreation; Full of various pure and transcendent
Wit, containing severall excellent Poems, Some Fancies of Love,
some of Disdain, &c. written by those unimitable Masters of
Learning and Invention, Dr. Joh. Donn, Dr. H. King, Dr. W.
Stroad, Sir K. Digby, Mr. Ben Johnson, Mr. F. Beaumont, J.
Cleveland, T. Randolph, T. Carew. London, Printed by T. W.
for W. Gilbertson, 1654.

Edmund Gayton, 1654.
There is not of all that expencefull madnesse so much left for
profit or recreation, as the History of that Quixo-Philosophy, or
Philosophers, unlesse what is most admirably Satyriz'd by our
Father Ben (of eternall memory) in his Play of the Alchymist:

Spectatum admissi Risum teneatis Amici? Which would move
laughter most, our Dons encountering his Windmill, or his Lord-
ship at the Furnace? Being Subtle, Face, Lungs, and all: Bestow
a brace of tassled Caps upon them both, and so exeant. (P. 3.)

* * * *

How snakelike he gathers, and incircles himselfe, under the
covert of his Target, which was so peal'd with stones, and rung
as loud, that the Don was not much unlike a rattle snake, that
Politick Sir under the Tortoise shell, nor he that was shewn for
the Fish. (P. 11.)

* * * *
Wherein, besides these books of Infamous losse, were the severall duels, onslaughts, stormes, and military performances, of the two never to be reconciled families, (like the Capulets and the Mountchensies, Eteocleans, and Polyniceans, Douglasses and Percies, Guelfs and Guibblins) of enraged Sr. John Daw, and incensed Sr Amorous La-Fool. (P. 19.)

* * * *

We will therefore end this perplexed piece of controversy (as our father Ben hath given example,) who dedicating his Fox to the two Universities of this Iland, Fox-like (knowing they alwaies quarrelled for Antiquity) in a most handsome and unenviable compellation, stil'd them most equall Sisters. (P. 20.)

* * * *

Father Ben (when one unhappily mulcted for peeping into holes, he had no right to, swore he had got a clap, which he called the French Pox) was worthily wroth at the expression, and in a fume, said, why not (Sr) the English Pox? We have as good and as large, as they have any. (P. 21.)

* * * *

Our Fairy Queen, the Arcadia, Drayton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, Johnson, Randolph; and lastly, Gondibert, are of eternall fame. (P. 21.)

* * * *

This Affaire is much manag'd by Matrons in our Clime, unlesse it be when both Parents consent in the Construpation of a Daughter; then (as my Father Ben saith) they cannot be matched. (P. 120.)

* * * *

With strenuous Complements, (above the School, Of Sr John Daw, or Amorous La Fool.) (P. 129.)

* * * *

Our Nation also hath had its Poets, and they their wives: To passe the Bards; Sr Jeffery Chaucer liv'd very honestly at Woodstock, with his Lady, (the house yet remaining) and wrote against the vice most wittily, which Wedlock restraines. My Father Ben begate sonnes and daughters; so did Spencer,
Drayton, Shakespeare, and more might be reckoned, who doe not only word it, and end in aiery Sylvia's, Galataea's, Aglaura's; sedde virtute locuti, clunem agitant. (P. 150.)

* * * *

And although the only Laureat of our stage (having compos'd a Play of excellent worth, but not of equall applause) fell downe upon his knees, and gave thanks, that he had transcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet his protestation against their ignorance, was not sufficient to vindicate the misapplication of the argument; for the judicious part of the Auditory condemn'd it equally with those that did not understand it, and though the Comedy wanted not its prodesse, & delectare,

Had it been exhibited to a scholastick confluence; yet men come not to study at a Play-house, but love such expressions and passages, which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. (P. 271.)

* * * *

An Inigo Jones for scenes, and a Ben Johnson for Playes, would have wrought great cures upon the stage, and it was so well reform'd in England, and growne to that height of Language, and gravity of stile, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, compasse of time, and fulnesse of wit, that it was not any where to be equall'd; nor are the contrivers asham'd to permit their playes (as they were acted) to the publick censure, where they stand firme, and are read with as much satisfaction, as when presented on the stage, they were with applause and honour. Indeed their names now may very well be chang'd & call'd the works not Playes of Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cartwright, and the rest, which are survivors of the stage; that having faln, not into Court-Reformers, but more severe correctors, who knowing not how to amend or repaire, have pluckt all downe, and left themselves the only spectacle of their times. (P. 272.)

[Edmund Gayton, Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654.]
Richard Whitlock, 1654.

Doctor Donnes high Praise of Ben Johnsons Works, in one expression extolleth them, and justly enough depresseth our Admiration of the Worlds businesse.

The State, and mens Affaires are the best Playes
Next yours: Tis nor more, nor lesse then due Praise.

[ZoTOMIA, or, A Morall Anatomy of the Living by the Dead; in Observations, Essays, &c., 1654, p. 313. As pointed out on page 37, the lines quoted were written not by Donne but by Sir John Roe.]

William Towers, 1654.

To the Reader of my Dearly Loved, Because Truly Pious Friend, Mr. T. W.’s Religious Poems.

Expect no fond invokings: we confesse
There is no genius besides holinesse.
Were this left out, had he another theame
Child’s straw and bubbles, would be all the gemme. . . .
And that because there li’s in neither even
What was in Johnson’s self, a close to heaven.

[Prefixed to Thomas Washbourne’s Divine Poems, 1654; in The Poems of Thomas Washbourne, ed. by A. B. Grosart, 1868, p. 60.]

Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655.

Upon a Surfeit caught by drinking bad Sack, at the George Tavern in Southwark.

. . . Oh would I might turne Poet for an houre,
To Satyrize with a vindictive power
Against the Drawer: or I could desire
Old Johnsons head had scalded in this fire;
How would he rage, and bring Apollo down
To scold with Bacchus, and depose the Clown,
For his ill government, and so confute
Our Poet Apes, that doe so much impute
Unto the grapes inspirement!

[Musarum Delicie, 1655; Hotten’s reprint, of the second edition of 1656, p. 47.]
Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655.

B. J. answer to a Thief bidding him stand.
Fly villian hence, or by thy coat of steel,
I'le make thy heart my brazen bullet feel,
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

Thief's reply.
Art thou great Ben? or the revived ghost
Of famous Shakespeare? or some drunken host?
Who being tipsie with thy muddy beer,
Dost think thy rimes shall daunt my soule with fear?
Nay know base Slave, that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as prose;
And when th'art dead write this upon thy herse,
Here łyes a Poet that was rob'd in verse.

[Musarum Delicia, 1655; Hotten's reprint, of the second edition of 1656, p. 95. These verses appear also in a common-place book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester; see the entry "Anonymous, about 1676."]

John Tomkins, 1655.

To the Laurell-worthy Mr. E. E. on his Excellent Poems.
Though Wit as precious every Scene doth hold,
As Shakespeare's Lease [? Leaf] or Johnson's Massy Gold,
Though thou with swelling Canvas sail beyond
Hercules Pillars, Fletcher and Beaumont,
And though Thou art (what ever Fooles repute)
A Poet in all Numbers Absolute.

[Prefixed to Edmund Ellis's Dia Poemata, 1655.]

Earl of Westmorland, before 1656.

To Cleveland before y' first interview at Maneby.
. . . Whose raptures are soe elevate by art
As y' each science in them hath its part,
And yet in Him not got wth anvile pain,
But flowing like a Torrent after rayne:

[From verses addressed to John Cleveland, printed in A Little Ark, edited by G. Thorn-Drury. In the margin opposite the third line is a note "Jhonson," indicating that the allusion is to Ben Jonson.]
Wits Academy, or Six Penyworth for a Penny, being Ben Johnson's last Arrow to all Citizens and London Dames, shot from his famous poetical Quiver, to the general view of the curteous Reader, laid open by way of Question and Answer, and interlarded with sundry choice Conceits upon the Times, very pleasant and delightful. Imprinted at London by R. Wood. 1656.

The Academy of Pleasure furnished with all kinds of compli- mental Letters, Discourses, and Dialogues, with a variety of new Songs, Sonnets, and witty Inventions. London, 1656.

[The engraved title-page contains portraits of Jonson, Drayton, Quarles, and Wither.]

Samuel Holland, 1656.

The fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise; the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but Ben Johnson, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets; this Brave was repented by all with the highest indignation, for Chawcer (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie, whose unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: Chapman was wondrously exasperated at Ben's boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own Tale of a Tub) that his Isabel and Mortimer was not compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose soul remained in Flesh; hereupon Spencer (who was very busie in finishing his Fairy Queen) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a shwoyt by Chapman, Harrington, Owen, Constable, Daniel, and Drayton, so that some thought the matter already decided; but behold Shakespeare and Fletcher (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper Right, which indeed Apollo and the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in Triplex; Skelton, Gower and the Monk of
TO BEN JONSON

Bury were at Daggers-drawing for Chaucer: Spencer waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Book-men in the World: Shakespear and Fletcher surrounded with their Life-Guard viz. Gaffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Suckling, Cartwright, Carew, &c.

[Don Zara del Fogo. A Mock Romance, 1656, Book ii, chap. iv, p. 101.]

Anonymous, 1656.

Know-well. Upon a rainy day, or when you have nought else to do, you may read Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon's Natural History, the Holy Warre, the Browns Vulgar Errors. You may find too some stories in the English Eusebius, and the Book of Martyrs, to hold discourse with the Parson on a Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Love-wit. Sometimes to your wife you may read a piece of Shak-speare, Suckling, and Ben. Johnson too, if you can understand him.

[The Hectors; or the False Challenge, 1656, p. 50.]

Edward Leigh, 1656.

Renowned Scholars amongst us.

. . . For Poetry, Gower, Chaucer, Spencer, Sir Philip Sidnie, Daniel and Draiton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben. Johnson.

[A Treatise of Religion & Learning, and of Religions and Learned Men, 1656, p. 91.]

Anonymous, 1656.

On the Time-poets.

One night the great Apollo pleas'd with Ben,
Made the odde number of the Muses ten;
The fluent Fletcher, Beaumont rich in sense,
In Complement and Courtships quintessence;
Ingenious Shakespeare, Massinger that knowes
The strength of Plot to write in verse and prose:
Whose easie Pegassus will amble ore
Some threescore miles of Fancy in an hour;
Cloud-grapling Chapman, whose Aerial minde
Soares at Philosophy, and strikes it blinde;
Daubourn [Dabourn] I had forgot, and let it be,
He dy'd Amphibion by the Ministry;
Silvester, Bartas, whose translatique part
Twinn'd, or was elder to our Laureat:
Divine composing Quarles, whose lines aspire
The April of all Poesy in May, [Tho. May]
Who makes our English speak Pharsalia;
Sands metamorphos'd so into another [Sandys]
We know not Sands and Ovid from each other;
He that so well on Scotus play'd the Man,
The famous Diggs, or Leonard Claudian;
The pithy Daniel, whose salt lines afford
A weighty sentence in each little word;
Heroick Draiton, Withers, smart in Rime,
The very Poet-Beadles of the Time:
Panns pastoral Brown, whose infant Muse did squeak
At eighteen yeeres, better than others speak:
Shirley the morning-child, the Muses bred,
And sent him born with bayes upon his head:
Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got
With folded armes and melancholly hat;
The squibbing Middleton, and Haywood sage,
Th'Apologetick Atlas of the Stage;
Well of the Golden age he could intreat,
But little of the Mettall he could get;
Three-score sweet Babes he fashion'd from the lump,
For he was Christ'ned in Parnassus pump;
The Muses Gossip to Aurora's bed,
And ever since that time his face was red.
Thus through the horror of infernall deeps,
With equal pace each of them softly creeps,
And being dark they had Alectors Torch, [Alecto's]
And that made Churchyard follow from his Porch,
Poor, ragged, torn, & tackt, alack, alack
You'd think his clothes were pinn'd upon his back.
The whole frame hung with pins, to mend which clothes,
In mirth they sent him to old Father Prose;
Of these sad Poets this way ran the stream,
And Decker followed after in a dream;
TO BEN JONSON

Rounce, Robble, Hobble, he that writ so big [;]
Basse for a Ballad, John Shank for a Jig: [Wm. Basse]
Sent by Ben Jonson, as some Authors say,
Broom went before and kindly swept the way:
Old Chaucer welcomes them unto the Green,
And Spencer brings them to the fairy Queen;
The finger they present, and she in grace
Transform'd it to a May-pole, 'bout which trace
Her skipping servants, that do nightly sing,
And dance about the same a Fayrie Ring.

[Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets, Being a Collection of Divers Excellent Pieces of Poetry, of Several Eminent Authors, 1656; ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1876, pp. 5-7.]

Anonymous, 1656.

Upon a House of Office over a River, set on fire
by a coale of Tobacco.
Oh fire, fire, fire, where?
The usefull house o're Water cleare,
The most convenient in a shire,
Which no body can deny.

The house of Office that old true blue
Sir-reverence so many knew[;]
You now may see turn'd fine new.
Which no body, &c.

And to our great astonishment
Though burnt, yet stands to represent
Both mourner and the monument,
Which no body, &c.

Ben Johnson's Vulcan would doe well,
Or the merry Blades who knacks did tell,
At firing London Bridge befell.
Which no body, &c.

[Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets, Being a Collection of Divers Excellent Pieces of Poetry, of Several Eminent Authors, 1656; ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1876, p. 33.]
... From this which had hapned to my self, I began to reflect upon the fortune of almost all Writers, and especially Poets, whose Works (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the Bag, though it adde nothing to the sum; or with such, which though of their own Coyn, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the Alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their Friends, who think a vast heap of Stones or Rubbish a better Monument, then a little Tomb of Marble, or by the unworthy avarice of some Stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the Author, so they may encrease the price of the Book; and like Vintners with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakespear, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others; part of whose Poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary yong Suchars, and from others the old withered Branches; for a great Wit is no more tyed to live in a Vast Volume, then in a Gigantic Body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates.

[Poems, 1656, Preface.]

Anonymous, 1656.

An Epitaph on some bottles of Sack and Claret laid in sand.
Enter and see this tomb (Sirs) do not fear
No spirits but of Sack will fright you here:
Weep ore this tomb, your waters here may have
Wine for their sweet companion in this grave.
A dozen Shapespears here inter'd doe lye;
Two dozen Johnsons full of Poetry.
Unhappy Grapes could not one pressing doe,
But now at last you must be buried too.

TO BEN JONSON

Philip Kynder, 1656.

The Attick Archaeologist (full of reading, paines and learning) hath moulded up a piece of Antiquity, extracted for the most part from the Poets, *Lycophron, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Euripides* and the Scholiasts, and obtrudes upon us these to be the general customes of the *Athenians*: As if one in future age should make all England in ages past to be a *Bartholomew-Faire*, because Ben. Johnson hath writ it. Or that the condition of all our English women may be drawn out of *Shackespeers* merry wifes of Windsor; or the religion of the low-Countrimen from Mr. Aminadab in the *Alchymist*. Or from Massingers Mr. Greedy, a hungry Justice of Peace in Nottingham-shire: Or Will-doe the Parson of Gotham the Condition of all the County. These may be applyed to *Rosinus* and *Goodwins* Roman Antiquities.

[The Surfeit, 1656, p. 57; reprinted in Philip Bliss, *Reliquiae Hearnianae*, 1869, iii, 248.]

George Daniel, before 1657.

Upon Ben Jonson’s Booke.

Bee not Deceiv’d (Dull world) Hee is not Dead; Rumor is false; open His Booke, and read. It is Himselfe; there, Everie Scene affords Words above Action; Matter beyond Words. If, Readers, what I say, will not suffice T’ evince your follies, I dare bid you twice What yet you have not Done; open and Read; Recant, or else ’tis You, not Hee, that’s Dead.


Henry Belasye, 1657.

Good witts in England. Some thinke that this thickness of the ayre must needs breed in them thick witts, but it is not soe, England being like Athens in that, of whome it is sayd, Athenis pingue cælum, sed tenua ingenia; id est a thick ayre but thin witts, for what nation can shew more refined witts than those of our Ben, our Shakespeare, our Baumont, our Fletcher, our Dunn,
our Randol, our Crashew, our Cleveland, our Sidney, our Bacon, &c.

[An English Traveler's First Curiosity, or The Knowledge of his owne Countrey; Historical MSS. Commission's Report on MSS. in Various Collections, ii, 193.]

Joshua Poole, 1657.

Preface.

Some in Mr. Johnson's time, vainly attempted to write an Heroick poem, in imitation of the Greeks and Latines, by the measures of Spondey and Dactyl, without any regard to rhythm. Of that number was he, who sent him a copy of verses beginning thus,

Benjâminîm immôrtál Jôhnsôn môst hîghliê rênoûñêd.

* * * *

The Books principally made use of in the compiling of this Work.

Dubartas works.  
Ben. Johnson.  
Brown's Pastorals.  
Randolph's Poems.  
Drayton.  
May's Lucan.  
Quarles Divine Poems.  
Quarles Divine Fancies.  
Sandy's Ovid's Metamorph.  
Sandy's Paraphrase on the Canticles.  
Herbert's Poems.  
Tottham's Poems.  
Withers's Poems.  
Orlando Furioso.  
Heywood's Dialogues and Drachms.  
Chapman's Homer.  
Overbury's Characters.  
Balzack's Epistles.  
Cowley's Blossoms.  

Comersal's Levite's revenge.  
Sr. Philip Sidney's Arcadia.  
Shakespear.  
Heywood of Angels.  
Carew's Poems.  
Daniel.  
Mays Edward 3.  
Quarles Emblems.  
Quarles Argalus and Parthenia.  
Sandys of Christ's Passion.  
Habbington's Castara.  
Sr. John Beamount's Poem.  
The valiant Bruce.  
Burton's Melancholy.  
Chapman's Hero and Leand.  
Blunt's Characters.  
Massinger's Secretary.  
Lovelace's Pastorals.  
Virgil Translated.  
Cowper's Hill.
Richard Lovelace, before 1658.

On Sanazar's Being Honored with Six Hundred Duckets by the Clarissimi of Venice, for Composing an Eligiack Hexastick of the City.

Arise, thou rev'rend shade, great Johnson, rise!
Break through thy marble natural disguise!
Behold a mist of insects, whose meer breath
Will melt thy hallow'd leaden house of death.
What was Crispinus, that you should defie
The age for him? He durst not look so high
As your immortal rod, he still did stand
Honour'd, and held his forehead to thy brand.
These scorpions, with which we have to do,
Are fiends, not only small but deadly too.
Well mightst thou rive thy quill up to the back,
And scrue thy lyre's grave chords, untill they crack.
For though once hell resented musick, these Divels will not, but are in worse disease.
How would thy masc’line spirit, father Ben,
Sweat to behold basely deposed men . . .

[Richard Lovelace's Poetical Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 239.
Cf. the entry “Thomas Coryat, 1611.” The allusion to Crispinus
is to Thomas Dekker and the Poetomachia.]

Title-page, 1658.


Edward Phillips, 1658.

. . . There will be occasion to peruse the Works of our ancient Poets, as Geffry Chaucer, the greatest in his time, for the honour of our Nation; as also some of our more Modern Poets, as Spencer, Sidny, Draiton, Daniel, with our reformers of the Scene, Johnson, Shakespear, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and among the renowned Antiquaries, Cambden, Lambard, Spelman, Seldon, and divers others.

[The New World of English Words, 1658, sig. a3.]

Edward Phillips, 1658.

Q. Why is Ben Johnson’s chair at Robert Wilson’s Tipling-house in the Strand?
A. To signify that Poets in these hard times, though they should invoke the nine Muses, may still want nine-pence to purchase a pint of Canary.

[Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, or, the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting, &c., 1658, p. 174.]

S. W., 1658.

To his ingenious Friend, the Author, on his incomparable Poems.
To thee compar’d, our English Poets all stop,
And vail their Bonnets, even Shakespear’s Falstop.
Chaucer the first of all wasn't worth a farthing,
Lidgate, and Huntingdon, with Gaffer Harding.
Non-sense the Faëry Queen, and Michael Drayton,
Like Babel's Balm; or Rhymes of Edward Paiton, 
Waller, and Turlingham, and brave George Sandys,
Beaumont, and Fletcher, Donne, Jeremy Candish, 
Herbert, and Cleveeland, and all the train noble
Are Saints-bells unto thee, and thou great Bow-bell.
Ben Johnson 'tis true shewed us how he could hit
Each humour now; and then be out of it;
Nor could he always keep his Muse a gallop,
With curb, or whip, but sometimes had but small hope.

[Prefixed to Samuel Austin's Naps upon Parnassus, 1658, sig. B 5. In
a marginal gloss to the word "Falstop" the writer says: "It
should have been Falstaff, if the rhyme had permitted it.]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1658.

He [Charles Cotton] is an able Lad indeed, and likes
Arcadian Pastorals, and (willing) strikes
A Plaudite to th' Epilogues of those
Happy Inventions Shakesphere did compose.
Beaumont and Fletcher he will listen to,
And allow Johnsons method high and true.

[Small Poems of Divers Sorts, 1658, p. 27.]

Title-page, 1659.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednal-Green, with The merry humor
of Tom Strowd the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times
publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John
Day. London, Printed for R. Pollard, and Tho. Dring, and
are to be sold at the Ben Johnsons Head, behind the Exchange,
and the George in Fleetstreet, near Saint Dunstans Church.
1659.

Edmund Gayton, 1659.

My Father Ben, discoursing of this grunter,
In that so famous play, where old Sir Punter,
Being turned Orlando for the losse of's dog,
Did lug the jeering buffon like a hog:
There in that celebrated comedy
(Whether my Father Ben, as well as I,
Met with Arabian Comments) the smart play
Doth patly what my ancient Authors say.
There's wit to th' height, read it, and try our dogma,
Whether from both the places we a Hog may
Not all alike commend. . . .

[The Art of Longevity, or a Diatetical Institution, 1659, chapter xv;
the passage cited alludes to Every Man out of his Humour, Act v,
where Carlo Buffone delivers an elaborate praise of pork.]

**Humphrey Moseley, 1659.**

Nor are we without a sufficient President in Works of this nature, and relating to an Author who confessedly is reputed the Glory of the English Stage (whereby you'll know I mean Ben: Johnson) and in a play also of somewhat a resembling name, *The Sad Shepherd*, extant in his Third Volume; which though it wants two entire acts, was nevertheless judg'd a Piece of too much worth to be laid aside, by the Learned and Honorable Sir Kenelme Digby, who published that Volume.

[Address to the Reader, before Suckling's *The Sad One*, in Last Remains of Sir John Suckling, 1659.]

**Anonymous, 1659.**

*To the Readers.*

. . . And yet there are a sort (one would wonder there should be) who think they lessen this Author's worth when they speak the relation he had to Ben. Johnson. We very thankfully embrace the Objection, and desire they would name any other Master that could better teach a man to write a good Play. The materials must flow from all parts of the world; but the Art and Composition come onely from Books and such living Masters as that our great Laureat; And for this purpose we have here prefuxt Ben Johnson's own testimony to his Servant our Author; we grant it is (according to Ben's own nature and custome) magisterial enough; and who looks for other, since he said to Shakespeare—I shall draw envy on thy name (by writing in his praise)
and threw in his face—small Latine and less Greek; but also told Selden himself (as if Ben's conscience checked him for being too good natured in commending others.)

* * * * *

It seems (what ere we think) Ben thought it diminution for no man to attend upon his Muse. And were not already the Antients too much trod on, we could name famous wits who served far meaner Masters than Ben Johnson. For, none vers'd in Letters but know the wise Æsop was born and bred a wretched slave; Lucian a Stonecutter; Virgil himself begotten by a Basketmaker, born in a ditch, and then preferred to an under Groom in the stable; nay, (to instance in our Authors own order) Navius the Comedian a Captains mans man; Plautus servant to a poor Baker, Terence a slave as well as Æsop; and (which for our purpose is most of all) our Authors own Master handled the Trowel before he grew acquainted with Seianus or Cataline. But enough of this, lest pleading for the Author, make him seem to want an Apology.

[Prefixed to Five New Playes, by Richard Brome, 1659.]

William Richards, 1659.

. . . His Waste did shun
All Smiles, b'ing swoln beyond Ben-John-Sons Tun.


Thomas Pecke, 1659.

To the egregious poet, Sir Will. Davenant.

That Ben, whose Head, deserv'd the Roscian Bayes;
Was the first gave the Name of Works, to Playes:
You, his Corrival, in this Waspish Age;
Are more than Atlas to the fainting Stage.
Your Bonus Genius, you this way display:
And to delight us, is your Opera.

[Parnassí Puerperium, 1659, p. 180.]
Sir Henry Herbert, about 1660.

Names of the plays acted by the Red Bull actors.

The Humorous Lieutenant.
Beggars Bushe.
Tamer Tamed.
The Traytor.
Loves Cruelty.
Wit without Money.
Maydes Tragedy.
Philaster.
Rollo Duke of Normandy.
Claricilla.

Elder Brother.
The Silent Woman.
The Weddingle.
Henry the Fourthe.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Kinge and no Kinge.
Othello.
Dumboys.
The Unfortuniate Lovers.
The Widow.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 82.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1660.

November '60. This is a List of plays acted by the Kings Companie at the Red Bull and the new house in Gibbon's Tennis Court near Clare Market.

Monday the 5. Novemuber. '60. Wit without money.
Tuesday the 6. No.
Wednesday the 7. No.
Thursday the 8. No.

Friday the 9. No.
Saturday the 10. No.
Monday the 12. No.
Tuesday the 13. No.
Wednesday the 14. No.
Thursday the 15. No.
Friday the 16. No.
Saturday the 17. No.
Monday the 19. No.
Tuesday the 20. No.
Wednesday the 21. No.
Thursday the 22. No.
Friday the 23. No.

Samuel Pepys, 1660.

June 6th. . . . My letters tell me . . . that the two Dukes do haunt the Park much, and that they were at a play, Madame Epicene, the other day.

