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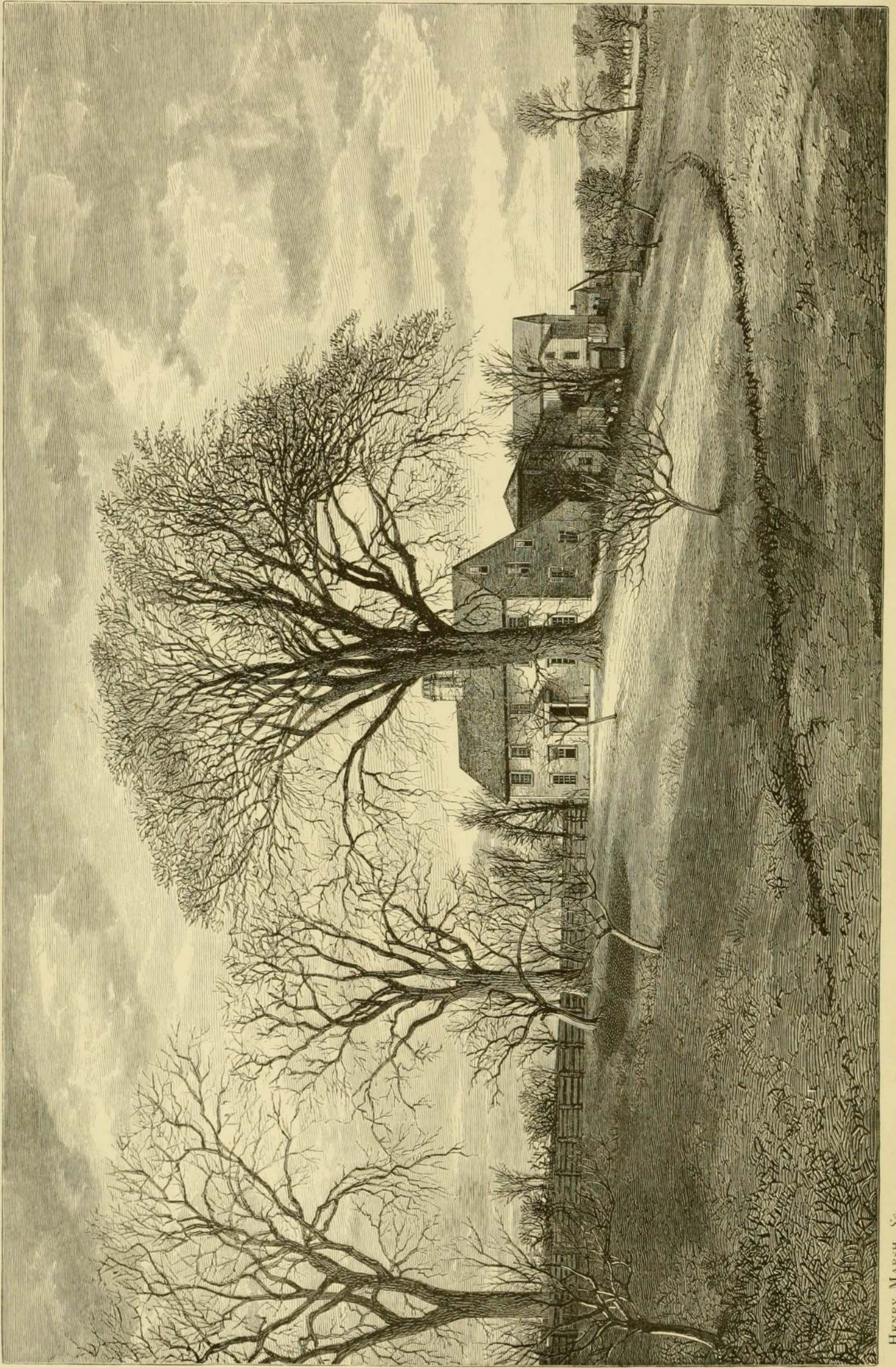
The Works of Anne Bradstreet.

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“Give Thyme or Parley wreath, I ask no bayes.”

THE PROLOGUE.





HENRY MARSH, SC

BRADSTREET HOUSE, NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE WORKS OF

nne radstreet

IN PROSE AND VERSE

EDITED BY

JOHN HARVARD ELLIS



Charlestown

ABRAM E. CUTTER

1867

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## P R E F A C E.

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HIS volume is believed to contain all the extant works of ANNE BRADSTREET. Three editions of her "Poems" have been printed. The first edition appeared in London in 1650, under the title of "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America;" a neatly-printed volume in small 16mo, xiv and 207 pages.

The second edition was printed in Boston, by John Foster, in 1678. It contained the additions and corrections of the author, and several poems found amongst her papers after her death; together with some verses in praise of her poems by President Rogers, of Harvard College, and "A Funeral Elogy," upon the author, by the Rev. John Norton, of Hingham. Like the first edition, it is a 16mo; but the page and type are larger. The second edition has two hundred and fifty-five pages, preceded by fourteen pages unnumbered. Copies of the titlepages of the first and second editions, as exact as modern-antique type can make them, are given on pages 79 and 81.

The third edition, in crown 8vo, xiv and 233 pages, was published in Boston in 1758, without bearing the name of its publisher or printer. It had the following titlepage:—

SEVERAL  
P O E M S

Compiled with great Variety of WIT and LEARNING, full of DELIGHT ;

Wherein especially is contained, a compleat Discourse and Description of

The Four { ELEMENTS,  
CONSTITUTIONS,  
AGES of MAN,  
SEASONS of the Year.

Together with an exact EPITOME of the three first MONARCHIES, *viz.* the

ASSYRIAN, ROMAN COMMON  
PERSIAN, WEALTH, from its beginning, to the End of their  
GRECIAN, and last KING.

With divers other pleasant and serious POEMS.

---

By a GENTLEWOMAN in *New-England.*

---

*The THIRD EDITION, corrected by the Author, and enlarged by an Addition of several other POEMS found amongst her Papers after her Death.*

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Re-printed from the second Edition, in the Year  
M.DCC.LVIII.



Although it was reprinted from the second edition, there were numerous omissions of words, changes in the spelling, and other alterations of little importance.

In the present edition of the "Poems," the spelling and punctuation, and even the typographical mistakes, of the second edition have been retained. The headings to the pages are new, and the catch-words have been omitted. The paging of that edition is preserved in brackets in the margin. The corrections in the second edition were extensive. The spelling was, as a rule, modernized; although some words, especially proper names, have an older or more incorrect form of spelling in that than in the first edition. Grammatical mistakes were corrected; capitals were omitted from common nouns which had them in the first; the punctuation was improved; and a great many words, enclosed in brackets in the first edition, were without them in the second edition. But no rule is uniformly adhered to in any of these particulars. There is, in both editions, as Charles Lamb's old friend said of a black-letter text of Chaucer, "a deal of very indifferent spelling." A proper name is sometimes, on the same page, spelt in two different ways. I have marked the most important alterations in foot-notes. Mere transpositions of words, changes in punctuation and in the spelling of words other than proper names, and trifling corrections, not materially affecting the sense of a passage, have not been noted. I hope that I have let nothing pass which would have been of interest to any reader.

Some of these alterations may have been made by the publishers, after the author's death. In order to have shown all the changes, it would have been necessary to

have presented the text of the first edition entire. There are no foot-notes in either of the early editions.

The miscellaneous writings, which, under the titles of "Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces" and "Meditations," precede the "Poems" in this volume, are printed from a small manuscript book, which belonged to the author, and which has been kept, since her death, as a precious relic by her descendants. It is about six inches high and three and three-quarters inches broad. The covers are of common sheep-skin, and are very much soiled and worn. The remnants of two small brass clasps still adhere to them. The paper is yellow, stained with water, blotted with ink, and bears marks of having been much read and handled. It has ninety-eight pages, the first forty-one of which are taken up with the "Meditations Diuine and morall," in Mrs. Bradstreet's handwriting. The forty-second page is blank; but, from the forty-third to the sixty-seventh page inclusive, her son Simon has copied in the contents of another manuscript book left by her, which is now probably lost. Mrs. Bradstreet's handwriting is large and distinct; while that of her son is very small and delicate, though clear, and marred by few erasions or alterations. The sixty-eighth page is blank, and then follows a Latin translation of the first four "Meditations" and their dedication, by her great-grandson, the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, of Marblehead, Massachusetts. This covers only four pages. Six pages have been at some time cut out after these. The next twenty-four pages are blank; and on the two sides of the last leaf there are some verses in Mrs. Bradstreet's handwriting, beginning, "As weary pilgrim, now at rest." Several leaves, how many it is uncertain, have been torn

out at the end of the book. All the contents of this book are printed in this volume: the order, however, of the separate parts of which it is composed, has been changed. The portion in her son's handwriting, and the verses which I have mentioned as being at the end of the book, being in their nature biographical, I have placed first. The "Meditations," and the fragment of their translation into Latin by her great-grandson, come next.

The manuscript has been closely followed, except that abbreviations, such as "&," "w<sup>th</sup>," "y<sup>e</sup>," "y<sup>t</sup>," and some of longer words, have been printed in full. These are very common in the portion written by her son, who probably tried to shorten his work of copying as much as possible. The author herself rarely uses any abbreviations. Punctuation has been supplied where it was defective; and in some of the poems, whose rhyme required it, the alternate verses have been indented, and some poems have been broken into stanzas. The manuscript has been scribbled over, apparently by a child; and a few corrections have been made since she wrote, in ink fresher than the original: these, of course, have been disregarded.

With these exceptions, the reader has an exact copy of the manuscript. A fac-simile of the first leaf of the volume may be found between pages 46 and 47.

Extracts from the manuscript, with some appropriate remarks on the author's life and character, were published by the Rev. William I. Budington, D.D., for many years pastor of the First Church in Charlestown, in his history of that church; and almost the whole of it appeared in a series of articles, under the title of "The Puritan Mother," contributed by the same gentleman to the first

volume of "The Congregational Visiter," a small monthly magazine published in Boston, in 1844, by the Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society. Several extracts have also been published, at various times, in newspapers, by Mr. Dean Dudley, who has written some very interesting pieces concerning the author and her works, and who is known as the indefatigable genealogist of the Dudley and Bradstreet families. A good notice of Mrs. Bradstreet is contained in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

The contents of the manuscript book are now, for the first time, printed entire. For the use of it, in preparing this volume for the press, and also for copies of the first three editions of the "Poems," all of which are now extremely rare, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Samuel Bradstreet, of Dorchester.

The engraving of Governor Bradstreet, in this volume, is taken from a plate belonging to Mr. S. G. Drake, which he was so good as to allow to be used for this purpose.

In editing Mrs. Bradstreet's works, I have had the benefit of the advice and suggestions of several of my friends; but I am especially obliged, for such favors, to Dr. John Appleton, Assistant Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

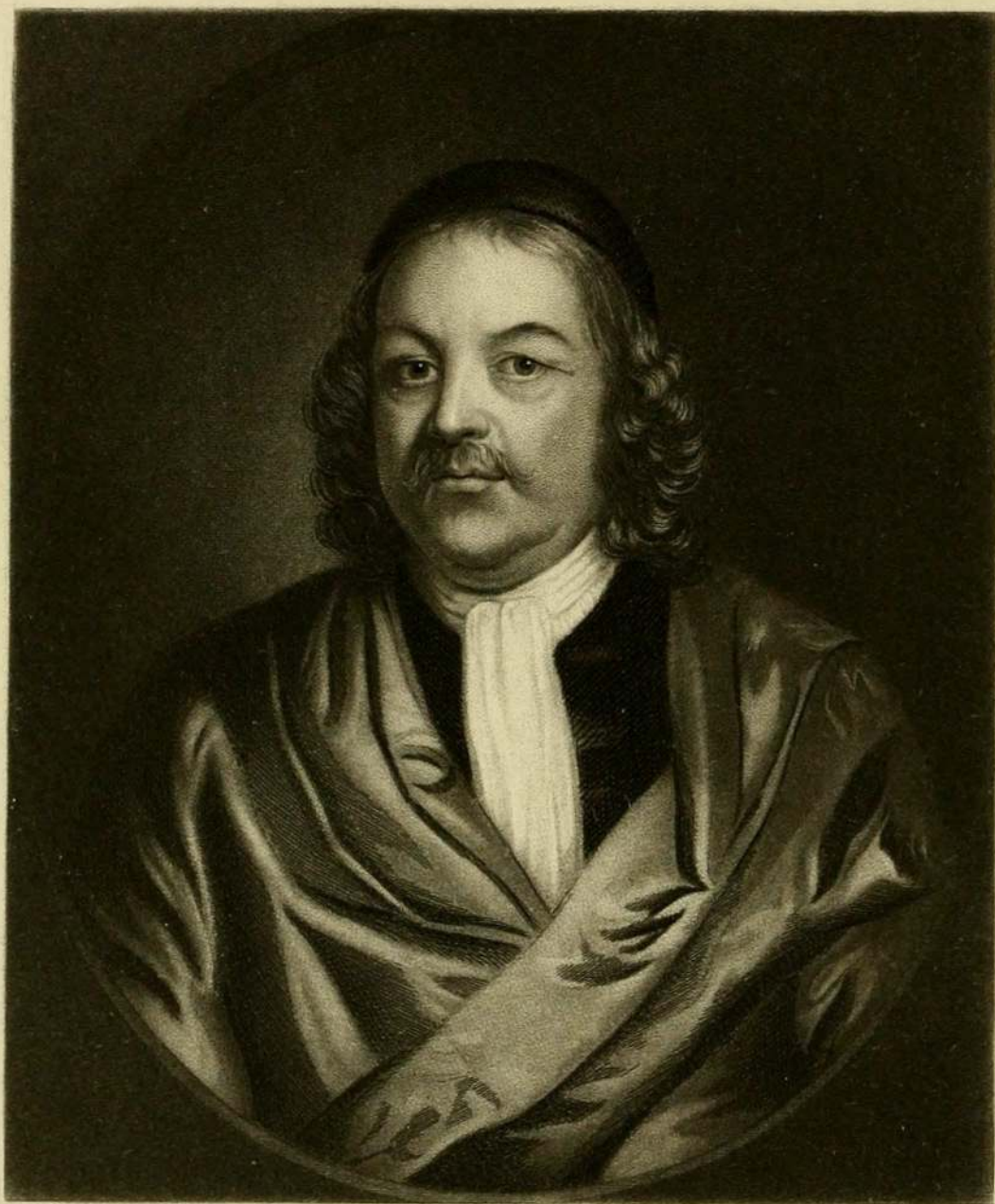
JOHN H. ELLIS.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.,

Jan. 31, 1867.







Eng<sup>d</sup> by H.W. Smith from a Painting in the Senate Chamber of the State House Mass.

SIMON BRADSTREET



## INTRODUCTION.

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ANNE BRADSTREET, distinguished as the earliest poet of her sex in America, was the daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, and the wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet, two of the principal founders of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. The ancestry of that branch of the Dudley family to which Mrs. Bradstreet belonged is now simply a matter of conjecture. Many attempts have been made to trace it, but without success.\* "There is a tradition among the descendants of Governor Dudley, in the eldest branch of the family," says Mr. Moore, "that he was descended from John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded 22 February, 1553."† Mrs. Bradstreet seems to have shared this belief, if we may judge from the following verses from her "Elegy upon Sir

\* "The Dudley Genealogies and Family Records." By Dean Dudley. Boston: Published by the Author. 1848. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. x. p. 133. — "The Sutton-Dudleys of England, and the Dudleys of Massachusetts." By George Adlard. New York: 1862. — "The Herald and Genealogist," Vol. ii. London: 1865. pp. 409-426, and 494-499.

† Lives of the Governors of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. By Jacob Bailey Moore. New York: 1846. p. 273

Philip Sidney," whose mother was the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of that Duke of Northumberland:—

“ Let then, none dif-allow of these my ftraines,  
Which have the self-fame blood yet in my veines.”

But she retracts this claim to relationship, in the second edition of her poems, where the verses appear as follows:—

“ Then let none difallow of these my ftraines  
Whilst English blood yet runs within my veins.”\*

Thomas Dudley, her father, was born at Northampton, in England, in the year 1576 or 1577, and was the only son of Captain Roger Dudley, who was killed in battle about the year 1586. He was thus left an orphan, together with a sister, concerning whom, as well as his mother, nothing is known. At a school, to which he was sent by a charitable lady of his native town, he acquired a good knowledge of Latin. But, while still young, he was taken from school, and became a page in the family of William Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton. He was subsequently a clerk of a kinsman “Judge Nichols,” probably Thomas Nicolls, a serjeant-at-law. He next appears at the head of a company of eighty volunteers, raised in and about Northampton, and forming part of the force collected by order of Queen Elizabeth, to assist Henry IV. of France, in the war against Philip II. of Spain. He is said to have been at the siege of Amiens in 1597, and to have returned home to England soon after. From each of these various occupations, of page, lawyer’s clerk, and soldier, he derived some benefit, — courtesy of manners, considerable legal skill and acumen, straightforwardness, honesty, and courage. He established himself at Northampton, and married “a Gentle-

\* See pages 346, note, and 347.



woman whose Extract and Estate were Considerable." Under the preaching of the well-known Puritan ministers, Dodd and Hildersham, and others of less note, he became a Nonconformist, and ever after adhered most strictly to the views which he thus adopted.

In 1616 Henry de Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, died, his title descending to his son Thomas. The latter survived but three years to enjoy his honors, and left to his son Theophilus, a young man, a large estate heavily encumbered with his father's debts. In this emergency, Dudley was recommended to the young Earl as steward, by Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Compton, and others who had satisfied themselves of his worth and ability. He accordingly took the entire charge of the Earl's large estate, and, by his skilful management, in the space of a few years entirely freed the estate from the debts with which it was laden. By many important services which he rendered, and also by his fidelity and constancy in the discharge of his duties, he greatly endeared himself to the family. For nine or ten years, he continued to be the Earl's steward; but, after that, growing weary of his laborious position, he left the Earl's service, and removed to Boston, in Lincolnshire. He there formed an intimate acquaintance with the vicar of that town, the Rev. John Cotton, who was to be his companion at Boston, in the New World. As his services were again much needed by the Earl of Lincoln, he was obliged to return to his family, and there he remained most of the time, until he left the country.\*

\* MATHER'S MAGNALIA. London: 1702. Bk. ii. pp. 15-17. — Old manuscript life, printed in "The Sutton-Dudleys," pp. 24-38. — "Dudley Genealogies." Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay. Boston: 1795. Vol. i. p. 21, note \*. — "Herald and Genealogist," Vol. ii. pp. 409-426; Historic

In Isaac Johnson's will, dated March, 1629, O.S., of which Dudley is constituted one of the executors, he is described as of Clipsham in the county of Rutland;\* but it is not known how long he lived there. Dudley's first child was a son, Samuel, born in 1610.

His second child was Anne, the subject of this sketch. She was born in 1612-13, probably at Northampton.† Of her youth and of her bringing up, we know but little. We can infer, however, from what she wrote of herself, later in life, that she was strictly and religiously trained; while it is evident from her poems, that she had read and studied, with unusual diligence, for one of her age and sex. She gives the following account of her early religious experiences:—

“In my yovng years, about 6 or 7 as I take it, I began to make confcience of my wayes, and what I knew was finfull, as lying, disobedience to Parents, &c. I avoided it. If at any time I was overtaken with the like evils, it was a great Trouble. I could not be at rest 'till by prayer I had confest it vnto God. I was also troubled at the neglect of Private Dutyes, tho: too often tardy that way. I also fovnd much comfort in reading the Scriptures, especially those places I thought most concerned my Condition, and as I grew to haue more vnderstanding, so the more solace I took in them.

“In a long fitt of sicknes w<sup>ch</sup> I had on my bed I often comvned with my heart, and made my supplication to the most High who sett me free from that affliction.

“But as I grew vp to bee about 14 or 15 I fovnd my heart more carnall and fitting loose from God, vanity and the follyes of youth take hold of me.

Peerage of England, by Sir H. Nicolas, p. 289; Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th series, Vol. viii. p. 342.

\* Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 3d series, Vol. viii. p. 245.

† See page 391; “Dudley Genealogies,” p. 18; “Sutton-Dudleys,” p. 97.

“About 16, the Lord layd his hand fore upon me and smott mee with the small pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my Pride and Vanity and he was entreated of me, and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to y<sup>e</sup> benefitt received.

“After a short time I changed my condition and was marryed, and came into this COUNTRY, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston.” \*

In her poem, “In Honour of Du Bartas,” she has left a very pleasant reminiscence of her childhood, in these verses :—

“My muse unto a Child I may compare,  
 Who sees the riches of some famous Fair,  
 He feeds his Eyes, but understanding lacks  
 To comprehend the worth of all those knacks :  
 The glittering plate and Jewels he admires,  
 The Hats and Fans, the Plumes and Ladies tires,  
 And thousand times his mazed mind doth wish  
 Some part (at least) of that brave wealth was his,  
 But seeing empty wishes nought obtain,  
 At night turns to his Mothers cot again,  
 And tells her tales, (his full heart over glad)  
 Of all the glorious fights his Eyes have had :  
 But finds too soon his want of Eloquence,  
 The silly pratler speaks no word of sense ;  
 But seeing utterance fail his great desires,  
 Sits down in silence, deeply he admires.” †

Notwithstanding the gloom which over-conscientiousness threw over her youth, we can easily imagine the pleasure with which she perused the many new books which were then appearing in such unwonted numbers, and the zest

\* See pages 4 and 5.

† See page 354.

with which she devoured their delicious contents. The quarter of a century preceding the departure of the Massachusetts Company for New England was one of the most remarkable in the history of English literature. Coming, as it did, at the close of the great Elizabethan Age, the more peaceful reign of James was better fitted for the quiet and considerate study and cultivation of literature than the more glorious and splendid, though more warlike and disturbed, reign of the "Virgin Queen." The impulse given by the great minds of her epoch had not yet died out, but had transmitted much of its vigor to their successors of the Jacoban Age; many renowned writers of the one living late into the other. Spenser had died, near the close of the century, leaving his great poem unfinished; having written enough, however, to charm posterity ever after, and to found a new school of poetry. His patron, the accomplished writer, the elegant poet, and knightly soldier, Sir Philip Sidney, had fallen, some fifteen years before, on the bloody field before Zutphen. One year, 1616, had been rendered famous, by the death of two of the most brilliant names in the world's literature,—Shakespeare and Cervantes; one in the prime of life, and the other at threescore and ten, summoned hence within ten days of each other. To Don Quixote and his squire, Mrs. Bradstreet may have been introduced by Shelton's translation. With the plays of Shakespeare, as well as those of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Webster, Massinger, and the other dramatists, we may well presume that she was not familiar, and that she rather shunned them, as irreligious. There are some passages in her "Poems," however, which seem as if they must have been suggested by a reading of

Shakespeare. The Puritans were bitter enemies of the stage, and all connected with it; and their dislike was reciprocated most heartily by the playwrights and players. Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, speaking of the treatment of the Puritans, says, —

“every stage, and every table, and every puppet-play, belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, and all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gameful way of fooling.” \*

In 1611, the common version of the Bible was published. We have already seen how early Mrs. Bradstreet began to find comfort in this volume, which was to be the solace of her lonely and melancholy hours, for the rest of her life. The charming essays of Montaigne, with their varied learning and keen insight into human nature, had been “done into English” by John Florio, and had attracted the attention of the immortal dramatist himself. Burton had tried in vain to drive away his melancholy, by writing its “Anatomy.” Chapman had given to the world his grand version of Homer. Sir Thomas North had translated “Plutarch’s Lives” in a manner most aptly suited to the easy storytelling style of the original; and his book was to be “a household book, for the whole of the seventeenth century.” † The “silver-tongued” Sylvester, who was himself the author of many poems, had translated the works of the favorite French poet, the “divine” Du Bartas, of whom we shall hear more farther on. The poets of this period were numerous, and the writings of many of them are even now read. Some of them are noted for their sensuousness,

\* Life of Col. Hutchinson, Bohn’s ed. p. 82.

† Hooper’s Introduction to Chapman’s Homer’s Iliad, p. ix.

and for their delicious descriptions of the beautiful in nature. Following upon the poets more distinctively belonging to the Elizabethan Age, with their fancifulness, their pretty, tiresome conceits, their quaint analogies, and far-fetched similes, the poets of the reign of James, while they retained many of their faults, were much less artificial. These poets, who have been classified as pastoral, satirical, theological, metaphysical, and humorous, indicate by their number, and by the excellence of many of their writings, the literary spirit of the age. They were generally anti-Puritans, and we may well doubt if Mrs. Bradstreet could have read them with much pleasure, as her scruples and belief would have received many a rude shock over their pages. Wither and Quarles, however, were peculiarly Calvinistic; the former becoming afterwards one of Cromwell's major-generals, and the latter being in manner and matter, if not in spirit, a Puritan. Their works were extremely popular with the Puritans, not only at the period of which we are now speaking, but also long after. Quarles' "Emblems," to be sure, did not appear in print until 1635, but his gloomy poems must have already saddened the heart of many an honest Nonconformist. Quarles appears to have had some correspondence with the New-England men. Josselyn, in his account of his visit to Boston in 1638, speaks of "presenting my respects to Mr. *Winthorpe* the Governour, and to Mr. *Cotton*, the Teacher of *Boston* Church, to whom I delivered from Mr. *Francis Quarles* the poet, the Translation of the 16, 25, 51, 88, 113, and 137. Pſalms into *English* Meeter for his approbation." \*

This period, so prolific in versifiers, was not without its

\* Josselyn's "Two Voyages," p. 20.

historians and antiquaries. Speed, Archbishop Usher, the learned primate of Ireland, Sir Robert Cotton, and Sir Henry Spelman, flourished about this time. Knolles published his history of the Turks in 1603, to whom Johnson, in one of his "Rambles" (122), has awarded the first place among English historians, being borne out in his judgment by Hallam.\* The illustrious Camden's "Britannia" and "Annales Rerum Anglicarum regnante Elizabetha" had appeared early in the century, and the learned author had been long numbered with the dead. There was also the Latin historian and poet of Scotland, Buchanan, who had been the tutor of King James. Sir Walter Raleigh had occupied twelve weary years of imprisonment in writing his "History of the World," published in 1614, the most important of the works of that distinguished soldier and navigator. Bacon, the great philosopher, the able historian, the accomplished orator, who combined in himself most of the varied powers of his noted contemporaries, had been degraded from the exalted post of Lord Chancellor. Shorn of his honors, after devoting the leisure which his retirement afforded to his favorite studies, he died on the 9th of April, 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, a victim of the science he loved so fondly.†

A recent English writer has remarked: "In one sense the reign of James is the most religious part of our history; for religion was then fashionable. The forms of state, the king's speeches, the debates in parliament, and the current literature, were filled with quotations from scripture and quaint allusions to sacred things."‡ Super-

\* Craik's English Literature. New York: 1863. Vol. I. p. 619.

† Life pref. to "Essays." Boston: 1856. p. 27.

‡ Marsden's "Early Puritans." London: 1860. p. 382.

ficial as the current of real piety is acknowledged to have been, we find, in addition to all the secular books above referred to, a mass of sermons, books of devotion, religious tracts, and controversial pamphlets. Many productions, too, of more importance and of greater size and pretensions, were the results of deeper delvings in theology and divinity. The "Ecclesiastical Polity" of the illustrious Hooker had been in part published, the whole work complete not appearing until 1632, the author himself having died at the beginning of the century. There were also, besides Archbishop Usher, Andrews, and Donne, the "humble and heavenly minded" Dr. Richard Sibbs, whose sermons, collected under the title of "The Saint's Cordial," were highly prized by the Puritans; the "English Seneca," Bishop Hall, a thorough Calvinist, whose "pious Meditations are still a household volume read by all classes, published in all forms."\* One reason for the small number of strictly sectarian, Puritan, or Calvinistic works during this period was, that the censorship of the press, the right of licensing books, was almost entirely arrogated to himself by the untiring enemy of the Nonconformists, Laud, Bishop of London, whose watchful eye few heretical writings could escape. Some such, however, managed to satisfy some of the more liberal censors, and thus appeared with the "cum privilegio;" while many of the most ultra pamphlets and tracts were the fruits of foreign presses, secretly introduced into the country without the form of a legal entry at Stationers' Hall.†

\* Marsden's "Early Puritans," p. 393.

† Craik's English Literature. New York: 1863. — Masson's Life of Milton. London: 1859. Vol. I. ch. vi. — Bohn's Bibliographer's Manual, &c., &c.



I have thus, at the risk of trying the patience of the reader, given a very imperfect summary of what the years immediately preceding and including those in which our author was growing up produced in the way of writers. It must not be forgotten either, that it was in the early part of this century that the circulation of the blood was discovered by Dr. Harvey, and logarithms were introduced by Napier; creating new eras in medicine and mathematics. In such an age of literary activity, Mrs. Bradstreet passed the first eighteen years of her life. With literary tastes and the advantages which, without doubt, she enjoyed at the Earl of Lincoln's castle of Sempringham, she must have felt, and, at the same time, been able easily to satisfy, a craving for poetical and historical studies. It should be remembered, however, that she was only eighteen when she was called to leave her native country, with its manifold attractions, and her pleasant home, with its tender associations, to take up her abode in a wilderness. Even then she would be exposed to all the cares consequent upon her position as a wife, and that, too, the wife of a busy magistrate who was frequently called to be absent from home, leaving her no solace except her meditations on what she had once read or experienced.

At the early age of sixteen, she was married to Simon Bradstreet, the son of a Nonconformist minister of the same name, of Lincolnshire. Bradstreet's father was the son of a well-to-do Suffolk gentleman, was one of the first Fellows of Emmanuel College, had preached at Middleburgh, in the Netherlands, and was, like Dudley, a friend of the Rev. Mr. Cotton and Dr. Preston. Young Bradstreet was born at Horbling, March, 1603, and was educated at the

grammar school, where he studied until the death of his father, when he was fourteen years old, made it necessary for him to leave. Two or three years after this he was taken into the family of the Earl of Lincoln, where he was under the care of Dudley. He remained there, until, at the suggestion of Dr. Preston, who had been the Earl's tutor, he was sent by the Earl to Emmanuel College, in the capacity of governor to Lord Rich, son of the Earl of Warwick. As the young lord gave up the idea of acquiring an education at the University, Bradstreet continued there only a year; having had, as he himself wrote, a very pleasant but unprofitable time, in the society of the Earl of Lincoln's brother, and of other companions. Notwithstanding, he took his bachelor's degree in 1620, and his master's four years later.\* On the removal of Dudley to Boston, Bradstreet succeeded to his place as steward. He afterwards became steward of the Countess of Warwick, and was in that position at the time of his marriage. †

Under Bancroft, as Archbishop of Canterbury, the Nonconformists had suffered severely, many of the ministers being silenced and deprived of their livings, while others were driven into exile. The effect of this harsh treatment was to strengthen the sufferers in their belief, and to bind them more closely together by the common tie of affliction. The succession of the austere Abbot, who had much of the Puritan in his creed and manners, gave them some respite; although the canons requiring the due observance of those forms and ceremonies in worship to which the Nonconformists most strongly objected, were as rigidly enforced as

\* Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts*. Boston: 1846. p. 125, note.

† Mather's *Magnalia*, Bk. ii. p. 19.

ever in some places. Bishop Williams, the Lord Keeper, the favorite and confidential adviser both of the King and of Buckingham, was a great power in religious affairs. He was inclined to be tolerant alike of Puritans and Romanists, and it was only those breaches of the canons too flagrant to be overlooked which provoked him to harsh treatment. On the death of James and the accession of Charles, Williams lost the power which he had up to that time enjoyed in church and state, and retired in disgrace to his diocese of Lincoln. Buckingham, who held the same place in the affections of the new King which he had gained in those of his father,\* committed to Dr. Laud, his great confidant, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, and sworn a member of the Privy Council, the sole presentation of church promotions and the vacancies which should happen. King Charles, after the assassination of Buckingham, continued that trust in the same hands, infinitely to the benefit and honor of the Church, in Clarendon's opinion, † but greatly to the sorrow and discomfort of the Nonconformists, whose bitter opponent Laud had been from the very first. Slowly but surely this intolerant prelate got into his hands the power which would enable him to indulge his malevolent feelings towards the Puritans. He thus did all he could to kindle the flame which was to break out before long into the dreadful fire of civil war, and in which he was to lose his life. Besides the Romanists, whose numbers cannot be estimated, there was the extreme class of Puritans known as Separatists, who comprised in their ranks only a trifling proportion of the population. The Established

\* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, Bk. i. p. 48.

† *Ibid.*, p. 145.

Church of England was divided into two great parties, the Prelatical or Hierarchical, headed by the zealous Laud, and the Nonconformist or Puritan. This latter party embraced at once the severe doctrines, and the plain and simple forms, inculcated by their great teacher, Calvin. They were still included in the Church; and their preachers were estimated, as early as 1603, at the time of the Hampton Court Conference, to have numbered about a ninth part of the whole parish clergy. The teachers and disciples had both largely increased in numbers during the score of years preceding the time of which we are now treating. What at first had been a mere variance about church government and ritual came to involve important points of doctrine. A strife arose between Calvinism and Arminianism, the Calvinistic or Nonconformist party growing and strengthening as the Arminian or Hierarchical party became more hostile and vehement. The breach constantly widened, severity on the one side being met by persistence and a resolution to endure on the other.\*

Such was the state of religious affairs in England, when, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Company on the 28th of July, 1629, Mr. Cradock, the Governor, made the bold proposition to transfer the government and patent of the Plantation to America. † After debating the question thoroughly and weighing the arguments which could be adduced on both sides, legal advice was taken, and they at once commenced preparing to transport themselves and their families to America. Deplorable as was then the condition of religious matters, that of affairs of state was

\* Masson's Milton, Vol. i. ch. v.

† Massachusetts Colony Records, Vol. i. p. 49.

equally unpromising, and boded ill for the future. In the first four years of his reign, Charles had summoned three Parliaments, which he had speedily dissolved, because they so scantily supplied him with the money which he demanded, but preferred rather to occupy themselves with the rehearsal of their wrongs, which they finally embodied in the Petition of Right. Once more only after that did the Parliament meet, (in January, 1629,) to be then abruptly dissolved, and to remain in abeyance for nearly twelve years.

The position of those who proposed to go over to America was more disagreeable than dangerous. Their peril, if any, was prospective, not present. In this respect their case was very unlike that of the Separatists who colonized Plymouth. The Massachusetts men professed many years later that "our libertie to walke in the faith of the gospell with all good conscience, according to the order of the gospell, . . . was the cause of our transporting ourselves with our wives, little ones, and our substance, from that pleafant land over the Atlantick ocean into the vast wilderneys."\* But it is evident from the character of the first colonists, and the nature of their public acts, that they had a great politico-religious scheme to carry out. They came here to form a state which should be governed according to their own peculiar religious ideas; not solely to seek an asylum from oppression.

On the 26th of August, 1629, Dudley, with eleven others, signed an agreement at Cambridge, whereby they pledged themselves to remove with their families to New England by the first of the next March, provided the whole government, together with the patent, should be legally transferred

\* Hutchinson's Collection, p. 326.

before the last of September, to remain with such plantation.\* Although Dudley had been, as early as 1627, interested in the proposition to plant a colony for the propagation of the gospel in New England, and had been active in the measures which preceded the departure of the Company itself,† yet he does not appear by the records to have had any connection with the Company until the 15th of October, 1629. On that day, he and Winthrop were, for the first time, present at a meeting.‡ On the 20th of the same month, Dudley was chosen an Assistant; and, on the 18th of the following March, Bradstreet was elected to the same office, in place of Mr. Thomas Goffe.§ From that time, they devoted their lives to the interests of the Company, holding the various high offices in the gift of their associates and fellow-colonists. They were the depositaries of the most important trusts, and had at times committed to them the conduct of business of vital consequence to the Colony. A thorough history of the lives of these two men would embrace the history of Massachusetts, if not of all New England, down to the close of the seventeenth century. Dudley was soon elected to the responsible position of "undertaker,"—that is, to be one of those having "the sole managinge of the ioynt stock, w<sup>th</sup> all things incydent thervnto, for the space of 7 yeares." || At a Court of Assistants held aboard the "Arbella" on the 23d of March he was chosen Deputy-Governor, in place of Mr. John Humphrey, who was to stay behind in England. ¶ It would seem as if, before leav-

\* Hutchinson's Collections, pp. 25, 26.

† Dudley's Letter in Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, pp. 309-10.

‡ Mass. Colony Records, Vol. i. p. 54.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 65.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 70.

ing England, Dudley had visited Winthrop at his house at Groton, in Suffolk. The latter, writing from London to his wife on the 5th of February, says in a postscript, "Lett Mr Dudleys thinges be sent up next week." \* While Winthrop was waiting for the arrival of the ships at Southampton, in a letter to his son John he writes, "Mr Dudleye was gone to the Wight before we came." †

On Monday, the 29th of March, the little band of colonists embarked in their four small vessels, the "Arbella," "Talbot," "Ambrose," and "Jewell." Most of the prominent people were on the "Arbella." Among them were Mr. Isaac Johnson and his wife, the Lady Arbella, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, in whose honor the name of the vessel had been changed from that of "Eagle." There, too, was the Governor, John Winthrop, whom Dudley describes as a man "well known in his own country, and well approved here for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity," ‡ and others whose names are familiar to the readers of our history. With them, we have no doubt, were Mrs. Bradstreet and her nearest relations, her father, mother, and husband. § On the same day they weighed anchor, and sailed down the English Channel; but, on account of the adverse winds by which they were detained, they put into the port of Yarmouth, a small place on the Isle of Wight. From this place they addressed their affectionate and touching farewell to their "Brethren in and of the Church of England," of which Dudley was one of the signers. Charity prompts the sug-

\* Life and Letters of John Winthrop. By R. C. Winthrop. Boston: 1864. Vol. i. p. 373.

† *Ibid.*, p. 386.

‡ Dudley's Letter in Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, p. 310.

§ This is Mr. Savage's opinion. Winthrop's History of New England. Boston: 1853. Vol. i. p. 12, note 3.

gestion that they insensibly merged their sorrow at leaving England in that of leaving the "Church." The genuineness of their affection for the latter was too clearly shown by their conduct on arriving in New England; for "the very first church planted by them was independent in all its forms, and repudiated every connection with Episcopacy or a liturgy."\* On the 8th of April, the vessels set sail. Two days before the ladies had gone ashore to refresh themselves; but, from that day until the 12th of the following June, they did not again set foot on dry land; and then it was to tread the soil of the New World. After a stormy voyage, with much cold and rainy weather, the monotony being alleviated by preaching, singing, fasts, and thanksgivings, on the seventy-second day passed aboard ship the sea-worn voyagers came in sight of the rocky but welcome shores of Mount Desert. A modern pleasure-seeker has spoken in the following glowing and perhaps rather exaggerated terms of the appearance of this picturesque spot from the sea: "It is difficult to conceive of any finer combination of land and water than this view. . . . Certainly only in the tropics can it be excelled, only in the gorgeous islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. On the coast of America it has no rival, except, perhaps, at the Bay of Rio Janeiro."† What an enchanting sight it must have been to those who had gazed on the blank surface of the broad sea so long! "We had now fair sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of

\* Story's Commentaries on the Constitution, Vol. i. § 64.

† A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By Robert Carter. Boston: 1865. p. 252.



a garden," writes Winthrop.\* The more substantial blessings of the main land rejoiced the hearts of the rest of the party on the following Saturday, 12th June, who, going ashore at Salem, "supped with a good venison pasty and good beer."† Some, wandering along the shore, feasted on the wild strawberries which grew there in abundance. But at night, when it became time to return to the ship, Winthrop remarks that "some of the women stayed behind," doubtless very reasonably cautious about again trusting themselves to the floating prison in which they had been so long pent up. They did not, like the wretched settlers of Plymouth, arrive in a cold and cheerless season of the year, to perish miserably in the ice and snow; but the green hills, clad in the rich verdure of opening summer, smiled a genial welcome to our weary voyagers, their beauty heightened by that indescribable charm which any land has for the sea-tossed adventurer. Higginson, who arrived about a year before, speaks of Ten-pound "island, whither four of our men with a boat went, and brought back again ripe strawberries and gooseberries, and sweet single roses. Thus God," he continues, "was merciful to us in giving us a taste and smell of the sweet fruit as an earnest of his bountiful goodness to welcome us at our first arrival."‡

But the attractions of the scene to Winthrop and his company must have been more than offset by the melancholy condition in which they found the little settlement. They could have had little time to consider the beauties of nature, amid their own cares and the misery around

\* Winthrop's New England, Vol. i. p. 23, and note 1.

† *Ibid.*, p. 26.

‡ Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, p. 234.

them. John Endicott had been sent over by the Patentees of the Massachusetts territory. He reached Salem in September, 1628, where he established a post, his own men and those whom he found there making, in all, a company of not much more than fifty or sixty persons.\* The Rev. Mr. Higginson followed the next year with two hundred more colonists, finding with Endicott then about one hundred. Of these, two hundred settled at Salem, and the rest established themselves at Charlestown with the intention of founding a town there. † Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, says "We found the Colony in a sad and unexpected condition, above eighty of them being dead the winter before; and many of those alive weak and sick; all the corn and bread amongst them all hardly sufficient to feed them a fortnight, insomuch that the remainder of a hundred and eighty servants we had the two years before sent over, coming to us for victuals to sustain them, we found ourselves wholly unable to feed them, by reason that the provisions shipped for them were taken out of the ship they were put in, and they who were trusted to ship them in another failed us and left them behind; whereupon necessity enforced us, to our extreme loss, to give them all liberty, who had cost us about £16 or £20 a person, furnishing and sending over." ‡

As Salem was not to their taste, after exploring the Charles and Mystic Rivers, they unshipped their goods at Salem into other vessels, and brought them in July to Charlestown. They made a settlement there to the number of fifteen hundred people, § Dudley and Bradstreet, per-

\* Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, p. 13.