* * * *

December 4th. . . . After dinner Sir Tho. [Crew] and my Lady to the Playhouse to see The Silent Woman.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Edward Gower, 1660.

Letter to Sir Richard Leveson, November 20, 1660.

. . . Yesternight the King, Queen, Princes, &. supped at the Duke d'Albemarle's, where they had the Silent Woman acted in the Cock-pit, where on Sunday he had a sermon.


Edward Barwick, 1660.

To my ingenious Friend, Mr. Thomas Forde,
on His Loves Labyrinth.

. . . Proceed then Worthy Friend, and may thy Fame, Like Laureat Johnson, ever speak thy Name.

[Prefixed to Thomas Forde's Love's Labyrinth, 1660.]

Sir Richard Baker, 1660.

Of Men of Note in his [Charles I] Time.

Poetry was never more Resplendent, 'nor never more Graced; wherein Johnson, Silvester, Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley, Broom, Massinger, Cartwright, Randolph, Cleaveland, Quarles, Carew, Davenant, and Sucklin, not only far excelled their own Countrymen, but the whole World besides.

[A Chronicle of the Kings of England, Whereunto is now added in this Third Edition the reign of King Charles I, 1660, p. 503. See also the entry "Sir Richard Baker, 1665."
Anonymous, 1660.

An Elegie.

I now conceive the scope of their designe,
Which is with one consent to bring and burn
Contributary incense on his urn,
Where each mans love and fancy shall be try’d,
As when great Johnson or brave Shakesppear dyed.

[Elegies Sacred to the Memory of R. Lovelace, Esq., 1660; in Lucasta. The Poems of Richard Lovelace, ed. W. Carew Hazlitt, 1864, p. 287.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1661.

[Plays Acted by the King’s Company in Gibbon’s Tennis Court, 1661.]

* * * *

Uittoria Corumbana. 11. [Decemb.]
The Cuntry Captaine. 13. [Decemb.]
The Alchymist. 16. Decemb.
Bartholomew Faire. 18. Decemb.
The Spanishe Curate. 20. Decemb.
The Tamer Tamed. 23. De.
Aglaura. 28. De.
Bussy Dambois 30. De.

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 117.]

Samuel Pepys, 1661.

January 7th. . . . Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw The Silent Woman. The first time that ever I did see it, and it is an excellent play. Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house, and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house.

* * * *

January 8th. . . . After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them The Widow,
an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being to seek in their parts.

* * * * *

May 25th. ... Then to the Theatre, where I saw a piece of The Silent Woman, which pleased me.

* * * * *

June 8th. ... Then I went to the Theatre and there saw Bartholomew Faire, the first time it was acted now-a-days. It is a most admirable play and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive.

* * * * *

June 22nd. ... Then to the Theatre, The Alchymist, which is a most incomparable play.

* * * * *

June 27th. ... At noon home, and then with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, &c., two coaches of us, we went and saw Bartholomew Fayre acted very well.

* * * * *

August 14th. ... After dinner, Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there saw The Alchymist.

* * * * *

September 7th. ... My wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was Bartholomew Fayre, with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years (it being so satyrical against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it), but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

* * * * *

November 12th. ... My wife and I to Bartholomew Fayre, with puppets which I had seen once before, and the play without
puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Anonymous, 1661.

To the Reader.

... When thou viewest the Title, and readest the sign of Ben Johnson's head, on the back-side of the Exchange, and the Angel in Cornhil, where they are sold, inquire who could better furnish the with such sparkling copies of Wit than those. . . .

[Prefixed to Wit and Drollery, by Sir John Mennes, James Smith, Sir William Davenant, and John Donne, 1661. There is a passing allusion to Jonson on sig. B4.]

John Ward, 1661–63.

Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted.


Francis Kirkman, 1662.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

And yet our modesty will make us vail
To worthy Sidney, nor can we bear sail
Against these fam'd Dramaticks, one past age
Was blest with Johnson, who so grac't the stage,
The thrice renowned Shakespear, and the rare
Ingenuous Fletcher. These past envy are
Much more past imitation only we
Would second be o'th'first, last of the three.

[Prefixed to The English Lovers, by I. D., Gent., 1662.]

Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 1662.

General Prologue to all my Playes.

As for Ben. Johnson's brain, it was so strong,
He could conceive, or judge, what's right, what's wrong:
His Language plain, significant, and free,
And in the English Tongue, the Masterie:
Yet Gentle Shakespeare had a fluent Wit,
Although less Learning, yet full well he writ;
For all his Playes were writ by Natures light,
Which gives his Readers, and Spectators sight.
But Noble Readers, do not think my Playes
Are such as have been writ in former daies;
As Johnson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher writ;
Mine want their Learning, Reading, Language, Wit.
The Latin phrases I could never tell,
But Johnson could, which made him write so well.
[Prefixed to her Playes, 1662.]

Rowland Watkyns, 1662.

The Poet's Condition.
A poet, and rich? that seems to be
A paradox most strange to me.
A poet, and poor? that maxim's true,
If we observe the canting crue.
What lands had Randolph, or great Ben,
That plow'd much paper with his pen?
[Poems without Fictions, 1662.]

John Wilson, 1662.
We've no sententious sir, no grave Sir Poll,
No little pug nor devil,—bless us all!
[Prologue to The Cheats, written in 1662, printed in 1664; the allusion seems to be to Jonson's The Devil is an Ass. The characters Bilboe and Titerue Tu seem to be copied after Subtle and Face in Jonson's Alchemist. Cf. the entry "John Wilson, 1664."]

John Downes, 1663.
The following is a list of the principal old stock-plays acted by His Majesty's Company of Comedians in Drury-Lane, beginning April 8, 1663, the date of the opening of the New Theatre in Drury-Lane:

The Humorous Lieutenant.
Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.
The Fox.
The Silent Woman.
The Alchemist.
The Maids Tragedy.
King and no King.
Rollo, Duke of Normandy.
The Scornful Lady.
The Elder Brother.
The Moor of Venice.
King Henry the Fourth.
The Maiden Queen.
Mock Astrologer.
Julius Caesar.

Note, That these being their Principal Old Stock Plays; yet in this Interval from the Day they begun, there were divers others Acted.

Cataline's Conspiracy.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Opportunity.
The Example.
The Jovial Crew.
Philaster.
The Cardinal.
Bartholomew-Fair.
The Chances.
The Widow.

As
The Devil's an Ass.
Argulus and Parthenia.
Every Man in his Humour.
Every Man out of Humour.
The Carnival.
Sejanus.
The Merry Devil of Edmunton.
Vittoria Corumbona.
The Beggars Bush.
The Traytor.
Titus Andronicus.
These being Old Plays, were Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform'd, were very Satisfactory to the Town.

[Roscius Anglicanus, 1708, pp. 3-9.]

Samuel Pepys, 1663.

July 22nd. ... So down to Deptford, reading Ben Jonson's Devil is an asse.

* * * *

December 10th. To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's. ... I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Pauls, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, Delices de Hollande, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Anonymous, 1663.

So, as well the best men as their best actions, are still waited on by (those brats of Ignorance or Malice) detraction and calumnies. For the confirming the truth whereof, I shall need no further to search the Rolls of Antiquity, than to look back upon those times, in which Johnson, (that Son of Wit) did by the clear and piercing raies of his wit and judgment, dissipate all mists of Ignorance, and Reform the Errors of the Stage; and yet, though he shin'd so bright in Wit's Horizon, were there not wanting some barren clods of dull Earth, who, being un-capable of receiving the least ray of wit themselves from his quickening influence, (as Niobe preferr'd her own earthly brood before Apollo and Diana the celestial Twins of Latona) dar'd prefer the spurious Issues of their own Brain before this great Apollo, and endeavour to eclipse the glory of his heavenly endowments; but with how bad successe they attempted it, his
incomparable Play (the *Poetaster*) made in derision of them, sufficiently declares. And although like a petty inconsiderable Star, I could not expect to be taken notice of in the presence of that glorious Sun, nor dare to entertain such high conceptions of my self, as to hope to be named with him; yet, I'le take the confidence to declare to the World, that though my weak abilities can hold no proportion with those rich gifts of Nature of which he was Master, yet I can glory I resemble him in this, that I am assaulted with the Ignorance of partial and prejudicial Readers, who have bespattered with the blackest Obloquy they can, a Piece lately publish'd by me.

[The Dedication prefixed to *The Unfortunate Usurper*, 1663.]

**R. Stapylton, 1663.**

Beaumont and Fletcher have writ their last Scenes:
No Johnson's Art, no Shakespear's wit in Nature,
For men are shrunk in Brain as well as Stature.

[Prologue to *The Slighted Maid*, 1663.]

**W. K., 1663.**

*On the Composure of Love à la Mode.*
All just Wits agree
In commendation of this Comedie.
And for its worth, I thus far dare ingage,
Since the revival of the English Stage;
No modern Muse hath yet produced such:
Were Johnson living, he would swear as much.

[Prefixed to *Love à la Mode*, 1663.]

**J. Kelyne, 1663.**

*On the Incomparable Love à la Mode.*
Were Shakespeare, Fletcher, or renowned Ben
Alive, they'd yield to this more happie pen
Those lawrells that bedeckt their brows; and say, *Love à la mode's* the best-accomplish'd Play.

[Prefixed to *Love à la Mode*, 1663.]
Abraham Cowley, 1663.

Aur[elia]. Bless us! what humming and hawing will be i’ this house! what preaching, and houling, and fasting, and eating among the Saints! Their first pious work will be to banish Fletcher and Ben Johnson out o’ the Parlour, and bring in their rooms Martin Mar-Prelate, and Posies of Holy Hony-suckles, and a Saws-box for a Wounded Conscience, and a Bundle of Grapes from Canaan.

[Cutter of Coleman Street, 1663; ed. A. R. Waller, 1906, ii, 296.]

Robert Boyle, 1663.

It is not always so despicable a piece of service as may be imagined, to endear, by particular considerations, an excellent book . . . to a person capable of discovering and making use of the rare things it contains. To which purpose I might offer you divers more serious instances, but shall only at present (a little to divert you) take this occasion to tell you, that Ben. Johnson, passionately complaining to a learned acquaintance of mine, that a man of the long robe, whom his wit had raised to great dignities and power, had refused to grant him some very valuable thing he had begged of him, concluded with saying, with an upbraiding tone and gesture to my friend: Why, the ungrateful wretch knows very well, that before he come to preferment, I was the man that made him relish Horace.

[Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures, 1663, the Epistle Dedicatory; in Robert Boyle’s Works, ed. Sharrock, 1772, ii, 249.]

John Dryden, 1663.

Our poet yet protection hopes from you,
But bribes you not with anything that’s new;
Nature is old, which poets imitate,
And, for wit, those, that boast their own estate,
Forget Fletcher and Ben before them went,
Their elder brothers, and that vastly spent;
So much, ’twill hardly be repair’d again,
Not, though supplied with all the wealth of Spain.

[Prologue to The Wild Gallant as it was first acted. According to Malone, it was first acted in February, 1662–63.]
Samuel Pepys, 1664.

June 1st. ... Thence to W. Joyce's, where by appointment I met my wife (but neither of them at home), and she and I to the King's house, and saw The Silent Woman; but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am now-a-days out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse, and staid there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach, which at last we did.

* * * *

August 2nd. ... Thence to the King's play-house, and there saw Bartholomew Fayre, which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe.

* * * *

August 4th. ... Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his countryhouse, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow.

* * * *

December 18th (Lord's day). ... To church, where, God forgive me! I spent most of my time in looking [on] my new Morena at the other side of the church, an acquaintance of Pegg Pen's. So home to dinner, and then to my chamber to read Ben Johnson's Cataline, a very excellent piece.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Robert Waring, 1664.


[This is the third edition; the poem on Jonson appears in all the later editions, and in the English translation of 1680. Waring contributed the poem to Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]
Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 1664.

I never heard any man read well but my husband, and I have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson, and yet he hath heard many in his time.

[Philosophical Letters, 1664, p. 362.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1664.

To the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle, On Her Book of Poems.

I saw your Poems, and then Wish'd them mine,
Reading the Richer Dressings of each line;
Your New-born, Sublime Fancies, and such store,
May make our Poets blush, and Write no more:
Nay, Spencers Ghost will haunt you in the Night,
And Johnson rise, full fraught with Venom's Spight;
Fletcher, and Beaumont, troubl'd in their Graves,
Look out some Deeper, and forgotten Caves;
And Gentle Shakespear weeping, since he must
At best, be Buried, now, in Chaucers Dust:
Thus dark Oblivion covers their each Name,
Since you have Robb'd them of their Glorious Fame.

[Prefixed to Poems and Phancies, by the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle, 1664. The verses do not appear in the first edition of 1653.]

John Wilson, 1664.

The Author to the Reader.

To be short, . . . there is hardly anything left to write upon but what either the ancients or moderns have some way or other touch'd on. Did not Apuleius take the rise of his Golden Ass from Lucian's Lucius? And Erasmus his Alcumistica from Chaucer's Canon's Yeoman's Tale? And Ben Johnson his more happy Alchymist from both?

[The Cheats, 1664. Cf. the entry "John Wilson, 1662."]

John Wilson, 1664.


[The title, and not a little of the plot, was suggested by Jonson's The Devil is an Ass.]
Richard Flecknoe, 1664.

In this time were Poets and Actors in their greatest flourish, Johnson, Shakespear, with Beaumont and Fletcher, their Poets, and Field and Burbidge their Actors.

For Playes, Shakespear was one of the first, who inverted the Dramatick Stile, from dull History to quick Comedy, upon whom Johnson refin'd; and Beaumont and Fletcher first writ in the Heroick way, upon whom Suckling and others endeavoured to refine agen; one saying wittily of his Aglaura, that 'twas full of fine flowers, but they seem'd rather stuck, then growing there; as another of Shakespear's writings, that 'twas a fine Garden, but it wanted weeding.

There are few of our English Playes (excepting onely some few of Johnsons) without some faults or other.

* * * *

To compare our English Dramatick Poets together (without taxing them) Shakespear excelled in a natural Vein, Fletcher in Wit, and Johnson in Gravity and ponderousness of Style; whose onely fault was, he was too elaborate; and had he mixt less erudition with his Playes, they had been more pleasant and delightful then they are. Comparing him with Shakespear, you shall see the difference betwixt Nature and Art; and with Fletcher, the difference betwixt Wit and Judgement: Wit being an exuberant thing, like Nilus, never more commendable then when it overflowes; but Judgement a stayed and reposed thing, always containing it self within its bounds and limits.

[A Discourse of the English Stage, prefixed to Love's Kingdom, a Pastoral Tragi-comedy, 1664, sig. G5.]

Sir George Etheredge, 1664.

For such our fortune is, this barren age,
That faction now, not wit, supports the stage;
Wit has, like painting, had her happy flights,
And in peculiar ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declined: yet, could some able pen
Match Fletcher's nature, or the art of Ben,
The old and graver sort would scare allow
Those plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our author therefore begs you would forget,
Most reverend judges, the records of wit;
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst you're censuring his play.

[The Prologue to The Comical Revenge, 1664.]

John Tatham, 1664.

Speech to the King.
Pardon, not praise, great monarch, we implore,
For showing you no better sights, nor more:
We hope your majesty will not suppose
You're with your Johnsons or your Inigoes;
And though you make a court, you're in the city
Whose vein is to be humble, though not witty.

[London's Triumphs, 1664; in Lord Mayors' Pageants, Percy Society Publications, x, 72. The speech is copied verbatim by Thomas Jordan in his London's Resurrection, 1671.]

Library Catalogue, before 1665.

Anglici.

Chaucers workes.  Fol.
Spensers fairy Queen  Fol.
Johnsons 2 vol:  Fol.
Beumont & Fletcher.  Fol.
Shakspeare.  Fol.


Samuel Pepys, 1665.

January 14th. . . . Home to dinner, thence with my wife to the King’s house, there to see Vulpone, a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Robert Wilde, 1665.

Ten crowns to such a thing! Friend, 'tis a dose
Able to raise dead Ben, or Davenant's nose;
Able to make a courtier prove a friend,
And more than all of them in victuals spend.

[Poems of Robert Wilde, ed. J. Hunt, 1870, p. 64.]
Anonymous, 1665.

Whereas Thomas Williams, of the society of real and well-meaning Chymists hath prepared certain Medicynes for the cure and prevention of the Plague . . . to be disposed of at the Green Ball, within Ludgate, the Ben Jonson's Head, near York-house, . . .

[Quoted from The Newes, August 24, 1665, in Larwood and Hotten's History of Signboards, 1866, p. 66.]

Sir Richard Baker, 1665.

Of Persons of Note in his [Charles I] time.

Nor may we omit the Poets then famous, which excell'd, or equall'd, all that went before and shall come after; such as were Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Mr. Edmond Waller, Mr. Tho. Carew, Sir John Suckling, Mr. Thomas Randolph, Mr. Thomas Cartwright, Mr. Abraham Cowley, and Sir William Davenant; The first whereof by his profound Learning and Judgement, shewed a Poet was to be as well made as born: And the later though he wanted Learning, made as high and noble flights as fancy could advance without it.

[A Chronicle of the Kings of England, 1665; in the edition of 1674, p. 604A. See also the entry under "Sir Richard Baker, 1660."

I. B. and Alexander Brome, before 1666.

An Epistle from a friend [I. B.] to the author, upbraiding him with his writing songs.

Dear friend, believe't, my love has spurr'd me on For once to question thy discretion: And by right reason deifi'd by thee, I blame thee for the wrongs to poesy Thou hast committed, in betraying it To th'censure (not the judgment) of each wit: Wit, did I say? Things whose dull spirits are Apt only to applaud whate'er they hear, Be't good or good, so throated to their mind, Johnson and Taylor like acceptance find.

* * * * *
The Answer.

... Johnson and Taylor, in their kind, were both
Good wits, who likes one, need not t'other loath.
Wit is like beauty, Nature made the Joan
As well's the lady. We see every one
Meets with a match. Neither can I expect
Thou more my Muse than mistress should'st affect:
And yet I like them both, if you don't too,
Can't you let them alone for those that do?

[The Poems of Alexander Brome, ed. Johnson and Chalmers, 1810, in
The Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, vi, 678.]

Anonymous, 1666.

Great MONK so thundered, that 'twas hard to say
Whether 'twas He, or Fate, that got the Day.

Smith sent such Thunderbolts as ne'r were made
By Vulcan, since he first wrought of his Trade;
Who gaz'd, but durst not come within a Shot,
For fear his other Legg had gone to Pott. .......

Had Goffe, Ben Johnson, or had Shakespear been
Spectators there, such Acts they should have seen,
As they ne'r acted in an English Scean:

[The Dutch Gazette, 1666.]

Samuel Pepys, 1667.

February 9th. ... Then went home and read a piece of a
play, Every Man in his Humour, wherein is the greatest propriety
of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed.

* * * *

April 16th. ... At noon home to dinner, and thence in
haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday
[The Change of Crownes], she not knowing it. But there, contrary
to expectation, find The Silent Woman. However, in; and
there Knipp come into the pit. ... I never was more taken
with a play than I am with this Silent Woman, as old as it is,
and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than
goes to ten new plays.

* * * *
July 30th. . . . But it is a pretty thing he told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter (meaning the Duke of York) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, answered, "Sir," says he, "pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemayne.

* * * *

December 7th. . . . She tells us that Catiline is likely to be soon acted, which I am glad to hear.

* * * *

December 11th. . . . Here [in Westminster Hall] I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and Harris, the player, and there we talked of many things, and particularly of Catiline, which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enow: and Burt acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlett robes.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

John Caryl, 1667.

A formal Critick with his wise Grimace
Will on the Stage appear with no ill grace:
Most of that Trade in this Censorious Age
Have little of the Poët, but his Rage:
Perhaps old Johnson's Gall may fill their Pen;
But where's the Judgment, and the salt of Ben?

[Epilogue to The English Princess, 1667, p. 66.]

John Dryden, 1667.

He who writ this, not without pains and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
The exactest rules, by which a play is wrought.
TO BEN JONSON

The unities of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

[Prologue to Secret Love, first acted in 1667, printed in 1668.]

John Dryden, 1667.

Warn[er]. Why, sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of sense left? He's gone! Now is he as earnest in the quarrel as Cokes among the puppets; 'tis to no purpose, whatever I do for him.

[Sir Martin Mar-All (acted 1667), V, i. The allusion is to Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, V, iii.]

John Dryden, 1667.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects, law;
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.

[Prologue to The Tempest; or The Enchanted Island, by Dryden and Davenant, acted in 1667. The Prologue appears to have been written by Dryden.]

Elkanah Settle, 1667.

Poets ought to write with the same spirit Caesar fought: Indiff'rent Writers are contemn'd for now There grow no Lawrels for a common brow: None but great Ben, Shakespear, or whom this Age Has made their Heirs, succeed now on the Stage.

[Prologue to Cambyses, King of Persia, acted in 1667.]
Anonymous, about 1668.

_Elegy on Sir William Davenant._

First, in the broad Elysian streets,
He his old father Jonson meets:
Then him his cousin Shakespeare greets;
But his friend Suckling lent him sheets.

Cowley a fair apartment keeps:
Receiving him with joy he weeps;
Into his bed Sir William creeps,
And now in Abraham's bosom sleeps.

[Reprinted in Huth's _Inedited Poetical Miscellanies_, 1870, from a transcript written on some of the flyleaves of a copy of Denham's _Poems_, 1668.]

Samuel Pepys, 1668.

_January 11th. . . ._ Knepp came and sat by us. . . . She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the Stage, of Sir Charles Sidly's, which, she thinks, will be called _The Wandering Lady's_, a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called _The Duke of Lerma_; besides _Catelin_, which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

_February 22nd. . . ._ Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw _Albumazar_, an old play, this the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's _Alchymist_; but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done.

_September 4th. . . ._ To the Fair . . . my wife having a mind to see the play _Bartholomew Fayre_, with puppets. Which we did, and it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest.
September 18th. . . . So to the King's house, and saw a piece of *Henry the Fourth*; at the end of the play thinking to have gone abroad with Knepp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in *The Silent Woman*, and so I only set her at home, and away home myself.

* * * * *

September 19th. . . . Then to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Silent Woman*; the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell the poet, he was big with admiration of it.

* * * * *

December 19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above, and saw *Catiline's Conspiracy*, yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate, and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life. But the play is only to be read, and therefore home, with no pleasure at all.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

**Richard Flecknoe, 1668.**

*Sir William D'Avenant's Voyage to the Other World.*

. . . . Nor was he less amaz'd than they, to find never a poet there, antient nor modern, whom in some sort or other he had not disoblig'd by his discommendations; as Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Spencer, and especially Ben. Johnson. . . . Nay, even Shakespear, whom he thought to have found his greatest friend, was so much offended with him as any of the rest, for so spoiling and mangling of his plays.

[Sir William D'Avenants Voyage to the Other World: With his Adventures in the Poets Elizium, 1668.]

**Anonymous, 1668.**

*An Elegy Upon the Death of Sir William Davenant.*

Now Davenant is arriv'd, the Fields and Plains
Resound unto his Welcome Lofty Strains.
For every Poet there it shall be free
To raise his Joy unto an Extasie.

Imagine him encircled in a Sphere
Of those Great Souls who once admired him here:
First, Johnson doth demand a share in him,
For both their Muses whip'd the Vice of time:
Then Shakespear next a Brothers part doth claim,
Because their quick Inventions were the same.
Beaumont and Fletcher their Petitions joyn,
This for clear Style, that for his deep Design:
Tom Randolph asks a Portion 'monst the rest,
Because they both were apt to break a Jest.
Shirley and Massinger comes in for shares,
For that his Language was refin'd as theirs:
Laborious Heywood, witty Brome, and Rowley,
The learned Chapman, and ingenious Cowley,
Ask their proportions as they've gain'd applause,
By well observing the Drammatick Laws:
Last, Sir John Suckling saith his Title lies,
Because they both (were Knights, and) writ concise.

[From a folio broadside, reprinted in A Little Ark, edited by G. Thorn-Drury.]

John Dryden, 1668.

An Essay of Dramatic Poesy.

In the meantime, I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest man of the last age (Ben Jonson) was willing to give place to them in all things: he was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiarist of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow. If Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him: you will pardon me, therefore, if I presume he loved their fashion, when he wore their clothes. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other poets, I will use no further argument to you than his example: I will produce before you Father Ben, dressed in all the ornaments and colours
of the ancients; you will need no other guide to our party, if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad plays of our age, or regard the good plays of the last, both the best and worse of the modern poets will instruct you to admire the ancients. (P. 300.)

* * * * *

Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have). (P. 316.)

* * * * *

And you see in some places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts; and in this all our poets are extremely peccant: even Ben Jonson himself, in Sejanus and Catiline, has given us this olio of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy, which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the history of David with the merry humours of Goliad. (P. 321.)

* * * * *

But their humours [those of the French playwrights], if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown, that never above one of them comes up in any play. I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one play of Ben Jonson's than in all theirs together: as he who has seen the Alchemist, The Silent Woman, or Bartholomew Fair, cannot but acknowledge with me. (P. 331.)

* * * * *

And for your instance of Ben Jonson, who, you say, writ exactly without the help of rhyme; you are to remember, it is only an aid to a luxuriant fancy, which his was not: as he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. (P. 336.)

* * * * *

But for death, that it ought not to be represented, I have ... the authority of Ben Jonson, who has forborne it in his tragedies; for both the death of Sejanus and Catiline are related; though, in the latter, I cannot but observe one irregularity of that great poet; he has removed the scene in the same act, from Rome to Catiline's army, and from thence again to Rome;
and besides, has allowed a very considerable time after Catiline's speech, for the striking of the battle, and the return of Petreius, who is to relate the event of it to the senate; which I should not animadverted on him, who was otherwise a painful observer of τὸ προτέτων or the decorum of the stage, if he had not used extreme severity in his judgment on the incomparable Shakespeare for the same fault. (P. 337.)

* * *

I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select The Silent Woman, of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe.

As Neander was beginning to examine The Silent Woman, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him; I beseech you, Neander, said he, gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied Neander, that, in obeying your commands, I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior. [Following this is a passage dealing with Shakespeare, which introduces the paragraph quoted below.]