† *Ibid.*, p. 259.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 311-12.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 378.

haps with their families, being among them. "The Governor and several of the Patentees dwelt in the great house, which was last year built in this town by Mr. Graves and the rest of their servants. The multitude set up cottages, booths and tents about the Town Hill."\* From the sad state of things above described, it is easy to see that the new comers had to give rather than receive assistance from those whom they found already at Charlestown. On Friday, July 30, Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, and Wilson entered into a church covenant, which was signed two days after by Increase Nowell and four others, — Sharpe, Bradstreet, Gager, and Colborne; † the subscribers soon numbering sixty-four men and half as many women. ‡ The next on the list are William Aspinwall and Robert Harding, and then follow the names of "Dorothy Dudley y<sup>e</sup> wife of Tho: Dudley" and "Anne Bradstreete y<sup>e</sup> wife of Simon Bradstreete." § Johnson says, in his "Wonder-working Providence," || that, after the arrival of the company at Salem, "the Lady *Arrabella* and some other godly Women aboard at *Salem*, but their Husbands continued at *Charles Town*, both for the settling the civill Government and gathering another Church of *Christ*."

It may be that Mrs. Bradstreet was one of those who remained at Salem, and that she was not in Charlestown when the covenant was first signed; but, as her name is

\* Charlestown Records in Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, p. 378.

† Prince's Chronology. Boston: 1826. p. 311. — Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. Boston: 1856. p. 278. — Bradford's Letter Book, in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Vol. iii. p. 76. — Budington's History of the First Church in Charlestown, pp. 13-15.

‡ Budington, p. 15.

§ MS. Records of the First Church in Boston.

|| London: 1654. p. 37.

only the thirteenth on the list, she must have joined her husband in Charlestown soon after.

“Many people arrived sick of the scurvy, which also increased much after their arrival, for want of houses, and by reason of wet lodging in their cottages, &c. Other distempers also prevailed; and, although [the] people were generally very loving and pitiful, yet the sickness did so prevail, that the whole were not able to tend the sick, as they should be tended; upon which many perished and died and were buried about the Town Hill.”\* In addition to all this trouble, their provisions ran short, and, as it was too late in the season to think of raising any more, they were obliged to despatch a ship to Ireland to buy some. The hot weather, the want of running water, and the general sickness, which they attributed to the situation, made them discontented. Although they had intended to remain and found a town, they moved away, scattering about the neighborhood, the majority of them, including the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and all the Assistants except Mr. Nowell, going across the river to Boston, at the invitation of Mr. Blaxton, who had until then been its only white inhabitant.†

They did not remain long in Boston, as they were apprehensive that the Indians would attack them, now that they were dispersed and so much reduced by sickness; but looked about for a suitable situation for a fortified town, and in December, 1630, decided upon the spot which was afterwards called Cambridge.‡ Fortunately, the winter of 1630 was mild,§ or their suffering would have been intense. As

\* Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts*, pp. 378-9.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 379-81. Budington, p. 18.

‡ Winthrop's *New England*, Vol. i. p. 39.

§ Wood's "New-England's Prospect," p. 5.

it was, it is not hard to realize how wretchedly the poorer portion must have fared, when we look at the picture which Dudley, one of the richest of the party, writing nine months after their arrival, so vividly presents to us of the condition of himself and his family. He says that he writes "rudely, having yet no table, nor other room to write in than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter; to which my family must have leave to resort, though they break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not."\* The new settlement at Cambridge was begun in the spring of the next year; and it was the intention of the settlers to make this place, which they called Newtown, the principal town of the Colony. The Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Bradstreet were among those who moved out and established themselves there. The town was laid out in squares, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. Dudley's house stood on the west side of Water Street, near its southern termination at Marsh Lane, at the corner of the present Dunster and South Streets. Bradstreet's was at the corner of "Brayntree" and Wood Streets, where the University Bookstore of Messrs. Sever & Francis now is, on Harvard Square, at the corner of Brighton Street. Dudley's lot was half an acre in size, and Bradstreet's measured "aboute one rood." †

Governor Winthrop decided not to remain at Newtown,

\* Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln, in Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts*, p. 305. This letter is the most vivid and authentic narrative of the labor and sufferings attendant on the planting of the Colony.

† "The Regeftere Booke of the Lands and Houfes in the Newtowne. 1635." MS. pp. 1 and 27. — Holmes' *History of Cambridge. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, Vol. vii. pp. 7-8.

and in the autumn took down the frame of his house, and moved it to Boston. This caused much dissatisfaction, as many thought that the prospects of the town would be thereby injured. Dudley was especially displeased, and followed up this and other charges which he had against Winthrop, so as to produce a temporary alienation between them. The matter was afterwards amicably settled, having been referred to a conference of ministers;\* and the town continued to grow, notwithstanding the loss of the Governor. In August, 1632, it was largely increased by the arrival of those who had composed the congregation of the Rev. Thomas Hooker at Chelmsford, county of Essex, England. They left Mount Wollaston, where they had established themselves, for Newtown, by order of the General Court.† At their urgent solicitation, their pastor, Mr. Hooker, eluding with difficulty the officers of the High Commission, came to New England in the "Griffin." He reached Boston on the 4th of September, 1633, ‡ and went immediately to Newtown, where he was soon after chosen minister. Many of the people were poor, and there was, at times, a scarcity of food. But the town flourished, the inhabitants being fortunately spared by the Indians, who had them at their mercy. Wood, who visited it before his return to England in August, 1633, thus describes it:—

"This is one of the neatest and best compacted Townes in *New England*, having many faire structures, with many handfome contrived strects. The inhabitants most of them are very rich, and well stored with Cattell of all forts." §

\* Holmes' Cambridge, pp. 8 and 11. Winthrop's Life and Letters, Vol. ii. pp. 91-102.

† Winthrop's New England, Vol. i. pp. 87-8.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 108-9.

§ N. E. Prospect, p. 43.

At length there was a complaint of want of room. Men were accordingly sent to visit Ipswich, with a view to removing there. After much discussion, however, the town was enlarged, and the people remained.

In 1635 Dudley and Bradstreet are found entered among the inhabitants of Ipswich.\* As early as Jan. 17, 1632, O.S., fearing some trouble from their French neighbors, among other precautions, it was agreed at a General Court, "that a plantation should be begun at Agawam, (being the best place in the land for tillage and cattle,) least an enemy, finding it void, should possess and take it from us. The governour's son (being one of the assistants) was to undertake this, and to take no more out of the bay than twelve men; the rest to be supplied at the coming of the next ships." † This was done in March, and the little settlement was called Ipswich in August, 1634. ‡ The ninth church in the Colony, being the next to that at Cambridge, was gathered there in the same year. § Mr. Nathaniel Ward was made pastor of the Church, his place being supplied in 1636 by Mr. Nathaniel Rogers. || Ipswich was included in the order of the General Court passed September 3d, 1635, that no dwelling-house should be above half a mile from the meeting-house. ¶ This precautionary measure, owing to greater danger from the Indians, was followed in the spring of 1636-7 by orders that watches should be kept, that people should travel with

\* Felt's History of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton, 1834, pp. 10-11.

† Winthrop's New England, Vol. i. pp. 98-9.

‡ Mass. Colony Records, Vol. i. p. 123.

§ Winthrop's New England, Vol. i. p. 94, n. 2.

|| Johnson's Wonder-working Providence, p. 88.

¶ Mass. Colony Records, Vol. i p. 157

arms, and should bring them to the public assemblies. Mr. Daniel Dennison, Mrs. Bradstreet's brother-in-law, was chosen captain for Ipswich.\* Mrs. Bradstreet mentions her residing there, but we have no particulars respecting her stay in that town.

On the 4th of March, 1634-5, "It is ordered, that the land aboute Cochichowicke shalbe reserved for an inland plantaçon, & that whosoever will goe to inhabite there shall haue three yeares imunity from all taxes, levyes, publique charges & services whatsoever (military discipline onely excepted)," &c., &c.† This is the first mention that we find of what was afterwards the town of Andover. In September, 1638, Mr. Bradstreet, Mr. Dudley, Junior, Captain Dennison, Mr. Woodbridge, and eight others, "are allowed (vpon their petition) to begin a plantation at Merrimack."‡

They do not appear to have left Ipswich immediately, nor do we know the exact year when they went to Andover. It is certain, however, that these and others had already established themselves at Andover before the year 1644,§ in the September of which year two churches were appointed to be gathered, — one at Haverhill, and the other at Andover.||

Mrs. Bradstreet's son Simon, afterwards minister at New London, Conn., says in his manuscript diary: —

"1640. I was borne in N. England, at Ipswitch Septem. 28, being Munday 1640.

\* Mass. Colony Records, Vol. i. pp. 190-1.

† *Ibid.*, p. 141.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237.

§ Abbot's History of Andover, 1829, p. 13.

|| Winthrop's New England, Vol. ii. p. 194.



“1651. I had my Education in the fame Town at the free School, the mafter of w'ch was my ever refpected ffreind Mr. Ezekiell Cheevers. My Father was removed from Ipfw. to Andover, before I was putt to fchool, fo y<sup>t</sup> my fchooling was more chargeable.”

This, though not exact, helps us to fix the time of their removal.

This tract of land was bought of Cutshamache, “Sagamore of y<sup>e</sup> Massachusets” by John Woodbridge, in behalf of the inhabitants of Cochichewick, “for y<sup>e</sup> fūme of 6<sup>t</sup> & a coate;” and in 1646 the town was incorporated by the name of Andover.\* The first settlements were made near Cochichewick Brook, the principal part of the town being near the meeting-house, though the houses were too far apart to form much of a village. This is that portion of the town now called North Andover. Not far from the site of the first meeting-house is a large old-fashioned house, the oldest in the town. There is a tradition that this house was built and occupied by Governor Bradstreet, and it is certain that it was the residence of his son, Dudley Bradstreet.† Governor Bradstreet’s house was burnt to the ground in July, 1666;‡ and, if the present house was built to supply the place of the old one, Mrs. Bradstreet may have lived in it for a few years, as she did not die until September, 1672, and then in Andover. It has always been believed in the town, that this was the Governor’s house; and its size, the solidity of its construction, and its position, certainly tend to strengthen this conclusion. It stands on the old Haverhill and Boston road, within a

\* Mass. Colony Records, Vol. ii. p. 159; Abbot’s Andover, p. 11.

† Abbot’s Andover, pp. 19 and 98.

‡ See page 40.

few feet of the way, and has a southerly aspect. It has two full stories in front, but slopes to a single one in the rear. The rooms on both sides of the front door are high-studded, the floor having been sunk not long since. The doors are small, and very low. The walls of some of the rooms are wainscotted, while others are papered in the modern style. The frame of the house is very heavy, with massive old timbers; and an immense chimney, strongly buttressed on its four sides, runs up in the centre. On the lawn in front of the house are some beautiful elms, one of which is noted for its unusual size.\* The ground, falling abruptly from the easterly side of the house into a deep hollow where there is a little brook, rises again into a hill on the slope of which once stood the meeting-house, not a vestige of which is now left. Opposite its site is the old burying-ground, an irregular lot, sparsely covered with ancient moss-grown stones, in all positions straggling, broken, and neglected, and overrun with tall grass and weeds. Some few, including several tombs with horizontal slabs, are more modern and better preserved. The Merrimac is but a mile and a quarter distant, and the Cochichewick is quite near.

The views from the hill-tops in the vicinity are charming, though it is difficult to imagine the appearance the town presented when it was first settled, and there was an unbroken circle of woods in every direction. Now the visitor has to gaze on the smooth sides of the green hills, the country sparsely covered with houses, and the long line of the

\* This tree, more than twenty-five years ago, measured sixteen and a half feet in circumference, at one foot above the ground. Abbot's Andover, p. 195. A view of the house is given in the frontispiece.

great mills of Lawrence in the distance, which last, more than any thing else, tell of the wonderful change wrought by two centuries of progress. Dr. Timothy Dwight, who had an opportunity (in 1810) to see this town before it lost so much of its native beauty, gives the following description of it:—

“North Andover is a very beautiful piece of ground. Its surface is elegantly undulating, and its soil in an eminent degree fertile. The meadows are numerous, large, and of the first quality. The groves, charmingly interspersed, are tall and thrifty. The landscape, every where varied, neat, and cheerful, is also; everywhere rich.

“The Parish is a mere collection of plantations, without any thing like a village.

“Upon the whole, Andover is one of the best farming Towns in Eastern Massachusetts.” \*

Mr. John Woodbridge was ordained pastor of the church at Andover in October, 1645.† He was the husband of Mrs. Bradstreet's sister Mercy. He was born at Stanton, near Highworth, in Wiltshire, about 1613, of which parish his father was minister. He had been some time at Oxford, but was unable to complete the course there, owing to his own and his father's unwillingness that he should take the oath of conformity required of him. About the year 1634, he came to New England, with his uncle, Mr. Thomas Parker, and settled at Newbury.‡ From that place, as we have seen, he moved to Andover. In 1647 he sailed for the old country, probably taking with him

\* Travels. New Haven: 1821. Vol. i. p. 401.

† Winthrop's New England, Vol. ii. pp. 252-3.

‡ Mather's Magnalia, Bk. iii. p. 219.

the manuscript poems of our author. These he caused to be published in London in 1650, under the title of "The Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America. Or Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight. . . . By a Gentlewoman in those parts." \*

They were introduced to the reader in a short preface in which the author is described as "a Woman, honoured, and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions." The poems were said to be "the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments." He also adds: "I feare the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affected them wel, were likely to have sent forth broken pieces to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole." †

That Woodbridge was principally concerned in their publication appears yet more fully from a poetical epistle signed "I. W." and addressed "To my deare Sister the Author of these Poems" which follows soon after. ‡

Besides this, there are other commendatory verses, in which her poems are praised most extravagantly, by the Rev. N.

\* See page 79.

† First edition, pp. iii-iv. See pages 83-4.

‡ See page 86.

Ward, who had been one of her neighbors and her minister at Ipswich; by the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, and other friends and admirers of hers. There are some anagrams on her name, a poetical dedication by her of the whole to her father,\* and a prologue. The first four pieces in the book, "The Foure Elements," "The Foure Humours in Man's Confitution," "The Four Ages of Man," and "The Four Seafons of the Year," are really four parts of one entire poem. In this the sixteen personified characters—Fire, Earth, Water, Aire, Choler, Blood, Melancholy, Flegme, Childhood, Youth, Middle Age, Old Age, Spring, Summer, Autumne, and Winter—like the embodied abstractions of the old English moral plays, appear upon the stage, where each sets forth successively his various qualities, and boasts of the great power which he exerts for good or evil in the world.† Next comes the poem on "The Four Monarchies of the World," the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman, which takes up more than half of the whole volume. To these are added, "A Dialogue between Old-

\* The date, March 20, 1642, attached to this Dedication in the second edition, may have led to a mistake as to the time when the first edition was published. Mr. Allibone, in his "Dictionary of Authors," and Mr. Griswold, in his "Female Poets of America," state it to have been in 1640; and in Appleton's "Cyclopædia of Biography" it is given as 1642. Both dates are wrong, the first edition being published in 1650.

† The Percy Society have reprinted, in the twenty-second volume of their "Publications," "one of the earliest moral plays in the English language known to exist," called "The Interlude of the Four Elements." Some of the "dyvers matters whiche be in this Interlude conteynynd," are "Of the sytuacyon of the iiij. elementes, that is to say, the Yerth, the Water, the Ayre, and Fyre, and of their qualytese and propertese, and of the generacyon and corrupcyon of thynges made of the commyxton of them."

But none of the Elements themselves are players, and there is nothing contained in the play similar to what we find in Mrs. Bradstreet's verses.

*England* and New, Concerning their present troubles. Anno 1642;” elegies upon Sir Philip Sidney and Queen Elizabeth; a poem “In honour of *Du Bartas*, 1641;” “*David’s* Lamentation for *Saul*, and *Jonathan*,” versified from the second book of Samuel; and another, and the last, “*Of the vanity of all worldly creatures.*”

Of the merit of these productions, I will say but little, leaving the reader to judge for himself on this point. I can hardly expect, however, that, after ‘twice drinking the nectar of her lines,’ he will “welter in delight,” like the enthusiastic President Rogers.\* Yet I am confident, that, if it is denied that they evince much poetic genius, it must, at least, be acknowledged that they are remarkable, when the time, place, and circumstances under which they were composed, are taken into consideration. They are quaint and curious; they contain many beautiful and original ideas, not badly expressed; and they constitute a singular and valuable relic of the earliest literature of the country. It is important that the reader should bear in mind the peculiarly unpropitious circumstances under which they were written. No genial coterie of gifted minds was near to cheer and inspire her, no circle of wits to sharpen and brighten her faculties; she had no elegant surroundings of rich works of art to encourage and direct her tastes: but the country was a wilderness, and the people among whom she dwelt were the last in the world to stimulate or appreciate a poet.

Notwithstanding her assurance to her father that

“My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth,” †

Mrs. Bradstreet’s longer poems appear to be, in many places,

\* See pages 93-96.

† See page 98, last line.

simply poetical versions of what she had read. Accordingly, her facts and theories are often discordant with what the more accurate and thorough investigation of recent years has made certain or probable. To point out these differences wherever they occur would be at once a difficult and a useless task. Her poems make it evident that she had been a faithful student of history, an assiduous reader, and a keen observer of nature and of what was transpiring both at home and abroad. She mentions many of the principal Greek and Latin authors, such as Hesiod, Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Aristotle, Virgil, Ovid, Quintus Curtius, Pliny, and Seneca; but there is no reason to suppose that she had read their works, either in the originals or in translations. A few scraps of Latin are to be found scattered through her writings; but they are such as any one might have picked up without knowing the language. "The Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies," which takes up considerably more than half of the volume of "Poems," was probably derived almost entirely from Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," Archbishop Usher's "Annals of the World," the Hebrew writings, Pemble's "Period of the Persian Monarchie,"\* and perhaps from other historical treatises. She frequently

\* See page 250, note.

William Pemble, a learned divine, was born in Sussex, or at Egerton, in Kent, in 1591, and died April 14, 1623. One of his works was entitled "THE PERIOD OF THE PERSIAN MONARCHIE, Wherein fundry places of *Ezra*, *Nehemiah*, and *Daniel* are cleered. Extracted, contracted, and englished, (much of it out of Doctor *Raynolds*) by the late learned and godly Man Mr. WILLIAM Pemble, of *Magdalen Hall in OXFORD*." This is doubtless the book which Mrs. Bradstreet had seen. All of his works were separately printed after his death, and then collected in one volume, folio, in 1635, and reprinted four or five times.

refers to Raleigh and Usher; but it was to Raleigh that she was chiefly indebted, and she follows him very closely. A few parallel passages from her "Poems" and from Raleigh's "History of the World" will prove this, and will show, that, when she apparently gives the result of her own researches among the writers of antiquity, she is only quoting them indirectly through the English historians of her own time.

She thus describes the murder of the philosopher Callisthenes by Alexander the Great, in her account of the Grecian Monarchy:—

“ The next of worth that suffered after these,  
 Was learned, virtuous, wife *Calisthenes*,  
 VWho lov'd his Master more then did the rest,  
 As did appear, in flattering him the least;  
 In his esteem a God he could not be,  
 Nor would adore him for a Diety:  
 For this alone and for no other cause,  
 Against his Sovereign, or against his Laws,  
 He on the Rack his Limbs in pieces rent,  
 Thus was he tortur'd till his life was spent.  
 Of this unkingly act doth *Seneca*  
 This censure pass, and not unwisely say,  
 Of *Alexander* this th' eternal crime,  
 VWhich shall not be obliterate by time.  
 VWhich virtues fame can ne're redeem by far,  
 Nor all felicity of his in war.  
 VWhen e're 'tis said he thousand thousands slew,  
 Yea, and *Calisthenes* to death he drew.  
 The mighty *Persian* King he overcame,  
 Yea, and he kill'd *Calisthenes* of fame.  
 All Countreyes, Kingdomes, Provinces, he wan  
 From *Hellispont*, to th' farthest Ocean.  
 All this he did, who knows' not to be true?  
 But yet withal, *Calisthenes* he flew.



From *Macedon*, his Empire did extend  
 Unto the utmost bounds o' th' orient:  
 All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,  
 But yet withal, *Calisthenes* he slew." \*

This passage, the quotation from Seneca included, is taken directly from Raleigh, whose words are as follows:—

“ Alexander stood behind a partition, and heard all that was spoken, waiting but an opportunity to be revenged on Callisthenes, who being a man of free speech, honest, learned, and a lover of the king's honour, was yet soon after tormented to death, not for that he had betrayed the king to others, but because he never would condescend to betray the king to himself, as all his detestable flatterers did. For in a conspiracy against the king, made by one Hermolaus and others, (which they confessed,) he caused Callisthenes, without confession, accusation, or trial, to be torn asunder, upon the rack. This deed, unworthy of a king, Seneca thus censureth: [He gives the Latin, and thus translates it.] ‘ This is the eternal crime of Alexander, which no virtue nor felicity of his in war shall ever be able to redeem. For as often as any man shall say, He slew many thousand Persians; it shall be replied, He did so, and he slew Callisthenes: when it shall be said, He slew Darius; it shall be replied, And Callisthenes: when it shall be said, He won all as far as to the very ocean, thereon also he adventured with unusual navies, and extended his empire from a corner of Thrace to the utmost bounds of the orient; it shall be said withal, But he killed Callisthenes. Let him have outgone all the ancient examples of captains and kings, none of all his acts makes so much to his glory, as Callisthenes to his reproach.’ ” †

\* See pages 284-5.

† “ History of the World.” Oxford: 1829. Bk. iv. ch. 2, sec. 19.

Again, speaking of Cyrus, she says : —

“But *Zenophon* reports, he dy'd in's bed,  
 In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head,  
 And in his Town of *Pafargada* lyes,  
 Where *Alexander* fought, in hope of prize,  
 But in this Tombe was only to be found  
 Two *Sythian* bowes, a fword, and target round;  
 Where that proud Conquereur could doe no leffe,  
 Then at his Herfe great honours to expresse;”\*

using almost the same words as Raleigh : —

“Wherefore I rather believe Xenophon, saying, that Cyrus died aged, and in peace. . . .

“This tomb was opened by Alexander, as Quintus Curtius, l. i. reporteth, either upon hope of treasure supposed to have been buried with him, (or upon desire to honour his dead body with certain ceremonies,) in which there was found an old rotten target, two Scythian bows, and a sword. The coffin wherein the body lay, Alexander caused to be covered with his own garment, and a crown of gold to be set upon it.” †

Her account of the quarrel of Alexander and Cleitus, which resulted in the death of the latter, is evidently taken from Raleigh : —

“The next that in untimely death had part,  
 Was one of more esteem, but leffe defart;  
*Clitus*, belov'd next to *Ephestion*,  
 And in his cups, his chief Companion;  
 When both were drunk, *Clitus* was wont to jeere;  
*Alexander*, to rage, to kill, and sweare,  
 Nothing more pleasing to mad *Clitus* tongue,  
 Then's Masters god-head, to defie, and wrong;

\* First edition, p. 89. See page 211.

† “History of the World,” Bk. iii., ch. 3, sec. 6.

Nothing toucht *Alexander* to the quick  
 Like this, against his deity to kick :  
 Upon a time, when both had drunken well,  
 Upon this dangerous theam fond *Clitus* fell ;  
 From jeaft, to earnest, and at laft fo bold,  
 That of *Parmenio's* death him plainly told.  
*Alexander* now no longer could containe,  
 But instantly commands him to be flaine ;  
 Next day, he tore his face, for what he'd done,  
 And would have flaine himself, for *Clitus* gone.  
 This pot companion he did more bemoan,  
 Then all the wrong to brave *Parmenio* done." \*

Raleigh says :—

. . . “we read of Alexander . . . how he slew him [*Clytus*] soon after, for valuing the virtue of Philip the father before that of Alexander the son, or rather because he objected to the king the death of *Parmenio*, and derided the oracle of *Hammon* ; for therein he touched him to the quick, the same being delivered in public and at a drunken banquet. *Clytus*, indeed, had deserved as much at the king's hands as any man living had done, and had in particular saved his life, which the king well remembered when he came to himself, and when it was too late. Yet, to say the truth, *Clytus's* insolency was intolerable. As he in his cups forgot whom he offended, so the king in his (for neither of them were themselves) forgot whom he went about to slay ; for the grief whereof he tore his own face, and sorrowed so inordinately, as, but for the persuasions of *Callisthenes*, it is thought he would have slain himself.” †

In her sketch of *Semiramis*, we find this :—

“The River *Indus* ‡ swept them half away,  
 The rest *Staurobates* in fight did slay ;

\* First edition, pp 145-6. See pages 283-4.

† “History of the World,” Bk. iv. ch. 2, sec. 19.

‡ See page 186, note 1.

This was laſt progreſs of this mighty Queen,  
 Who in her Country never more was ſeen.  
 The Poets feign'd her turn'd into a Dove,  
 Leaving the world to *Venus* foar'd above :  
 Which made the *Aſſyrians* many a day,  
 A Dove within their Enſigns to diſplay :”\*

Now, Raleigh ſays :—

“ But of what multitude ſoever the army of Semiramis conſiſted, the ſame being broken and overthrowen by Staurobates upon the banks of Indus, *canticum cantavit extremum*, ſhe ſang her laſt ſong ; and (as antiquity hath feigned) was changed by the gods into a dove ; (the bird of Venus ;) whence it came that the Babylonians gave a dove in their enſigns.” †

She ſays of Xerxes :—

“ He with his Crown receives a double war,  
 The *Egyptians* to reduce, and *Greece* to marr,  
 The firſt begun, and finiſh'd in ſuch haſte,  
 None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over paſt.  
 But for the laſt, he made ſuch preparation,  
 As if to duſt, he meant, to grinde that nation ;  
 Yet all his men, and Inſtruments of ſlaughter,  
 Produced but deriſion and laughter.” ‡

Raleigh has the ſame in theſe words :—

“ Xerxes received from his father, as hereditary, a double war, one to be made againſt the Egyptians, which he finiſhed ſo ſpeedily that there is nothing remaining in writing how the ſame was performed ; the other againſt the Grecians, of which it is hard to judge whether the preparations were more terrible, or the ſucceſs, ridiculous.” §

\* See page 186.

† “ History of the World,” Bk. i. ch. 12, ſec. 4.

‡ See page 223.

§ “ History of the World,” Bk. iii. ch. 6, ſec. 1.

Speaking of the state of things after the death of Alexander the Great, she uses the following very apt illustration, which, however, she found in Raleigh : —

“Great *Alexander* dead, his Armyes left,  
Like to that Giant of his Eye bereft;  
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,  
His matchless force no creature could abide.  
But by *Uliſſes* having loſt his fight,  
All men began ſtreight to contemn his might;  
For aiming ſtill amifs, his dreadful blows  
Did harm himſelf, but never reacht his Foes.”\*

Now, Raleigh : —

“The death of Alexander left his army (as Demades the Athenian then compared it) in ſuch caſe, as was that monſtrous giant Polyphemus, having loſt his only eye. For that which is reported in fables of that great Cyclops might well be verified of the Macedonians: their force was intolerable, but for want of good guidance uneffectual, and harmful chiefly to themſelves.” †

After the publication of the firſt edition of her “Poems,” Mrs. Bradstreet appears to have read Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch’s Lives, and to have incorporated ſome of the facts which ſhe thus obtained into the ſecond edition. She does not mention Plutarch in the firſt edition; while, in the ſecond, ſhe refers to him twice by name. I will give a ſingle inſtance of the way in which ſhe made theſe additions. In place of the lines in the firſt edition, already quoted, —

“*Alexander* now no longer could containe,  
But inſtantly commands him to be flaine;” —

\* See page 289.

† “History of the World,” Bk. iv. ch. 3, ſec. 1.

are substituted in the second, the following : —

“ Which *Alexanders* wrath incens'd fo high,  
Nought but his life for this could fatisfie ;  
From one ftood by he fnacht a partizan,  
And in a rage him through the body ran.” \*

These last two lines must have come from Plutarch.

“ Then *Alexander* taking a partifan from one of his guard, as *Clitus* was coming towards him, and had lift vp the hanging before the doore, he ranne him through the body, fo that *Clitus* fell to the ground, and fetching one grone, died presently.” †

So, notwithstanding her allusion to Galen and Hippocrates, ‡ it is almost certain that she obtained her wonderfully exact description of human anatomy from the “curious learned Crooke,” § whose “Description of the Body of Man” had gone through three editions in London in 1631.

Mrs. Bradstreet's familiarity with the Bible is apparent all through her writings. There are traces of her having used the Genevan Version, which, for many reasons, was more acceptable to the Puritans than the authorized one of King James.

\* See pages 283 and 284, note *i*, and page xlvii.

† North's Plutarch. London: 1631. p. 700.

‡ See page 143.

§ See page 144. Probably Helkiah Crooke, M.D., of whose works Watt has the following in his “Bibliotheca Britannica,” Vol. i. p. 272, w. : —

“ *Μικροκοσμογραφία*, or a Description of the Body of Man, collected and translated out of all the best Authors of Anatomy, especially out of Gaspar, Bauchinus, and A. Sourentius. Lond. 1615, 1618, 1631. fol. A large work, illustrated with the plates of Vesalius and others. — An Explanation of the fashion and use of three and fifty Instruments of Chirurgery. Lond. 1631, fol. The same Lond. 1634, 8vo. Taken chiefly from Parey.” [Ambrose Paré, a French surgeon.]

Du Bartas, as translated by Joshua Sylvester, was her favorite author. However distasteful his writings may be to readers of the present day, they were then exceedingly popular, and we are told that Milton not only found pleasure in reading them, but was to some extent indebted to them.\* Mrs. Bradstreet, besides her special tribute to his memory, constantly displays her admiration for Du Bartas. This liking was known to her friends; and in her dedication of her "Poems" to her father, she felt it necessary expressly to disclaim having copied from him at all. How much she really owed to him it is hard to tell. The general idea of her longer poems may have been suggested by reading his works, and her style and manner may have been affected in the same way.†

\* Craik's English Literature, Vol. i. p. 569, and note 2. Bohn's Bibliographer's Manual, *sub* Du Bartas.

† Guillaume de Saluste du Bartas, born of noble parents near Auch about 1544, and brought up to the profession of war, distinguished himself as a soldier and a negotiator. Holding the same religious views as Henry IV. before he became King of France, and attached to the person of that prince in the capacity of gentleman in ordinary of his bed-chamber, he was successfully employed by him on missions to Denmark, Scotland, and England. He was at the battle of Ivry, and celebrated in song the victory which he had helped to gain. He died four months after, in July, 1590, at the age of forty-six, in consequence of some wounds which had been badly healed. He passed all the leisure which his duties left him at his château du Bartas. It was there that he composed his long and numerous poems: *La Première Semaine*, that is, the Creation in seven days; *L'Uranie*, *Judith*, *Le Triomphe de la Foi*, *Les Neuf Muses*, and *La Seconde Semaine*. The last work is very strangely entitled, as it comprehends a great part of the Old Testament histories. His principal poem, *La Semaine*, went through more than thirty editions in less than six years, and was translated into Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, German, and Dutch. MICHAUD; BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE, *sub* Bartas.

Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's works was first published in a

Sir Philip Sidney was also a great favorite with Mrs. Bradstreet, but she was not able to praise his works in such unqualified terms as she does those of Du Bartas. Her criticisms are quite entertaining. She refers to the "Historie of Great Britaine" by Speed, and to Camden's "Annales,"\* as if she had read them, and she probably derived some of the facts used in the "Dialogue between Old-England and New" from the former. She was not ignorant of the works of Spenser,† but she does not discuss their merits.

The earliest date attached to any of Mrs. Bradstreet's writings is that of a posthumous poem entitled "Upon a Fit of Sicknefs, *Anno.* 1632. *Ætatis suæ,* 19."‡ This was written at a time of great despondency, and certainly does not show the signs of much poetic genius. The elegy upon Sir Philip Sidney bears date 1638; the poem in honor of Du Bartas, 1641; the Dialogue between Old-England and New, 1642; the Dedication of the "Poems" to her father (in the second edition), March 20, 1642; and the poem in honor of Queen Elizabeth, 1643. All the "Poems," in the first edition at least, were thus apparently written by the time she was thirty years old.

Of her mother, who died on the 27th of December, 1643, scarcely any thing is known, not even her maiden

quarto volume in London in 1605, the parts of which it was composed having previously appeared separately. The title of the edition of 1621 was "DU BARTAS. HIS DIUINE WEEKES AND WORKES, with a Compleate Collection of all the other most delightfull Workes, Translated and Written by y<sup>t</sup> famous Philomusus Josuah Sylvester, Gent." Others had also competed with Sylvester in this work.

\* See page 358.

† See pages 348 and 358.

‡ See page 391.



name. Her homely virtues are thus simply recorded by her daughter:—

“An EPITAPH

*On my dear and ever honoured Mother*

*Mrs. Dorothy Dudley,*

*who deceased Decemb. 27. 1643. and of her age, 61:*

Here lyes,

*A Worthy Matron of unspotted life,  
A loving Mother and obedient wife,  
A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,  
Whom oft she fed, and clothed with her store;  
To Servants wisely awful, but yet kind,  
And as they did, so they reward did find:  
A true Instructor of her Family,  
The which she ordered with dexterity.  
The publick meetings ever did frequent,  
And in her Closet constant hours she spent;  
Religious in all her words and wayes,  
Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:  
Of all her Children, Children, liv'd to see,  
Then dying, left a blessed memory.”\**

After the death of this lady, Governor Dudley married, on the 14th of the following April, Catherine, widow of Samuel Hackburne.† He died on the 31st of July, 1653,

\* See page 369.

† Governor Dudley had the following children by his first wife:—

1. Samuel; born in England, in 1610. Married three times, first in 1632 or '33, Mary, daughter of Governor Winthrop. Settled minister at Exeter, N.H., in 1650, where he died in January, 1682, O.S. Had eighteen children.

2. Anne; married Governor Bradstreet.

3. Patience; married Major-General Daniel Denison. Died Feb. 8, 1690, O.S. Had two children.

in the seventy-seventh year of his age.\* He moved from Ipswich to Roxbury about the year 1639,† and resided there during the rest of his life. From the time of his arrival in America he had been a magistrate; he had held the offices of Governor, Deputy-Governor, Assistant, and Justice of the Peace; he was in May, 1636, together with Winthrop, chosen Councillor for life; in 1644 he was elected the first Major-General; he had been appointed to hold court in various places, and had received many other tokens of the regard and confidence of the people.‡ He has been charged with bigotry and intolerance, faults which certainly did not distinguish him from most of his contemporaries,

4. Sarah; baptized July 23, 1620, at Sempringham; married Major Benjamin Keayne, of Boston, and was divorced from him in 1647. She afterwards married —— Pacye, and died Nov. 3, 1659.

5. Mercy; born Sept. 27, 1621; married the Rev. John Woodbridge in 1639; and died in July, 1691. Had twelve children.

6. Dorothy; died Feb. 27, 1643.

By his second wife he had, —

1. Deborah; born Feb. 27, 1644-5; died unmarried Nov. 1, 1683.

2. Joseph; born Sept. 23, 1647; married in 1668 Rebecca, daughter of Edward Tyng, and died April 2, 1720. He was Governor of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Wight, and first Chief-Justice of New York. He had thirteen children, one of whom, Paul, was also a distinguished man; being Attorney-General, and afterwards Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, Fellow of the Royal Society, and founder of the Dudleian Lectures at Harvard College.

3. Paul; born Sept. 8, 1650, married Mary, daughter of Governor John Leverett, and died 1681-82. Had three children.<sup>a</sup>

\* See page 365.

† Felt's Ipswich, p. 72.

‡ Massachusetts Colony Records, Vols. I.-III.

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<sup>a</sup> "Sutton-Dudleys," p. 97. Dudley Genealogies, p. 18. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. i. pp. 71-2; Vol. x. pp. 130-6. Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings (1860-62), pp. 93, 95.

either here or in England. If he was stern, blunt, and overbearing, he was at the same time placable, generous, and hospitable. He was a faithful and an able magistrate, and conscientiously discharged all his duties. He had some knowledge of law, and was a shrewd business man, but honest in all his dealings. In short, he presented that varied phase of character that one might expect to find in a man who had had such a rough experience in life. He left fifty or sixty books, principally on history and divinity, some of them in Latin, and forming what was then a large library.\* Mather has preserved a Latin epitaph in his "Magnalia," signed "E. R." [Ezekiel Rogers], in which Dudley is described as a

*"Helluo Librorum, Lectorum Bibliotheca  
Communis, Sacrae Syllabus Historiae." †*

Mrs. Bradstreet, too, calls him "a magazine of history," and acknowledges that he was her "guide" and "instructor," ‡ and that it was to him that she owed her love of books. In some verses to her father, she says:—

"Most truly honoured, and as truly dear,  
If worth in me, or ought I do appear,  
Who can of right better demand the fame?  
Then may your worthy self from whom it came." §

If we may judge from a reference in her "Dedication," it is probable that he had written a poem "On the Four Parts of the World," || which might even have been printed. But, if it was similar to the oft-quoted verses said to have

\* Suffolk Probate Records, Lib. ii. Fol. 133. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. xii. pp. 355-6.

† Magnalia, Bk. ii. p. 17.

‡ See pages 365 and 368.

§ See page 398.

|| See page 97.

been found in his pocket after his death,\* we ought not to complain that the poem is among the lost books of the world. Having had £500 left to him when he was very young,† he had always been prosperous, being the wealthiest man in Roxbury, where the people were generally well-to-do. He was the owner of a large quantity of land, and at the time of his death his property was appraised at £1560. 10s. 1d.,‡ which was a considerable sum in this country at that early date. He interested himself in town affairs, and headed the list of those who entered into an

\* These verses are thus given by Mather (*MAGNALIA*, Bk. ii. p. 17.) In the old manuscript life in "The Sutton Dudleys," p. 37, there is a somewhat different version:—

*"Dim Eyes, Deaf Ears, Cold Stomach, shew  
My Diffolution is in View.  
Eleven times Seven near liv'd have I,  
And now God calls, I willing Die.  
My Shuttle's shot, my Race is run,  
My Sun is set, my Day is done.  
My Span is measur'd, Tale is told,  
My Flower is faded, and grown old.  
My Dream is vanish'd, Shadow's fled,  
My Soul with Christ, my Body Dead.  
Farewel Dear Wife, Children and Friends,  
Hate Heresie, make Blessed Ends.  
Bear Poverty, live with good Men;  
So shall we live with Joy agen.  
Let Men of God in Courts and Churches watch  
O're such as do a Toleration hatch,  
Lest that Ill Egg bring forth a Cockatrice,  
To poison all with Heresie and Vice.  
If Men be left, and otherwise Combine,  
My Epitaph's, I Dy'd no Libertine."*

† "Sutton-Dudleys," p. 24.

‡ Suffolk Probate Records, Lib. ii. Fol. 134.

agreement in August, 1645, to support a free school in Roxbury.\*

Mrs. Bradstreet had eight children, four sons and four daughters; a fact which she has recorded in some fanciful verses, beginning, —

“I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,  
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,  
I nurft them up with pain and care,  
Nor coft, nor labour did I spare,  
Till at the laft they felt their wing.  
Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to fmg;” †

She goes on at some length, carrying out the simile, and describes their past life, their condition at that time, and her solicitude for their future health and happiness. Prompted by her love for her children, she wrote out her religious experiences, in a little book in which she also kept a record, partly in prose and partly in verse, of her sicknesses, her religious feelings, and the most important incidents in her life.‡ The earliest date in it is July 8, 1656, § but it was undoubtedly begun before that.

Having had from her birth a very delicate constitution, prostrated when only sixteen years old by the small-pox, troubled at one time with lameness, subject to frequent attacks of sickness, to fevers, and to fits of fainting, she bore these numerous inflictions with meekness and resignation. Recognizing the inestimable blessing of health, she regarded it as the reward of virtue, and looked upon

\* History of Roxbury Town, by Charles M. Ellis. Boston: 1847, p. 37. Mr. Ellis has given the best sketch of Dudley's life which I have seen (pp. 97-104).

† See page 400.

‡ See pages 2-39.

§ See page 17.

her various maladies as tokens of the divine displeasure at her thoughtlessness or wrong-doing. She says that her religious belief was at times shaken; but her doubts and fears were soon banished, if, indeed, they were not exaggerated in number and importance by her tender conscience. Her children were constantly in her mind. It was for them that she committed to writing her own religious experiences, her own feelings of joy or sorrow at the various changes which brightened or darkened her life. Her most pointed similes are drawn from the familiar incidents of domestic life, especially the bringing-up of children. From some of these references it would seem as if she had found among her own children the most diverse traits of character; that some of them were obedient and easily governed, while others were unruly and headstrong; and that she derived an intense satisfaction from contemplating the virtues of some, while she deplored the failings of others. Notwithstanding the comfort she took in her children, notwithstanding the happiness of her married life, she continually dwells on the vanity of all worldly delights, the shortness of life, and the great ills to which humanity is subject. She found, however, a never-failing solace for all her troubles in prayer. "I have had," she writes, "great experience of God's hearing my Prayers, and returning comfortable Answers to me, either in granting y<sup>e</sup> Thing I prayed for, or else," she adds, with a charming frankness, "in satisfiying my mind without it." \*

In November, 1657, her son Samuel, her eldest child, sailed for England.† He graduated at Harvard College

\* See page 7.