The consideration of this [Shakespeare's great and comprehensive genius] made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last King's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.
Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare’s wit, which was their prece-
dent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especi-
ally being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while
he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and ’tis thought,
used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots.
What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to
him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first
play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their Philaster;
for before that, they had written two or three very unsucces-
sfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ Every Man
in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than
Shakespeare’s, especially those which were made before Beau-
mont’s death; and they understood and imitated the conversa-
tion of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and
quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint
as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from
particular persons, they made it not their business to describe:
they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, 
love. . . . Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent
entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through
the year for one of Shakespeare’s or Jonson’s: the reason is,
because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos
in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men’s
humours. Shakespeare’s language is likewise a little obsolete,
and Ben Jonson’s wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we
look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but
his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer
which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of
himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but
rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to
retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some
measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting
to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more
advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him
making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the
passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he came after those who had performed both to such an height. 'Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Having thus spoken of the author, I proceed to the examination of his comedy, *The Silent Woman*. . . . (Pp. 343-48.)

* * * *

And this, sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the audience favourable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good plays in rhyme as Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare had writ out of it. But it is to raise envy to the living to compare them with the dead. They are honoured, and almost adored
by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their ashes, that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our fathers in wit, but they have ruined their estates themselves, before they came to their children's hands. There is scarce an humour, a character, or any kind of plot, which they have not used. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this age, they could not now make so plenteous treatments out of such decayed fortunes. This therefore will be a good argument to us either not to write at all or to attempt some other way. There is no bays to be expected in their walks: 
tentanda via est, quæ me quoque possum tollere humo. (P. 366.)

[An Essay of Dramatic Poesy, 1668; the page references are to The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1892, vol. xv. The passages cited are the more significant ones, but the student interested in Jonson should examine the entire essay.]

John Dryden, 1668.

In Bartholomew Fair, or the lowest kind of comedy, that degree of heightening is used, which is proper to set off that subject: It is true the author was not there to go out of prose, as he does in his higher arguments of comedy, The Fox and Alchemist; yet he does so raise his matter in that prose, as to render it delightful; which he could never had performed, had he only said or done those very things, that are daily spoken or practised in the fair: for then the fair itself would be as full of pleasure to an ingenious person as the play, which we manifestly see it is not. But he hath made an excellent lazar of it; the copy is of price, though the original be vile. You see in Catiline and Sejanus where the argument is great, he sometimes ascends to verse, which shows he thought it not unnatural in serious plays; and had his genius been as proper for rhyme as it was for honour, or had the age in which he lived attained to as much knowledge in verse as ours, it is probable he would have adorned those subjects with that kind of writing. (P. 296.)
But he must pardon me if I have that veneration for Aristotle, Horace, Ben Johnson, and Corneille, that I dare not serve him in such a cause, and against such heroes, but rather fight under their protection, as Homer reports of little Teucer, who shot the Trojans from under the large buckler of Ajax Telamon:

\[ \Sigma \tau \eta \delta' \alpha'p' \upsilon \pi' \Lambda \iota \alpha \nu \tau \omicron \sigma \acute{a} \kappa \epsilon \iota \ \mathrm{Telam} \omega \mu \omega \nu \iota \acute{a} \delta \omega . \]

He stood beneath his brother’s ample shield;
And cover’d there, shot death through all the field. (P. 304.)

Those propositions, which are laid down in my discourse as helps to the better imitation of nature, are not mine (as I have said), nor were ever pretended so to be, but derived from the authority of Aristotle and Horace, and from the rules and examples of Ben Jonson and Corneille. (P. 308.)

Few Englishmen, except Ben Jonson, have ever made a plot, with variety of design in it, included in twenty-four hours, which was altogether natural. For this reason, I prefer the Silent Woman before all other plays, I think justly, as I do its author, in judgment, above all other poets. (P. 314.)

[A Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy; being an answer to the Preface of the Great Favourite, or The Duke of Lerma, 1668; the page references are to the edition of The Dramatic Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1882, vol. ii.]

John Dryden, 1668.

To say this comedy pleased long ago, Is not enough to make it pass you now. Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit, When few men censured, and when fewer writ. And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this, As the best model of his master-piece: Subtle was got by our Albumazar, That Alchymist by this Astrologer; Here he was fashioned, and we may suppose, He liked the fashion well, who wore the clothes. But Ben made nobly his what he did mould; What was another’s lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.

[Prologue to the 1668 edition of John Tompkins's Albumazar.]

Sir John Denham, 1668.

_On Mr. Abraham Cowley._

Old Chaucer, like the morning Star,
To us discovers day from far,
His lights those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.

* * * * *

By Shakespear's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our Stages lustre Rome's outshines:
These Poets neer our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep.

* * * * *

Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To Cowly scarce did ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and Fletcher all they have;
In Spencer, and in Johnson, Art
Of flower Nature got the start.

* * * * *

He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with Ben Johnson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman Stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and Virgil's State,
He did not steal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear.

[Poems and Translations, with The Sophy, 1668, p. 89.]
The success of this Play, as it was much more than it deserved, so was much more than I expected; especially in this very critical age, when every man pretends to be a judge, and some, that never read three Plays in their lives, and never understood one, are as positive in their judgment of Plays, as if they were all Jonsons.

* * * *

I have endeavoured to represent variety of humours (most of the persons of the Play differing in their characters from one another), which was the practice of Ben Jonson, whom I think all dramatic poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only person that appears to me to have made perfect representations of human life. Most other authors, that I ever read, either have wild romantic tales, wherein they strain love and honour to that ridiculous height that it becomes burlesque; or in their lower comedies content themselves with one or two humours at most, and those not near such perfect characters as the admirable Jonson always made, who never wrote comedy without seven or eight excellent humours. I never saw one, except that of Falstaff, that was in my judgment comparable to any of Jonson's considerable humours. You will pardon this digression, when I tell you he is the man, of all the world, I most passionately admire for his excellency in his dramatic poetry.

Though I have known some of late so insolent to say, that Ben Jonson wrote his best Plays without wit; imagining that all the wit in Plays consisted in bringing two persons upon the stage to break jests and to bob one another, which they call repartee; not considering that there is more wit and invention required in the finding out good humour, and matter proper for it, than in all their smart repartees.

[The Preface to The Sullen Lovers, 1668.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1668.

Stanf. . . . This morning, just as I was coming to look for you, Sir Positive At-all, that fool that will let no man understand
anything in his company, arrests me with his impertinence. Says he, with a great deal of gravity, "Perhaps I am the man of the world that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a great deal of wit in 'em; those are, The Silent Woman and The Scornful Lady; and if I understand anything in the world, there's wit enough in both those to make one good Play; if I had the management of 'em; for you must know, this is a thing I have thought upon and considered." (P. 15.)

* * * *

1st Clerk (reads): "I do acknowledge and firmly believe that the Play of Sir Positive At-all, Knight, called 'The Lady in the Lobster,' notwithstanding it was damned by the malice of the age, shall not only read, but it shall act, with any of Ben Jonson's and Beaumont's and Fletcher's Plays—"

Sir Posit. Hold, hold! I'll have Shakespear's in; 'slife, I had like to have forgot that. (P. 61.)

[The Sullen Lovers, 1668. The page references are to the Mermaid Edition of Shadwell; cf. also p. 40.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1668.

This [play] (being never by him intended for Action) was wrote in single Scenes (without that Connexion, which the Incomparable Johnson first taught the Stage).

[Preface to The Royal Shepherdess, 1668.]

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, 1668–70.

Whilst He was only a Student of the Law, and stood at Gaze, and irresolute what Course of Life to take, his chief Acquaintance were Ben. Johnson, John Seldon, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew, and some others of eminent Faculties in their several Ways. Ben. Johnson's Name can never be forgotten, having by his very good Learning, and the Severity of his Nature and Manners, very much reformed the Stage; and indeed the English Poetry itself. His natural Advantages were, Judgment to order and govern Fancy, rather than Excess of Fancy, his Productions being slow and upon Deliberation, yet then abounding with great Wit and
Fancy and will live accordingly; and surely as He did, exceedingly exalt the *English* Language in Eloquence, Propriety, and masculine Expressions; so He was the best Judge of, and fittest to prescribe Rules to Poetry and Poets, of any Man who had lived with, or before him, or since: If Mr. Cowley had not made a Flight beyond all Men, with that Modesty yet, to ascribe much of this, to the Example and Learning of *Ben. Johnson*. His Conversation was very good, and with the Men of most Note; and He had for many Years an extraordinary Kindness for Mr. Hyde, till He found He betook himself to Business, which He believed ought never to be preferred before his Company. He lived to be very old, and till the Palsy made a deep Impression upon his Body, and his Mind.

* * * *

He [Sir Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland] seemed to have his Estate in Trust, for all worthy Persons, who stood in Want of Supplies and Encouragement, as *Ben. Johnson*, and many others of that Time, whose Fortunes required, and whose Spirits made them superior to ordinary Obligations.

*[The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, Written by Himself, Oxford, 1759, i, 30, 41.]*

**Samuel Pepys, 1669.**

*February 22nd.* . . . And in the evening I do carry them to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, there in a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and myself also sat in the pit; and there by and by come the King and Queen, and they begun *Bartholomew Fayre*. But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se’nnight, with the light of the candles, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles.

* * * *

*April 17th.* . . . At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that *The Alchymist* was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King’s house; and it is still a good play, having not been
acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun, for the Doctor.

[Diary, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

William Ramsey, 1669.

But the Noblest exercise of the mind within doors, and most befitting a Person of Quality, is Study, sometimes one, and sometimes another, for Diversion, were not amiss. Which are most commendable, and becoming a Gentleman, you have been taught before. And, as I hinted there; A few good Books is better than a Library, and a main part of Learning. I shall here contract his Study into these few Books following; in which he may indeed reade all that is requisite, and of Substance. . . .

And among our selves, old Sr. Jeffery Chaucer, Ben. Johnson, Shakespear, Spencer, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, and what other Playes from time to time you find best Penn’d; And for a Diversion you may read Hudebras, and Don Quixot, and Quevedo for prose; As also for General Readings, Burton’s Melancholy, and our famous Seldon his works.

[The Gentlemans Companion, 1672, Division iv. The Dedication bears the date “June 15, 1669.” A MS. note on the title-page of the copy described by W. C. Hazlitt, Collections and Notes, 1876, p. 182, attributes the work to Ramsey.]

Edward Phillips, 1669.


Ex eis qui dramaticè scripserunt, Primas sibi vendicant Shacsperus, Jonsonus et Flecherus, quorum hic facundâ et politâ quâdam familiaritate Sermonis, ille erudito judicio et Usu veterum Authorum, alter nativâ quâdam et Poeticâ sublimitate Ingenii excelluisse videntur. Ante hos in hoc genere Poeoseos apud nos eminuit Nemo. Pauci quidem antea scripserunt, at parum fœliciter; hos autem tanquam duces itineris plurimi


Anonymous, 1669?

To heaven once ther caime a poett, a friend of mine swore hee did know itt. . . .
Ould Chauser mett him in great state, Spenser and Johnson at the gate
Beamon and Flettchers witt mayd one, butt Shakspeers witt did goe aloane.

[Verses set to music, in Harl. MS. 6947, fol. 401.]

John Aubrey, 1669–96.

Francis Bacon (1561–1626).

. . . Mr. Ben: Johnson was one of his friends and acquaint-
ance, as doeth appeare by his excellent verses on his lordship’s birth-day in his second volume, and in his Underwoods, where he gives him a character and concludes that “about his time, and within his view were borne all the witts that could honour a nation or help studie.” (i, 68.)

* * * *

Lucius Carey, viscount Falkland (1610–1643).

. . . For learned gentlemen of the country, his acquaintance was Sir H. Rainesford, of . . . neer Stratford-upon-Avon, now. . . . (quaere Tom Mariet); Sir Francis Wenman, of Caswell, in Witney parish; Mr. . . . Sandys, the traveller and translator (who was uncle to my lady Wenman); Ben. Johnson (vide Johnsonus Virbius, where he has verses, and ’twas his lordship, Charles Gattaker told me, that gave the name to it); Edmund Waller, esq.; Mr. Thomas Hobbes, and all the excellent of that peaceable time. (i, 151.)

* * * *
John Dee (1527–1608).

... He used to distill egg-shell, and 'twas from hence that Ben Johnson had his hint of the alkimist, whom he meant. (i, 213.)

* * * *

Sir Kenelm Digby (1603–1665).

... See excellent verses of Ben: Johnson (to whome he was a great patron) in his 2d volumne. (i, 227.)

* * * *

Thomas Egerton, lord Ellesmere (1540–1617).

... He was a great patron to Ben Johnson, as appeares by severall epistles to him. (i, 245.)

* * * *

Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679).

1634: this summer Mr. T. H. came into his native country to visitt his friends. ... 'Twas the last time that ever he was in Wiltshire.

His conversation about those times was much about Ben: Jonson, Mr. Ayton, etc. ...

Catalogue of his learned familiar friends and acquaintances, besides those already mentioned, that I remember him to have spoken of.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Poet-Laureat, was his loving and familiar friend and acquaintance.

[Sir Robert] Aiton, Scoto-Britannus, a good poet and critique and good scholar. He was neerly related to his lord's lady (Bruce). And he desired Ben: Johnson, and this gentleman, to give their judgement on his style of his translation of Thucydides. (i, 331, 332, 365.)

* * * *

John Hoskyns (1566–1638).

Ben: Johnson called him father. Sir Benet (bishop Benet of Hereford was his godfather) told me that one time desiring Mr. Johnson to adopt him for his sonne, "No," said he, "I dare not; 'tis honour enough for me to be your brother: I was your father's sonne, and 'twas he that polished me." (i, 418.)
Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Poet Laureat;—I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Coll. Oxon. 1646, I heard Dr. Ralph Bathurst (now deane of Wells) say that Ben Johnson was a Warwyckshire man—sed quaere. 'Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle dedicat. of "Every Man . . ." to Mr. William Camden that he was a Westminster scholar and that Mr. W. Camden was his school-master.

Anthony Wood in his Hist., lib. 2, p. 273, sayes he was borne in Westminster: that (at riper yeares) after he had studied at Cambridge he came of his owne accord to Oxon and there entred himselfe in Ch. Ch. and tooke his Master's degree in Oxon (or conferred on him) anno 1619.

His mother, after his father's death, maried a brick-layer; and 'tis generally sayd that he wrought sometime with his father-in-lawe (and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inne next to Chancery-lane—from old parson [Richard] Hill, of Stretton, Hereff., 1646), and that . . . . . ., a knight, a bencher, walking thro' and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintaine him at Trinity college in Cambridge, where he was . . . . . (quaere).

Then he went into the Lowe-countreys, and spent some time (not very long) in the armie, not to the disgrace of . . ., as you may find in his Epigrammes.

Then he came over into England, and acted and wrote, but both ill, at the Green Curtaine, a kind of nursery or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbes (I thinke towards Shore-ditch or Clarkenwell)—from J. Greenhill.

Then he undertooke againe to write a playe, and did hitt it admirably well, viz. "Every man . . ." which was his first good one.

Serjeant John Hoskins, of Herefordshire, was his father. I remember his sonne (Sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poeticall in his youth) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his son: "No," sayd he, "'tis honour enough for
me to be your brother; I am your father's son, 'twas he that polished me, I doe acknowledge it."

He was (or rather had been) of a clear and faire skin; his habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arme-pitts. He would many times exceed in drinke (Canarie was his beloved liquour): then he would tumble home to bed, and, when he had throughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of strawe, such as old woemen used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawen in.

When I was in Oxon, bishop Skinner (of Oxford), who lay at our College, was wont to say that he understood an author as well as any man in England.

He mentions in his Epigrammes a sonne that he had, and his epitaph.

Long since, in King James' time, I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who knew him), that he lived without Temple Barre, at a combe-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you passe as you goe out of the churchyard into the old palace; where he dyed.

He lies buryed in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, of blew marble, about 14 inches square,

O RARE BENN JOHNSON

which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted) who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it.

His motto before his (bought) booke was, *Tanquam Explorator.* I remember 'tis in Seneca's Epistles.

He was a favourite of the Lord Chancellor Egerton, as appeares by severall verses to him. In one he begges his lordship to doe a friend of his a favour.

'Twas an ingeniose remarque of my lady Hoskins, that B. J. never writes of love, or if he does, does it not naturally.

He killed Mr. . . . Marlow, the poet, on Bunhill, comeing
from the Green-Curtain play-house.—From Sir Edward Shirburn.

Ben Johnson:—Ben Jonson had 50 li. per annum for . . . yeares together to keepe off Sir W. Wiseman of Essex from being sheriff. At last king James prickt him, and Ben came to his majesty and told him he “had prickt him to the heart” and then explaynd himselfe (innuendo Sir W. W. being prickt sheriff) and got him struck off.

Vide his Execration against Vulcan. Vide None-such-Charles. When B. J. was dyeing king Charles sent him but x li. Quaere T. Shadwell pro notes of B. J. from the duke of Newcastle; and also quaere Thomas Henshawe (as also de saxis in Hibernia. Quaere my lord Clifford of the gentleman that cutt the grasse under Ben Jonson’s feet, of whom he sayd “ungratefull man! I showed him Juvenal.”

B. Jonson; one eye lower then t’other and bigger. He tooke a catalogue from Mr. Lacy of the Yorkshire words—his hint to Tale of a Tub for the clownery.

Ben Johnson had one eie lower than t’other, and bigger, like Clun, the player: perhaps he begott Clun. He tooke a catalogue from Mr. Lacy (the player) of the Yorkshire dialect. ’Twas his hint for clownery to his comoedy called The Tale of a Tub. This I had from Mr. Lacy.

King James made him write against the Puritans, who began to be troublesome in his time.

A Grace by Ben Johnson, extempore, before King James.

Our King and Queen, the Lord-God blesse,  
The Paltzgrave, and the Lady Besse,  
And God blesse every living thing  
That lives, and breath’s, and loves the King.  
God bless the Councell of Estate,  
And Buckingham, the fortunate.  
God blesse them all, and keepe them safe,  
And God blesse me, and God blesse Raph.

The king was mighty enquisitive to know who this Raph was. Ben told him ’twas the drawer at the Swanne tavernne, by Charing-crosse, who drew him good Canarie. For this drollery his majestie gave him an hundred poundes.
This account I received from Mr. Isaac Walton (who wrote Dr. John Donne's &c. Life), Decemb. 2, 1680, he being then eighty-seaven years of age. This is his owne hand writing.

For yo'r friend's que. this:

I only knew Ben Johnson: but my lord of Winton knew him very well, and says he was in the 6o., that is the upermost fforme in Westminster scole. At which time his father dyed, and his mother marryed a brickelayer, who made him (much against his will) to help him in his trade. But in a short time, his scole maister, Mr. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to attend or accompany a son of Sir Walter Rauleyes in his travills. Within a short time after their returne, they parted (I think not in cole bloud) and with a love sutable to what they had in their travills (not to be comended); and then, Ben began to set up for himselfe in the trade by which he got his subsistance and fame. Of which I nede not give any account. He got in time to have a 100 li. a yeare from the king, also a pention from the Cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie, and some of the gentry, w'h was well payd for love or fere of his raling in verse or prose, or boeth. My lord of Winton told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement, and sicknes, when he saw him, which was often) much afflickted that hee had profain'd the scripture, in his playes; and lamented it with horror; yet, that at that time of his long retyrement, his pentions (so much as came yn) was given to a woman that govern'd him, with whome he livd and dyed nere the Abie in West minster; and that nether he nor she tooke much care for next weike, and wood be sure not to want wine; of which he usually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftner and soner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was borne in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grownds he is positive as to his being borne their? he is a friendly man and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben. You will not think the rest so tedyus, as I doe this. . . .
This is all I know or can learne for yo‘ friend [Anthony à Wood]; which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

I. W. Nov‘r. 22, 80.

* * * *

John Lacy (16 — 1681).

... B. Jonson tooke a note of his Yorkshire words and proverbes for his Tale of a Tub, several “Gad kettlepinns!” (ii, 28.)

* * * *

Sir Walter Ralegh (1552-1618):

... In his youthfull time, was one Charles Chester, that often kept company with his acquaintance; he was a bold impertinent fellowe, and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetuall talker, and made a noyse like a drumme in a roome. So one time at a taverne Sir W. R. beats him and seales up his mouth (i.e. his upper and neather beard) with hard wax. From him Ben Johnson takes his Carlo Buffono (i.e. “jester”) in Every Man out of his Humour. (ii, 184; cf. 192.)

* * * *

William Shakespear (1564-1616).

... This William ... was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well (now B. Johnson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor). ... Ben Johnson and he did gather humours of men dayly where ever they came. ... He was wont to say that he “never blotted out a line in his life”; sayd Ben: Johnson, “I wish he had blotted-out a thousand.” ... Though, as Ben: Johnson sayes of him, that he had but little Latine and lesse Greek, he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey. (ii, 226.)

* * * *

Thomas Sutton (1532-1611).

... ’Twas from him that B. Johnson tooke his hint of the fox, and by Seigneur Volpone is meant Sutton. (ii, 246.)

[Brief Lives, ed. A. Clark, 1898; the volume and page references are to this edition. For passing allusion to Jonson, see also i, 231, 232; ii, 55, 217, 220, 239, 275.]
— Watson, 1670.

An Elegy on Sr W Davenant & his Buriall amongst the Ancient Poetes.

First in the broad Elysian streets
Him his old father Johnson greets;
Next him his Cousen Shakespear meets,
And his friend Sucklin lends him sheets.

[Addit. MS. Brit. Mus., 18220, p. 58, lf. 33.]

Anonymous, 1670.

1670, Thursday, July 21st.—A Constitucion of John Dryden, Master of Arts, to be his Majesties poet Laureat and historiographer-generall, with all such priviledges as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, Sir John Gower, John Leland, esq., William Camden, esq., Benjamin Johnson, esq., James Howell, esq., or Sir William Davenant had or enjoyed, with the yearly pencion of 200 £ per annum and a pipe of Canary wine, out of his Majesties cellars: Habend. during his Majesties pleasure.


Richard Flecknoe, 1670.

Of the difference Betwixt the Ancient and Modern Playes.

If any one the difference would know,
Betwixt the Ancient Playes and Modern now:
In Ancient Times none ever went away,
But with a glowing bosome from a Play,
With somewhat they had heard, or seen so fierd,
They seem to be Celestially inspir'd. . . .
So hard 'tis now for any one to write
With Johnson's fire, or Fletcher's flame & spright:
Much less inimitable Shakspears way,
Promethian-like to animate a Play.

[Epigrams, 1670, p. 71.]

Sir Thomas Culpeper, 1670.

I am not so in love with our own times and faces, as that I fancy in our selves a greater excellency, then in our predecessors;
who can think that the famous Sr. Phillip Sydney, or the incomparable Lord Bacon have been out done in their several kinds, or Shakespear, Beaumont, and Fletcher, or Ben Johnson in theirs, by any of our present writers.

* * * * *

It was excellently observed by our great Ben. Johnson, that the eldest of the present, and the newest of the past Language is the best, which gives enough of our respect to antiquity, in point of Speech.

[Essayes or Moral Discourses On severall Subjects, licensed 1670, printed 1671, pp. 109, 118.]

Aphra Behn, 1671.

First then for you grave Dons, who love no play
But what is regular, Great Johnson's way.

[Prologue to The Amorous Prince, 1671.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1671.

Preface.

Mr. Johnson, I believe, was very unjustly taxed for personating particular Men: but it will ever be the Fate of them, that write the Humours of the Town, especially in a foolish and vicious Age. Pardon me (Reader) that I name him in the same Page with my self; who pretend to nothing more, than to join with all Men of Sense and Learning in Admiration of him; which, I think, I do not out of a true Understanding of him; and for this I would not value my self. Yet by extolling his way of Writing I cannot but insinuate to you, that I can Practise it; though I would, if I could, a thousand times sooner than any Man's. . . .

Yet (after all this) I cannot think it Impudence in him, or any Man, to endeavour to imitate Mr. Johnson, whom he confesses to have fewer Failings, than all the English Poets; which implies he was the most perfect, and best Poet: And why should not we endeavour to imitate him? because we cannot arrive to his Excellence? 'Tis true, we cannot; but this is no more an Argument than for a Soldier (who considers with himself, he cannot be so great a one as Julius Casar) to run from his Colours, and be none; or to speak of a less thing, why should
any Man study *Mathematicks* after Archimedes? &c. This Principle would be an Obstruction to the progress of all Learning and Knowledge in the World. Men of all Professions ought certainly to follow the best in theirs; and let not Endeavours be blamed, if they go as far as they can in the right Way, though they be unsuccessful, and attain not their ends. If Mr. *Johnson* be the most faultless Poet, I am so far from thinking it Impudence to endeavour to imitate him, that it would rather (in my Opinion) seem Impudence in me not to do it.

I cannot be of their Opinion, who think he wanted Wit: I am sure, if he did, he was so far from being the most faultless, that he was the most faulty Poet of his Time. But it may be answered, that his Writings were correct, though he wanted Fire; but I think flat and dull Things are as incorrect, and shew as little Judgment in the Author, nay less, than sprightly and mettled Nonsense does. But I think he had more true Wit than any of his Contemporaries: that other Men had sometimes Things, that seem’d more Fiery than his, was because they were placed with so many sordid and mean Things about them, that they made a greater Show.

Nor can I think, to the writing of his Humours (which were not only the Follies, but the Vices and Subtlties of Men) that Wit was not required, but Judgment; where, by the way, they speak as if Judgment were a less thing than Wit. But certainly it was meant otherwise by Nature, who subjected Wit to the Government of Judgment, which is the noblest Faculty of the Mind. Fancy rough-draws, but Judgment smooths and finishes: nay, Judgment does not comprehend Wit; for no Man can have that, who has not Wit. In Fancy Mad-men equal, if not excell, all others; and one may as well say, that one of those Mad-men is as good a Man, as temperate a Wise-man, as that one of the very fanciful Plays (admir’d most by Women) can be so good a Play, as one of *Johnson’s* Correct and Well-govern’d Comedies.

The Reason given by some, why *Johnson* needed not Wit in writing Humour, is, because Humour is the effect of Observation, and Observation the effect of Judgment; but Observation is as much Necessary in all other Plays, as in Comedies of Humour.
The most Excellent Johnson put Wit into the Mouths of the meanest of his People, and, which is infinitely Difficult, made it proper for 'em. And I once heard a Person of the greatest Wit and Judgment of the Age say, That Bartholomew-Fair, (which consists most of low Persons) is one of the wittiest Plays in the World. If there be no Wit required, in the rendring Folly ridiculous, or Vice odious, we must accuse Juvenal, the best Satyrist and wittiest Man of all the Latin Writers, for want of it.

I should not say so much of Mr. Johnson, (whose Merit sufficiently justifies him to all Men of Sense) but that I think my self a little obliged to vindicate the Opinion I publickly declared in my Epilogue to this Play; which I did upon mature Consideration, and with a full Satisfaction in my Judgment, and not out of a bare affected vanity of being thought his Admirer.

* * * *

**Epilogue.**

The Mighty Prince of Poets, learned BEN,
Who alone div'd into the Minds of Men,
Saw all their Wandrings, all their Follies knew,
And all their vain fantastick Passions drew,
In Images so lively and so true,
That there each Humourist himself might view,
Yet only lash'd the Errors of the Times,
And ne'er expos'd the Persons, but the Crimes;
And never car'd for private Frowns, when he
Did but chastise publick Iniquity:
He fear'd no Pimp, no Pick-pocket, or Drab;
He fear'd no Bravo, nor no Ruffian's Stab:
'Twas he alone true Humours understood,
And with great Wit and Judgment made them good.
A Humour is the Byass, of the Mind,
By which with Violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
It makes our Actions lean on one side still;
And in all Changes that way bends the Will.
This ———
He only knew and represented right.
Thus none, but mighty Johnson, e'er could write.
Expect not then, since that most flourishing Age
Of BEN, to see true Humour on the Stage.
All, that have since been writ, if they be scan'nd,
Are but faint Copies from that Master's Hand.
Our Poet now, amongst those petty Things,
Alas! his too weak trifling Humours brings.
As much beneath the worst in Johnson's Plays,
As his great Merit is above our Praise.
For could he imitate that great Author right,
He would with ease all Poets else out-write.
But to out-go all other Men, would be,
O Noble BEN! less than to follow thee.

[The Humorists, 1671.]

Edward Howard, 1671.

Preface.

Not that I judge our unimitable Johnson, or those wonders of Wit, Beaumont and Fletcher, were without their failings. . . .

Doubtless it was the Wit of Poets that (above all) refin'd their own languages; so that I wonder to find it affirmed that Ben. Johnson (who had such a soul of thought) did by Translating beautifie our Tongue; as if his ingenuity was not to be allowed the glory of doing far more by its single strength. I should be loth to wish any so ill, as that he were alive to answer the imputation; however, I could be well content, that such as will make him their president in Translating from others, could dispose of it so well, and that they had likewise as much Wit, and Learning besides.

Translating, may I grant, add some perfection to a language, because it introduces the wit of others into its own words, as the French have of late done well in theirs; and we have pretty well requited their kindness to us, in rendring so much of theirs in ours; but where I can make use of good Originals, I shall be more sparing of my esteem of Copies, and I dare averre, that the Ingenuities of Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, with some other of our former Poets, left our language more improved, as it expressed their thoughts, then if the best of Italian, Spanish, and French
Wit, had been Translated by the greatest of Pens. I wish it be our good fortune (for the benefit of future times) to leave our Tongue as much inlarged and embellished, as they left it to us. . . .

* * * *

_The First Prologue._

. . . Then is heard a noise with Thunder and Lightning, at which time _Ben. Johnson_ personated rises from below.

_Noak[es]_. Ha, Thunder and Lightning!—I hope the Madam Muses are not displeas'd with us.

_Ang[el]_. But what apparition is this moving towards us?

_Underhill_. As I am an Actor, 'tis the Genius of the old Comick Poet _Ben. Johnson_, I know it by his Picture that hangs up in the _Strand_.

_Ang_. Fly, fly, Associates, there's no being on the Stage longer, for us of the Farce party. [_They go off several ways._]

After which _Ben. Johnson_ personated, goes up to the Audience, and speaks a Prologue.

_The Second Prologue personated like Ben Johnson rising from below._

Behold I _Ben_ appear, your Poet once,
That living durst a vengeance here denounce.
On all the Stages Crimes, and Judges dare
To make my Wit their sense, or else their fear;
Thus have I left th' _Elizium_ Shades and Groves,
The sacred Mansions of the Muses Loves,
Where I my Bays till now unwither'd saw
In my immortal Plays, that here gave Law.
But now provok'd, the Muses quarrel take,
And from their call thus my appearance make;
Did I instruct you (well ne're half an Age)
To understand the Grandeur of the Stage,
With the exactest Rules of Comedy,
Yet now y'are pleased with Wits low frippery,
Admitting Farce, the trifling mode of _France_,
T'infect you with fantastick ignorance,
Forgetting 'twas your glory to behold,  
Plays wisely form'd, such as I made of old;  
But by my Bays I swear, if you persist,  
And my Judicious Cautions hence resist,  
I'll next rise with the Furies from below,  
That scourge vile Poets there with Scorpions too,  
And with those circl'd, hiss at you, and them,  
Except the Scenes just Grandeur you redeem;  
Thus for your Crimes, but what this day will be,  
The fate and merit of the Play you'll see;  
I scarce divine, nor did its Author raise  
Me by a Poets charm to give him praise.  
I never had an Ear was sooth'd by Rhime,  
Or flatter'd to protect a Writers crime.  
And might this Authors modesty offend,  
Should my Encomium here his Play commend;  
Who now prevents it, whilst methinks I hear  
A whisper of his doubtings in my ear;  
His fears are many, there's such Fate in Wit,  
That Plays from fortune more then merit hit,  
Whose Muse would blush for such a guilty chance,  
Since 'twere the bounty of your ignorance.  
But though your crimes in judgment he forbears,  
Take heed, how Ben provok'd, once more appears.

Third Prologue.

You see what little Arts w'are fain to try,  
To give a Prologue some variety;  
Wit you have had, perhaps, in many new,  
Though Farce, and Dance, (your much lov'd mirth) in few.

But why Great Johnson's Ghost should thus appear,  
As if to hector Wits, and Criticks here,  
Who (if the Devil were Poet) would not fear?

'Twas a bold Fiction, and so let it go,  
Yet thus far 'tis instructive unto you;  
That should you recollect your Judging Crimes,  
The Ribaldry of Plays in Prose, and Rhimes,  
Johnson might rise indeed, and own it true.
His Plays were Laws to Wit, and Plot well told,
But such you slight, (though wise) because th'are old;
And well it is for Writers, since that way
You might expect from all who write a Play.

True Comedy, the moral Mirth of Plays,
Lives now the glory of dead Poets Bays,
And like the Phœnix (though confess'd to be)
Produces few of her Posterity. . . .

[The Womens Conquest, 1671. The Preface should be read in its entirety.]

John Dryden, 1671.

I had thought, reader, in this preface, to have written something concerning the difference betwixt the plays of our age, and those of our predecessors, on the English stage: To have shown in what parts of dramatic poesy we were excelled by Ben Jonson, I mean, humour, and contrivance of comedy; and in what we may justly claim precedence of Shakespeare and Fletcher, namely in heroic plays: But this design I have waved on second considerations; at least, deferred it till I publish The Conquest of Granada, where the discourse will be more proper. I had also prepared to treat of the improvement of our language since Fletcher's and Jonson's days, and consequently of our refining the courtship, raillery, and conversation of plays. . . .

As I pretend not that I can write humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought. Jonson was the only man, of all ages and nations, who has performed it well; and that but in three or four of his comedies. . . .

But Ben Jonson is to be admired for many excellencies; and can be taxed with fewer failings than any English poet. I know I have been accused as an enemy of his writings; but without any other reason, than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why should there be any ipse dixit in our poetry, any more than there is in our philosophy? I admire and applaud him where I ought: Those, who do more, do but value themselves in their admiration of him; and, by telling you they extol Ben Jonson's way, would insinuate to you that they can practise it. For my part, I
declare that I want judgment to imitate him; and should think it a great impudence in myself to attempt it. To make men appear pleasantly ridiculous on the stage, was, as I have said, his talent; and in this he needed not the acumen of wit but that of judgment. For the characters and representations of folly are only the effects of observation; and observation is an effect of judgment. Some ingenious men, for whom I have a particular esteem, have thought I have much injured Ben Jonson, when I have not allowed his wit to be extraordinary: But they confound the notion of what is witty, with what is pleasant. That Ben Jonson's plays were pleasant, he must want reason who denies: But that pleasantness was not properly wit, or the sharpness of conceit; but the natural imitation of folly: Which I confess to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend.

I think there is no folly so great in any poet of our age, as the superfluity and waste of wit was in some of our predecessors: particularly we may say of Fletcher and of Shakespeare, what was said of Ovid, In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quam quod adjici potest, invenies: The contrary of which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable Jonson.

Ben Jonson, indeed, has designed his plots himself; but no man has borrowed so much from the ancients as he has done: and he did well in it, for he has thereby beautified our language.

[The Preface to An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer, 1671. This interesting Preface is full of allusions to Jonson and his plays, but it is too long to be cited here entire.]

John, Lord Vaughan, 1671.

On Mr. Dryden's Play, The Conquest of Granada.

There will be praise enough; yet not so much, As if the world had never any such: Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, are, As well as you, to have a poet's share. You, who write after, have, besides, this curse, You must write better, or you else write worse.

John Dryden, 1671.

Of Heroic Plays.

... To those who object my frequent use of drums and trumpets, and my representations of battles, I answer, I introduced them not on the English stage: Shakespeare used them frequently; and though Jonson shows no battle in his Catiline, yet you hear from behind the scenes the sounding of trumpets, and the shouts of fighting armies.

[Prefixed to The Conquest of Grenada, Part I, entered in the Stationers' Registers in February, 1670–71, printed in 1672.]

John Dryden, 1671.

Epilogue.

They, who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as they comedy, their love was mean;
Except, by chance, in some one laboured scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand them, that their faults are shown,
But by their errors, to excuse his own. . .

* * * *

Defence of the Epilogue.

... To begin with Language. That an alteration is lately made in ours, or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson), is manifest.
Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line; but that this is an improvement of the language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the English tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that from Jonson's time to ours it has been a continual declination. . . .

As for Ben Jonson, I am loath to name him, because he is a most judicious writer; yet he very often falls into these errors: and I once more beg the reader's pardon for accusing him of them. Only let him consider, that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censured; and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings, but by showing as great in those whom we admire:

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

I cast my eyes but by chance on Catiline; and in the three or four last pages, found enough to conclude that Jonson writ not correctly.

Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror.

In reading some bombast speeches of Macbeth, which are not to be understood, he used to say that it was horror; and I am much afraid that this is so. . . .

But I am willing to close the book, partly out of veneration to the author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be expected from Shakespeare or from Fletcher, who wanted that learning and care which Jonson had? I will, therefore, spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults. . . .

For Ben Jonson, the most judicious of poets, he always writ properly, and as the character required; and I will not contest farther with my friends, who call that wit: it being very certain, that even folly itself, well represented, is wit in a larger signification; and that there is fancy, as well as judgment, in it, though not so much or noble: because all poetry being imitation, that of folly is a lower exercise of fancy, though perhaps as diffi-
cult as the other; for it is a kind of looking downward in the poet, and representing that part of mankind which is below him.

In these low characters of vice and folly, lay the excellency of that inimitable writer; who, when at any time he aimed at wit in the stricter sense, that is, sharpness of conceit, was forced either to borrow from the ancients, as to my knowledge he did very much from Plautus; or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most grovelling kind of wit, which we call clenches, of which Every Man in his Humour is infinitely full; and, which is worse, the wittiest persons in the drama speak them. His other comedies are not exempt from them. Will you give me leave to name some few? . . .

But, to conclude with what brevity I can, I will only add this, in defence of our present writers, that, if they reach not some excellencies of Ben Jonson (which no age, I am confident, ever shall), yet, at least, they are above that meanness of thought which I have taxed, and which is frequent in him. . . .

And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave gentlemen is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and, perhaps, have had fancy enough to give a supper in the Apollo, that they might be called his sons. And, because they were drawn in to be laughed at in those times, they think themselves now sufficiently entitled to laugh at ours. . . .

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of Shake-speare, without falling after him into a carelessness, and, as I may call it, a lethargy of thought, for whole scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickness and easiness of Fletcher, without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incorrectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge, that it was seldom so fixed, and made proper to his character, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the play. Let us applaud his
scenes of love; but let us confess, that he understood not either
greatness or perfect honour in the parts of any of his women.
In fine, let us allow, that he had so much fancy, as when he
pleased he could write wit; but that he wanted so much judg-
ment, as seldom to have written humour, or described a pleasant
folly. Let us ascribe to Jonson, the height and accuracy of
judgment in the ordering of his plots, his choice of characters,
and maintaining what he had chosen to the end: But let us not
think him a perfect pattern of imitation, except it be in humour;
for love, which is the foundation of all comedies in other lan-
guages, is scarcely mentioned in any of his plays: And for humour
itself, the poets of this age will be more wary than to imitate the
meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertained
with the follies of each other; and, though they allow Cobb
and Tib to speak properly, yet they are not much pleased with
their tankard, or with their rags: And surely their conversation
can be no jest to them on the theatre, when they would avoid
it in the street.

[Almansor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada. The Second Part,
entered in the Stationers' Registers in February, 1670-71, printed
in 1672.]

John Dryden, before 1672.

Prologue to Julius Caesar.

In Country Beauties as we often see,
Something that takes in their simplicity.
Yet while they charm, they know not they are fair,
And take without their spreading of the snare;
Such Artless beauty lies in Shakespears wit,
'Twas well in spight of him whate're he writ.
His excellencies came, and were not sought,
His words like casual Atoms made a thought:
Drew up themselves in rank and file, and writ,
He wondering how the devil it were such wit.
Thus like the drunken Tinker in his Play,
He grew a Prince, and never knew which way.
He did not know what Trope or Figure meant,
But to perswade is to be eloquent,
So in this *Caesar* which this day you see,  
*Tully* ne'er spoke as he makes *Anthony*.

Those then that tax his Learning are too blame,  
He knew the thing, but did not know the Name:  
Great *Johnson* did that Ignorance adore,  
And though he envi'd much, admir'd him more.  
The faultless *Johnson* equally writ well,  
*Shakespear* made faults; but then did more excel.  
One close at Guard like some old fencer lay,  
Tother more open, but he shew'd more play.  
In imitation *Johnsons* wit was shown,  
Heaven made his men, but *Shakespear* made his own.  
Wise *Johnson's* talent in observing lay,  
But others' follies still made up his play.  
He drew the like in each elaborate line,  
But *Shakespear* like a Master did design.  
*Johnson* with skill dissected humane kind,  
And show'd their faults, that they their faults might find;  
But then as all Anatomists must do,  
He to the meanest of mankind did go.  
And took from Gibbets such as he would show.  
Both are so great that he must boldly dare,
Who both of 'em does judge and both compare.  
If amongst Poets one more bold there be,  
The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.  

*Covent Garden Drolery, 1672, p. 9.*

**Title-page, 1672.**


**George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1672.**

*Bayes. . . I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.*

*The Rehearsal, 1672, Act II, Scene i.*
TO BEN JONSON

Robert Veel, 1672.

To Mr. T. D. on his Ingenious Songs and Poems.
How many Best of Poets have we known?
And yet how far those Best have been out-done!
When Chaucer dy'd, Men of that Age decreed
A Dismal Fate to all that shou'd succeed:
Yet when Great Ben, and Mighty Shakespear wrote,
We were convinc'd those Elder Times did dote.

[New Court-Songs and Poems, 1672.]

Tavern Token, 1672.

Obverse: BEN. IOHNSONS. HEAD. IN; in the field, 1672, very bold. Reverse: SHOOE. LANE. 1672; in the field, full face bust of Johnson. It is of the penny size.

[This token from the Ben Jonson Tavern in Shoe Lane is described in Notes and Queries, 6th Series, July 24, 1880, p. 75.]

Sir C. S., 1672.

Poets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out;
'Scape ne'er so hardly, they'll have th'other Bout.
Burnt in the Hand, the Thieves fall to't again;
And Poets hist, cry They did so to Ben. . . .

[Prologue to Thomas Shadwell's Epsom-Wells, acted 1672, printed 1673. The writer was probably Sir Charles Sedley.]

Anonymous, 1673.

If he [Dryden] tells us that Johnson writ by art, Shakespeare by nature; that Beaumont had judgment, Fletcher wit, that Cowley was copious, Denham lofty, Waller smooth, he cannot be thought malitious, since he admires them, but rather skilful that he knows how to value them.

[A Description of the Academy of the Athenian: with a Discours held there in Vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Grenada; Against the Author of the Censure of Rota, 1673, p. 32.]

William Arrowsmith, 1673.

Pix[auro]. Come Sir you are a judge, what opinion have you of the last new Play? . . .
There are many pretenders but you see how few succeed; and bating two or three of this nation as Tasso, Ariosto and Guarini, that write indifferently well, the rest must not be named for Poesy: we have some three or four, as Fletcher, Johnson, Shakespear, Davenant, that have scribbled themselves into the bulk of follies and are admired too, but ne’re knew the laws of heroick or dramatick poesy, nor faith to write true English neither.

[The Reformation, a Comedy, 1673, Act IV, Scene i, pp. 46-7.]

Edward Howard, 1673.

The witty Fletcher, and Elaborate Ben,
And Shakespeare had the first Dramatique Pen:
In most of their admired Scenes we prove,
Their Busines or their Passion turns to Love.

* * * *

Thus Johnson’s Wit we still admire,
With Beaumont, Fletcher’s lasting fire:
And mighty Shakespear’s nimble vein,
Whose haste we only now complain.
His Muse first post was fain to go,
That first from him we Plays might know.

* * * *

Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Johnson, must be nothing with them though such majestick strength of Wit and Judgment is due to their Dramatique pieces.

* * * *

Ben Johnson said of Shakespear’s Works, that where he made one blot, he wish’d he had made a thousand.

[Poems and Essays by a Gentleman of Quality, 1673, pp. 13, 66, Miscellanies, pp. 24, 81.]

Anonymous, 1673.

Thus was he [Dryden] (forsooth) taken to Task, Postponed, and there Lash’d on both sides by the two, too unkind Universities, Oxford first taking him up, while his Mother Cambridge Chastised him severely . . . and next for abusing his Grandsire
Shakespeare, and Father Ben, and being very sawcy with others of his Elders.

[Raillerie a La Mode Consider'd; or the Supercilious Detractor, 1673, p. 25.]

Francis Kirkman, 1673.

The most part of these Pieces were written by such Penmen as were known to be the ablest Artists that ever this Nation produced, by Name, Shake-spear, Fletcher, Johnson, Shirley, and others; and these Collections are the very Soul of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be so termed: And the other small Pieces composed by several other Authors are such as have been of great fame in this last Age.

[The Wits or Sport upon Sport, 1673, Preface, sig. A2.]

John Phillips, 1673.

There sits Ben Johnson like a Tetrarch, With Chaucer, Carew, Shakespear, Petrarch, Fletcher and Beaumont, and Menander, Plautus and Terence. . . .

[Maronides, or Virgil Travesty, 1673, p. 108.]

Arthur Tichborne, 1673.

Tell me no more of Laureated Ben., Shakesppear, and Fletcher, once the wiser men. Their Acts ('tis true) were Sublime! yet I see They'r all Revisedly compos'd in Thee.

[Verses before Matthew Stevenson's Poems, 1673, sig. A4.]

John Dryden, 1673.

. . . I will be no more mistaken for my good meaning: I know I honour Ben Jonson more than my little critics, because, without vanity I may own, I understand him better. . . . I have not wanted friends, even among strangers, who have defended me more strongly, than my contemptible pedant could attack me. For the other, he is only like Fungoso in the play,
who follows the fashion at a distance, and adores the Fastidious Brisk of Oxford.

[The Dedication, to Sir Charles Sedley, prefixed to The Assigination, 1673.]

John Dryden, 1673.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.
What Greece, when learning flourished, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crowned with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free;
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wished to see. . . .

* * * *

Epilogue to the University of Oxford.
Fletcher’s despised, your Jonson’s out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown,
By you whose staple authors’ worth is known,
For wit’s a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have praised,
We’ll back, and boldly say, their price is raised.

[Spoken by Mr. Hart at the acting of The Silent Woman; The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 379–84.]

John Dryden, 1674.

Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare’s, Fletcher’s, and great Jonson’s claim,
May be renewed from those who gave them fame.

[In The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 324.]
TO BEN JONSON

John Wright, 1674.

Our Modern Dramatiques present us with greater Idæa's both of Vice and Vertue: Yet Ben: Johnson thought a considerable part of Seneca's Thyestes not improper for the English Stage in his time, when he took most of Sylla's Ghost from hence, and so well approved of this way of Introduction, that he served himself of it not only in his Tragedy of Cateline, but also in his Devill's an Ass, a comedy, where he makes a Pug his Home d'Intrigue.

[Thyestes a Tragedy, 1674, Dedication.]

Thomas Rymer, 1674.

At this time with us many great Wits flourished, but Ben Johnson, I think, had all the Critical learning to himself; and till of late years England was as free from Criticks as it is from Wolves, that a harmless well-meaning Book might pass without any danger. But now this priviledge, whatever extraordinary Talent it requires, is usurped by the most ignorant; and they who are least acquainted with the game are aptest to bark at every thing that comes in their way.

[Preface to the translation of Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie, 1674.]

Edmund Wheeler, about 1674.

To give such guests that welcome which is due,
Would pose a Shakespear, and a Johnson too.

[Carmen Laudatorium, or verses on the praise of Mr. Henry Boxe founder of Witney Schoole in Oxfordshire (by the scholars of Witney schoole). Sloane MS. 1458, p. 14.]

Samuel Speed, 1675.

On which the Duke, to shun a scorching doom,
Perambulated to Ben Johnson's Tomb [i.e. Westminster Abbey],
Where Shakespear, Spencer, Camden, and the rest,
Once rising Suns, are now set in the West:
But still their lustres do so brightly shine,
That they invite our Worthies there to dine,
Where their moist Marbles seem for grief to weep,
That they, but Stone, should sacred Relicks keep:
And some have fancied that they've heard them sing,
*Within this place is Aganippe's Spring.*
There our ingenious Train have thought it fit
To change their Diet, and to dine on Wit.
First with a free consent they all combine
To pay their visits unto Cataline,
By whom a Damsel stil'd *The Silent Woman,*
Stands in her rich attire, the like by no Man.
Was ever yet beheld; and 'tis her due
To stand near him, b'ing fair, and silent too:
For if some Ladies stood but in her stead,
Their Clappers would go nigh to wake the dead.
Hard by this famous Dame, with well-grown Locks,
Behold an ancient well-experience'd *Fox,*
Plac'd as a grave adviser, who with care
Cryes out, *O rare Ben Johnson lieth there.*
Next day His Grace, and all his Guests so trim,
Do *Shakespear* find, and then they feast on him.
For two such Dishes at one single meal,
Would like two Thieves into the Senses steal;
And such a Surfeit cause, that by their pain,
They'd judg'd unsafe to feed on Wit again.

[The Legend of the Thrice-Honorable, Ancient, and Renowned Prince,
His Grace Humphrey, Duke of S. Pauls Cathedral Walk; in *Fragmenta Carceris,* 1675, Sig. F4 recto and verso. In the lines that follow Speed mentions Spenser, Chaucer, Drayton, Camden, and others.]

**Edward Phillips, 1675.**

*Benjamin Johnson,* the most learned, judicious and correct, generally so accounted, of our *English* Comedians, and the more to be admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts, for he was no *Shakespear,* nor the cost of Extraordinary Education; for he is reported but a Bricklayers Son, but his own proper Industry and Addiction to Books advanc't him to this perfection: In three of his Comedies, namely the *Fox,* *Alchymist* and *Silent Woman,* he may be compared; in the Judgment of Learned Men, for Decorum, Language, and well
Humouring of the Parts, as well with the chief of the Ancient: Greek and Latin Comedians as the prime of Modern Italians, who have been judg’d the best of Europe for a happy Vein in Comedies, nor is his Bartholomew-Fair much short of them; as for his other Comedies Cinthia’s Revells, Poetaster, and the rest, let the name of Ben Johnson protect them against whoever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them: The Truth is, his Tragedies Sejanus and Catiline seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate than of a pathetical and naturally Tragic height: In the rest of his Poetry, for he is not wholly Dramatic, as his Underwoods, Epigrams, &c. he is sometimes bold and strenuous, sometimes Magisterial, sometimes Lepid and full enough of conceit, and sometimes a Man as other Men are.

* * * * *

John Fletcher, one of the happy Triumvirat (the other two being Johnson and Shakespear) of the Chief Dramatic Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age, among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: Ben. Johnson in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, Shakespear in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetic heighth; Fletcher in a courtly Elegance, and gentle familiarity of style, and withal a wit and invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by his almost inseperable companion Francis Beaumont.

* * * * *

Richard Brome, a Servant to Ben. Johnson; a Servant suitable to such a Master, and who what with his faithful service and the sympathy of his Genius, was thought worthy his particular commendation in Verse; whatever Instructions he might have from his Master Johnson, he certainly by his own natural parts improved in a great heighth, and at last became not many parasangues inferior to him in fame by divers noted Comedies.

* * * * *

Thomas Decker, a High-flier in wit, even against Ben. Johnson himself in his Comedy call’d The Untrussing of the humorous Poet; besides which he wrote many others.

[Theatrum Poetarum, 1675, pp. 19, 108, 157, 175]
Thomas Shadwell, 1675.