† See page 24.

in the year 1653, but his age is not known, though at that time he could not have been more than twenty. Mrs. Bradstreet says, "It pleased God to keep me a long time without a child, which was a great grief to me, and cost mee many prayers and tears before I obtaind one."\* Samuel was,—

"The Son of Prayers, of vowes, of teares,  
The child I stay'd for many yeares." †

and she was very loth to part with him, but she committed him at last to the care of Providence, and was rewarded by welcoming him home safe, in July, 1661.‡

Her husband's mission to England in January, 1661-2, must have been an event of great importance in her life. Devotedly attached to him as she was, and unhappy when separated from him for even a short time, the circumstances under which he went were such as to make her particularly anxious during his absence. The news of the restoration of Charles II. to the throne had been somewhat coldly received by the Massachusetts colonists. They were justly apprehensive that their indifference, if not actual hostility, to his cause during the Civil War, their severe treatment of the Quakers, and their assumption of the powers of an independent state, might now be brought up against them, and result in a serious diminution of the privileges they had up to that time enjoyed. The complaints of the Quakers, and the exertions of those who had suffered by or who were disaffected with the Massachusetts men, were so violent, and met with such success, that the latter were obliged, by the order of the King, to send agents to plead

\* See page 5.

† See page 24.

‡ See page 28.

their cause and repel these attacks at Court. The unwillingness of the Government to send these Commissioners was only equalled by the distaste of those upon whom their choice had fallen — Mr. Bradstreet and the Rev. Mr. Norton — for this delicate and unpleasant duty. Mr. Norton was particularly disinclined to have any thing to do with the matter, but his scruples were finally overcome. Having recovered from a severe attack of sickness, whose sudden approach delayed their departure, Norton embarked with Bradstreet on the 10th of February. On the following morning they set sail for England, John Hull, the mint-master of the Colony, being a fellow-passenger with them. They arrived in London the last of March, and were successful in their endeavors, — to divert the anger of the king, to put a favorable construction on the past acts of the Colony, and to secure for it an extension of the royal favor. On the 3d of September, they returned in the ship "Society," bringing with them a letter from the King, in which the charter privileges were confirmed, and all past errors pardoned. The satisfaction which this gave was more than counterbalanced by the rest of the letter, which enjoined a fuller establishment of the King's authority, and contained other matter equally distasteful to the people. The consequence was, that the two agents became extremely unpopular, and this cold treatment was thought to have hastened the death of Norton, who grew very melancholy, and died on the 5th of the following April. While they were in England, fears were entertained for their safety, and reports came in private letters that they had been detained, and that Mr. Norton was in the Tower. And, according to Sewel, the Quaker historian, who gives no very flatter-



ing account of their conduct in London, they were really in some danger.\*

Mrs. Bradstreet had from time to time been writing under the name of "Meditations" some apothegms, suggested mainly by the homely events of her own experience. This was done at the request of her son Simon, to whom they were dedicated March 20, 1664.† The "Meditations" display much more ability, much greater cultivation of mind, and a deeper thoughtfulness than most of her other works. She shows in them a more correct taste than in her "Poems." We must take her word for their originality. "I have avoyded," she says, "incroaching upon others conceptions because I would leave you nothing but myne owne, though in value they fall fhort of all in this kinde." And again she reminds him that "There is no new thing vnder y<sup>e</sup> fun, there is nothing that can be fayd or done, but either that or something like it hath been both done and fayd before."‡

In July, 1666, by the burning of the house at Andover, her papers, books, and many other things of great value to her, were destroyed. She had intended to complete her poetical account of "The Roman Monarchy," and had spent much time in preparing a continuation of it, but the loss of what she had already finished made her abandon the work altogether.§ Her son Simon thus notices this disaster in his diary, and represents his father's loss as very great:—

"July. 12. 1666. Whilst I was at N. London my fathers houfe at Andover was burnt, where I loft my Books, and many of my

\* See pages 32-9. Hutchinson's History, Vol. i. pp. 201-5; Hull's Diaries, Arch. Amer., Vol. iii. pp. 153-4, and 204-8; History of the Quakers, by William Sewel. London: 1725, pp. 279-80.

† See page 47.

‡ See page 53.

§ See pages 40 and 329.

clothes, to the valeiu of 50 or 60  $\text{lb}$  at least; The Lord gaue, and the Lord hath taken, blessed bee the Name of the Lord. Tho: my own losse of books (and papers espec.) was great and my fathers far more being about 800, yet y<sup>e</sup> Lord was pleased gratiouſly many wayes to make up y<sup>e</sup> fame to us. It is therefore good to truſt in the Lord.”

There could have been little of variety to call Mrs. Bradstreet aside from the daily routine of her quiet country life. Attendance on the frequent and long-protracted religious meetings, and the duties of her household, must have occupied her time when she was well. She had evidently exposed herself to the criticism of her neighbors by studying and writing so much. The fact of a woman's being able to compose any thing possessing any literary merit was regarded with the greatest surprise by her contemporaries, and was particularly dwelt upon by her admirers.\* In the "Prologue" she says:—

“I am obnoxious to each carping tongue  
Who ſays my hand a needle better fits,  
A Poets pen all ſcorn I ſhould thus wrong,  
For ſuch deſpite they caſt on Female wits:  
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,  
They'l ſay it's ſtoln, or elſe it was by chance.” †

\* See pages 83-92. There is a paragraph in Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's sketch of Miss Hannah More (probably written by *Mrs.* Hall) which shows that public opinion changed quite slowly on this point.

“In this age, when female talent is so rife, — when, indeed, it is not too much to say women have fully sustained their right to equality with men in reference to all the productions of the mind, — it is difficult to comprehend the popularity, almost amounting to adoration, with which a woman writer was regarded little more than half a century ago. Mediocrity was magnified into genius, and to have printed a book, or to have written even a tolerable poem, was a passport into the very highest society.”  
“Art Journal.” London: 1866. p. 187. † See page 101.

The forests were still stocked with wild beasts, and there was constant fear of assaults and depredations by the Indians. She wandered in the woods, however, and found great pleasure in meditating on their ever winning charms, their grand and quiet beauty. By far the best of all her "Poems" was the result of one of these rambles. It appeared for the first time in the second edition, under the name of "Contemplations."\* She describes with great spirit the sights and sounds of the forest, the fields and the stream, and makes us wish that she had done more in this style, for which many of the poets of her time were distinguished. It was doubtless by the side of the untamed Merrimac, before its rushing waters were made to pour through the immense structures which now line its banks, that she sat and pondered. The great dam which now spans the river at Lawrence is only two miles from the spot where the first settlement of Andover was made, and where Mrs. Bradstreet lived when she wrote, —

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm  
Close fate I by a goodly Rivers side,  
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;  
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd." †

This "Poem" proves that she had true poetic feeling, and shows to what she could rise when she was willing to throw aside her musty folios and read the fresh book of nature.

"And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd." ‡

\* See page 370.

† See page 377.

‡ Milton's *Comus*, 375-80.

The revision of her "Poems" must have been no small undertaking, and from some of the references in the many additions which she made, it is evident that she was engaged upon this work as late at least as 1666. Sympathizing, as she naturally did, with Parliament and the Puritans, she said much in the first edition, written at the outbreak of the Civil War, which she felt obliged to omit or modify to suit the state of things existing under the Restoration. Although she speaks of a "*Brittish* bruitish Cavaleer," and dignifies him with the titles of "wretch" and "monster," yet she has to come down to calling Cromwell a "Ufurper." Indeed, these alterations form one of the most diverting features of the book. It must be confessed, however, that she rather inclined from the first to be a Monarchist, and that her hatred of Papists admitted of not the slightest compromise.

She had never set a very great value on the pleasures of this world, and had always been ready to abandon them for the joys which she expected to find in another. In the last piece which we have in her writing, dated Aug. 31, 1669,\* she represents herself as positively weary of life and longing to die. Three years after, her wish was granted, and she was released from suffering. Her son Simon's sad account of her sickness and death proves that it must have been in reality a blessing to her:—

"September 16. 1672. My ever honoured & most dear Mother was tranflated to Heaven. Her death was occasioned by a consumption being wasted to fkin & bone & She had an iffue made in her arm bec: she was much troubled with rheum, & one of y<sup>e</sup> women y<sup>t</sup> tended herr dressing her arm, f'd fhee never faw

\* See pages 42-4.

such an arm in her Life, I, f'd my most dear Mother, but y<sup>t</sup> arm shall bee a Glorious Arm.

I being absent fro her lost the opportunity of comitting to memory her pious & memorable xpressions vttered in her sickneffe. O y<sup>t</sup> the good Lord would give vnto me and mine a heart to walk in her steps, confidering what the end of her Conuersation was, y<sup>t</sup> fo wee might one day haue a happy & glorious greeting."

Mrs. Bradstreet's burial-place is unknown. No stone bearing her name can be found in the old graveyard at Andover, and it is not at all improbable that her remains were deposited in her father's tomb at Roxbury. As no portrait of her is in existence, the reader will have to contemplate her image in her works, where she will reveal to him all the graces of a loving mother, a devoted wife, and a devout Christian.

Three years after her death, Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, has this brief notice of her in his "Theatrum Poetarum :"—

"*Anne Bradstreet, a New-England poetess, no less in title; viz. before her Poems, printed in Old-England anno 1650; then [than] The tenth Muse sprung up in America; the memory of which poems, consisting chiefly of Descriptions of the Four Elements, the Four Humours; the Four Ages, the Four Seasons, and the Four Monarchies, is not yet wholly extinct.*" \*

Quite different from this is the pompous eulogy of Cotton Mather :—

"But when I mention the *Poetry* of this Gentleman [Gov. Dudley] as one of his Accomplishments, I must not leave unmen-

\* First published in London in 1675. Third Edition. Reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. etc. Geneva: 1824. p. (48). § 108.

tioned the Fame with which the *Poems* of one descended from him have been Celebrated in both *Englands*. If the rare Learning of a *Daughter*, was not the least of those bright things that adorn'd no less a Judge of *England* than Sir *Thomas More*; it must now be said, that a Judge of *New England*, namely, *Thomas Dudley*, Esq; had a *Daughter* (besides other Children) to be a *Crown* unto him. Reader, *America* justly admires the Learned Women of the other *Hemisphere*. She has heard of those that were *Tutoreffes* to the Old Professors of all Philosophy: She hath heard of *Hippatia*, who formerly taught the Liberal Arts; and of *Sarocchia*, who more lately was very often the Modera-trix in the Disputations of the Learned Men of *Rome*: She has been told of the Three *Corinnæ's*, which equal'd, if not excell'd, the most Celebrated *Poets* of their Time. She has been told of the Empress *Eudocia*, who Compos'd Poetical Paraphrases on Divers Parts of the Bible; and of *Rosuida*, who wrote the *Lives* of Holy Men; and of Pamphilia, who wrote other Histories unto the Life: The Writings of the most Renowned *Anna Maria Schurnian*, have come over unto her. But she now prays, that into such Catalogues of *Authoreffes*, as *Beverovicus*, *Hottinger*, and *Voetius*, have given unto the World, there may be a room now given unto Madam Ann Bradstreet, the Daughter of our Governour *Dudley*, and the Consort of our Governour Bradstreet, whose *Poems*, divers times Printed, have afforded a grateful Entertainment unto the Ingenious, and a Monument for her Memory beyond the State-liest *Marbles*." \*

Six years after her death, in 1678, the second edition of her "Poems" was brought out in Boston,† being one of the earliest volumes of poems printed in America. It was the work of John Foster, who had set up a press in

\* *Magnalia*, Bk. ii. p. 17.

† See pages v, vii-viii, 81 *et seq.*

Boston in 1675 or '76, and who issued the first book ever printed in that town.\*

Of Mrs. Bradstreet's eight children,† all but one, Dorothy,

\* Thomas's History of Printing, Vol. i. p. 275; History of Dorchester, Mass., pp. 244 and 493.

† They were, —

1. Samuel; graduated at Harvard College in 1653. He went to England in November, 1657, and returned in July, 1661. He was a fellow of Harvard College, and represented Andover in the General Court in 1670. He practised as a physician in Boston for many years, but afterwards removed to the island of Jamaica, where he died in August, 1682. He was twice married; first to Mercy, daughter of William Tyng, by whom he had five children, only one of whom survived him. He had three children, who were living with their grandfather, Governor Bradstreet, at the time of the latter's death, by a second wife, whose name is unknown. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. pp. 312-14; Vol. ix. pp. 113-4; Governor Bradstreet's will, Suffolk Probate Records, Lib. xi. Fol. 276.

2. Dorothy; married the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, eldest son of the Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, June 25, 1654. She had nine children, and died Feb. 26, 1672. Her husband was ordained pastor of the church at Hampton, N.H., May 4, 1659, and died April 19, 1686, at the age of fifty-two, having survived her and married again. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. i. pp. 325-6; Vol. viii. p. 321; Vol. ix. p. 114; Hull's Diaries, pp. 187-8.

3. Sarah; married Richard Hubbard, of Ipswich, brother of the Rev. William Hubbard, the historian. She had five children by him. He died May 3, 1681, and she afterwards married Major Samuel Ward, of Marblehead. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. p. 323; Felt's Ipswich, p. 164; Essex Institute Collections, Vol. iii. p. 66; Vol. iv. pp. 66, 71; Vol. v. pp. 92-3.

4. Simon; was born at Ipswich, Sept. 28, 1640, and graduated at Harvard College in 1660. He went to New London, Connecticut, to preach in May, 1666, and was ordained pastor of the church there Oct. 5, 1670. He was married Oct. 2, 1667, at Newbury, by his uncle, Major-General Daniel Denison, to his cousin Lucy, daughter of the Rev. John Woodbridge. They had five children. He died in the fall of 1683. His own MS. Diary; Caulkins's History of New London, *passim*; N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. pp. 316-17, and 378; Vol. ix. pp. 117-18.

5. Hannah; married Andrew Wiggin, of Exeter, N.H., June 14, 1659,

were living at the time of her death. Her descendants have been very numerous, and many of them have more than made up by the excellence of their writings for whatever beauty or spirit hers may have lacked. Her grandson, the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, of Charlestown, son of the Rev. Simon of New London, Conn., although very eccentric, was one of the most learned men of his

and died in 1707. She had five sons and five daughters. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. pp. 167 and 324; Vol. ix. p. 143.

6. Mercy; married Major Nathaniel Wade, of Medford, Oct. 31, 1672. She died Oct. 5, 1715, in her sixty-eighth year. She had eight children. N. E. Gen. Hist. Register, Vol. iii. p. 66; Vol. viii. p. 324; Vol. ix. p. 121; Brooks's History of Medford, p. 558; Essex Institute Collections, Vol. iv. pp. 68-69; Felt's Ipswich, p. 153.

7. Dudley; was born in 1648, and married Ann Wood, widow of Theodore Price, Nov. 12, 1673. He resided in Andover, which town he represented in the General Court, besides holding many municipal offices in its gift. He was one of the Council of Safety between 1689 and 1692, was a colonel in the militia, and for many years a magistrate. During the witchcraft delusion in 1692, he granted thirty or forty warrants for the apprehension and imprisonment of the supposed witches; but, refusing afterwards to grant any more, he himself fell a victim to the same charge, and was obliged for a time to secrete himself. At the time of the attack of the Indians on Andover in 1698, he and his family were made prisoners, but immediately afterwards released. He died Nov. 13, 1702, having won the respect and confidence of his fellow-townsmen. He had three children. Abbot's Andover, pp. 18-19, 133, 154 *et seq.*; N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. iii. p. 66; Vol. viii. p. 320; Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, Vol. i. p. 235; Butler's History of Groton, pp. 165-70.

8. John; was born in Andover, July 22, 1652, and resided in Topsfield. He married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. William Perkins of that town, June 11, 1677. He died at Topsfield, Jan. 11, 1718. He had five children, and perhaps more. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. pp. 320-21; Vol. ix. p. 120; "Sutton-Dudleys," p. 101.

In her poem "*In reference to her Children*" (p. 401), Mrs. Bradstreet speaks of her *fifth* child as being a son. This must be a misprint for *seventh*, as a comparison of the above dates will show.



day.\* Among her descendants may be counted the celebrated divine, Dr. Wm. E. Channing; the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, of Portsmouth, N.H., his accomplished son, the Rev. J. S. Buckminster, and his daughter, Mrs. Eliza B. Lee, who has so gracefully recorded her father's and her brother's lives; Mr. Richard H. Dana, the poet, and his son, the Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr., eminent as a man of letters, a lawyer, and a jurist; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and humorist; Mr. Wendell Phillips, the orator; and Mrs. Eliza G. Thornton, of Saco, Maine, whose verses were once highly esteemed.†

After Mrs. Bradstreet's death, her husband married, June 6, 1676, the widow of Captain Joseph Gardner, of Salem, who was killed in the storming of the Narragansett fort in December, 1675. She was a daughter of Emanuel Downing, and sister of Sir George Downing, Bart., who graduated in the first class of Harvard College, and became afterwards Ambassador from Cromwell and Charles II. successively at the Hague. She was born in London, but came to New England when very young. Her step-son Simon describes her as "a Gentl. of very good birth & education, and of great piety & prudence."‡

\* Budington, pp. 111-16 and 125; Sprague's Annals, Vol. i. pp. 241-43; Mass. Hist. Coll. Vol. viii. p. 75; Vol. x. p. 170; Caulkins's New London, p. 193.

† See the "Pedigree of Bradstreet," in Drake's folio History of Boston, and the "Descendants of Governor Bradstreet," in N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. viii. pp. 312-25, and Vol. ix. pp. 113-21. A book was published in London in 1858, with the title of "Six Legends of King Golden-Star, a poem by Anna Bradstreet." Whether this lady is a descendant or not I cannot say.

‡ MS. Diary.

She died at Salem, April 19, 1713, leaving no children by either husband. N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. xii. p. 219. Her will, with notes, is printed in the Essex Institute Collections, Vol. iv. pp. 185-90.

Upon the death of Mr. Symonds, in October, 1678, Mr. Bradstreet succeeded him as Deputy-Governor, and the Governor himself, John Leverett, dying in the following March, he was elected Governor in May, 1679, being then about seventy-six years of age.\* He continued to be Governor until the dissolution of the Charter and the establishment of the Provisional Government in May, 1686, under his brother-in-law, Joseph Dudley, as President.† Governor Bradstreet and his son, Dudley Bradstreet, were named as Counsellors in the royal commission, but they both refused to act.‡ On the 20th of December of that year, Sir Edmund Andros landed in Boston, and on the same day his commission was read as "Governor in Chief in and over the territory and dominion of New England."§ After a little more than two years of oppression under his administration, on the receipt of the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England, there was a rising in Boston in April, 1689. On the morning of the 18th, the Royal Governor and his adherents were made prisoners, and the officers who had been elected under the charter in 1686, with the venerable Bradstreet at their head, were called upon to act as a "Council of Safety." On the assembling of the representatives of the towns a month later, he was confirmed in his position, and acted as Governor under the temporary re-establishment of the old charter government until the 14th of May, 1692. On that day Sir William Phipps arrived in Boston with the new charter and a commission as Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts

\* Mass. Colony Records, Vol. v. pp. 209-10; Hutchinson's History, Vol. i. p. 291.

† Hutchinson's History, Vol. i. pp. 306-8.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 314, note.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

Bay. Thereupon Governor Bradstreet, whose name was the first on the list of Counsellors appointed by the New Charter, resigned his office to him.\*

He died at Salem, March 27, 1697, at the age of ninety-four, thus closing a long, exemplary, and honorable life, sixty years of which had been devoted to constant and faithful public service.†

\* Hutchinson's History, Vol. i. pp. 332-45; Vol. ii. pp. 19, 20; Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. iii. pp. 574-98; Ancient Charters, p. 27.

† He was buried in Salem, where his tomb is still to be seen in the old Charter Street burying-ground. The inscription on the horizontal slab which covers it is now totally obliterated. His epitaph, however, was preserved by some antiquary in the following communication to "The Boston Chronicle" for March 7-14, 1768 (p. 119):—

"By giving the inclosed a place in your Chronicle, it being now scarce legible on the monument, you'll oblige a number of your friends, who think it worth preserving.

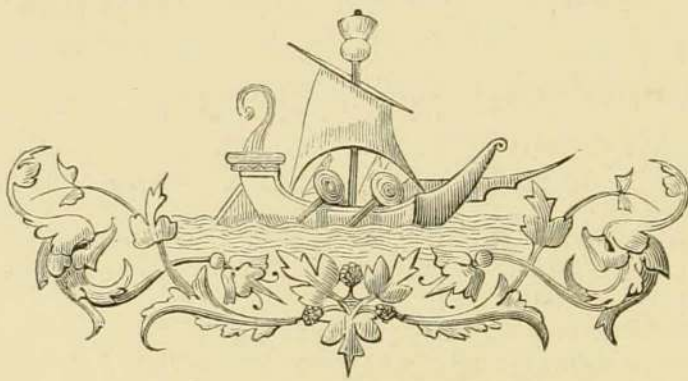
*Inscription upon Governor BRADSTREET'S Tomb Stone, in Salem.*

"SIMON BRADSTREET. Armiger ex Ordine Senatorio in Colonia Massachusettensi ab Anno 1630 usq; ad Annum 1673 Deinde ad Annum 1679 Vice Gubernator Deniq; ad Annum 1686 ejusdem Colonix Communi & Constanti Populi Suffragio Gubernator Vir Judicis Lynceato præditus Quem nec Minæ nec Honos allexit Regis Autoritatem & Populi Libertatem æqua Lance libravit Religione Cordatus Via innocuus Mundum et vicit et deferuit Die XXVII. Marcij Anno Dom: MDCXCVII Annoq; R. R's Gullielmi tertii IX. et Ætatis suæ XCIV."