... And I doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the Faults, when he considers that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines; and that I do not, nor ever did intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of Ben. Johnson's, than of all the best Plays of this kind, that have been, or ever shall be written.

[Preface to Psyche, 1675.]

Sir Francis Fane, 1675.

Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age
Of the great Wonder of our English Stage.
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakespeare write.
Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art
Mimmick his Foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traytor or Volpone try,
Could they ____________________________
Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such Fancies,
As Monster's heads, and Merry Andrew's Dances.

[Epilogue to Love in the Dark, 1675.]

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, 1675.

Epilogue on the Revival of Every Man in his Humour.

Entreaty shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence;
A play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead:
Let that be his excuse. Now for our own:
Why, faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
"Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?"
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice but mere necessity.
To all our writing friends in town we sent,
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Easter-term, and then
You shall have jigg and hobby-horse again.

* * * *

For diverse weighty reasons 'twas thought fit
Unruly Sense should still to Rhyme submit:
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in this epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[Enter Ghost of Jonson, interrupting:]

Hold, and give way! for I myself will speak.
Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence,
Your ancestors so rashly did commit
Against the mighty powers of Art and Wit;
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline?
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage;
But if you pay the great arrears of praise
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

[Poems upon Several Occasions, 1675, p. 29.]
Anonymous, about 1676.

Ben Johnson, traveling from London to Oxford upon a Valentine’s day, meets an Highwayman.

Ben Johnson. Flee hence, or by thy Coat of steele
I’le make thy heart my brazen bullet feele,
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To Hell to be the Devell’s valentine.

Reply by ye Hman.

Robber. Art thou great Ben, or ye revived ghost
Of famous Shakespeare, or some drunken host
That being tipsy wth thy muddy beer
Dost think thy rhyme shall dawn my soule wth feare.

Know this, base slave, that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as proes,
And wth thou art dead wright this upon thy herse
Here ly’s a Poet yt was robb’d in verse.

[Common-place book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester, folio 73 b. The manuscript bears the name of John Pryce, Chancellor of the Diocese from 1696 to 1705, and the date 1676. The verses appear also in Musarum Deliciae, 1655; see the entry “Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655.”]

James Duport, 1676.

In Benjaminum Jonsonum, Poetam Laureatum, &
Dramaticorum sui Seculi facile Principem.
Jonsonæ, Angliæ decus immortale Camænæ,
Magne Pater Vatum, Aonæ Coryphææ catervæ,
Benjamine, (tibi nec vanum nominis omen)
Cui tam dextra Pallas adest, tam dexter Apollo;
Laurigeros egit quoties tua Musa triumphos!
Laudibus en quantis, quanto evehit Anglia plausu
Jonsonum, pleni moderantem fræna theatri!
Per te Scena loqui didicit: tibi candida vena,
Et jocus innocuus; nec quem tua fabula mordet
Dente Theonino, sed pravis aspera tantum
Moribus, insanum multo sale defricat ævum.
Nec Fescennino ludit tua carmine Musa;
Nec petulans aures amat incestare theatri,
Aut fœdare oculos obsœnis improba nugis:
Sunt tibi tam castæ Veneres, plenæque pudoris.
Scenam nulla tuam perfrictâ fronte puella
Intrat, nec quenquam teneræ capít illice vocis,
Nec spectatorem patranti frangit ocello.
Dramate tu recto, tu linguæ idiomate puro,
Exornas soccosque leves, grandésque cothurnos.
Si Lyricus, tu jam Flaccus; si Comicus, alter
Plautus es ingenio, tersivè Terentius oris
Anglicus, aut, Græcos si fortè imitere, Menander,
Cujus versu usus, ceu sacro Emblemate, Paulus:
Sin Tragicus, magni jam præceptore Neronis
Altiûs eloqueris, Senecâ & prædivite major,
(Ingenii at tantùm dives tu divite venâ,) Grandiûs ore tonas, verborum & fulmina vibras.
Tu captatores, locupleti hamata, senîque,
Munera mittentes, Vulpino decipis astu
Callidus incantos, & fraudem fraude retexis:
Atque hæredipetas corvos deludis hiantes,
Vanâ spe lactans, cera nec scribis in ima.
Per te nec leno aut meretrix impunè per urbem
Grassatur, stolidæ & tendit sua retia publi.
Nec mœchus, nec fur, incastigatus oberrat,
Ilłæsûsve, tuae prudenti verbere scenæ.
Sic vitium omne vafer tuus ipse ut Horatius olim,
Tangis, & admissus circum præcordia ludis.
Per te audax Catilina, nefas horrendus Alastor
Dum struit infandum, cædésque & funera passim
Molitur Romæ, facundi Consulis ore
Ingenióque perit; patriæ & dum perfidus enses
Intentat jugulo, franguntur colla Cethegi;
Quicquid Sylla minax, ipsis è faucibus Orci,
Et Fortunati demurmuret umbra tyranni:
Nempe faces flammásque extinguit flumine lactis
Tullius, Angliaco meliûs sic ore locutus.
Culmine tu rapiens magnum devolvis ab alto
*Sejanum*; ille potens populum, pavidiúmque senatum
Rexerat imperio nuper, dum solus habenas
Tractaret Romæ, nutu & tremefecerat orbem,
*Cæsare* confusis; nunc verso cardine rerum
Mole suâ miser ipse cadens, & pondere pressus,
Concutit attonitum lapsu graviore theatrum,
Ingentemque trahit turba plaudente ruinam.
Sic nullum exemplo crimen tu linquis inultum,
Sive & avarities, & amor vesanus habendi,
Sive sit ambitio, & dominandi cæca libido.
Crimina sic hominum versus tortore flagellas,
Et vitia exponis toti ludibria plebi;
Protinus illa tuo sordent explosa theatro,
Dramáque virtutis schola fit, prælectio scena,
Histrio philosophus, morum vel denique censor,
Et ludi, *Jonsoni*, tui sic seria ducunt.
Ergo tua effigies, nostris spectanda plateis,
(Quam meliûs toti ostendit tua Pagina mundo)
Non hominis, sed viva Poesios extat imago;
*Benjamini* icon, Capitisque insigne Poetæ;

*Anonymous, 1676.*

When our Players were come together in a chamber, most of
the vagrant Town-Butterflies flock'd into their presence, amongst
which some were unsatisfied at their cold reception. They all
began to discourse of Plaies, Poetry and renowned Authors of
*Romances*: Never was more noise made in any Chamber, unless
at a Quarrel. And above all the rest the Poet, with a ring of
admirers about him of the chiefest Wits of the Town, was tearing
his Throat with telling them he had seen *Shakespear, B. Johnson,
Fletcher, Corneille*; had drunk many a Quart with Saint *Amant,
Davenant, Shirley*, and *Beys*; and lost good Friends by the death
of *Rotrou, Denham and Cowly.*

*Scarron's Comical Romance: Or, a Facetious History of a Company of
Strowling Stage-Players, 1676, p. 17. In the French original no
mention of the English writers is made.*
Thomas Shadwell, 1676.

Epistle Dedicatory.

But the same People, to my great Comfort, damn all Mr. Johnson's Plays, who was incomparably the best Dramatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Author of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produc'd.

* * * *

Prologue.

For Wit, like China, should long buried lie,
Before it ripens to good Comedy;
A thing we ne'er have seen since Johnson's Days:
And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
Now Drudges of the Stage must oft appear,
They must be bound to scribble twice a Year.

[The Virtuoso, 1676.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1676.

A great Noyse within, then one enters presently, and says this:
Oh Gentlemen, there is such a Civill Warr amongst us within, the horriblest mistake that ever was, in the World. Wee have spoken a wronge Prologue, never such a Stage Error, not in all the raigne of Shakspeare, Jonson, or of Fletcher.

[Prologue to The Humorous Lovers, Harl. MS. 7367, p. 3.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1677.

Codsh[ead]. Good Sir, try some English Poets, as Shakespear. Doct[or]. You had as good give him preserv'd Apricocks, he has too much Wit for him, and then Fletcher and Beaumont have so much of the Spanish Perfume of Romances and Novels. . . .
The last Remedy, like Pigeons to the soles of the feet, must be to apply my dear Friend Mr. Johnson's Works, but they must be apply'd to his head.

Codsh. Oh, have a care, Doctor, he hates Ben. Johnson, he has an Antipathy' to him.

Cramb[o]. Oh, I hate Johnson, oh oh, dull dull, oh oh, no Wit.
Doct. 'Tis you are dull . . . dull! he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets.

[The Triumphant Widow, 1677, pp. 60-61.]

Sir Carr Scrope, about 1677.

When Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd the Stage,
They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there were scarce a Knave, or Fool, in Town
Of any Note, but had his Picture shown.

[In Defence of Satyr, A Poem in Imitation of Horace, lib. I. sat. 4. This work is mentioned by Anthony à Wood; and the Earl of Rochester, in An Allusion to the Tenth Satyr of the First Book of Horace, Poems on several occasions, 1685, p. 39, quotes the above opening lines.]

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 1677-79.

A jeast in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home than the Morosest Satyrs sting.
Shakespear and Johnson did herein excell,
And might in this be imitated well.

* * * *

But does not Dryden find ev'n Johnson dull?
Fletcher and Beaumont uncorrect, and full
Of lewd Lines, as he calls 'em? Shake-spear's stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while
Allowing all the justness that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?

[Poems on Several Occasions, 1680; from second ed. of 1685, as reprinted in J. E. Spingarn's Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century, 1908, ii, 283-84.]

Thomas Rymer, 1678.

I provided me some of those Master-pieces of Wit, so renown'd every-where and so edifying to the Stage,—I mean the choicest and most applauded English Tragedies of this last age, as Rollo, A King and no King, the Maids Tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, Othello and Julius Caesar by Shakespear, and Catiline by Worthy Ben.
Let me only anticipate a little in behalf of the *Catiline*, and now tell my thoughts, that though the contrivance and œconomy is faulty enough, yet we there find (besides what is borrow'd from others) more of Poetry and of good thought, more of Nature and of Tragedy, then peradventure can be scrap't together from all those other *Plays*.

Nor can I be displeas'd with honest *Ben*, when he rather chooses to borrow a *Melon* of his Neighbour than to treat us with a *Pumplion* of his own growth.

*[The Tragedies of the Last Age Consider'd and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages, 1678; in Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century, ed. J. E. Spingarn, 1908, ii, 182, 206.]*

**Thomas Tenison, 1678.**

The Latine translation of them [Bacon's *Essays*] was a work performed by divers hands; by those of Dr. Hacket (late Bishop of Lichfield), Mr. Benjamin Johnson (the learned and judicious Poet), and some others, whose names I once heard from Dr. Rawley, [Bacon's chaplain] but I cannot now recal them.

*[Baconiana, 1678; cited in Notes and Queries, 10th Series, February 4, 1905, p. 94.]*

**John Oldham, 1678.**

*Ode Upon the Works of Ben Johnson.*

*Written in 1678.*

I.

Great Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to dare to praise,
Whose firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories stand,
And proudly their own Fame command,
Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,
And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and thy Bays;
Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! For so I dare
Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,
Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say;
They'll say perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the first Foundations lay.
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin:
But thou alone could'st finish the design,  
All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was thine:  
Some bold Advent'rors might have been before,  
Who durst the unknown world explore;  
By them it was survey'd at distant view,  
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,  
Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,  
Who wast reserv'd to make the full discovery:  
Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,  
Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,  
By that we may Wit's vast, and trackless Ocean try,  
Content no longer, as before,  
Dully to coast along the shore,  
But steer a course more unconfin'd, and free,  
Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity.

II.

Never till thee the Theater possest  
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,  
No Government, or Laws it had  
To strengthen and establish it,  
Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,  
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:  
Uniform'd, and void was then its Poesie,  
Only some præ-existing Matter we  
Perhaps could see,  
That might foretel what was to be;  
A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,  
Like the old Chaos, e'er the birth of Light, and Day,  
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,  
And undertook the mighty Frame;  
No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work compose  
It from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose  
(As some of this great Fabrick idly dream)  
But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,  
And knowing Art its Graces give:  
No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire  
The dull and heavy Mass inspire,
But strait throughout it let us see
Proportion, Order, Harmony,
And every part did to the whole agree,
And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
(Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
(For Schismaticks in that, as in Religion be)
Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream.
Let them despise her Laws, and think
That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
Which justly might deserve the Chain,
'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate Age:
Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
But suffer'd Reason's loose and easie rein,
By that it suffer'd to be led,
Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:
Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
Was wisely govern'd and reclaim'd by thee:
Restraint, and Discipline was made endure,
And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not lessen'd at the greatest height,
Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazling Wit.

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embellish'd o'er.
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence bore.
This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions steer:
Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which most of force to the great Generation brought:
So mingling Elements compose our Bodies frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their just Proportions share,
Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,
Yet can't we say that either's here or there,
But all, we know not how, are scatter'd ev'ry where.

V.
Sober and grave was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No tawdry careless slattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectation,
Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and Town:
But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
Well fitted, it sate close in every place,
And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,
Nor barely smooth, nor yet too coarsely rough:
No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o' th' Schools,
The motly wear of read, and learned Fools;
No French Commodity which now so much does take,
And our own better Manufacture spoil,
Nor was it ought of foreign Spoil;
But Staple all, and all of English Growth and Make;
What Flow'rs so' er of Art it had, were found
No tinsel slight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.
Plain Humor, shewn with her whole various Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Dress,
Nor screw'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
(The gaping Rabble's dull delight,
And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
Such did she enter on thy Stage,
And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
Well wast thou skill'd, and read in human kind;  
In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,  
Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive  
What each from Nature does receive,  
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;  
What custom too, that mighty Sorceress,  
Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform  
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,  
Makes this an odd, and freakish Monky turn,  
And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,  
And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear:  
Whate'er Caprice or Whimsie leads awry  
Perverted and seduc'd Mortality,  
Or does incline, and byass it  
From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and Good, and Fit;  
All in thy faithful Glass were so express'd,  
As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,  
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,  
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,  
Tho every Dish, well cook'd by thee,  
Contain'd a plentiful Variety  
To all that could sound relishing Palats be,  
Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,  
Courted the Tast, and rais'd the Appetite:  
Whate'er fresh dainty Fops in season were  
To garnish and set out thy Bill of Fare,  
(Those never found to fail throughout the year,  
For seldom that ill natur'd Planet rules,  
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)  
What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,  
From the fine luscious Spark of high and courtly Breed,  
Down to the dull, insipid Cit,  
Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,  
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.
VIII.
Most Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And serve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them useless, stale, and out of date;
But thine were wisely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit.
For all succeeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,
And the whole World be justly made thy Stage:
Still they shall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning Crew;
Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos’d, and shut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.
Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raise,
And say it only shines with borrow’d Rays;
Rich in thy self, to whose unbounded store
Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more:
Thou could’s’t alone the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Could’s’t all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,
Nor needest others Subsidies to pay,
Needest no Tax on forein, or thy native Country lay,
To bear the charges of thy purchas’d Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:
Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Design’d by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow’rful Genius sway’d,
Soon vanquish’d Rome, and Greece were made submit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return’dst in Triumph with her captive Wit.
X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talent fix a lye,
And call that Slowness, which was Care and Industry.
Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy shame,
If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judge of thy self alone (for none there were
Could be so just, or could be so severe)
Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry,
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'st each guilty Line,
And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too seldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
Thou didst not small'st Delinquencies acquit,
But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title share)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
And justly then proportions every stroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review,
And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time secure;
Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do,
The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
And all surpriz'd about it wond'ring stand,
And tho no name be found below,  
Yet strait discern th'unimitable hand,  
And strait they cry 'tis Titian, or 'tis Angelo:  
So thy brave Soul that scorn'd all cheap and easie ways,  
And trod no common road to Praise,  
Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence proceed,  
(For whoe'er saw Perfection grow in haste?  
Or that soon done which must for ever last?)  
But gently did advance with wary heed,  
And shew'd that mastery is most in justness read:  
Naught ever issued from thy teeming Breast,  
But what had gone full time, could write exactly best,  
And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the rigid' st Test.  

XII.  
'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare  
Our weak, and meander Acts with his compare)  
When he the World's fair Poem did of old design,  
That Work, which now must boast no longer date than thine;  
Tho 'twas in him alike to will and do,  
Tho the same Word that spoke, could make it too,  
Yet would he not such quick and hasty methods use,  
Nor did an instant (which it might) the great effect produce:  
But when th' All-wise himself in Council sate,  
Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,  
When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and Sense,  
Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,  
It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,  
That something worthy of a God was coming forth;  
Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,  
No point amiss did in the large voluminous Piece appear,  
And when the glorious Author all survey'd,  
Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,  
Well-pleas'd he was to find  
All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind:  
Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,  
And much his Power, and much his Wisdom did applaud,  
To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent Good.
XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on gross and course Applause to live,
And what the dull, and sensless Rabble give,
Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn;
Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,
The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid name:
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
That shone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all sullying Clouds, and fear'd no darkning night;
Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
Who wheresoe'er he does display
His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
Vanish and shrink away.
O'erwhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater blaze of Day;
With such a strong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
Who only can endure to look on it.
The rest o'ercame with too much light,
With too much brightness dazled, or extinguish'd quite:
Restless, and uncontroul'd it now shall pass
As wide a course about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels cease
Begin a new and vaster Race,
And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.

[Poems and Translations, in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703, pp. 327-43.]

John Oldham, 1679.

The First Satyr he [the author] drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be perceived by some Strokes and
Touches therein, however short they come of the Original.

[Advertisement prefixed to his Satyrs upon the Jesuits: Written in the Year 1679. There are certain other passages in the Satyrs which show indebtedness to Jonson's Catiline; see W. D. Briggs, The Influence of Jonson's Tragedy in the Seventeenth Century, Anglia, xxxv, 296.]


If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but required with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring Ben Johnson's two Volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakespear.

[Prefixed to the Second Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679.]

John Dryden, 1679.

The difference between Shakespeare and Fletcher, in their plottings, seems to be this: that Shakespeare generally moves more terror, and Fletcher more compassion: for the first had a more masculine, a bolder, and more fiery genius; the second, a more soft and womanish. In the mechanic beauties of the plot, which are the observation of the three unities, time, place, and action, they are both deficient; but Shakespeare most. Ben Jonson reformed those errors in his comedies, yet one of Shakespeare's was regular before him; which is, The Merry Wives of Windsor. For what remains concerning the design, you are to be referred to our English critic. . . .

It is one of the excellences of Shakespeare, that the manners of his persons are generally apparent, and you see their bent and inclinations. Fletcher comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in everything. There are but glimmerings of manners in most of his comedies, which run upon adventures; and in his tragedies, Rollo, Otto, the King and no King, Melantius, and many others of his best, are but pictures shown you in the twilight; you know not whether they resemble vice or virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present
scene requires it. But of all poets, this commendation is to be
given to Ben Jonson, that the manners, even of the most in-
considerable persons in his plays, are everywhere apparent.

To return once more to Shakespeare; no man ever drew so
many characters, or generally distinguished them better from
one another, excepting only Jonson. I will instance but in one,
to show the copiousness of his invention; it is that of Caliban,
or the monster, in The Tempest.

[Preface, The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy, prefixed to Troilus and
Cressida, or Truth Found too Late, 1679.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1679.

Nor are your [Sir Charles Sedley’s] writings unequal to any
man’s of this age; not to speak of abundance of excellent copies
of verses, you have in the Mulberry Garden shown true wit,
humour, and satire of a comedy; and in Antony and Cleopatra
the true spirit of a tragedy; the only one (except two of Jonson’s
and one of Shakespear’s) wherein Romans are made to speak
and do like Romans.

[The Dedication, to Sir Charles Sedley, prefixed to A True Widow,
1679.]

Samuel Butler, about 1680.

When he [“a small poet”] writes Anagrams, he uses to lay
the Outsides of his Verses even (like a Bricklayer) by a Line of
Rhime and Acrostic, and fill the Middle with Rubbish—In this
he imitates Ben Johnson, but in nothing else. (P. 53.)

* * * *

Men of the quickest apprehensions, and aptest Geniuses to
anything they undertake, do not always prove the greatest
Masters in it. For there is more Patience and Flegme required
in those that attaine to any Degree of Perfection, then is com-
monly found in the Temper of active, and ready wits, that soone
tire and will not hold out; as the swiftest Race-horse will not
perform a longe Jorney so well as a sturdy dull Jade. Hence it
is that Virgil who wanted much of that Natural easines of wit
that Ovid had, did nevertheless with hard Labour and long
Study in the end, arrive at a higher perfection then the other with all his Dexterity of wit, but less Industry could attaine to: The same we may observe of Johnson, and Shakespeare. *For he that is able to thinke long and study well, will be sure to finde out better things then another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready Parts, which is commonly but chance, and the other Art and Judgment.* (P. 398.)

Ben: Johnson in saying (in one of his Prologues) All Gall and Coprace from his Inke he drayneth, only a little Salt remaineth &c., would in these more Censorious times be chargd with a kinde of Nonsense, for though Gall and Coprace be usd in Inke *Salt never was.* (P. 407.)

He [Dryden] complaynd of B. Johnson for stealing 40 Scenanes out of Plautus. *Set a Thief to finde out a Thief.* (P. 428.)

[Characters and Passages from Note-Books, ed. A. R. Waller, 1908.]

**John Oldham, 1680.**

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in dream,  
With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?  
Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,  
Like sacred Cowley, and immortal Ben?

[A Satyr; in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703, p. 416.]

**John Dryden, 1680.**

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads.  
First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Jonson. . . .  
We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay, Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:—

*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:*

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting.

[Preface to Translation of Ovid's Epistles, 1680.]
TO BEN JONSON

Nathaniel Lee, 1680.

Therefore I hope, as your Lordship's Great Uncle shone upon the mighty Ben with a full Favour, (tho' my best Merits are not the ten thousandth part of his smallest Labours) your Lordship's infinite Goodness will accept of my honest Intentions, which to your Lordship's Service shall be ever humbly offer'd.

[The Dedication, to the Earl of Pembroke, prefixed to Caesar Borgia, 1680.]

Nathaniel Lee, 1681.

... There are some Subjects that require but half the strength of a great Poet, but when Greece or Old Rome come in play, the Nature, Wit and Vigour of foremost Shakespear, the Judgment and Force of Johnson, with all his borrowed Mastery from the Antients, will scare suffice for so terrible a Grapple.

[Dedication, to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, prefixed to Lucius Junius Brutus, 1681.]

Anonymous, 1681.

I can't, without infinite ingratitude to the Memory of those excellent persons, omit the first Famous Masters in't, of our Nation, Venerable Shakespear and the great Ben Johnson.

[An Essay on Dramatick Poetry, appended to Amaryllis to Tityrus. Being the First Heroick Harange of the excellent pen of Monsieur Scudery ... Englished by a Person of Honour, 1681, p. 66.]

John Dryden, 1681.

A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a D'Ambois annually, to the memory of Jonson.

[The Spanish Friar, 1681, Dedication.]

Andrew Marvell, 1681.

As one put drunk into the packet-boat,
Tom May was hurry'd hence, and did not know't;
But was amazèd on th' Elysian side,
And, with an eye uncertain gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,
(For whence, in Steven's ally, trees or grass?)
Nor where the Pope's-Head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which still he found and lost his way.
At last, while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd, Ares.
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort;
'Twas Ben, that in the dusky laurel shade,
Amongst the chorus of old poets, laid,
Sounding of ancient heroes, such as were
The subject's safety, and the rebel's fear:
And how a double-headed vulture eats
Brutus and Cassius, the people's cheats;
But, seeing May, he varied streight his song,
Gently to signifie that he was wrong.
Cups more then civil of Emilthian wine,
I sing (said he) and the Pharsalian sign,
Where the historian of the Commonwealh
In his own bowels sheath'd the conquering health.
By this May to himself and them was come,
He found he was translated, and by whom,
Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue,
Prest for his place among the learnèd throng;
But Ben, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
Sworn enemy to all that do pretend,
Rose more then ever he was seen, severe,
Shook his gray locks, and his own bayes did tear
At this intrusion; then, with laurel wand,
The awful sign of his supreme command;
As whose dread whisk Virgil himself does quake,
And Horace patiently its strokes does take;
As he crowds in, he whipt him ore the pate,
Like Pembroke at the masque, and then did rate.

[Tom May's Death, in Miscellaneous Poems, 1681, pp. 35-37.]
Anonymous, 1681.

Our English writers are all Transmigrate
In Pamphlet penners and diurnal Scribes,
Wanton Comedians, and foul Gypsy Tribes,
Not like those brave Heroick sublime strains
That wrote the Cesars and their noble Reigns,
Nor like those learned Poets so divine
That penn’d Mackduff, and famous Cataline.

[The Character of Wits Squint-Ey’d Maid, Pasquil-Makers, 1681, a broadside folio.]

John Oldham, 1681.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean Ben Johnson, and the Earl of Roscommon, the one being of so estab-lish’d an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done.

[Preface to his Translation of Horace His Art of Poetry; in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703, p. 131.]

John Oldham, 1681.

Words new and foreign may be best brought in,
If borrow’d from a Language near akin:
Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid
To Lee and Dryden, what was not deny’d
To Shakespear, Ben, and Fletcher, heretofore,
For which they Praise and Commendation bore?

* * * *

If I discern not the true Stile and Air,
Nor how to give the proper Character
To every kind of Work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my self a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkward Modesty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be?

*Volpone* and *Morose* will not admit

Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit

To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear

In the low Dress which Comick Persons wear.

Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,

Give each thing its due Place and Time aright.

*[Horace His Art of Poetry, Imitated in English; in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703, p. 140.]*

Anonymous, 1682.