Mr. Robert Peele, of Salem, has a copy of this paper, with this marginal note in the handwriting of the old loyalist, Sam. Curwen, whose Journal and Letters were so ably edited by the late Mr. Geo. A. Ward:—

"Ben son of Co<sup>l</sup> B. Pickman sold y<sup>e</sup> tomb, being claimed by him for a small expence his father was at in repairing it ab<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>r</sup> 1793 or 1794 to one Daniel Hathorne who now holds it."

I am told that the tomb was accordingly cleaned out, and the remains of the honored Governor and his family thrown into a hole not far off.





## CONTENTS.

### Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces.

	PAGE
Religious Experiences . . . . .	3
Occasional Meditations . . . . .	11
Deliverance from a Fever . . . . .	12
Deliverance from a Fit of Sickness . . . . .	13
Deliverance from a Fit of Fainting . . . . .	15
Meditations on Spiritual Consolations . . . . .	16
Submission and Reliance on God, July 8, 1656 . . . . .	17
Verses; Praise of God . . . . .	17
Verses; Joy in God . . . . .	18
After much Sickness, August 28, 1656 . . . . .	20
After Sickness and Weakness, May 11, 1657 . . . . .	21
Verses, May 13, 1657 . . . . .	22
Submission to Chastisement from God, Sept. 30, 1657 . . . . .	23
Poem upon her son Samuel's going to England, Nov. 6, 1657 . . . . .	24
Divine Dealings, May 11, 1661 . . . . .	25
Verses; Thankfulness for Health . . . . .	26
On the Restoration of her Husband from an Ague, June, 1661 . . . . .	27
Upon her daughter, Hannah Wiggin's recovery from a Fever . . . . .	28
On her son Samuel's return from England, July 17, 1661 . . . . .	28
On her Husband's going to England, Jan. 16, 1661-62 . . . . .	32
In her solitary hours in her Husband's absence . . . . .	34

	PAGE
In acknowledgment of the letters received from her Husband in England . . . . .	37
In thankful remembrance of her Husband's safe arrival home, Sept. 3, 1662 . . . . .	38
Verses upon the burning of her house, July 10, 1666 . . . . .	40
Verses; Longing for Heaven, Aug. 31, 1669 . . . . .	42

### Meditations, Divine and Moral.

Dedication of the Meditations to her son, Simon Bradstreet, March 20, 1664 . . . . .	47
Meditations . . . . .	48
Latin Translation of the Dedication of the Meditations by her great-grandson, Simon Bradstreet . . . . .	74
Latin Translation of the first four Meditations by the same . . . . .	75

### Poems.

Fac-simile of Title-Page of First Edition . . . . .	79
Fac-simile of Title-Page of Second Edition . . . . .	81
Address to the Reader . . . . .	83
Commendatory Verses by N. Ward . . . . .	85
" . . . . . I.[ohn] W.[oodbridge] . . . . .	86
" . . . . . B.[enjamin] W.[oodbridge] . . . . .	89
" . . . . . C. B. . . . .	90
" . . . . . R. Q. . . . .	90 n.
" . . . . . N. H. . . . .	91
" . . . . . C. B. . . . .	92
" . . . . . H. S. . . . .	92
Anagrams of the Author's name . . . . .	92
Commendatory Verses by J. Rogers . . . . .	93
Dedication to her father, Thomas Dudley, Esq., March 20, 1642 . . . . .	97
The Prologue . . . . .	100

	PAGE
THE FOUR ELEMENTS . . . . .	103
Fire . . . . .	104
Earth . . . . .	109
Water . . . . .	114
Air . . . . .	119
THE FOUR HUMOURS IN MAN'S CONSTITUTION . . . . .	123
Choler . . . . .	124
Blood . . . . .	129
Melancholy . . . . .	136
Phlegm . . . . .	141
THE FOUR AGES OF MAN . . . . .	147
Childhood . . . . .	149
Youth . . . . .	152
Middle Age . . . . .	156
Old Age . . . . .	161
THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR . . . . .	168
Spring . . . . .	168
Summer . . . . .	172
Autumn . . . . .	176
Winter . . . . .	178
An Apology . . . . .	180
THE FOUR MONARCHIES . . . . .	181
The Assyrian . . . . .	181
The Persian . . . . .	208
The Grecian . . . . .	251
An Explanation . . . . .	322
The Roman . . . . .	323
An Apology . . . . .	328

	PAGE
Dialogue between Old England and New; concerning their present troubles, <i>Anno</i> , 1642 . . . . .	330
Elegy upon Sir Philip Sidney . . . . .	344
In Honour of Du Bartas, 1641 . . . . .	353
In Honour of Queen Elizabeth . . . . .	357
David's Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan . . . . .	363
To the Memory of her Father, Thomas Dudley, Esq. . . . .	365
Epitaph on her Mother, Mrs. Dorothy Dudley . . . . .	369
Contemplations . . . . .	370
The Flesh and the Spirit . . . . .	381
The Vanity of all Worldly Things . . . . .	386
The Author to her Book . . . . .	389

### Posthumous Poems.

Upon a Fit of Sickness, <i>Anno</i> . 1632. <i>Ætatis suæ</i> , 19 . . . . .	391
Upon some Distemper of Body . . . . .	392
Before the Birth of one of her Children . . . . .	393
Verses to her Husband . . . . .	394
Letter to her Husband, absent upon Public Employment . . . . .	394
Another . . . . .	395
Another . . . . .	397
To her Father with some Verses . . . . .	398
In Reference to her Children, June 23, 1656 . . . . .	400
In Memory of her grand-child Elizabeth Bradstreet . . . . .	404
"    "    "    "    Anne Bradstreet . . . . .	405
"    "    "    "    Simon Bradstreet . . . . .	406
"    "    daughter-in law Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet . . . . .	407
A Funeral Elegy upon the Author by the Rev. John Norton . . . . .	409

INDEX . . . . .	415
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RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

AND

OCCASIONAL PIECES.





ALL that is included under the title “RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES,” with the exception of the verses beginning “As weary pilgrim now at rest,” is printed from a manuscript copy in the handwriting of Mrs. Bradstreet’s son, the Rev. SIMON BRADSTREET, of New London, Connecticut. The following note is prefixed by him: “A true copy of a Book left by my hon’d & dear mother to her children & found among some papers after her Death.”





## To my Dear Children.

THIS Book by Any yet vnread,  
I leaue for yov when I am dead,  
That, being gone, here yov may find  
What was your liueing mother's mind.  
Make vse of what I leaue in Loue  
And God shall bleffe yov from above.

A. B.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, —



KNOWING by experience that the exhortations of parents take most effect when the speakers leaue to speak, and those especially sink deepest which are spoke latest — and being ignorant whether on my death bed I shall haue oportvnity to speak to any of yov, much lesse to All — thought it the best, whilst I was able to compose some short matters, (for what else to call them I know not) and bequeath to yov, that when I am no more with yov, yet I may bee

daily in your remembrance, (Although that is the least in my aim in what I now doe) but that you may gain some spiritual Advantage by my experience. I haue not studyed in this you read to show my skill, but to declare the Truth—not to sett forth myself, but the Glory of God. If I had minded the former, it had been perhaps better pleasing to you,—but seing the last is the best, let it bee best pleasing to you.

The method I will observe shall bee this—I will begin with God's dealing with me from my childhood to this Day. In my young years, about 6 or 7 as I take it, I began to make conscience of my wayes, and what I knew was sinfull, as lying, disobedience to Parents, &c. I avoided it. If at any time I was overtaken with the like evils, it was a great Trouble. I could not be at rest 'till by prayer I had confest it vnto God. I was also troubled at the neglect of Private Dutyes, tho: too often tardy that way. I also found much comfort in reading the Scriptures, especially those places I thought most concerned my Condition, and as I grew to haue more vnderstanding, so the more solace I took in them.

In a long fitt of sicknes which I had on my bed I often commvned with my heart, and made my supplication to the most High who sett me free from that affliction.

But as I grew vp to bee about 14 or 15 I found my heart more carnall, and fitting loose from God, vanity and the follies of youth take hold of me.

About 16, the Lord layd his hand fore vpon me and smott mee with the small pox. When I was in my affliction, I befovght the Lord, and confessed my Pride and Vanity and he was entreated of me, and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to the benefitt received.

After a short time I changed my condition and was marryed, and came into this COUNTRY, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston.\*

After some time I fell into a lingering sicknes like a consumption, together with a lameness, which correction I saw the Lord sent to humble and try me and doe mee Good: and it was not altogether ineffectuall.

It pleased God to keep me a long time without a child, which was a great greif to me, and cost mee many prayers and tears before I obtaynd one, and after him † gave mee many more, of whom I now take the care, that as I have brought yov into the world, and with great paines, weaknes, cares, and feares brought yov to this, I now travail in birth again of yov till Christ bee formed in yov.

Among all my experiences of God's gracious Dealings with me I haue constantly observed this, that he hath never suffered me long to fitt loose from him,

\* See Introduction.

† See page 24.

but by one affliction or other hath made me look home, and search what was amisse — so vsually thus it hath been with me that I haue no sooner felt my heart out of order, but I haue expected correction for it, which most commonly hath been vpon my own person, in sicknesse, weaknes, paines, sometimes on my soul, in Doubts and feares of God's displeasure, and my sincerity towards him, sometimes he hath smott a child with sicknes, sometimes chastened by losses in estate, — and these Times (thro: his great mercy) haue been the times of my greatest Getting and Advantage, yea I haue found them the Times when the Lord hath manifested the most Love to me. Then haue I gone to searching, and haue said with David, Lord search me and try me, see what wayes of wickednes are in me, and lead me in the way everlasting: and seldome or never but I haue found either some sin I lay vnder which God would haue reformed, or some duty neglected which he would haue performed. And by his help I haue layd Vowes and Bonds vpon my Soul to perform his righteous commands.

If at any time you are chastened of God, take it as thankfully and Joyfully as in greatest mercyes, for if you see his you shall reap the greatest benefitt by it. It hath been no small support to me in times of Darknes when the Almighty hath hid his face from me, that yet I haue had abundance of sweetnes and refreshment after affliction, and more circumspection

in my walking after I haue been afflicted. I haue been with God like an vntoward child, that no longer then the rod has been on my back (or at least in fight) but I haue been apt to forgett him and myself too. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep thy statutes.

I haue had great experience of God's hearing my Prayers, and returning comfortable Answers to me, either in granting the Thing I prayed for, or else in satisfiying my mind without it; and I haue been confident it hath been from him, because I haue fovnd my heart through his goodnes enlarged in Thankfullnes to him.

I haue often been perplexed that I haue not found that constant Joy in my Pilgrimage and refreshing which I supposed most of the seruants of God haue ; although he hath not left me altogether without the wittnes of his holy spirit, who hath oft given mee his word and sett to his Seal that it shall bee well with me. I haue somtimes tasted of that hidden Manna that the world knowes not, and haue sett vp my Ebenezer, and haue resolved with myself that against such a promis, such tafts of sweetnes, the Gates of Hell shall never prevail. Yet haue I many Times sinkings and droopings, and not enjoyed that felicity that somtimes I haue done. But when I haue been in darknes and seen no light, yet haue I desired to stay my self upon the Lord.

And, when I haue been in sicknes and pain, I haue

thought if the Lord would but lift vp the light of his Covntenance vpon me, altho: he grovnd me to powder, it would bee but light to me; yea, oft haue I thought were it hell itself, and could there find the Love of God toward me, it would bee a Heaven. And, could I haue been in Heaven without the Love of God, it would haue been a Hell to me; for, in Truth, it is the abfence and prefence of God that makes Heaven or Hell.

Many times hath Satan troubled me concerning the verity of the fcriptures, many times by Atheifme how I could know whether there was a God; I never faw any miracles to confirm me, and thofe which I read of how did I know but they were feigned. That there is a God my Reafon would foon tell me by the wondrous workes that I fee, the vaft frame of the Heaven and the Earth, the order of all things, night and day, Summer and Winter, Spring and Autvmne, the dayly providing for this great hovfhold vpon the Earth, the preferving and directing of All to its proper end. The confideration of thefe things would with amazement certainly refolve me that there is an Eternal Being.

But how fhould I know he is fuch a God as I worship in Trinity, and fuch a Saviour as I rely upon? tho: this hath thovfands of Times been fvggefted to mee, yet God hath helped me over. I haue argved thvs with myfelf. That there is a God I fee. If ever this God hath revealed himfelf, it mvft bee in his



word, and this mvst bee it or none. Haue I not fovnd that operation by it that no humane Invention can work vpon the Soul? hath not Judgments befallen Diverse who haue scorned and contemd it? hath it not been preserved thro: All Ages maugre all the heathen Tyrants and all of the enemyes who haue opposed it? Is there any story but that which shoves the beginnings of Times, and how the world came to bee as wee see? Doe wee not know the prophecyes in it fullfilled which could not haue been so long foretold by any but God himself?

When I haue gott over this Block, then haue I another pvtt in my way, That admitt this bee the trve God whom wee worship, and that bee his word, yet why may not the Popish Religion bee the right? They haue the same God, the same Christ, the same word: they only enterprett it one way, wee another.

This hath somtimes stuck with me, and more it would, but the vain fooleries that are in their Religion, together with their lying miracles and cruell persecutions of the Saints, which admitt were they as they terme them, yet not so to bee dealt withall.

The confideration of these things and many the like would soon turn me to my own Religion again.

But some new Troubles I haue had since the world has been filled with Blasphemy, and Sectaries, and some who haue been accounted sincere Christians haue been carryed away with them, that somtimes I haue said,

Is there ffaith vpon the earth? and I haue not known what to think. But then I haue remembred the words of Christ that so it must bee, and that, if it were possible, the very elect should bee deceived. Behold, ffaith our Saviour, I haue told yov before. That hath stayed my heart, and I can now say, Return, O my Soul, to thy Rest, vpon this Rock Christ Jesus will I build my ffaith; and, if I perish, I perish. But I know all the Powers of Hell shall neuer prevail against it. I know whom I haue trusted, and whom I haue beleived, and that he is able to keep that I haue committed to his charge.

Now to the King, Immortall, Eternall, and invifible, the only wise God, bee Honoure and Glory for ever and ever! Amen.

This was written in mvch sicknesse and weaknes, and is very weakly and imperfectly done; but, if yov can pick any Benefitt out of it, it is the marke which I aimed at.



*Here follow severall occasionall meditations.*

I.

**B**Y night when others foundly flept,  
And had at once both ease and Rest,  
My waking eyes were open kept,  
And so to lye I fovnd it best.

II.

I fovght him whom my Soul did Love,  
With tears I fovght him earnestly;  
He bow'd his ear down from Above,  
In vain I did not seek or cry.

III.

My hungry Soul he fill'd with Good,  
He in his Bottle putt my teares,\*  
My smarting wounds washt in his blood,  
And banisht thence my Doubts and feares.

IV.

What to my Saviour shall I giue,  
Who freely hath done this for me?  
I'll serve him here whilst I shall liue,  
And Loue him to Eternity.

\* "Put thou my tears into thy bottle: *are they* not in thy book?"—

*For Deliverance from a feaver.*

WHEN Sorrowes had begyrt me rovnd,  
 And Paines within and out,  
 When in my flesh no part was fovnd,  
 Then didst thou rid me out.

My burning flesh in fwat did boyle,  
 My aking head did break;  
 From fide to fide for ease I toyle,  
 So faint I could not fpeak.

Beclouded was my Soul with fear  
 Of thy Displeafure fore,  
 Nor could I read my Evidence  
 Which oft I read before.

Hide not thy face from me, I cry'd,  
 From Burnings keep my foul;  
 Thov know'ft my heart, and haft me try'd;  
 I on thy Mercyes Rowl.

O, heal my Soul, thov know'ft I faid,  
 Tho' flesh confume to novght;  
 What tho' in duft it shall bee lay'd,  
 To Glory't fhall bee brought.

Thou heardst, thy rod thou didst remove,  
And spar'd my Body frail,  
Thou shew'ft to me thy tender Love,  
My heart no more might quail.

O, Praises to my mighty God,  
Praise to my Lord, I say,  
Who hath redeem'd my Soul from pitt:  
Praises to him for Aye!



*ffrom another sore ffitt.*

**I**N my distresse I fovght the Lord,  
When nought on Earth could comfort giue;  
And when my Soul these things abhor'd,  
Then, Lord, thou said'ft vnto me, Liue.

Thou knowest the sorrowes that I felt,  
My plaints and Groanes were heard of Thee,  
And how in sweate I seem'd to melt;  
Thov help'ft and thov regardest me.

My wasted flesh thou didst restore,  
My feeble loines didst gird with strenght; \*

\* "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms."

Yea, when I was most low and poor,  
I said I shall praise thee at length.

What shall I render to my God  
For all his Bountie shew'd to me,  
Even for his mercyes in his rod,  
Where pittie most of all I see?

My heart I wholly giue to Thee:  
O make it frvitfull, faithfull Lord!  
My life shall dedicated bee  
To praise in thought, in Deed, in Word.

Thou know'st no life I did require  
Longer then still thy Name to praise,  
Nor ought on Earth worthy Desire,  
In drawing out these wretched Dayes.

Thy Name and praise to celebrate,  
O Lord! for aye is my request.  
O, graunt I doe it in this state,  
And then with thee which is the Best.

*Deliverance from a fitt of ffainting.*

**W**ORTHY art Thou, O Lord of praise!  
But ah! it's not in me;  
My sinking heart I pray thee raise,  
So shall I giue it Thee.

My life as Spider's webb's cutt off,  
Thvs fainting haue I said,  
And liueing man no more shall see,  
But bee in filence layd.

My feblee Spirit thou didst reuiue,  
My Doubting thou didst chide,  
And tho: as dead mad'ft me alieue,  
I here a while might 'bide.

Why should I liue but to thy Praise?  
My life is hid with Thee;  
O Lord, no longer bee my Dayes,  
Then I may frvitfull bee.

*Meditations when my Soul hath been refreshed with the  
Consolations which the world knowes not.*

**L**ORD, why should I doubt any more when thou hast given me such assured Pledges of thy Loue? First, thou art my Creator, I thy creature; thou my master, I thy servant. But hence arises not my comfort: Thou art my father, I thy child. Yee shall [be] my Sons and Daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Christ is my Brother; I ascend vnto my father and your father, vnto my God and your God. But least this should not be enough, thy maker is thy husband. Nay, more, I am a member of his Body; he, my head. Such Priviledges, had not the Word of Truth made them known, who or where is the man that durst in his heart haue presumed to haue thought it? So wonderfull are these thoughts that my spirit failes in me at the consideration thereof; and I am confounded to think that God, who hath done so much for me, should haue so little from me. But this is my comfort, when I come into Heaven, I shall vnderstand perfectly what he hath done for me, and then shall I be able to praise him as I ought. Lord, haueing this hope, let me purifie myself as thou art Pure, and let me be no more affraid of Death, but even desire to be dissolved, and be with thee, which is best of All.

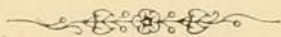


July 8th, 1656.

I had a fore fitt of fainting, which lasted 2 or 3 dayes, but not in that extremity which at first it took me, and so much the forer it was to me because my dear husband was from home (who is my cheifest comforter on Earth); but my God, who never failed me, was not absent, but helped me, and gratiouſly manifested his Love to me, which I dare not paſſe by without Remembrance, that it may bee a ſupport to me when I ſhall haue occaſion to read this hereafter, and to others that ſhall read it when I ſhall poſſeſſe that I now hope for, that ſo they may bee encourag<sup>d</sup> to truſt in him who is the only Portion of his Seruants.

O Lord, let me neuer forgett thy Goodnes, nor question thy faithfullnes to me, for thou art my God: Thou haſt ſaid, and ſhall not I beleiue it?

Thou haſt given me a pledge of that Inheritance thou haſt promiſed to beſtow upon me. O, never let Satan prevail againſt me, but ſtrengthen my faith in Thee, 'till I ſhall attain the end of my hopes, even the Salvation of my Soul. Come, Lord Jeſus; come quickly.



WHAT God is like to him I ſerue,  
What Saviour like to mine?  
O, never let me from thee ſwerue,  
For truly I am thine.

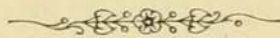
My thankfull mouth shall speak thy praise,  
 My Tongue shall talk of Thee:  
 On High my heart, O, doe thou raise,  
 For what thou'ft done for me.

Goe, Worldlings, to your Vanities,  
 And heathen to your Gods;  
 Let them help in Adverfities,  
 And fanctefye their rods.

My God he is not like to yours,  
 Your felves shall Judges bee;  
 I find his Love, I know his Pow'r,  
 A Succourer of mee.

He is not man that he should lye,  
 Nor fon of man to vnfay;  
 His word he plighted hath on high,  
 And I shall liue for aye.

And for his sake that faithfull is,  
 That dy'd but now doth liue,  
 The first and laft, that liues for aye,  
 Me lafting life shall giue.