**Earnest.**—*Prot. Cour[ant]* has pepper'd us away for what we said of him in our last. Hear his words: *We admire at his high-flown Nonsense in terming the expression High Elegies Nonsensical, confessing our Ignorance of his Sublime Notion therein, and as for the reason why we durst not adventure to make his Elegy, it is the same with that which is given by the famous Poets that flourished at the time of Ben. Johnson's death, viz. That they could not give him his just Praises, so that there was no other Inscription on his Grave-stone than O rare Ben. Johnson.*

**Jest.**—To expose this Fellow to ridicule, one would think, it might be enough to shew him, and I know no other way to get pardon of any body that may hear us, but by assuring them we'll never regard him again, except upon better occasion; He knows *High Elegies* to be Nonsensical (if he understands anything) though *Elogies* or *Eulogies*, which he ment, might not have been so; then he shams upon us, that the great Poets *could* not give *Johnson* his due praise, instead of *dare* not (or else he speaks not to the point;) which he proves by the instance of the *Epitaph* instead of the *Elegy* upon him, of *O rare*; which yet is most Poetically expressive of the highest desert, and does as fully answer his *utmost* merit as the *Utinam viveres* upon the Stone of the Noble Roman.

*[Heracritus Ridens, May 16, 1682; quoted in Notes and Queries, 5th Series, August 25, 1877, p. 146.]*
Thomas D'Urfey, 1682.

If no one were to write Dramaticks, unless they could equall the Immortal Johnson and Shakespear; or Heroicks, unless they stood Competitors with the Incomparable Cowley or Dryden; I fear the Town would lose the diversion both of Plays and Poems.

[Butler's Ghost: or Hudibras. The Fourth Part, 1682, Preface.]

Anonymous, 1682.

He's one whose Works, in time to come,
Will be as honour'd, and become
Deathless as Ben's or Cowley's are,
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or Shakespear
One he himself is pleas'd t' admire.
Nor could these Laureats living, be
Better prefer'd, or lov'd than he.

[Poeta de Tristibus: or the Poet's Complaint, 1682, p. 21.]

John Dryden, 1682.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear; . . .
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?

[Mac-Flecknoe: A Satire against Thomas Shadwell, 1682; The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 448, 456.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1682.

. . . Had it been never so bad, I had valued the Honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by me.

[To the Reader, prefixed to The Lancashire Witches, 1682.]
John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, 1682.
How shamefull and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at th' Age they cannot please,
Conclude us only partial for the dead,
And grudge the Sign of old Ben. Johnson's head;
When the Intrinsick value of the Stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by the following Age. . . .


Edmund Waller, 1682.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
And death found surly Ben exceeding poor. . . .

[To Mr. Creech, On his Translation of Lucretius; in The Poems of Edmund Waller, ed. G. T. Drury, 1893, p. 218.]

Alexander Radcliffe, 1682.
. . . No Idle Scenes fit busie times as these,
Instead of Playes we now converse with Pleas;
And 't's thought the last do savour more of Wit,
For those have Plots to spend, but these to get.
(Give way, Great Shakespear, and immortal Ben,
To Doe and Roe, John Den and Richard Fen.)

[The Sword's Farewell; in The Ramble: an Anti-Heroick Poem, 1682, p. 118.]

Robert Gould, 1682-89?
To Madam G. with Mrs. Phillip's Poems.
. . . Great Shakespear, Fletcher, Denham, Waller, Ben,
Cowley, and all th' Immortal, tuneful Men
Thou'st made thy own, and none can better tell
Where they are low, and where they most excel,
Can reach their heights when thou art pleas'd to write,
Soaring a pitch that dazles human sight!

* * * *
The Play-House, a Satyr.

... Where can you find a Scene deserves more praise,
In Shakespear, Johnson, or in Fletcher's Plays?
They were so modest they were always dull;
For what is Desdemona but a Fool?...
But, if in what's sublime you take delight,
Lay Shakespear, Ben, and Fletcher in your sight:
Where Human Actions are with Life exprest,
Vertue extoll'd, and Vice as much deprest.
There the kind Lovers modestly complain,
So passionate, you see their inmost pain,
Pity and wish their Love not plac'd in vain.
There Wit and Art, and Nature you may see
In all their statliest Dress and Bravery:
None e'r yet wrote, and e'r will write again,
So lofty things in such a Heavenly strain!

[Poems. Chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyrical Epistles, 1689, pp. 65, 173, 176.]

John Dryden, 1683.

... A great victory they will have who shall discover to the world this wonderful secret, that I have not observed the unities of place and time; but are they better kept in the farce of The Libertine Destroyed? It was our common business here to draw the parallel of the times, and not to make an exact tragedy. For this once we were resolved to err with honest Shakespeare; neither can Catiline or Sejanus, (written by the great master of our art,) stand excused, any more than we, from this exception.

[The Vindication: or the Parallel of the French Holy League, 1683; The Dramatic Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1882, vii, 162–63.]

John Dryden, 1684.

Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, no Arbaces write;
But hopped about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some Slighted Maid.
Shakespeare's own muse her *Pericles* first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas Day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.

*Prologue to Charles Davenant's Circe; in The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 330.*

**Matthew Prior, 1684.**

_A Satyr on the modern Translators._

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

... Nay, I could hear him [Dryden] damn last Ages Wit,
And rail at Excellence he ne're can hit;
His Envy show'd at powerfull *Cowley* rage,
And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakespear's* Urn,
With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return
To bear a second Death, and greater pain,
While the Fiend's words the Oracle prophan.

[From *Poems on Affairs of State: the First Part*, 1697, p. 207.]

**Knightly Chetwood, 1684.**

Such was the case when *Chaucer's early toyl*
*Founded* the *Muses* Empire in our Soyl.
*Spencer* improv'd it with his painful hand
But *lost* a *Noble* Muse in *Fairy-land*.
*Shakspeare* say'd all that *Nature* cou'd impart,
And *Johnson* added *Industry* and *Art*.
*Cowley*, and *Denham* gain'd immortal praise;
And some who _merit_ as they _wear_, the Bays. ...

[Commentary Verses prefixed to *An Essay on Translated Verse*, by the Earl of Roscommon, 1684.]

**William Winstanley, 1684.**

_Virgil_ (if we may reflect on Tradition,) after he had written thirty Verses in a morning, spent the rest of the day to convert'
them into three good ones; like *Ben. Johnson*, who to one that
told him of his Oyl and his Lamp, the pains he took before his
Births, those happy abstracts of the humours and manners of
men, gave this answer, *That his were Works, the other printed
things for the Stage were but Playes. Dons and Cleavelands
Poems, how have they whipt and pedantized the other Locusts of
Poetry? thus a true Diamond is to be esteemed above heaps of
Bristol-Stones.* (The Preface, sig. a verso.)

* * * * *

I have conversed with some of the Wits, who credibly informed
me, that *Ben Johnsons* Play of the *Fox* under the name of *Vulpone,*
had some allusion to Mr. [Thomas] *Suttons* manner of treating
of his kindred. (Pp. 318–19.)

* * * *

**The Lives of**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mr. Sam. Daniel,</th>
<th>Mr. Ben. Johnson,</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Mic. Drayton,</td>
<td>Mr. Will. Shakespeare.</td>
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We shall next present you with a Quaternion of Poets, such
as were of the best rank, endued with parts of admirable per-
fection, and deservedly coming under the notion of * Worthies.*
(P. 337.)

* * * *

**Ben Johnson.**

[For his account of Jonson, Winstanley copies from Thomas
Fuller's *Worthies*, 1643–62, *q.v.*, with the following additions based
on Edward Phillips.]

In three of his Comedies, namely the *Fox, Alchymist,* and
Silent-Woman, he may be compared in the Judgement of learned
men, for Decorum, Language and well humouring the Parts, as
well with the chief of the Ancient Greek and Latine Comedians,
as the prime of Modern *Italians,* who have been judged the
best of *Europe* for a happy Vein in Comedies; Nor is his Bar-
tholemew-Fair much short of them. As for his other Comedies,
*Cinthia's Revels, Poetaster,* and the rest, if they be not so Spritful
and Vigorous as his first Pieces, all that are old will, and all that
desire to be old, should excuse him therein, and therefore let
the name of Ben. Johnson shield them against who ever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them. Truth is his Tragedies, Sejanus and Cateline seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate, than of a pathetical and naturally Tragick height; In the rest of his Poetry, (for he is not wholly Dramatic) as his Underwoods, Epigrams, &c. he is sometimes bold and strenuous, sometimes Magisterial, sometimes Lepid and full enough of conceit, and sometimes a man as other men are. . . . Yet were not the Poets then so dull and dry, but that many expressed their affection to his Memory in Elegies and Epitaphs; amongst which, this following may not be esteemed the worst. . . . (Pp. 342–44.)

[England’s Worthies, 1684. There are several other passing allusions to Jonson, of no great interest.]

Earl of Roscommon, 1684.

I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive, if he were alive; and I have often ask’d my self that Question. I know this is a field, Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci flexit Alumnus. But with all the respect due to the Name of Ben Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I, it cannot be deny’d, that the constraint of Rhyme, and a litteral Translation, (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.

[Horace: of the Art of Poetry, 1684, The Preface.]

Mr. Evelyn, before 1685.

The Immortality of Poesie.

Old Chaucer shall, for his facetious style
Be read, and prais’d by warlike Britains, while
The Sea enriches and defends their Isle.

While the whole Earth resounds Eliza’s Fame
Who cur’d the French, and did the Spaniard tame,
The English will remember Spencer’s Name.
TO BEN JONSON

Thee Shakespeare Poets ever shall adore,
Whose wealthy Fancy left so vast a store,
They still refine thy rough but precious ore.

While Flatt'rors live and Parasites shall dine,
While Commonwealths afford a Catiline,
Laborious Johnson shall be thought divine.

[Poems Collected by N. Tate, 1685, p. 90.]

Anonymous, 1685.

Whilst in this Town there's a procuring Bawd,
Or a smooth flatt'ring whore, that plyes the trade,
A wily Servant, cruel Father known,
The Laurel shall the matchless Johnson Crown.
Shakespeare, tho rude, yet his immortal Wit
Shall never to the stroke of time submit,
And the loud thund'ring flights of lofty Lee,
Shall strike the Ears of all Posterity.

[To detracting Censurers, that the Fame of Poets is Eternal; in Miscellany Poems and Translations. By Oxford Hands, 1685, p. 156.]

Gilbert Burnet, 1685.

I will not provoke the present Masters of the Stage, by preferring the Authors of the last Age to them: For though they all acknowledge that they come far short of Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, yet I believe they are better pleased to say this themselves, than to have it observed by others.

[The Preface to his Translation of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, 1685.]

Nahum Tate, 1685.

We own, nor to confess it are asham'd
That from tough Ben's Remains, this Piece was fram'd.
But if Embellishments of Vanity
And Vice, are here improv'd to a degree
Beyond the Characters that Master drew,
We must the Ladies thank for that, and you,
So far above that Johnson's Age e'er knew.

[Prologue to Cuckolds-Haven, 1685.]
Nahum Tate, 1686.

When o'r the World the mild Augustus reign'd,
Wit's Empire too the Roman Poets gain'd:
So when the first auspicious James possesst
Our British World, and in Possessing blest;
Our Poets wore the Lawrels of the Age,
While Shakespear, Fletcher, Johnson crown'd the Stage.
And tho' our Caesar's since have rais'd the State,
Our Poetry sustains the Roman Fate.
In less Essays successful we have been,
But lost the Nobler Province of the Scene:
Perverters, not Reformers of the Stage,
Deprav'd to Farce, or more fantastick Rage.

How therefore shall we Celebrate thy Name,
Whose Genius has so well retriev'd our Fame?
Whose happy Muse such wonders can impart,
And temper Shakespear's Flame with Johnson's Art....

[To the Author, prefixed to Sir Francis Fane's The Sacrifice, 1686.]

Thomas Jevon, 1686.

Therefore if in greater and more evident Points the Lawyer
can no more be without his Fee, than the Lord Chancellour his
Mace, or a Poet without Errors, (my self alone exempted) why
shou'd the Judgment of a Man that is partially byass'd against
the Banditti, rule the Author's opinion in his own Hemisphere,
and discuss at large the Virtues of Jobson's Wife, without the
Management of Hobbs his Leviathan? Why shou'd Shakespear,
Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, that are no way Adequate to the
profound Intellects of my present Atonement, be rank'd above
the Laborious, tho' dull States-man?

[The Preface to The Devil of a Wife, 1686.]

Thomas Brown, about 1686.

To Mr. Dryden on his Conversion.
Traytor to God, and rebel to thy pen,
Priest-ridden poet, perjur'd son of Ben,
If ever thou prove honest, then the nation
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

[The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, 1730, i, 127.]

William Winstanley, 1687.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson.

This renowned Poet, whose Fame surmounts all the Elogies
which the most learned Pen can bestow upon him, was born in
the City of Westminster, his Mother living there in Hartshorn-lane,
near Charingcross, where she married a Bricklayer for her second
Husband. He was first bred in a private School in St. Martin's-
Church, then in Westminster-School, under the learned Mr.
Cambden, as he himself intimates in one of his Epigrams.

Cambden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in Arts, all that I know.
How nothings that, to whom my Country owes,
The great renown and name wherewith she goes.

Under this learned Schoolmaster he attained to a good degree of
learning, and was statutably admitted in St. John's-Colledge in
Cambridge, (as many years after incorporated a honorary Member
of Christ-Church in Oxford) here he staid but some small time, for
want of maintainance; for if there be no Oyl in the Lamp, it will
soon be extinguish'd: And now, as he had quite laid aside all
thoughts of the University, he betook himself to the Trade of his
Father-in-law; And let not any be offended herewith, since it is
more commendable to work in a lawful Calling, then having one
not to use it. He was one who helped in the building of the new
Structure of Lincolns-Inn, where, having a Trowel in his hand,
he had a Book in his pocket, that as his work went forward, so
his study went not backward.

But such rare Parts as he had could be no more hid, than the
Sun in a serene day, some Gentlemen pitying such rare Endow-
ments should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a Calling,
did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own
ingenious inclinations. Indeed his Parts were not so ready to
run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be
truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry; yet were his Repartees for the most part very quick and smart, and which savour'd much of ingenuity, of which I shall give you two instances.

He having been drinking in an upper room, at the Feathers-Tavern in *Cheap-side*, as he was coming down stairs, his foot slipping, he caught a fall, and tumbling against a door, beat it open into a room where some gentlemen were drinking *Canary*; recovering his feet, he said, *Gentlemen, since I am so luckily fallen into your company, I will drink with you before I go.*

He used very much to frequent the *Half-Moon-Tavern* in *Aldersgate-street*, through which was a common *Thorough fare*; he coming late that way, one night, was denied passage, whereupon going through the *Sun-Tavern* a little after, he said,

*Since that the Moon was so unkind to make me go about,\nThe Sun henceforth shall take my Coin, the Moon shall go without.*

His constant humour was to sit silent in learned Company, and suck in (besides Wine) their several Humours into his observation; what was *Ore* in others, he was able to refine unto himself.

He was one, and the chief of them, in ushering forth the Book of *Coriats Crudities*, writing not only a Character of the Author, an explanation of his Frontispiece, but also an Acrostick upon his Name, which for the sutableness of it, (tho' we have written something of others mock Verses) we shall here insert it. . .

[Winstanley's account of Jonson is a curious patchwork of what earlier writers had published, mainly Thomas Fuller in his *Worthies*. Since this material has already been included under Thomas Fuller, 1643–62, it is here omitted.]

Yet do they [Jonson's plays] every one of them far excel any of the *English* ones that were writ before him; so that he may be truly said to be the first reformer of the *English* Stage, as he himself more truly than modestly writes in his commendatory Verses of his Servants *Richard Broom's* Comedy of the *Northern Lass*. 
TO BEN JONSON

Which you have justly gained from the Stage,
By observation of those Comick Laws,
Which I, your Master, first did teach the Age. (Pp. 123–28.)

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

These two joyned together, made one of the happy Triumvirate (the other two being Johnson and Shakespeare) of the chief Dramatick Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age; among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: Ben Johnson in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, Shakespeare in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetick height; Fletcher in a Courtly Elegance and Gentile Familiarity of Style, and withal a Wit and Invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant Branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by Mr. Beaumont; which two joyned together, like Castor and Pollux, (most happy when in conjunction) raised the English to equal the Athenian and Roman Theaters; Beaumont bringing the Ballast of Judgment, Fletcher the Sail of Phantasie, but compounding a Poet to admiration. . . . (P. 128.)

Thomas Decker.

Thomas Decker, a great pains-taker in the Dramatick strain, and as highly conceited of those pains he took; a high-flyer in wit, even against Ben Johnson himself, in his Comedy, call'd, The untrussing of the humorous Poet. (P. 137.)

Thomas Randolph.

. . . He was by Ben. Johnson adopted for his Son, and that as is said upon this occasion.

Mr. Randolph having been at London so long as that he might truly have had a parley with his Empty Purse, was resolved to go see Ben. Johnson with his associates, which as he heard at a set-time kept a Club together at the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar; accordingly at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting Money, which to an
ingenious spirit is the most daunting thing in the World, he peep’d into the Room where they were, which being espied by Ben. Johnson, and seeing him in a Scholars threddiebary habit, John Bo-peep, says he, come in, which accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rime upon the meanness of his Clothes, asking him, If he could make a Verse? and withal to call for his Quart of Sack; there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

I John Bo-peep, to you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece,
If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
’Tis fifteen pence a piece.

By Jesus, quoth Ben. Johnson, (his usual Oath) I believe this is my Son Randolph, which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and Ben. Johnson ever after called him Son. (P. 143.)

*   *   *   *

Richard Broome.

Richard Broome was a Servant to Mr. Benjamin Johnson, a Servant (saith one) suitable to such a Master; having an excellent Vain fitted for a Comique Strain, and both natural Parts and Learning answerable thereunto; though divers witty only in reproving, say, That this Broome had only what he swept from his Master: But the Comedies he Wrote, so well received and generally applauded, give the Lie to such Detractors; three of which, viz. His Northern Lass, The Jovial Crew, and Sparagus Garden, are little inferior if not equal to the writings of Ben. Johnson himself. (P. 149.)

[Lives of the most Famous English Poets, 1687. There are also several passing allusions to Jonson, of no special interest; cf. pp. 108, 132, 135.]

Anonymous, 1687.

Mr. Noy the Attorney General, making a Venison Feast in a Tavern where Ben Johnson and some of his Companions were Drinking, and he having a mind to some of the Venison, wrote these Verses, and sent them to Mr. Noy.
When all the World was drown'd,
No Venison could be found;
For then there was no Park:
Łó here we sit,
Without e're a bit,
Noy has it all in his Ark.

For the ingenuity of which, Mr. Noy sent him a good corner of a Pasty, and half a Dozen Bottles of Sack to wash it down.

At another time, Ben Johnson intending to go through the Half Moone Tavern in Aldersgate Street, was denied entrance, the Door being shut: upon which he made these Verses.

Since the Half-Moon is so unkind,
to make me go about,
The Sun my Money now shall take,
the Moon shall go without.

And so he went to the Sun Tavern at Long Lane end, forsaking the Half-Moon for this affront.

[Aphra Behn, 1687.]

Such Encouragement wou'd inspire the Poets with new Arts to please, and the Actors with Industry. 'Twas this that occasioned so many Admira\ble Plays heretofore, as Shakespear's, Fletcher's and Johnson's, and 'twas this alone that made the Town able to keep so many Play-houses alive, who now cannot supply one.

[The Emperor of the Moon, 1687, the Dedication.]

Martin Clifford, 1687.

MR. DRYDEN,

There is one of your Virtues which I cannot forbear to animadvert upon, which is your excess of Modesty; When you tell us in your Postscript to Granada, That Shakespear is below the Dullest Writer of Ours, or any precedent Age. In which by your
favour, you Recede as much from your own Right, as you disparage *Almanzor*, because he is yours, in preferring *Ben. Johnson’s Cethegus* before him; saying in your Preface, that his Rodomontadoes are neither so irrational as the others, nor so impossible to be put in execution. I’ll give you so many instances to the contrary, as shall convince you, and bring you over to my side.

*Notes upon Mr. Dryden’s Poems in Four Letters, 1687, p. 10.*

**Anonymous, 1688.**

When in a Comick sweetness you appear,  
*Ben Johnson’s* humour seems revived there.  
When lofty Passions thunder from your Pen,  
Methinks I hear Great *Shakespear* once again.  
But what do’s most your Poetry commend?  
You ev’n begin where those great *Wits* did end.

*By “Philaster, St. John’s College”; prefixed to Poeticall Recreations, 1688, sig. A 6.*

**Edward Howard, 1688.**

Of which, he *Chaucer, Spencer*, much beheld,  
And where their Learned Poems most excell’d.  
Tho’ words now obsolete express their Flame,  
Like Gemms that out of Fashion value Claim.  
Near these in Statue witty *Shakspere* stood,  
Whose early Plays were soonest next to Good.  
And Like a vast Dramatick Founder show’d  
Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow’d.  
Whose worth was by this Learned [Polyaster] duly weigh’d,  
As in Effigie there he stood display’d.  
But more stupendious to his Soul appear’d  
Proportions which great *Johnsons* Form declar’d,  
Whose deep Effigies he wish’d longer date  
Then Polish’d art in stone cou’d Celebrate.

*Caroloiades, or The Rebellion of Forty-one, 1689, p. 137.*
Thomas Brown, 1688.

I have Read somewhere in *Monsieur Rapins Reflections Sur la Poetique*, that a certain Venetian Nobleman, *Andrea Naugeria* by Name, was wont every Year to Sacrifice a *Martial* to the Manes of *Catullus*: In imitation of this frolic, a Celebrated Poet, in the Preface before the *Spanish Fryer*, is pleased to acquaint the World, That he has indignation enough to burn a *Bussy Damboys* annually to the memory of *Ben Johnson*. (The Preface, sig. A 2 recto.)

* * * * *

**Crites.** But pray *Mr. Bays*, what did you say to *Shakespear, Johnson*, and the rest of them? Methinks your new-settled Monarchy should stand in a great deal of danger, as long as these Authors continued in any respect and authority among the People.

**Bays.** To prevent Sir, all storms that might have issued from that quarter, I presently set me up an *Index expurgatorius*, by the virtue of which I so castrated these grave Old-fashioned Gentlemen, so disguised their true features, by putting them in modern apparel, that upon the Stage, few, very few I gad, could distinguish their works from my own proper Legitimate productions. Then I fulminated *Johnsons* affected Style, his dull way of making Love, his Thefts and mean Characters: *Shakespears* Ignorance, long Periods, and Barbarous Language: *Fletchers* want of a Gentlemans Education; so often, you do observe me Mr. *Crites*, that scarce one in a hundred had the assurance to offer one good word in their behalf. . . . Finally, I owned my self to be *Apollo's* Vicar here upon Earth, and *Homer's* Successor in the ancient and unerring See of *Parnassus*. That the Decrees of *Mr. Bays* ought to be observed with the same deference as the decrees of *Apollo*. That all other Writers were to be judged by *Mr. Bays*, but *Mr. Bays* was only accountable for his mistakes to *Apollo* himself. (P. 15.)

*[The Reasons of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion. Considered in a Dialogue between Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. Bayes, 1688.]*
Gerard Langbaine, 1688.

But before I quit this Paper, I desire my Readers leave to take a View of Plagiaries in general, and that we may observe the different proceedings between the Ancients and our Modern Writers. ... But let us now observe how these Eminent Men [Virgil, Ovid, and Terence] manage what they borrow’d; and then compare them with those of our times. First, They propos’d to themselves those Authors whose Works they borrow’d from, for their Model. Secondly, They were cautious to borrow only what they found beautiful in them, and rejected the rest. ... Thirdly, They plainly confess’d what they borrow’d, and modestly ascrib’d the credit of it to the Author whence ’twas originally taken. ... Lastly, Whatsoever these ancient Poets (particularly Virgil) copy’d from any Author, they took care not only to alter it for their purpose; but to add to the beauty of it: and afterwards to insert it so handsomly into their Poems, (the body and Oeconomy of which was generally their own) that what they borrow’d, seemed of the same Contexture with what was originally theirs. So that it might be truly said of them; Apparet unde sumptum sit, aliud tamen quàm unde sit, appareit.

If we now on the other side examine the proceedings of our late English Writers, we shall find them diametrically opposite in all things. Shakspear and Johnson indeed imitated these Illustrious Men I have cited; the one having borrow’d the Comedy of Errours from the Menechmi of Plautus; the other has made use not only of him, but of Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Salust, and several others, according to his occasions: for which he is commended by Mr. Dryden, as having thereby beautified our Language: ... But for the most part we are treated far otherwise; not with round Roman Wit, as in Ben’s time, but with empty French Kickshaws, which yet our Poetical Host’s serve up to us for Regales of their own Cookery.

[Momus Triumphans, 1688, the Preface.]

William Mountfort, 1688.

Some Care then must be taken, that may save This Dear, my First-begotten, from the Grave:
Some Friends Advise, like Brother Ben declare,
By God 'tis good, deny't the Slave that dare.

[Prologue to *The Injur'd Lovers*, 1688.]

**Thomas Shadwell, 1688.**

If all this stuff has not quite spoiled your taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be graced:
Which does not monsters represent, but men,
Conforming to the rules of Master Ben.
Our author, ever having him in view,
At humble distance would his steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform, did write:
If poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fiddlers have to the bays an equal right.

[Prologue to *The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688.]

**Thomas Shadwell, 1689.**

*Val[et].* I hope, you'll grant Mr. Oldwit is a fine, facetious, witty, old Gentleman, my Lady Fantast's Husband?

*Wild[ish].* Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age; that pretends to have been one of Ben Johnson's Sons, and to have seen Plays at the Blackfryers.

* * * *

*Oldw[i].* No, Nature has made you a Wit. Why do you take it ill? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I stand here, was a Wit in the last Age: I was created Ben Johnson's Son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my Friend Fletcher, and his Maid Joan: Well, I shall never forget him; I have supp'd with him, at his House on the Bankside. . . . I was a Critick at Blackfryers; but at Cambridge, none so great as I with Jack Cleveland: But Tom Randolph and I were Hand and Glove: Tom was a brave Fellow; the most Natural Poet!

[Bury-Fair, 1689, Act I, Scene i.]
John Wilson, 1690.