**M**Y soul, rejoyce thou in thy God,  
 Boast of him all the Day,  
 Walk in his Law, and kisse his Rod,  
 Cleaue close to him alway.

What tho: thy outward Man decay,  
Thy inward shall waxe strong;  
Thy body vile it shall bee chang'd,  
And gloriovs made ere-long.

With Angels-wings thy Soul shall movnt  
To Blisse vnseen by Eye,  
And drink at vnexhausted fovnt  
Of Joy vnto Eternity.

Thy teares shall All bee dryed vp,  
Thy Sorrowes all shall flye;  
Thy Sinns shall ne'r bee fummon'd vp,  
Nor come in memory.

Then shall I know what thov hast done  
For me, vnworthy me,  
And praise thee shall ev'n as I ovght,  
ffor wonders that I see.

Bafe World, I trample on thy face,  
Thy Glory I despise,  
No gain I find in ovght below,  
For God hath made me wife.

Come, Jevs, quickly, Blessed Lord,  
Thy face when shall I see?  
O let me covnt each hour a Day  
'Till I diffolved bee.

August 28, 1656.

**A**FTER mvch weaknes and ficknes when my spirits were worn out, and many times my faith weak likewise, the Lord was pleased to vphold my drooping heart, and to manifest his Loue to me; and this is that which stayes my Soul that this condition that I am in is the best for me, for God doth not afflict willingly, nor take delight in greiving the children of men: he hath no benefitt by my aduersity, nor is he the better for my prosperity; but he doth it for my Advantage, and that I may bee a Gainer by it. And if he knowes that weaknes and a frail body is the best to make me a vessell fitt for his vse, why should I not bare it, not only willingly but joyfully? The Lord knowes I dare not desire that health that sometimes I haue had, least my heart should bee drawn from him, and sett vpon the world.

Now I can wait, looking every day when my Saviour shall call for me. Lord gravnt that while I live I may doe that service I am able in this frail Body, and bee in continuall expectation of my change, and let me never forgett thy great Love to my soul so lately expressed, when I could lye down and bequeath my Soul to thee, and Death seem'd no terrible Thing. O let me ever see Thee that Art invisible, and I shall not bee vnwilling to come, tho: by so rough a Messenger.

May 11, 1657.

I HAD a fore ficknes, and weaknes took hold of me, which hath by fitts lasted all this Spring till this 11 May, yet hath my God given me many a respite, and some ability to perform the Dutyes I owe to him, and the work of my famely.

Many a refreshment haue I fovnd in this my weary Pilgrimage, and in this valley of Baca\* many pools of water. That which now I cheifly labour for is a contented, thankfull heart vnder my affliction and weaknes, feing it is the will of God it should bee thus. Who am I that I should repine at his pleasure, espe-

\* “Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways of *them*. Who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.” — PSALM lxxxiv. 5, 6.

“Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are thy ways. Who, going through the vale of misery, use it for a well; and the pools are filled with water.” — PSALTER.

“Εἰς τὴν κοιλίαν τοῦ κλαυθμῶνος.” — SEPTUAGINT.

“*In valle lacrymarum.*” — VULGATE.

The old Genevan Bible (London, 1599) has the following translation and note:—

“They going through the vale of <sup>e</sup> Baca, make welles therein: the rain also couereth the pooles.”

— “<sup>e</sup> That is, of mulbery trees, which was a barren place: so that they which passed through must dig pits for water,” &c., &c.

The old “Bay Pfalm Book,” which she must often have read and sung from, thus quaintly renders the verse:—

“Who as they passe through Baca’s Vale,  
doe make it a fountaine:  
also the pooles *that are therein*  
are filled full of raine.”

cially feing it is for my spirituall advantage? for I hope my foul fhall flourish while my body decayes, and the weaknes of this outward man fhall bee a meanes to ftrengthen my inner man.

Yet a little while and he that fhall come will come, and will not tarry.



May 13, 1657.

**A**S fpring the winter doth fucceed,  
And leaues the naked Trees doe drefse,  
The earth all black is cloth'd in green;  
At fvn-shine each their joy exprefse.

My Svns returned with healing wings,  
My Soul and Body doth rejoice;  
My heart exvlts, and praifes fings  
To him that heard my wailing Voice.

My winters paf, my ftormes are gone,  
And former clowdes feem now all fled;  
But, if they mvft eclipse again,  
I'le rvn where I was fuccoured.

I haue a fhelter from the ftorm,  
A fhadow from the fainting heat;  
I haue accefse vnto his Throne,  
Who is a God fo wondrous great.

O hast thou made my Pilgrimage  
Thvs pleafant, fair, and good;  
Bleff'd me in Youth and elder Age,  
My Baca made a fpringing flood? \*

I ftudiovs am what I fhall doe,  
To fhovv my Duty with delight;  
All I can giue is but thine own,  
And at the moft a fimple mite.



Sept. 30, 1657.

**I**T pleased God to vifet me with my old Diftemper of weaknes and fainting, but not in that fore manner fomtimes he hath. I defire not only willingly, but thankfully, to fubmitt to him, for I trvft it is out of his abvndant Love to my ftraying Soul which in profperity is too much in love with the world. I haue fovnd by experience I can no more liue without correction then without food. Lord, with thy correction giue Inftvction and amendment, and then thy ftroakes fhall bee welcome. I haue not been refined in the furnace of affliction as fome haue been, but haue rather been preferred with fugar then brine, yet will he preferve me to his heavenly kingdom.

Thus (dear children) haue yee feen the many fick-

\* See page 21 and note.

nesses and weakneses that I haue passed thro: to the end that, if you meet with the like, yov may haue recourse to the same God who hath heard and deliuered me, and will doe the like for yov if you trvst in him; And, when he shall deliuer yov out of distresse, forget not to giue him thankes, but to walk more closely with him then before. This is the desire of your Loving mother,

A. B.



In the same book were vpon speciall occasions the Poems, &c., which follow added.

*Vpon my Son Samuel his goeing for England, Novem.  
6, 1657.\**

**T**HOU mighty God of Sea and Land,  
 I here resigne into thy hand  
 The Son of Prayers, of vowes, of teares,  
 The child I stay'd for many yeares.†  
 Thou heard'st me then, and gav'st him me;  
 Hear me again, I giue him Thee.  
 He's mine, but more, O Lord, thine own,  
 For sure thy Grace on him is shown.  
 No freind I haue like Thee to trust,  
 For mortall helps are brittle Dvst.

\* He was her eldest child. See Introduction.

† See page 5.



Preserve, O Lord, from stormes and wrack,  
Protect him there, and bring him back;  
And if thou shalt spare me a space,  
That I again may see his face,  
Then shall I celebrate thy Praise,  
And Blessè the for't even all my Dayes.  
If otherwise I goe to Rest,  
Thy Will bee done, for that is best;  
Perswade my heart I shall him see  
For ever happy'd with Thee.



May 11, 1661.

**I**T hath pleased God to giue me a long Time of respite for these 4 years that I haue had no great fitt of sicknes, but this year, from the middle of January 'till May, I haue been by fitts very ill and weak. The first of this month I had a feaver seat'd vpon me which, indeed, was the longest and forest that ever I had, lasting 4 dayes, and the weather being very hott made it the more tedious, but it pleased the Lord to support my heart in his goodnes, and to hear my Prayers, and to deliuer me out of aduersity. But, alas! I cannot render vnto the Lord according to all his loving kindnes, nor take the cup of salvation with Thanksgiving as I ought to doe. Lord, Thou that knowest All things know'st that I desire to testefye my

thankfullnes not only in word, but in Deed, that my Conuerfation may fpeak that thy vowes are vpon me.



**M**Y thankfull heart with glorying Tongue  
 Shall celebrate thy Name,  
 Who hath reftor'd, redeem'd, recur'd  
 From ficknes, death, and Pain.

I cry'd thou feem'ft to make fome ftay,  
 I fought more earneftly;  
 And in due time thou fuccour'ft me,  
 And fent'ft me help from High.

Lord, whilft my fleeting time fhall laft,  
 Thy Goodnes let me Tell.  
 And new Experience I haue gain'd,  
 My future Doubts repell.

An humble, faitefull life, O Lord,  
 For ever let me walk;  
 Let my obedience teftefye,  
 My Praise lyes not in Talk.

Accept, O Lord, my fimple mite,  
 For more I cannot giue;  
 What thou beftow'ft I fhall reftore,  
 For of thine Almes I liue.

*For the restoration of my dear Husband from a burning Ague, June, 1661.*

WHEN feares and forrowes me befett,  
Then did'st thou rid me out;  
When heart did faint and fpirits quail,  
Thou comforts me about.\*

Thou raif'ft him vp I feard to loofe,  
Regau'ft me him again:  
Distempers thou didft chafe away;  
With ftrenght didft him fustain.

My thankfull heart, with Pen record  
The Goodnes of thy God;  
Let thy obedience teftefye  
He taught thee by his rod.

And with his ftaffe did thee fupport,  
That thou by both may'ft learn;  
And 'twixt the good and evill way,  
At laft, thou mig'ft discern.

Praifes to him who hath not left  
My Soul as deftitute;  
Nor turnd his ear away from me,  
But graunted hath my Suit.

\* Ps. lxxi. 21.

*Vpon my Daughter Hannah Wiggin\* her recouery  
from a dangerous feaver.*

**B**LES'T bee thy Name, who did't restore  
To health my Daughter dear  
When death did seem ev'n to approach,  
And life was ended near.

Gravnt shee remember what thov't done,  
And celebrate thy Praise;  
And let her Conversation say,  
Shee loues thee all thy Dayes.



*On my Sons Return out of England, July 17, 1661.†*

**A**LL Praise to him who hath now turn'd  
My feares to Joyes, my fighes to song,  
My Teares to smiles, my sad to glad:  
He's come for whom I waited long.

Thou di't preserve him as he went;  
In raging stormes did't safely keep:

\* She married Andrew Wiggin, of Exeter, N.H., June 14, 1659, and died in 1707.

† He sailed for England in November, 1657. See page 24.

Did'ft that fhip bring to quiet Port.  
The other fank low in the Deep.\*

From Dangers great thou did'ft him free  
Of Pyrates who were neer at hand;  
And order'ft fo the adverfe wind,  
That he before them gott to Land.

\* Gookin, in his "Historical Collections," pp. 62-63, tells the story of these ships: —

"But An. 1657, in the month of November, Mr. Mayhew, the fon, took fhipping at Bofton, to pafs for England, . . . . He took his paffage for England in the beft of two fhips then bound for London, whereof one James Garrett was mafter. The other fhip, whereof John Pierfe was commander, I went paffenger therein, with Mr. Hezekiah Usher fenior of Bofton, and feveral other perfons. Both thefe fhips failed from Bofton in company. Mr. Garrett's fhip, which was about four hundred tons, had good accommodations, and greater far than the other: and fhe had aboard her a very rich lading of goods, but moft efpecially of paffengers, about fifty in number; whereof divers of them were perfons of great worth and virtue, both men and women; efpecially Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Davis, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Pelham, all fcholars, and mafters of art, as I take it, moft of them. The fecond of thefe, viz. Mr. Davis, fon to one of that name at New Haven, was one of the beft accomplished perfons for learning, as ever was bred at Harvard college in Cambridge in New England. Myfelf was once intended and refolved to pafs in that fhip: but the mafter, who fometimes had been employed by me, and from whom I expected a common courtefy, carried it fomewhat unkindly, as I conceived, about my accommodations of a cabin; which was an occafion to divert me to the other fhip, where I alfo had good company, and my life alfo preferved, as the fequel proved: For this fhip of Garrett's perifhed in the paffage, and was never heard of more. And there good Mr. Mayhew ended his days, and finished his work."

John Hull also mentions the loss of Garrett's fhip, in his Diary (Arch. Amer. iii. 184.): —

"4th month [June, 1658]. We heard, by two fhips that came in from England, that Mafter James Garret's fhip was not arrived, and looked as foundered in the fea, and fo perfons and estates loft. There was fundry

In covntry ftrange thou did'ft provide,  
 And freinds raif'd him in euery Place;  
 And courtesies of fvndry forts  
 From fuch as 'fore nere faw his face.

In ficknes when he lay full fore,  
 His help and his Phyfitian wer't;  
 When royall ones that Time did dye,\*  
 Thou heal'dft his flefh, and cheer'd his heart.

persons of pretty note: Mr. Mejo (Mayhew), a godly minister, that taught the Indians at Martha's Vineyard; and sundry young students, and some very hopeful; sundry women also, two of which were sisters in our own church. . . . . One of the ketches, likewise, that went hence for England, was taken by a pirate of Ostend, and therein much estate lost."

\* Henry, Duke of Gloucester, third son of Charles I., died of small-pox 13th September, 1660, only a few months after the restoration of his brother, Charles II., to the throne. Mary, their sister, the Princess of Orange, returned from Holland soon after his death, and fell a victim to the same disease on the 24th December following.

"This punishment of declared enemies interrupted not the rejoicings of the court; but the death of the Duke of Gloucester, a young prince of promising hopes, threw a great cloud upon them. The king, by no incident in his life, was ever so deeply affected. Gloucester was observed to possess united the good qualities of both his brothers; the clear judgment and penetration of the king, the industry and application of the Duke of York. He was also believed to be affectionate to the religion and constitution of his country. He was but twenty years of age when the small-pox put an end to his life. The Princess of Orange, having come to England, in order to partake of the joy attending the restoration of her family, with whom she lived in great friendship, soon after sickened and died."—HUME'S "History of England," chap. lxiii.

Under date of Sept. 13, Evelyn writes in his Diary, "In the midst of all this joy and jubilee the Duke of Gloucester died of y<sup>e</sup> small pox in the prime of youth, and a prince of extraordinary hopes." And again, on the 21st [24th] of December, "This day died the Princesse of Orange, of y<sup>e</sup>

From troubles and Incūbers Thov,  
Without (all fraud),\* did'ft fett him free,  
That, without scandall, he might come  
To th' Land of his Nativity.

On Eagles wings him hether brovght †  
Thro: Want and Dangers manifold;  
And thvs hath graynted my Request,  
That I thy Mercyes might behold.

O help me pay my Vowes, O Lord!  
That ever I may thankfull bee,  
And may putt him in mind of what  
Tho'ft done for him, and fo for me.

In both our hearts erect a frame  
Of Duty and of Thankfullnes,  
That all thy favours great receiv'd,  
Oure vpright walking may expresse.

O Lord, gravnt that I may never forgett thy Loving  
kindnes in this Particular, and how gratiovfly thov  
haft answered my Defires.

small pox, w<sup>ch</sup> entirely alter'd y<sup>e</sup> face and gallantry of the whole court."  
— MEMOIRS, vol. ii. pp. 155 and 159-60.

These sad events were probably fresh in Mrs. Bradstreet's mind.

\* *Sic.*

† EX. xix. 4.

*Vpon my dear and loving husband his goeing into England, Jan. 16, 1661.\**

O THOV most high who rulest All,  
 And hear'ft the Prayers of Thine;  
 O hearken, Lord, vnto my fuit,  
 And my Petition signe.

Into thy everlasting Armes  
 Of mercy I commend  
 Thy fervant, Lord. Keep and preserve  
 My husband, my dear freind.

At thy command, O Lord, he went,  
 Nor novght could keep him back;

\* This was in 1662 (N. S.), on occasion of Bradstreet's mission to England with the Rev. John Norton (see Introduction). They did not sail until the 11th of February. John Hull, who was their companion out and back, says, in his Diary (Arch. Amer. iii. 205-6), "10th of Feb., Mr. Norton, Mr. Broadstreet, Mr. Davis, and myself, went on shipboard. Next morning, set sail; and, by the 28th March, we saw the Lizard; and, 22d of 1st, we arrived in the Downs. After a few days, the messengers addressed themselves to the Court, delivered their letters to the Lord Chancellor, received good words from him. After their minds, by several comings, fully known, they had fair promises of a full grant to their whole desire in the country's behalf. But their writing, which they drew in order thereunto, at last unsigned; and another letter, wherein was sundry things ordered for the country to attend which seemed somewhat inconsistent with our patent and former privileges, in the beginning of said letter confirmed, and which some endeavor to take advantage from to the change [of] our good laws and customs."



Then let thy promis joy his heart:  
O help, and bee not flack.

Vphold my heart in Thee, O God,  
Thou art my strength and stay;  
Thou see'st how weak and frail I am,  
Hide not thy face Away.

I, in obedience to thy Will,  
Thou knowest, did submitt;  
It was my Duty so to doe,  
O Lord, accept of it.

Vnthankfullnes for mercyes Past,  
Impute thou not to me;  
O Lord, thou know'st my weak desire  
Was to sing Praise to Thee.

Lord, bee thou Pilott to the ship,  
And fend them prosperous gales;  
In stormes and sicknes, Lord, preserve.  
Thy Goodnes never failes.

Vnto thy work he hath in hand,  
Lord, gravnt Thou good Successe  
And favour in their eyes, to whom  
He shall make his Addresse.

Remember, Lord, thy folk whom thou  
 To wilderneffe haft brovght;  
 Let not thine own Inheritance  
 Bee fold away for Novght.

But Tokens of thy favour Give —  
 With Joy fend back my Dear,  
 That I, and all thy fervants, may  
 Rejoice with heavenly chear.

Lord, let my eyes see once Again  
 Him whom thov gavest me,  
 That wee together may sing Praise  
 ffor ever vnto Thee.

And the Remainder of oure Dayes  
 Shall consecrated bee,  
 With an engaged heart to sing  
 All Praifes vnto Thee.



*In my Solitary houres in my dear husband his Absence.*

**O** LORD, thov hear'ft my dayly moan,  
 And see'ft my dropping teares:  
 My Troubles All are Thee before,  
 My Longings and my feares.

Thou hetherto haft been my God;  
Thy help my foul hath fovnd:  
Tho: loffe and ficknes me affail'd,  
Thro: the I've kept my Grovnd.

And thy Abode tho't made with me;  
With Thee my Soul can talk  
In fecret places, Thee I find,  
Where I doe kneel or walk.

Tho: husband dear bee from me gone,  
Whom I doe loue fo well;  
I haue a more beloued one  
Whofe comforts far excell.

O ftay my heart on thee, my God,  
Vphold my fainting Soul!  
And, when I know not what to doe,  
I'll on thy mercyes roll.\*

\* This singular expression has been used once before (page 12). It is probably taken from Ps. xxii. 8, — "He trusted on the Lord *that* he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him"; or from Ps. xxxvii. 5, — "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass." The marginal reading for "trusted on" is "*rolled himself,*" and for "Commit thy way unto," "*roll thy way upon.*"

The "Bay Pfalm Book" translates the former verse as follows:

"Vpon the Lord he rold him'elfe,  
let him now rid him quite:  
let him deliver him, becaufe  
in him he doth delight."

My weaknes, thou do'ft know full well,  
Of Body and of mind.

I, in this world, no comfort haue,  
But what from Thee I find.

Tho: children thou haft given me,  
And freinds I haue alfo:  
Yet, if I fee Thee not thro: them,  
They are no Joy, but woe.

O fhine vpon me, bleffed Lord,  
Ev'n for my Saviour's fake;  
In Thee Alone is more then All,  
And there content I'll take.

O hear me, Lord, in this Request,  
As thov before ha'ft done:  
Bring back my husband, I befeech,  
As thov didft once my Sonne.

So fhall I celebrate thy Praise,  
Ev'n while my Dayes fhall laft;  
And talk to my Beloued one  
Of all thy Goodnes paff.

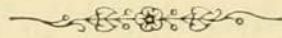
Winthrop uses the same expression in a letter to his son ("Life and Letters," p. 250).

"But such as will roll their ways upon the Lord, do find him always as good as his word."

So both of vs thy Kindnes, Lord,  
With Praifes shall recovnt,  
And serve Thee better then before,  
Whose Blessings thus furmovnt.

But give me, Lord, a better heart,  
Then better shall I bee,  
To pay the vowes which I doe owe  
For ever vnto Thee.

Vnlesse thou help, what can I doe  
But still my frailty show?  
If thou assist me, Lord, I shall  
Return Thee what I owe.



*In thankfull acknowledgment for the letters I received  
from my husband out of England.*

**O** THOU that hear'st the Prayers of Thine,  
And 'mongst them hast regarded Mine,  
Hast heard my cry's, and seen my Teares;  
Hast known my doubts and All my ffeares.

Thou hast releiv'd my fainting heart,  
Nor payd me after my desert;

Thov haft to fhore him fafely brovght  
For whom I thee fo oft befovght.

Thov waft the Pilott to the fhip,  
And raif'd him vp when he was fick;  
And hope thov'ft given of good fucceffe,  
In this his Buifnes and Addrefse;

And that thov wilt return him back,  
Whofe prefence I fo much doe lack.  
For All thefe mercyes I thee Praife,  
And fo defire ev'n all my Dayes.



*In thankfull Remembrance for my dear husbands safe  
Arrivall Sept. 3, 1662.\**

**W**HAT fhall I render to thy Name,  
Or how thy Praifes fpeak;  
My thanks how fhall I teftefye?  
O Lord, thov know'ft I'm weak.