But for myself—for once ev'n let me pass,
And tho' the face mayn't please ye, spare th' glass;
Ye can't but say, I made the Devil an ass!

[Epilogue to Belphégor, licensed 1690, printed 1691. Wilson's indebtedness to Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* is shown in Ernst Hollstein's *Verhältnis von Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass' und John Wilson's 'Belphégor, or the Marriage of the Devil' zu Machiavelli's Novelle vom Belfagor.*]

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690.

Where Verse has not the power to Influence,
What method ever can reform the Sense?
What would a *Cato*, or a *Virgil* be,
*Johnson*, or *Shakespeare*, to the Mobile?
Or how would *Juvenal* appear at Court,
That writing Truth had his Bones broken for't?

[A New Essay In Defence of Verse, 1690, p. 5.]

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690.

To this rare place where Wit is taught, [the playhouse]
The Major now had *Collin* brought;
The House was Peopled with all sorts,
The Cities product and the Courts,
An Ancient Comick Piece they knew,
Intitl'd the Fair of Bartholomew,
*Collin* first thought as he came in,
It had a Conventicle bin,
And that mistaking of the day,
The Major brought him there to pray;
He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,
And Pictures deck the Structure round;
*Ben, Shakespeare*, and the learned Rout,
With Noses some, and some without.

[Collin's Walk through London and Westminster, 1690, p. 148.]

Anonymous, 1690.

When this is brought to pass, I am afraid
That in a Play-house I shall dye a Maid;
That Miracles don't cease, and I shall see
Some Players Martyrs for their Honesty.

J. H. ——— the greatest Bigot of the Nation,
And see him burn for Transubstantiation.
Or hope to see, from such a Mongrel breed,
Wit that the Godlike Shakespeare shall exceed;
Or what has dropt from Fletcher's fluent Pen,
Our this days Author, or the Learned Ben.

[Epilogue to Thomas Betterton's alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's
Prophetess, 1690.]

Thomas Brown, 1690.

As the peevish old huncks in the silent Woman hir'd him a
House as far from the rattling of Coaches as he cou'd meet with,
so I have done the same in relation to a Church, and you might
as soon wheedle Ben Johnson's Morose if he were alive again
into the Wits Coffee-House, as perswade me now into any of
your Churches.

[The Late Converts Exposed: or the Reasons of Mr. Bays's Changing
his Religion: Part the Second, 1690, p. 5.]

John Dryden, 1690.

How's this? you cry: an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakespeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often failed?
But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevailed.

[Prologue to Joseph Harris's The Mistakes, 1690.]

William Mountfort, 1691.

Indifferent Authors in most Ages have been encourag'd and
preserv'd under the Clemency of the Nobility, in hopes that
they might be better: But the severity of our Wits would have
the first Plays which are now written, equal to the best of Ben
Johnson, or Shakespeare: And yet they do not shew that esteem
for their Works which they pretend to, or else are not so good
Judges as they would be thought: When we can see the Town
throng to a Farce, and Hamlet not bring Charges: But notwith-
standing they will be Criticks, and will scarce give a man leave
to mend.

[Greenwich-Park, 1691; the Dedication.]

**William Mountfort, 1691.**

But Virtue, tho' she suffer'd long, at last
Was Crown'd with a reward for what was past;
The honest thinking *Heathen* shew'd the way,
And handed Down the Moral call'd a Play:
Old *Ben.* and *Shakespeare* copied what they writ,
Then Downright Satyr was accounted wit;
The *Fox* and *Alchymist* expos'd the Times,
The Persons then was loaded with their Crimes;
But for the space of Twenty years and more,
You've hiss'd this way of Writing out of door,
And kick and winch when we but touch the sore.

But as some Fashions long since useless grown,
Are now Reviv'd and all the Mode o' th' Town.
Why mayn't the Antient way of Writing please
And in its turn meet with the same Success?

[Prologue to *King Edward the Third, with the Fall of Mortimer Earl of March*, 1691.]

**William Tunstall, 1691.**

*To my Ingenious Friend Mr. Heyrick, Author of the Submarine Voyage.*

Long I in darkness, by false Meteors led,
Have blindly follow'd *Truth*, that from me fled:
Long have pursu'd the harsh and rugged Road,
Where *Shakespeare* and Great *Ben* before me trod:
Yet now, Dear Friend, in vain I find,
I did th' *Infatuating Fire* pursue;
It onely did amuse my Mind,
And Me thro' Mists and Labyrinths drew:
Dully thro' thick and thin I wander'd on,
O're *Denham*'s, *Suckling*'s, *Waller*'s Poems ran;
And vainly thought myself well Blest,
When I a while in Cleaveland's Shade could rest;
   And at his Fountain quench my Thirst:

[Prefixed to Thomas Heyrick's Miscellany Poems, 1691.]

Anonymous, 1691.

Ques[tion] 3. Which is the best Poem that ever was made and who in your Opinion, deserves the Title of the best Poet that ever was?

Ans[wer]. . . But since we can't go through all the World, let's look home a little. Grandsire Chaucer, in spite of the Age, was a Man of as much wit, sence and honesty as any that have writ after him. Father Ben was excellent at Humour, Shakespear deserves the Name of sweetest, which Milton gave him.—Spencer was a noble poet, his Fairy-Queen an excellent piece of Morality, Policy, History. Davenant had a great genius. Too much can't be said of Mr. Coley. Milton's Paradise lost, and some other poems of his will never be equall'd. Waller is the most correct Poet we have.

* * * *

Ques[tion] 3. Do the Modern English Dramatique Writers excell most, or those of the last age?

Ans[wer]. Those who first brought our Stage any thing near the Ancients, as Shakespear, Johnson, and some few more, had not only most of 'em a great Genius of their own to shape and mould what they found, but a vast stock of Matter to set up with, and therefore no wonder they were such great Traders.

[The Athenian Mercury, Vol. ii, No. 14, Saturday, July II, 1691, Vol. v, No. i, Tuesday, December I, 1691. According to an advertisement, "All Persons whatever may be resolved gratis in any Question that their own satisfaction or Curiosity shall prompt 'em to, if they send their Questions to"

Anonymous, 1691.

To Mr. T. D. Sir Critick Catcall sends Greeting.

. . . The Indisposition of the Laureat is like to spill as much Blood as Ink among you; for from the Modern Playwriters, to the high toppers of the Profession, I expect to find you all at Daggers drawing; should he be so civil to you to leave us in
haste (I hope he will not) to make a visit to his Brothers Terence, and Ben Johnson in the Elizian Fields. (Sig. A verso.)

* * * *

To tell you the truth, as Mr. Dryden sacrifices a Bussy d'Ambois to the memory of Ben Johnson, I sacrifice one of these [poor books] yearly to the memory of Shakespear, Butler, and Oldham. (P. 4.)

[Wit for Money: or Poet Stutter: A Dialogue between Smith, Johnson, and Poet Stutter, 1691.]

Gerard Langbaine, 1691.

I am only sorry that my Power is not equal to the zeal I have for the memory of those Illustrious Authors, the Classicks, as well as those later Writers of our own Nation, Mr. Shakespear, Fletcher, Johnson, Cowley, &c. that I might be capable of doing them better Service, in vindicating Their Fame, and in exposing our Modern Plagiaries, by detecting Part of their Thefts. (Preface, sig. a4.)

* * * *

The Author [Robert Baron] seems to have propos'd for his pattern the famous Catiline, writ by Ben Johnson: and has in several places not only hit the model of his Scenes: but even imitated the Language tolerably, for a young writer. Whoever pleases to compare the Ghost of Emirhamze-mirza, with that of Scilla, may easily see his Imitation, but that being too long to transcribe, I shall set down the first words of Catiline, in that admirable Play; and afterwards those of Abbas. (P. 21.)

* * * *

This Author [Richard Brome] . . . tho' of mean Extraction (being Servant to the fam'd Ben Johnson) Writ himself into much credit. . . . As to his worth in Comick Writing, it is not only asserted by the Testimony of several Poets of that Age, in their commendatory Verses before many of his Plays, as Shirley, Decker, Ford, Chamberlain, Sr. Aston Cockain, Alexander Brome, and others: but even Ben Johnson himself (who was not over-lavish of Praise) bestowed the following Copy on his Northern Lass,
which will weigh against all the Calumnies of his Enemies. . . .

In imitation of his Master Mr. Johnson, he studied Men and Humor, more than Books; and his Genius affecting Comedy, his Province was more Observation than Study. (P. 33.)

* * * * *

Sr. John Suckling, that gay Wit, who delighted to Railly the best Poets, and spar'd not Ben Johnson himself. (P. 44.)

* * * * *

To speak of his [William Carthwright's] Poetry, there needs no other Character of it in general, then that the ablest Judge of Poetry at that time, I mean Ben Johnson, said with some Passion, My Son Carthwright writes all like a Man. (P. 53.)

* * * * *

I can give him [George Chapman] no greater Commendation, than that he was so intimate with the famous Johnson, as to engage in a Triumvirate with Him, and Marston in a Play called Eastward-Hoe: a Favour which the haughty Ben could seldom be perswaded to. . . . of all which his Tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise has the Preference. I know not how Mr. Dryden came to be so possest with Indignation against this Play, as to resolve to burn One annually to the Memory of Ben Johnson: but I know very well that there are some who allow it a just Commendation. (P. 57.)

* * * * *

Thomas Decker.

A Poet that liv'd in the Reign of King James the First, and was Contemporary with that admirable Laureat, Mr. Benjamin Johnson. He was more famous for the contention he had with him for the Bays, than for any great Reputation he had gain'd by his own Writings. . . . Of those [plays] which he writ alone, I know none of much Esteem, except The Untrussing the Humorous Poet, and that chiefly on account of the Subject of it, which was the Witty Ben Johnson. (P. 121.)

* * * * *

This Play [Satiromastix] was writ on the occasion of Ben Johnson's Poetaster, where under the Title of Chrispinus, Ben
lash'd our Author, which he endeavour'd to retaliate by Un-trussing Ben under the Title of Horace Junior. This Play is far inferior to that of Mr. Johnson, as indeed his abilities in Poetry were no ways comparable to his: but this may be said in our Author's behalf, that 'twas not only lawful, but excusable for him to defend himself. (P. 123.)

But had he [Dryden] only extended his Conquests over the French Poets, I had not medled in this Affair . . . but when I found him flusht with his Victory over the great Scudery . . . and not content with Conquests abroad, like another Julius Caesar, turning his Arms upon his own Country; and as if the proscription of his Contemporaries Reputation, were not sufficient to satiate his implacable thirst after Fame, endeavouring to demolish the Statues and Monuments of his Ancestors, the Works of those his Illustrious Predecessors, Shakespear, Fletcher, and Johnson: I was resolv'd to endeavour the rescue and preservation of those excellent Trophies of Wit, by raising the Posse-comitatus upon this Poetick Almanzor, to put a stop to his Spoils upon his own Country-men. (P. 133.)

* * * *

As to the great Ben Johnson he [Dryden] deals not much better with him, though he would be thought to admire him; and if he praise him in one Page, he wipes it out in another: thus tho' he calls him "The most Judicious of Poets, and Inimitable Writer, yet, he says, his Excellency lay in the low Characters of Vice, and Folly. When at any time (says he) Ben aim'd at Wit in the stricter sence, that is sharpness of Conceit, he was forc'd to borrow from the Ancients, (as to my Knowledge he did very much from Plautus:) or when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay he was not free from the lowest and most groveling Kind of Wit, which we call Clenches; of which Every Man in his Humour is infinitely full, and which is worse, the wittiest Persons in the Dramma speak them."

These are his own Words, and his Judgment of these three Great Men in particular, now take his Opinion of them all in
general, which is as follows: "But Malice and Partiality set apart, let any Man, who understands English, read diligently the Works of Shakespear and Fletcher; and I dare undertake that he will find in every Page, either some Solecisme in Speech, or some notorious flaw in Sence." In the next Page, speaking of their Sence and Language, he says, "I dare almost challenge any Man to shew me a Page together which is correct in both. As for Ben Johnson I am loath to name him, because he is a most judicious Author, yet he often falls into these Errors." Speaking of their Wit, he gives it this Character, "I have always acknowledg'd the Wit of our Predecessors, with all the Veneration that becomes me; but I am sure, their Wit was not that of Gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was Ill-bred and Clownish in it: and which confest the Conversation of the Authors." Speaking of the advantage which accrues to our Writing, from Conversation, he says, "In the Age wherein those Poets liv'd, there was less of Gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best Company of theirs. Their Fortune has been much like that of Epicurus, in the Retirement of his Gardens: to live almost unknown, and to be Celebrated after their Decease. I cannot find that any of them were Conversant in Courts, except Ben Johnson: and his Genius lay not so much that way, as to make an Improvement by it." He gives this Character of their Audiences; "They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs The Golden Age of Poetry, have only this Reason for it, that they were then content with Acorns, before they knew the use of Bread; or that Ἄλης ὀνός was become a Proverb."

These are Errors which Mr. Dryden has found out in the most Correct Dramatick Poets of the last Age, and says in defence of our present Writers, that if they reach not some Excellencies of Ben Johnson, yet at least they are above that Meanness of Thought which he has tax'd, and which is so frequent in him. (Pp. 136–38.)

* * * *

To come lastly to Ben Johnson, who (as Mr. Dryden affirms has borrow'd more from the Ancients than any: I crave leave
to say in his behalf, that our late Laureat has far outdone him in Thefts, proportionable to his Writings: and therefore he is guilty of the highest Arrogance, to accuse another of a Crime, for which he is most of all men liable to be arraign'd.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

I must further alledge that Mr. Johnson in borrowing from the Ancients, has only follow'd the Pattern of the great Men of former Ages, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Plautus, Terence, Seneca, &c. all which have imitated the Example of the industrious Bee, which sucks Honey from all sorts of Flowers, and lays it up in a general Repository. 'Twould be actum agere to repeat what is known to all Learned Men; that there was an Iliad written before that of Homer, which Aristotle mentions; and from which ... Homer is supposed to have borrow'd his Design. ... I could enumerate more Instances, but these are sufficient Precedents to excuse Mr. Johnson.

Permit me to say farther in his behalf, That if in imitation of these illustrious Examples, and Models of Antiquity, he has borrow'd from them, as they from each other; yet that he attempted, and as some think, happily succeeded in his Endeavours of Surpassing them: insomuch that a certain Person of Quality makes a Question, "Whether any of the Wit of the Latine Poets be more Terse and Eloquent in their Tongue, than this Great and Learned Poet appears in ours."

Whether Mr. Dryden, who has likewise succeeded to admiration in this way, or Mr. Johnson have most improv'd, and best advanc'd what they have borrow'd from the Ancients, I shall leave to the decision of the abler Criticks: only this I must say, in behalf of the later, that he has no ways endeavour'd to conceal what he has borrow'd, as the former has generally done. Nay, in his Play called Sejanus he has printed in the Margent through-out, the places from whence he borrow'd: the same he has practic'd in several of his Masques, (as the Reader may find in his Works;) a Pattern, which Mr. Dryden would have done well to have copied, and had thereby sav'd me the trouble of the following Annotations.
There is this difference between the Proceedings of these Poets, that Mr. Johnson has by Mr. Dryden's Confession Design'd his Plots himself; whereas I know not any One Play, whose Plot may be said to be the Product of Mr. Dryden's own Brain. When Mr. Johnson borrow'd, 'twas from the Treasury of the Ancients, which is so far from any diminution of his Worth, that I think it is to his Honor; at least-wise I am sure he is justified by his Son Carlyle, in the following Lines:

_What tho' thy searching Muse did rake the dust._

Give me leave to say a word, or two, in Defence of Mr. Johnson's way of Wit, which Mr. Dryden calls Clenches.

There have been few great Poets which have not propos'd some Eminent Author for their Pattern. Mr. Johnson propos'd Plautus for his Model, and not only borrow'd from him, but imitated his way of Wit in English. There are none who have read him, but are acquainted with his way of playing with Words. Nor might this be the sole Reason for Mr. Johnson's Imitation, for possibly 'twas his Compliance with the Age that induc'd him to this way of writing, it being then as Mr. Dryden observes 'the Mode of Wit, the Vice of the Age, and not Ben Johnson's: and besides Mr. Dryden's taxing Sir Philip Sidney for playing with his Words, I may add that I find it practis'd by several Dramatick Poets, who were Mr. Johnson's Cotemporaries.

As to his Reflections on this Triumvirate in general: I might easily prove, that his Improperities in Grammar, are equal to theirs: and that He himself has been guilty of Solecisms in Speech, and Flaws in Sence, as well as Shakespear, Fletcher, and Johnson. (Pp. 145-50.)

* * * *

I am now arriv'd at a brace of Authors, [Beaumont & Fletcher], who like the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, succeeded in Conjunction more happily than any Poets of their own, or this Age, to the reserve of the Venerable Shakespear, and the Learned and Judicious Johnson. To speak first of Mr. Beaumont, he was Master of a good Wit, and a better Judgment; he so admirably
well understood the Art of the Stage, that even Johnson himself thought it no disparagement to submit his Writings to his Correction. What a great Veneration Ben had for him, is evident by those Verses he writ to him when living. (P. 203.)

Our Author [Peter Haustead] seems to me to be much of the Humor of Ben Johnson, (whose greatest weakness was that he could not bear Censure;) and has so great a Value for Ben's Writings, that his Scene between Love-all, Mungrel, and Hammer-shin, Act 3. Sc. 7 is copy'd from that (in Johnson's Play called The Silent Woman,) between True-Wit, Daw, and La-fool, Act. 4. Sc. 5. (P. 245.)

Benjamin Johnson.

I have already drawn some strokes of this Great Man's Charact, in my Defence of him against the Attempts of Mr. Dryden; and therefore shall less need to make a curious and exact Description of all his Excellencies; which otherwise are very Great, Noble, and Various; and have been remark'd in parcels by several Hands, but exceed my small Capacity to collect them into one full View. I shall therefore rather let them lye dispers'd, as Scaliger did Virgil's Praises, thro' his whole Book of Poetry; contenting my self at present with giving the Reader an Account of the private Occurrencies of his life.

To begin then with his Nativity: He was born in the City of Westminster; and tho' he sprang from mean Parents, yet his Admirable Parts have made him more Famous than those of a more Conspicuous Extraction. Nor do I think it any Diminution to him, that he was Son-in-law to a Bricklayer, and work'd at that Trade; since if we take a Survey of the Records of Antiquity, we shall find the Greatest Poets of the meanest Birth; and most lyable to the Inconveniencies of Life. . . .

He was Bred first at a Private-School, in St. Martin's Church, then plac'd at Westminster, under the Famous Mr. Cambden, (to whom in Gratitude he dedicated his Fourteenth Epigram) afterwards he was sent to Saint John's Colledge in Cambridge; from thence he remov'd to Oxford, and was enter'd of Christ-Church
TO BEN JONSON

Colledge; where in the Year 1619, (as Mr. Wood says) he took his Master of Arts Degree: tho' Dr. Fuller says, "He continu'd there but few Weeks, for want of Maintenance, being fain to return to the Trade of his Father-in-law," where he assisted in the New Building of Lincolns Inn, with a Trowel in his Hand, and a Book in his Pocket. But this English Maro, was not long before he found a Mæcenas and a Varus, to manumit him from an Employment so painful, and furnisht him with means to enjoy his Muse at liberty, in private. 'Twas then that he writ his Excellent Plays, and grew into Reputation with the most Eminent of our Nobility and Gentry. 'Twas then, that Carthwright, Randolph, and others of both Universities, sought his Adoption; and gloried more in his Friendship, and the Title of his Sons, than in their own Well-deserv'd Characters. Neither did he less love, or was less belov'd by the Famous Poets of his Time, Shakspear, Beaumont, and Fletcher: witness his Copy which he writ on Shakspear, after his Death, and his Verses to Fletcher when living.

He was a Man of a very free Temper, and withal blunt, and somewhat haughty to those, that were either Rivals in Fame, or Enemies to his Writings: (witness his Poetaster, wherein he falls upon Decker, and his answer to Dr. Gill, who writ against his Magnetick Lady,) otherwise of a good Sociable Humour, when amongst his Sons and Friends in the Apollo: from whose Laws the Reader may possibly better judge of his Temper; a Copy of which I have transcrib'd for the Learn'd Readers perusal. . . .

As to his Poetry, I dare not pretend to give a Judgment on it, it deserving somewhat above what my faint Praise can reach, or describe: therefore those who would be better satisfy'd must have recourse to his Character drawn by Dr. Fuller, and Mr. Anthony Wood in Prose, and by Mr. Carthwright, and the late Mr. Oldham in Verse; to the foregoing, I might add Mr. Dryden's Dramatick Essay, which had it been writ after his Postscript to Granada, might have aton'd for that unbecoming Character, and had serv'd for a Palinode; but since he has not that I know of thought fit to retract it, give me leave to insert an old Copy of Verses,
which seems to wipe off the Accusations of Mr. Johnson's Enemies. [Here Langbaine quotes the Latin verses by Charles Fitzgeoffrey, 1601.]

I might here appositely enough bring in a pleasant Story or two of Ben. Johnson's, as Instances of his Debonaire Humor and Readiness at Repartee, did I not fear to be condemn'd by Mr. Dryden, and reckon'd by him and his admirers, in the number of those grave Gentlemen, whose Memory (he says) is the only Plea for their being Wits: for this reason I shall forbear, and hasten to give an Account of his Works.

He has writ above fifty several Pieces, which we may rank under the Species of Dramatick Poetry; of which we shall give an Account in Order, beginning with one of his best Comedies, viz.

*Alchymist*, a Comedy . . .

*Bartholomew Fair*, . . . This play has frequently appear'd on the Stage since the Restoration, with great applause.

*Caitline his Conspiracy*. . . This play is still in Vogue on the Stage, and always presented with success. . . .

*Every Man in his Humour*. . . This Play has been reviv'd since the Civil Wars, and was receiv'd with general Applause. There is a new Epilogue writ for this Play, the latter part of which is spoken by Ben Johnson's Ghost. [See the entry under "Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, 1675.”]

*Every Man out of his Humour* . . . This Play was reviv'd at the Theatre-Royal, in the Year 1675, at which time a new Prologue, and Epilogue were spoken by Jo. Heyns, which were written by Mr. Duffet. See his *Poems* 8°. pag. 72. &c. This is accounted an excellent Old Comedy . . .

*Magnetick Lady*. . . This Play is generally esteem'd an Excellent Play: tho' in those days it found some Enemies. . .

*Poetaster*. . . I have already spoken of this Play in the Account of Decker's *Satyromastix*; and I must further add, I heartily wish for our Author's Reputation, that he had not been the Agressor in this Quarrel; but being altogether ignorant of the Provocations given him, I must suspend my Judgment, and
leave it to better Judges to determine the Controversy. . . .

Sejanus's Fall. . . . This Play is generally commended by all Lovers of Poetry.

Silent Woman. . . . This Play is Accounted by all, One of the best Comedies we have extant; and those who would know more, may be amply satisfied by the perusal of the judicious Examen of this Play made by Mr. Dryden. . . .

Vulpone, or The Fox. . . . It is still in vogue at the Theatre in Dorset Garden. . . .

New-Inn. . . . The just Indignation the Author took at the Vulgar Censure of his Play begat this following Ode to himself:

Come, leave the loathed Stage . . .

This Ode sufficiently shews what a high Opinion our Author has of his own Performances; and like Aristotle in Philosophy, and Peter Lombard, (The Master of the Sentences) in School-Divinity; our Ben. lookt upon himself as the only Master of Poetry; and thought it the Duty of the Age, rather to submit to, than dispute, much less oppose his Judgment. 'Twas great pity, that he that was so great a Master in Poetry, should not retain that old Axiom in Morality, Nosce Teipsum: . . . He had then prevented that sharp Reply made by the Ingenious Mr. Feltham, to this Magisterial Ode: and which could not chuse but vex a Person of our Author's Haughty Temper: but he was a Man, and subject to Infirmitities, as well as others; tho' abating for his too much abounding in his own Sence, (an Epidemical Distemper belonging to the Fraternity of Parnassus) he had not his Equal in his Time for Poetry. . . .

This Haughty Humour of Mr. Johnson was blam'd and carp'd at by others, as well as Mr. Feltham: amongst the rest, Sir John Suckling, that Neat Facetious Wit, arraign'd him at the Session of Poets; and had a fling at this Play in particular: tho' we may say, compar'd to the former, He did only circum præcordia ludere; laugh at, and rally his unreasonable Self-opinion; as you may see in the following Lines: the first Stanza of which tho' already mention'd in the Account of Heywood, I crave my Readers leave to repeat, that he may read our Author's Character entire:

29
The first that broke silence was good Old Ben, . . .

He died An. D. 1637, being aged 63, and was buried in St. Peter's Church in Westminster, on the West-side near the Belfry; having only a plain Stone over his Grave, with this Inscription;

O RARE BEN. JOHNSON.

'Tis manifest, that a better Monument was design'd him, by some Friends; but the Civil Wars breaking out, hindred their good Intentions: tho' it shall not prevent me from transcribing an Elegy written by a Studious Friend and Admirer of Ben. Johnson; which I wish were set upon his Grave.


Certainly therefore, if he [Thomas Killegrew] scrupled to rob Mr. Carew, he would much more Mr. Johnson, whose Fame as much exceeded the others, as his Writings and Compositions are better known: However it be, I am sure he is not the only Poet that has imp'd his Wings with Mr. Johnson's Feathers. (P. 314.)

He [Marlowe] writ besides a Poem, call'd Hero and Leander; Whose mighty Lines (says one) Mr. Benjamin Johnson, a Man sensible enough of his own Abilities, was often heard to say, that they were Examples fitter for Admiration, than Paralel. (P. 345.)

Never any Man's Stile was more Bombast, so that undoubtedly he [Thomas Meriton] deserv'd to have been under Ben. Johnson's Hands; and had he liv'd in that Age, had without question underwent the trouble of a Vomit, as well as Crispinus in Poet-aster, till he had (to borrow One of his lofty Expressions) disgorg'd the obdure Faculty of his Sence. (P. 367.)

He [Thomas Middleton] was Contemporary with those Famous Poets Johnson, Fletcher, Massinger and Rowley, in whose Friend-
ship he had a large Share; and tho' he came short of the two former in parts, yet like the Ivy by the Assistance of the Oak, (being joyn'd with them in several Plays) he clim'd up to some considerable height of Reputation. He joyn'd with Fletcher and Johnson, in a Play called The Widow, . . . and certainly most Men will allow, That he that was thought fit to be receiv'd into a Triumvirate, by two such Great Men, was no common Poet. (P. 370.)

* * * *

No Person since the Time of Augustus better understood Dramatick Poetry, nor more generously encourag'd Poets; so that we my truly call him [William, Duke of Newcastle] our English Mecænas. He had a more particular kindness for that Great Master of Dramatick Poesy, the Excellent Johnson, and 'twas from him that he attain'd to a perfect Knowledge of what was to be accounted True Humour in Comedy. (P. 386.)

* * * *

He [Thomas Randolph] was accounted one of the most pregnant Wits of his Time; and was not only admir'd by the Wits of Cambridge, but likewise belov'd and valu'd by the Poets, and Men of the Town in that Age. His Gay Humour, and Readiness at Repartee, begat Ben. Johnson's Love to that Degree, that he Adopted him his Son: on which Account Mr. Randolph writ a Gratulatory Poem to him, which is printed, these Lines being part of the Copy:

—When my Muse upon obedient knees
Asks not a Father's Blessing, let her leese
The Fame of this Adoption; 'tis a Curse
I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse.

How true a Filial Love he pay'd to his Reputation, may appear from his Answer to that Ode, which Ben. writ in Defence of his New-Inn, and which Mr. Feltham reply'd upon so sharply. Having given you the two former, in my Account of Mr. Johnson; give me leave likewise to transcribe this in Honour of Mr. Randolph, whose Memory I reverence, for his Respect to that Great Man. (Pp. 411–12.)

* * * *
Permit me therefore to conclude all with the following Lines, writ by One of St. John's, in Memory of our Author.

* * * * *

As to his [William Rowly's] Poetry, and his intimate Acquaintance with the prime Poets of that Age, I can speak at large. He was not only beloved by those Great Men, Shakespear, Fletcher, and Johnson; but likewise writ with the former, The Birth of Merlin. Besides what he joyned in writing with Poets of the second Magnitude, as Heywood, Middleton, Day and Webster. (P. 428.)

* * * * *

That Mr. Shadwell has propos'd B. Johnson for his Model, I am very certain of; and those who will read the Preface to the Humorists, may be sufficiently satisfied what a value he has for that Great Man. (P. 444.)

* * * * *

And it is no small credit to our Author [Tho. Shadwell], that the Sieur De Saint Euvremont, speaking of our English Comedies in his Essays, has ranked this Play [Epsom Wells] with Ben Johnson's Bartholmew Fair, as two of our most diverting Comedies. (P. 446.)

* * * * *

'Tis true Mr. Dryden has censured him [Shakespeare] very severely, in his Postscript to Granada; but in cool Blood, and when the Enthusiastick Fit was past, he has acknowledged him Equal at least, if not Superiour, to Mr. Johnson in Poesie. I shall not here repeat what has been before urged in his behalf, in that Common Defence of the Poets of that Time, against
Mr. Dryden's Account of Ben Johnson; but shall take the Liberty to speak my Opinion, as my predecessors have done, of his Works; which is this, That I esteem his Plays beyond any that have ever been published in our Language: and tho' I extreamly admire Johnson, and Fletcher; yet I must aver, that when in competition with Shakespear, I must apply to them what Justus Lipsius writ in his Letter to Andraes Schottus, concerning Terence and Plautus, when compar'd; Terentium amo, admiror, sed Plautum magis. (P. 454.)

* * * *

I shall conclude this Account, with Four Lines writ in our Author's Commendation, by One Mr. Hall; who in the Title of his Panegyrick stiles him, The Surviving Honour and Ornament of the English Scene: and in the End, concludes thus:

Yet this I dare assert, when Men have nam'd
Johnson (the Nations Laureat,) the fam'd
Beaumont, and Fletcher, he, that cannot see
Shirley, the fourth, must forfeit his best Eye. (P. 485.)


Anthony a Wood, 1691–92.

Benjamin Johnson, a poet as soon as he was born, afterwars the father of our poetry, and most admirably well vers'd in classical authors, and therefore belov'd of Cambden, Selden, Hoskins, Martin, &c. made his first entry on the stage of this vain world within the city of Westminster, (being the son of a grave minister) educated in the college school there, while Cambden was master, which was the reason why Ben did afterwards acknowledge, that all that he had in arts, and all that he knew, he ow'd to him. Thence his silly mother, who had married to her second husband a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as 'tis said, work at her husband's trade. At length being pitied by some generous gentlemen, Cambden got him a better employment, which was to attend or accompany a son of sir Walt. Raleigh in his adventures, whereby gaining experience,
made his company acceptable among many. After their return they parted, I think not in cold blood, and thereupon Ben went to Cambridge, and was, as 'tis said, statutably elected into St. John's coll. But what continuance he made there I find not: Sure 'tis, that his geny being mostly poetical, he did afterwards recede to a nursery or obscure play-house called the Green Curtain, about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell, but his first action and writing there were both ill. At length improving his fancy much by keeping scholastical company, he betook himself again to write plays; which he did so admirably well, that he was esteemed paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and to teach the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. Whereupon sir Jo. Suckling bringing him into the Session of Poets, Ben broke silence, spoke to the poets, and Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage Of errors that had lasted many an age.

His own proper industry and addiction to books, especially to ancient poets and classical authors, made him a person of curious learning and judgment, and of singular excellence in the art of poetry. Which, with his accurate judgment and performance, known only to those few, who are truly able to judge of his works, have gain'd from the most eminent scholars of his time (particularly from the learned Selden) an increasing admiration. Dr. Rich. Corbet, of Ch. Ch. and other poets of this university, did, in reverence to his parts, invite him to Oxon, where continuing for some time in Ch. Ch. in writing and composing plays; he was, as a member thereof, actually created M. of A. in 1619, and therefore upon that account I put him among the Oxford writers, for at Cambridge his stay was but short, and whether he took a degree in that university, I cannot yet learn of any. His works are these . . .

His Motives—Printed 1622, oct. He also had a hand in a com. called, The Widow. Lond. 1652, qu. [Bodl. 4to. S. 3. Art. B S.] Jo. Fletcher and Th. Middleton were his assistants. Also in Eastward Hoe, Com. [1605, 4°.] assisted by Geo. Chapman, &c. and did with Dr. Hacket (afterwards B. of Lichfield) translate
into Latin The Lord Bacon’s Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral. At length B. Johnson, after he had arrived to the sixty-third year of his age, marched off from the stage of this vain world on the 16th of August in sixteen hundred thirty and seven, and was buried three days after in S. Peter’s Church within the city of Westminster, commonly called the Abbey church, not among the poets, but at the west end near to the belfrey, under the escutcheon of Rob. de Ros, or Roos, with this engraven on a common pavement stone lying over his grave, at eighteen pence charge, given by Jack Young of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, (afterwards a knight by the favour of K. Ch. II.) O Rare Ben Johnson. There was a considerable sum of money gathered from among the wits and virtuosi of his time for the erection of a monument and a Statua for him, but before they could be done, the rebellion broke forth and hindred the design; whereupon the money was refunded. I have been informed by a worthy prelate several years since deceased, that this poet Ben had a pension of an 100 £. per an. from the king, a pension also from the city of London, and the like from several of the nobility, and from some of the gentry, particularly from Sutton, founder of the hospital that now bears his name, which were commonly well paid either out of pure love to him, or out of fear of his railing in verse or prose, or both. When he was in his last sickness, the said prelate, who was then M. of A. did, among other of his acquaintance, often visit him, and as often heard him repent of his prophaning the scripture in his plays, and that with horror, &c. Many years after his death did appear to the world another poet of both his names, who writes himself in his Poems published 1672, “Ben Johnson junior,” but what relation there was between him and the former I know not. (Vol. ii, pp. 611-15.)

* * * *

Over his [Thomas Overbury’s] grave tho’ no memory by writing was ever put, yet Ben. Johnson’s epigram written to him will eternize it, and other verses by the wits of his time. (Vol. ii, p. 136.)

* * * *
July 19. [1620]. Benjamin Johnson the father of the English poets and poetry, and the most learned and judicious of the comedians, was then actually created master of arts in a full house of convocation. (Vol. ii, p. 392.)

* * * * *

Robert Waring, . . . To the said [the third] edition [of Effigies Amoris] is joined our author's Carmen Lapidorium, written to the memory of Ben. Johnson, which Griffith finding miserably mangled in Jonsonus Virbius, or Verses on the Death of Ben. Johnson, he, with his own hand, restored it to its former perfection and lustre, by freeing it from the errors of the press. (Vol. iii, p. 454.)

[Athena Oxoniensis, ed. Philip Bliss, 1813–20. There are many passing allusions to Jonson of slighter interest; see i, 566, 764; ii, 208, 250, 269, 272, 365, 369, 401, 402, 435, 502, 545, 655, 658; iii, 47, 377, 456; iv, 222, 622.]

Title-page, 1692.

The Works of Ben Jonson, Which were formerly Printed in Two Volumes, are now Reprinted in One. To which is added a Comedy, called the New Inn. With Additions never before Published. Thomas Hogdkin, for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, T. Bassett, R. Chiswell, M. Wotton, G. Conyers. MDCXCII.

[This edition has an engraved portrait of Jonson, by Elder, with the verses below written by Abraham Holland for the 1616 Folio portrait.]

Richard Lapthorne, 1692.

Letter to Richard Coffin, October 15, 1692. . . . I had a short view of Sir R. Cotton's Library. . . . Over the books are the Roman Emperors, I mean, their heads, in brass statues, which serve for standards in the Catalogue, to direct to find any particular book, viz., under such an Emperor's head, such an number. . . . I had not time to look into the books; some relics I took notice of, besides the books; viz., I saw there Sir H. Spelman's and Buchanons pictures, well don;
also, Ben Johnson's and Sir R. Cotton's, and in the staires was Wicliffs.

[Reproduced in the *Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1876, p. 379. In the *Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Manuscripts of his Grace the Duke of Portland, K. G.*, vi, 17, is recorded a letter from James Sykes to the Earl of Oxford: 1726, October 19. Lincolns Inn Fields.—Is ordered by his father's executors to apply for fifteen guineas, due for a picture of Chaucer. Has also pictures of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and Milton, which he desires to give his Lordship the refusal of.]

**Anonymous, 1692-93.**

**Epilogue.**

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

Enough of Mirth; the *Sportive Scene* is done,

And a new doleful *Theme* is coming on:

These Sable Robes, at *Plays* so seldom worn,

Do silently express the Loss we mourn:

SHADWELL, the great Support o' th' *Comick Stage,*

Born to expose the Follies of the Age,

To whip prevailing Vices, and unite

*Mirth* with *Instruction, Profit* with *Delight;*

For large *Idea's,* and a flowing *Pen,*

First of our *Times,* and second but to *Ben.* . . .

[Printed at the end of Shadwell's play, *The Volunteers;* Shadwell died in 1692.]

**John Dryden, 1693.**

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the names of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age. . . . Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson! none of the living will presume to have any competition with them; as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor, our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead, so we may lawfully advance our own afterwards, to show that we succeed; if less in
dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries.

* * * *

What then would he [Homer] appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers; for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

[The Third Miscellany, 1693, Dedication; The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, xii, 57, 68.]

John Dryden, 1693.

I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly, and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy to posterity that knowledge, and, like the inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning. . . .

The subject of this book confines me to Satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I will not disturb,) has given you all the Commendation which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings.


Anonymous, 1693.

Question 4. What Books of Poetry would you Advise one that's Young, and extremly delights in it, to read, both Divine and other?
TO BEN JONSON

Answer . . . Spencer's Fairy Queen, &c., Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloign, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben. Johnson, Randal, Cleaveland, Dr. Donne, Gondibert, WALLER, all DRYDEN, Tate, Oldham, Flatman, The Plain Dealer—and when you have done of these, We'll promise to provide you more.

[The Athenian Mercury, Vol. xii, No. 1, October 24, 1693.]

Thomas Rymer, 1693.

... For Tragedy, amongst others, Thomas Lord of Buckhurst, whose Gorboduck is a fable, doubtless, better turn'd for Tragedy, than any on this side the Alps in his time; and might have been a better direction to Shakespear and Ben. Johnson than any guide they have had the luck to follow. (P. 84.)

* * * * *

From this time Dramatick Poetry began to thrive with us, and flourish wonderfully. The French confess they had nothing in this kind considerable till 1635, that the Academy Royal was founded. Long before which time we had from Shakespear, Fletcher, and Ben. Johnson whole Volumes; at this day in possession of the Stage, and acted with greater applause than ever. (P. 85.)

[A Short View of Tragedy, 1693. The volume is full of allusions to Jonson, and contains a long discussion of Catiline.]

William Wotton, 1694.

... It may be certainly affirmed, That the Grammar of English is so far our own, that Skill in the Learned Languages is not necessary to comprehend it. Ben. Johnson was the first Man, that I know of, that did any Thing considerable in it: but he seems to have been too much possessed with the Analogy of Latin and Greek, to write a perfect Grammar of a Language whose Construction is so vastly different; tho' he falls into a contrary Fault, when he treats of the English Syntax, where he generally appeals to Chaucer and Gower, who lived before our Tongue had met with any of that Polishing which, within these last 200 Years, has made it appear almost entirely New.

[Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, 1694; in the second edition, 1697, pp. 59–60.]
This Renowned Poet was born in the City of Westminster, his Mother living in Harts-Horn-Lane, near Charing-Cross, where she Married a Bricklayer for her Second Husband. But tho' he sprang from mean Parents, yet his admirable Parts have made him more famous, than those of a more conspicuous Extraction. Nor do I think it any diminution to him, That he was Son-in-Law to a Bricklayer, and work'd at that Trade; since if we take a survey of the Records of Antiquity, we shall find the greatest Poets of the meanest Birth, and most liable to the Inconveniencies of Life. Witness Homer, ... Euripides, ... Plautus, ... Naevius, ... Terence, ... Virgil, ...: And yet these thought the obscurity of their Extraction no diminution to their Worth; Nor will any Man of Sense reflect on a Varus, to free him from so slavish an Employment, and furnish him with Means to enjoy his Muse at liberty, in private. 'Twas then that he writ his Excellent Plays, and grew into Reputation with the most Eminent of our Nobility, and Gentry. 'Twas then, that Carthewright, Randolph, and others of both Universities, sought his Adoption; and gloried more in his Friendship, and the Title of his Sons, than in their own well-deserv'd Characters. Neither did he less love, or was less belov'd by the Famous Poets of his Time, Shakespear, Beaumont, and Fletcher.

He was general'y esteem'd a Man of a very free Temper, and withal Blunt, and somewhat haughty to those, that were either Rivals in Fame, or Enemies to his Writings, (witness his Poetaster, wherein he falls upon Decker, and his answer to Dr. Gill, who writ against his Magnetick Lady,) otherwise of a good sociable Humour, when amongst his Sons and Friends in the Apollo.

[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, 1694, pp. 104-12. As the title indicates, the volume is largely made up of extracts; on Jonson, Blount quotes from Dryden, the Earl of Rochester, Burnet, Rymer, Winstanley, Denham, Anthony à Wood, Shadwell, Gill, Suckling, Langbaine, and others.]
TO BEN JONSON  

James Wright, 1694.

But I beseech you Gentlemen, how comes this unmodish Opinion in you, against the Plays in Fashion? I'll tell you, continued Lisander, methinks they have neither the Wit, Conduct, Honour, nor Design of those writ by Johnson, Shakespear, and Fletcher.

* * * *

Whereupon Julio, in a long Discourse, produced out of Ben. Johnson, Shakespear, Beaumont and Fletcher, Messenger, Shirley, and Sir William Davenant, before the Wars, and some Comedies of Mr. Drydens, since the Restauration, many Characters of Gentlemen, of a quite different Strain from those in the Modern Plays.

[Country Conversations; 1694, pp. 3, 16.]

T. B., 1695.

Time has devour'd the Younger Sons of Wit,  
Who liv'd when Chaucer, Spencer, Johnson writ:  
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,  
And to a reverend Nakedness are left. . . .

-[Commentatory Verses, prefixed to the 1695 edition of Drayton's England's Heroical Epistles.]

William Congreve, 1695.

Sometimes Personal Defects are misrepresented for Humours.  
I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing Natural Deformities, Casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. . . . But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who, in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. Johnson's Fox, have justly excepted against this Immoral part of Ridicule in Corbaccio's Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him whom otherwise I cannot enough admire for his great Mastery of true Humour in Comedy. . . .

The Character of Morose in the Silent Woman I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to instance this Character to you from many others of the same Author, because I know it
has been Condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your self hinted some dislike of it for the same Reason, in a Letter to me concerning some of Johnson’s Plays.

Let us suppose Morose to be a Man Naturally Splenetic and Melancholly; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen . . . be Judge. . . . Well, but Morose, you will say, is so Extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, It is his excess of this Humour that makes him become Ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a Moderate proportion of that Humour, ’tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character and have Condemn’d the Author for Exposing a Humour which was neither Remarkable nor Ridiculous. Besides, the distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. . . .

The Character of Sir John Daw in the same Play is a Character of Affectation. He everywhere discovers an Affectation of Learning, when he is not only Conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. . . .

The Character of Cob in Every Man in his Humour and most of the under Characters in Bartholomew-Fair discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours but Habits contracted by Custom.

[Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis, Concerning Humour in Comedy, July 10, 1695; from Letters upon several Occasions, 1696, pp. 80–96.]

Thomas Brown, about 1697.

Homer and Virgil were but Tools,
Fit only for the Use of Fools. . . .
Even Casaubon for Satire famous,
Was but a jingling Ignoramus.
And all the rest, to Ben, and so forth,
A Crew of useless things of no Worth:

[A Recantation of his Satire on the French King; in The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, 1730, iv, 215.]

William Blundell, before 1698.

See his 'Discoveries,' where he speaks of the envy towards an able writer who shall be better understood in another age. He showeth his abilities to be such, as if he hath given a character of himself. Ben Jonson’s head is put up for a sign in London and sundry places.

[A Cavalier’s Note Book, ed. T. E. Gibson, 1880, p. 224.]

Jeremy Collier, 1698.

As for Shakespeare, he is too guilty [of immodesty] to make an Evidence: But I think he gains not much by his Misbehaviour; He has commonly Plautus's Fate, where there is most Smut, there is least Sense.

Ben. Johnson is much more reserv’d in his Plays, and declares plainly for Modesty in his Discoveries.

[A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, 1698, p. 50. Collier frequently alludes to Jonson, and takes occasion to discuss his plays, often at some length; see pp. 51, 57, 77, 78, 126, 151-54, 157, 159, 187. Jonson figures in a similar way in the various answers to Collier’s attack. These are, for the most part, omitted from the present volume.]

Samuel Cobb, about 1699.

The coin must sure for current sterling pass,
Stamped with old Chaucer’s venerable face.
But Jonson found it of a gross allay,
Melted it down, and flung the scum away.
He dug pure silver from a Roman mine,
And prest his sacred image on the coin.
We all rejoiced to see the pillaged ore;
Our tongue inriched, which was so poor before.
Fear not, learned poet, our impartial blame,
Such thefts as these add lustre to thy name.
All yield, consenting to sustain the yoke,
And learn the language which the victor spoke,
So Macedon's imperial hero threw
His wings abroad, and conquered as he flew.
Great Jonson's deeds stand parallel with his,
Are noble thefts, successful piracies.

[Poetae Britannici, written, presumably, just before 1700, printed in Poems on Several Occasions, by Samuel Cobb, 1700, under the title Of Poetry: 1. Its Antiquity. 2. Its Progress. 3. Its Improvement.]

J. Drake, 1699.

I shall begin with Shakespeare, whom notwithstanding the severity of Mr. Rhimer, and the hard usage of Mr. Collier, I must still think the Proto-Dramatist of England, tho he fell short of the Art of Johnson, and the Conversation of Beaumont and Fletcher.

[The Antient and Modern Stages survey'd. Or, Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaness of the English Stage Set in a True Light, 1699, p. 201.]

James Wright, 1699.

Lovev. The more's the pity: But what said the Fortune-Teller in Ben. Johnson's Mask of Gypsies, to the then Lord Privy Seal,

   Honest and Old!
   In those the Good Part of a Fortune is told.

Trum. Ben. Johnson? How dare you name Ben. Johnson in these times? When we have such a crowd of Poets of a quite different Genius; the least of which thinks himself as well able to correct Ben. Johnson, as he could a Country School Mistress that taught to Spell.

Lovev. We have indeed, Poets of a different Genius; so are the Plays: But in my Opinion, they are all of 'em (some few excepted) as much inferior to those of former Times, as the Actors now in being (generally speaking) are. . . . When the Question has been askt, Why these Players do not receive the Silent Woman, and some other of Johnson's Plays, (once of highest esteem) they have answer'd, truly, Because there are
none now Living who can rightly Humour those Parts, for all who related to the Black-friers (where they were Acted in perfection) are now Dead, and almost forgotten.

Lovev. But pray Sir, what Master Parts can you remem-
ber the Old Black-friers Men to Act, in Johnson, Shakespear, and Fletcher's Plays.

Trum. What I can at present recollect I'll tell you; Shake-
spear, (who as I have heard, was a much better Poet, than Player) Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the Older sort, were Dead before I knew the Town; but in my time, before the Wars, Lowin used to Act, with mighty Applause, Falstaffe, Morose, Vulpone, and Mammon in the Alchymist; Melancius in the Maid's Tragedy, and at the same time Amyntor was Play'd by Stephen Hammerton, . . . Tayler Acted Hamlet incomparably well, Jago, Truewit in the Silent Woman, and Face in the Alchymist; Swans-
ton used to Play Othello; Pollard, and Robinson were Comedians, so was Shank who used to Act Sir Roger, in the Scornful Lady. These were of the Black-friers.

[Historia Histrionica: A Dialogue of Plays and Players, 1699, pp. 1-3.]

Thomas Brown, 1699.

If antiquity carries any weight with it, the fair [Bartholomew-
Fair] has enough to say for itself on that head. Fourscore years ago, and better, it afforded matter enough for one of our best comedians to compose a play upon it. But Smithfield is another sort of a place now to what it was in the times of honest Ben; who, were he to rise out of his grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same nuprical spot of ground where justice Over-do made so busy a figure, where the crop-ear'd parson demolish'd a gingerbread-stall; where Nightingale, of harmonious memory, sung ballads, and fat Ursula sold pig and bottled-ale.

* * * *

One would almost swear, that Smithfield had removed into Drury-lane and Lincolns-Inn-Fields, since they set so small a value on good sense, and so great a one on trifles that have no relation to the play. . . . Shortly, I suppose, we shall be enter-
tain'd here with all sorts of fights and shows, as, jumping thro' a hoop; . . . dancing upon the high ropes, leaping over eight men's heads, wrestling, boxing, cudgelling, fighting at backsword, quarter-staff, bear-baiting, and all the other noble exercises that divert the good folks at Hockley; . . .

What a wretched pass is this wicked age come to, when Ben. Johnson and Shakespear won't relish without these Bagatelles to recommend them, and nothing but farce and grimace will go down?

[A Letter to George Moul, Esq., August 30, 1699, and A Letter to George Moul, Esq. upon the breaking up of Bartholomew Fair, September 12, 1699; in The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, Serious and Comical, in Prose and Verse, 1730, i, 190, 193.]

**Title-page, before 1700.**

Bacchus turn'd Doctor, written by Ben Johnson.

[Hazlitt, Hand-Book, describes this as "a sheet, in double columns, with the music. The type is engraved, and there is a large engraving at the head of the broadside. Bagford Call." Whether this title-page makes use of the name of the dramatist or not is not clear.]

**Anonymous, before 1700.**

*To the Memory of John Dryden, Esq.*

Methinks I see the Reverend Shades prepare
With Songs of Joy, to waft thee through the Air. . . .
Where Chaucer, Johnson, Shakespear, and the rest,
Kindly embrace their venerable Guest.

[Luctus Britannici, 1700, p. 36.]

**Thomas Brown, before 1700.**

The scull of Goliah was brought in for a punch-bowl fill'd with such incomparable Heliconian juice, that six drops of it would make a man a better poet than either Shakespear or Ben. Johnson.

[Letters from the Dead to the Living: Bully Dawson to Bully Watson; printed in The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, 1730, ii, 190.]
ERRATA ET ADDENDA

P. 3. The following passage in a letter from Tobie Mathew to Dudley Carleton, September 20, 1588, (now preserved in the State Papers, Domestic Series, CCLXVIII, 67), seems to allude to Every Man in his Humor: “There were with him divers Almans, where of, one, lost out of his purse, at a play 3 hundred Crownes. A new play called, Every mans humour.” The “new play of humours in very great request,” referred to in a letter from John Chamberlain to Carleton, June 11, 1597, cannot, as Mrs. Stopes (Southampton, p. 106) thinks, refer to Every Man in his Humor.

P. 59, line 9. For “Sir John Cleveland” read “John Cleveland.”

P. 94 (cf. pp. 264, 440). The portrait, with the lines by A. H., though reproduced in W. Bang’s facsimile reprint of the 1616 Folio (from which this entry was made), and often inserted in copies of the 1616 Folio, was obviously not engraved until after the death of Jonson in 1637. In 1640 it appears in both the Second Folio and Execration Against Vulcan. Some copies of the plate have at the bottom: “Are to be sold in Popes head alley at the white horse by Geo. Humble”; others have the statement concerning the sale of the portrait erased, though a few of the letters are still decipherable.

P. 298, line 29. For “Herringham” read “Herringman.”

P. 299, line 5. For “The Wild-Goose Chase” read “Second Folio.”
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