I ow fo mvch, fo little can  
Return vnto thy Name,

\* "Sept. 3. Master Clark, in the fhip 'Society,' brought in the country's messengers in safety; viz., Mr. Broadstreet and Mr. Norton."—HULL'S Diary; Arch. Amer. iii. 206.

Confusion seases on my Soul,  
And I am fill'd with shame.

O thou that hearest Prayers, Lord,  
To Thee shall come all flesh;  
Thou hast me heard and answered,  
My 'Plaints haue had acceffe.

What did I ask for but thou gav'st?  
What could I more desire?  
But Thankfullnes, even all my dayes,  
I humbly this Require.

Thy mercyes, Lord, haue been so great,  
In number numberles,  
Impossible for to recovnt  
Or any way expresse.

O help thy Saints that fought thy face,  
T' Return vnto thee Praise,  
And walk before thee as they ought,  
In strict and vpright wayes.

---

This was the last Thing written in that Book by my  
dear and hon'd Mother.

Here followes some verses vpon the burning of our  
house, July 10th, 1666. Copied ovt of a loose Paper.

**I**N filent night when rest I took,  
For sorrow neer I did not look,  
I waken'd was with thundring nois  
And Piteous shrieks of dreadfull voice.  
That fearfull found of fire and fire,  
Let no man know is my Desire.

I, starting vp, the light did spye,  
And to my God my heart did cry  
To strengthen me in my Distresse  
And not to leaue me succourlesse.  
Then coming ovt beheld a space,  
The flame consume my dwelling place.

And, when I could no longer look,  
I blest his Name that gave and took,  
That layd my goods now in the dust:  
Yea so it was, and so 'twas iust.  
It was his own: it was not mine;  
ffar be it that I should repine.

He might of All iustly bereft,  
But yet sufficient for us left.



When by the Ruines oft I past,  
My forrowing eyes aside did cast,  
And here and there the places spye  
Where oft I fate, and long did lye.

Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest;  
There lay that store I covnted best:  
My pleasant things in ashes lye,  
And them behold no more shall I.  
Vnder thy roof no gvest shall fitt,  
Nor at thy Table eat a bitt.

No pleasant tale shall 'ere be told,  
Nor things recovnted done of old.  
No Candle 'ere shall shine in Thee,  
Nor bridegroom's voice ere heard shall bee.  
In filence ever shalt thou lye;  
Adeiu, Adeiu; All's vanity.

Then streight I 'gin my heart to chide,  
And did thy wealth on earth abide?  
Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dvst,  
The arm of flesh didst make thy trvst?  
Raife vp thy thoughts above the skye  
That dunghill mists away may flie.

Thou hast an house on high erect,  
Fram'd by that mighty Architect,

With glory richly furnished,  
 Stands permanent tho: this bee fled.  
 'Tis purchaséd, and paid for too  
 By him who hath enough to doe.

A Prife so vast as is vnkown,  
 Yet, by his Gift, is made thine own.  
 Ther's wealth enough, I need no more;  
 Farewell my Pelf, farewell my Store.  
 The world no longer let me Love,  
 My hope and Treafure lyes Above.



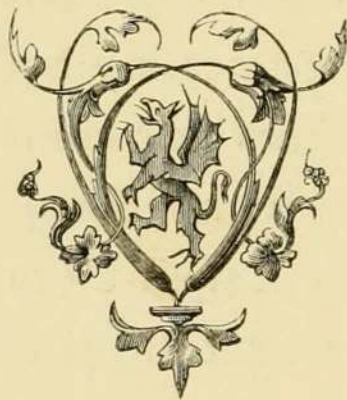
**A**S weary pilgrim, now at rest,  
 Hugs with delight his filent nest  
 His wasted limbes, now lye full soft  
 That myrie steps, haue troden oft  
 Blesses himself, to think vpon  
 his dangers past, and travailes done  
 The burning sun no more shall heat  
 Nor stormy raines, on him shall beat.  
 The bryars and thornes no more shall scratch  
 nor hungry wolues at him shall catch  
 He erring pathes no more shall tread  
 nor wild fruits eate, in stead of bread,

for waters cold he doth not long  
for thirst no more shall parch his tongue  
No rugged stones his feet shall gale  
nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall  
All cares and feares, he bids farewell  
and meanes in safety now to dwell.  
A pilgrim I, on earth, perplext  
w<sup>th</sup> sinns w<sup>th</sup> cares and sorrows vext  
By age and paines brought to decay  
and my Clay house mouldring away  
Oh how I long to be at rest  
and soare on high among the blest.  
This body shall in silence sleep  
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep  
No fainting fits shall me assaile  
nor grinding paines my body fraile  
W<sup>th</sup> cares and fears ne'r cumbred be  
Nor losses know, nor sorrowes see  
What tho my flesh shall there consume  
it is the bed Christ did perfume  
And when a few yeares shall be gone  
this mortall shall be cloth'd vpon  
A Corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes  
a glorious body it shall rise  
In weaknes and dishonour fowne  
in power 'tis rais'd by Christ alone  
Then soule and body shall vnite  
and of their maker haue the fight

Such lasting ioyes fhall there behold  
as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told  
Lord make me ready for that day  
then Come deare bridgrome Come away.\*

Aug: 31, 69.

\* These verses are printed from the original in Mrs. Bradstreet's handwriting. Her spelling and punctuation are carefully followed.





M E D I T A T I O N S,

DIVINE AND MORAL.





The "Meditations" are printed from the original in Mrs. Bradstreet's handwriting.



For my deare Sonne  
Simon Bradstreet

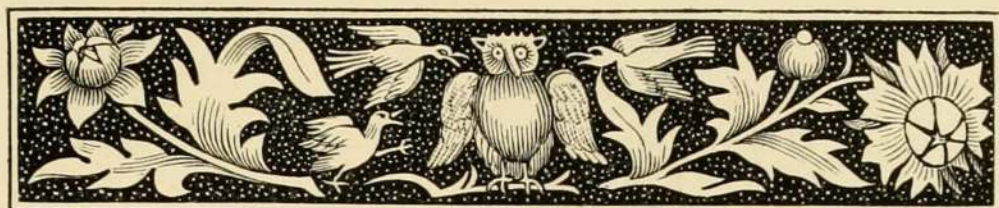
Parents perpetuate their lines  
in their posterity, and their  
maners in their imitation  
Children do naturally rather  
follow the failings then the ver-  
tues of their predecessors, but I  
am perswaded better things of  
you once desired me to leaue some  
thing for you in writing that  
you might look upon, when you  
should see me no more, I could  
think of nothing more fit for you  
nor of more ease to my self then  
these short meditations follow-  
ing. Such as they are bequeath  
to you, small leguys are accept  
by true friends much more, by  
dutyfull children, I haue avoyded  
in craching upon others conceptions  
because I would leaue <sup>you</sup> nothing

but myne owne, though in value  
they fall short of all in this kinde  
yet I presume they will be  
better prized by you, for the  
Authors sake. the Lord blesse  
you w<sup>th</sup> grace here. and crown  
you w<sup>th</sup> glory hereafter. that I  
may meet you w<sup>th</sup> joyceing  
at that great day of appear-  
ing, w<sup>ch</sup> is the continuall pray  
er, of

your affectionate  
mother A B

March 20  
1664





For my deare sonne Simon Bradstreet.

**P**ARENTS perpetuate their liues in their posterity, and their mañers in their imitation. Children do natureally rather follow the failings then the vertues of their predeceffors, but I am perswaded better things of you. You once desired me to leaue something for you in writeing that you might look vpon when you should see me no more. I could think of nothing more fit for you, nor of more ease to my self, then these short meditations following. Such as they are I bequeath to you: small legacys are accepted by true friends, much more by duty full children. I haue avoyded inroaching upon others conceptions, because I would leaue you nothing but myne owne, though in value they fall short of all in this kinde, yet I presume they will be better pris'd by you for the Authors sake. the Lord bleffe you with grace heer, and crown you with glory heerafter, that I may meet you with rejoyceing at that great day of appearing, which is the continuall prayer, of

your affectionate mother,

March 20, 1664.

A. B.

*Meditations Diuine and morall.*

## I.

**T**HERE is no obiect that we see; no action that we doe; no good that we inioy; no euill that we feele, or fear, but we may make some spiritu[a]ll aduantage of all: and he that makes such improvment is wise, as well as pious.

## II.

**M**ANY can speake well, but few can do well. We are better scholars in the Theory then the practique part, but he is a true Christian that is a proficient in both.

## III.

**Y**OUTH is the time of getting, middle age of improving, and old age of spending; a negligent youth is vsually attended by an ignorant middle age, and both by an empty old age. He that hath nothing to feed on but vanity and lyes must needs lye down in the Bed of sorrow.

## IV.

**A** SHIP that beares much faile, and little or no ballast, is easily ouerset; and that man, whose head hath great abilities, and his heart little or no grace, is in danger of foundering.

## V.

**I**T is reported of the peakcock that, prideing himself in his gay feathers, he ruffles them vp; but, spying his black feet, he soon lets fall his plumes, so he that glorys in his gifts and adornings, should look vpon his Corruptions, and that will damp his high thoughts.

## VI.

**T**HE finest bread hath the least bran; the purest hony, the least wax; and the sincerest christian, the least self loue.

## VII.

**T**HE hireling that labours all the day, comforts himself that when night comes he shall both take his rest, and receiue his reward; the painfull christian that hath wrought hard in Gods vineyard, and hath born the heat and drought of the day, when he perceiues his sun apace to decline, and the shadowes of his euening to be stretched out, lifts vp his head with joy, knowing his refreshing is at hand.

## VIII.

**D**OWNNY beds make drosy persons, but hard lodging keeps the eyes open. A prosperous state makes a secure Christian, but aduersity makes him Consider.

## IX.

**S**WEET words are like hony, a little may refresh,  
but too much gluts the stomach.

## X.

**D**IUERSE children haue their different natures;  
some are like flesh which nothing but salt will  
keep from putrefaction; some again like tender fruits  
that are best preferued with sugar: those parents  
are wise that can fit their nurture according to their  
Nature.

## XI.

**T**HAT town which thousands of enemys without  
hath not been able to take, hath been deliuered  
vp by one traytor within; and that man, which all the  
temptations of Sathan without could not hurt, hath  
been foild by one lust within.

## XII.

**A**UTHORITY without wisedome is like a heavy  
axe without an edg, fitter to bruise then polish.

## XIII.

**T**HE reason why christians are so loth to exchange  
this world for a better, is because they haue  
more sence then faith: they see what they inioy, they  
do but hope for that which is to Come.

## XIV.

**I**F we had no winter the spring would not be so pleasant: if we did not sometimes tast of aduersity, prosperity would not be so welcome.

## XV.

**A**LOW man can goe vpright vnder that door, wher a taller is glad to stoop; so a man of weak faith and mean abilities, may vndergo a crosse more patiently then he that excells him, both in gifts and graces.

## XVI.

**T**HAT house which is not often swept, makes the cleanly inhabitant soone loath it, and that heart which is not continually purifieing it self, is no fit temple for the spirit of god to dwell in.

## XVII.

**F**EW men are so humble as not to be proud of their abilitys; and nothing will abase them more then this, — What hast thou, but what thou hast receiued? come giue an account of thy stewardship.

## XVIII.

**H**E that will vntertake to climb vp a steep mountain with a great burden on his back, will finde it a wearysome, if not an impossible task; so he that

thinkes to mount to heaven clog'd with the Cares and riches of this Life, 'tis no wonder if he faint by the way.

## XIX.

**C**ORNE, till it haue past through the Mill and been ground to powder, is not fit for bread. God so deales with his seruant: he grindes them with greif and pain till they turn to dust, and then are they fit manchet\* for his Mansion.

## XX.

**G**OD hath futable comforts and supports for his children according to their severall conditions if he will make his face to shine vpon them: he then makes them lye down in green pastures, and leades them besides the still waters; if they stick in deepe mire and clay, and all his waues and billows goe ouer their heads, he then leads them to the Rock which is higher then they.

## XXI.

**H**E that walks among briars and thorns will be very carefull where he sets his foot. And he that passes through the wildernes of this world, had need ponder all his steps.

\* The finest white rolls. *Nares.*

## XXII.

**W**ANT of prudence, as well as piety, hath brought men into great inconveniencys; but he that is well stored with both, feldom is so infnared.

## XXIII.

**T**HE skillfull fifher hath his feveral baits for feveral fifh, but there is a hooke vnder all; Satan, that great Angler, hath his fundry baits for fundry tempers of men, which they all catch grēdily at, but few perceiues the hook till it be to late.

## XXIV.

**T**HERE is no new thing vnder the fun, there is nothing that can be fayd or done, but either that or fomething like it hath been both done and fayd before.

## XXV.

**A**N akeing head requires a foft pillow; and a drooping heart a ftrong fupport.

## XXVI.

**A**SORE finger may difquiet the whole body, but an vlcer within deftroys it: fo an enemy without may difturb a Commonwealth, but diffentions within ouer throw it.

## XXVII.

**I**T is a pleafant thing to behold the light, but fore eyes are not able to look vpon it; the pure in heart fhall fe God, but the defiled in confcience fhall rather choofe to be buried vnder rocks and mountains then to behold the prefence of the Lamb.

## XXVIII.

**W**ISEDOME with an inheritance is good, but wifedome without an inheritance is better then an inheritance without wifedome.

## XXIX.

**L**IGHTENING doth vfually preceed thunder, and ftormes, raine; and ftroaks do not often fall till after threat'ning.

## XXX.

**Y**ELLOW leaues argue want of fap, and gray haire want of moifture; fo dry and fapleffe performances are fimptoms of little fpiritall vigor.

## XXXI.

**I**RON till it be throughly heat is vncapable to be wrought; fo God fees good to caft fome men into the furnace of affliction, and then beats them on his anuile into what frame he pleafes.



## XXXII.

**A**MBITIOUS men are like hops that neuer rest climbing soe long as they haue any thing to stay vpon; but take away their props and they are, of all, the most deiected.

## XXXIII.

**M**UCH Labour wearys the body, and many thoughts oppresse the minde: man aimes at profit by the one, and content in the other; but often misses of both, and findes nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

## XXXIV.

**D**IMNE eyes are the concomitants of old age; and short sightednes, in those that are eyes of a Republique, foretels a declineing State.

## XXXV.

**W**E read in Scripture of three sorts of Arrows, — the arrow of an enemy, the arrow of pestilence, and the arrow of a slanderous tongue; the two first kill the body, the last the good name; the two former leaue a man when he is once dead, but the last mangles him in his graue.

## XXXVI.

**S**ORE labourers haue hard hands, and old finners  
haue brawnie Consciencences.

## XXXVII.

**W**ICKEDNES comes to its height by degrees.  
He that dares say of a lesse sin, is it not a little  
one? will ere long say of a greater, Tush, God regards  
it not!

## XXXVIII.

**S**OME Children are hardly weaned, although the  
teat be rub'd with wormwood or mustard, they  
wil either wipe it off, or else suck down sweet  
and bitter together; so is it with some Christians, let  
God imbitter all the sweets of this life, that so they  
might feed vpon more substantiall food, yet they are so  
childishly fottish that they are still huging and suck-  
ing these empty breasts, that God is forced to hedg vp  
their way with thornes, or lay affliction on their loynes,  
that so they might shake hands with the world before  
it bid them farwell.

## XXXIX.

**A** PRUDENT mother will not cloth her little  
childe with a long and cumbersome garment;  
she easly foresees what euent it is like to produce, at  
the best but falls and bruifes, or perhaps somewhat

worfe, much more will the alwise God proportion his difpenfations according to the ftature and ftrength of the perfon he beftowes them on. Larg indowments of honour, wealth, or a helthfull body would quite ouerthrow fome weak Chriftian, therefore God cuts their garments fhort, to keep them in fuch a trim that they might run the wayes of his Commandment.

## XL.

**T**HE fpring is a liuely emblem of the refurrection, after a long winter we fe the leavleffe trees and dry ftocks (at the approach of the fun) to refume their former vigor and beavty in a more ample manner then what they loft in the Autumn; fo fhall it be at that great day after a long vacation, when the Sun of righteouffnes fhall appear, thofe dry bones fhall arife in far more glory then that which they loft at their creation, and in this tranfcends the fpring, that their leafe fhall neuer faile, nor their fap decline.

## XLI.

**A** WISE father will not lay a burden on a child of feven yeares old, which he knows is enough for one of twice his ftrength, much leffe will our heauenly father (who knowes our mould), lay fuch afflictions vpon his weak children as would cruft them to the duft, but according to the ftrength he will proportion the load, as God hath his little children fo he hath his ftiong men, fuch as are come to a full Stature in Chrift;

and many times he imposes waighty burdens on their shoulders, and yet they go vpright vnder them, but it matters not whether the load be more or lesse if God afford his help.

## XLII.

**I** HAUE seen an end of all perfection (sayd the royall prophet);\* but he never sayd, I haue seen an end of all finning: what he did say, may be easily sayd by many; but what he did not say, cannot truly be vttered by any.

## XLIII.

**F**IRE hath its force abated by water, not by wind; and anger must be alayed by cold words, and not by blustering threats.

## XLIV.

**A** SHARP appetite and a through concoction, is a signe of an healthfull body; so a quick reception, and a deliberate cogitation, argues a found mind.

## XLV.

**W**E often se stones hang with drops, not from any innate moisture, but from a thick ayre about them; so may we sometime se marble-hearted finners seem full of contrition; but it is not from any dew of

\* PSALM cxix. 96.

grace within, but from some black Clouds that impends them, which produces these sweating effects.

## XLVI.

THE words of the wife, saith Solomon,\* are as nailes, and as goads, both used for contrary ends, — the one holds fast, the other puts forward; such should be the precepts of the wise masters of assemblies to their hearers, not only to bid them hold fast the form of sound Doctrine, but also, so to run that they might obtain.

## XLVII.

A SHADOW in the parching sun, and a shelter in a blustering storme, are of all seasons the most welcome; so a faithfull friend in time of adversity, is of all other most comfortable.

## XLVIII.

THERE is nothing admits of more admiration, then Gods various dispensation of his gifts among the sons of men, betwixt whom he hath put so vast a disproportion that they scarcely seem made of the same lump, or sprung out of the loynes of one Adam; some set in the highest dignity that mortality is capable off; and some again so base, that they are viler

\* “The words of the wise *are* as goads, and as nails fastened *by* the masters of assemblies, *which* are given from one shepherd.” — ECCL. xii.

then the earth: some so wise and learned, that they seeme like Angells among men; and some againe so ignorant and foolish, that they are more like beasts then men: some pious faints; some incarnate Devils: some exceeding beautyfull; and some extreemly deformed: some so strong and healthfull that their bones are full of marrow, and their breasts of milk; and some againe so weak and feeble, that, while they liue, they are accounted among the dead, — and no other reason can be giuen of all this, but so it pleased him, whose will is the perfect rule of righteoufnesse.

## XLIX.

**T**HE treasures of this world may well be compared to huskes, for they haue no kernell in them, and they that feed vpon them, may soon stufte their throats, but cannot fill their bellys; they may be choaked by them, but cannot be satisfied with them.

## L.

**S**OMTIMES the sun is only shadowed by a cloud that wee cannot see his luster, although we may walk by his light, but when he is set we are in darknes till he arise againe; so God doth somtime vaile his face but for a moment, that we cannot behold the light of his Countenance as at some other time, yet he affords so much light as may direct our way, that we may go forwards to the City of habitation, but when he seemes to set and be quite gone out of sight, then

muſt we needs walk in darkneſſe and ſe no light, yet then muſt we truſt in the Lord, and ſtay vpon our God, and when the morning (which is the appointed time) is come, the Sun of righteouſnes will ariſe with healing in his wings.

## LI.

**T**HE eyes and the eares are the inlets or doores of the foule, through which innumerable objects enter, yet is not that ſpacious roome filled, neither doth it euer ſay it is enough, but like the daughters of the horſleach, crys giue, giue!\* and which is moſt ſtrang, the more it receiues, the more empty it finds it ſelf, and fees an impoſſibility, euer to be filled, but by him in whom all fullnes dwells.

## LII.

**H**AD not the wiſeſt of men taught vs this leſſon, that all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit, yet our owne experience would ſoon haue ſpeld it out; for what do we obtaine of all theſe things, but it is with labour and vexation? when we enjoy them it is with vanity and vexation; and, if we looſe them, then they are leſſe then vanity and more then vexation: ſo that we haue good cauſe often to repeat that ſentence, vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

\* “The horſleach hath two daughters, *crying*, Give, give.” — PROV. xxx. 15.

## LIII.

**H**E that is to faile into a farre country, although the ship, cabbin, and prouifion, be all convenient and comfortable for him, yet he hath no desire to make that his place of residence, but longs to put in at that port wher his buffines lyes: a christian is failing through this world vnto his heauenly country, and heere he hath many conueniences and comforts; but he must beware of desire[ing] to make this the place of his abode, lest he meet with such toffings that may cause him to long for shore before he sees land. We must, therefore, be heer as strangers and pilgrims, that we may plainly declare that we seek a citty aboue, and wait all the dayes of our appointed time till our chang shall come.

## LIV.

**H**E that neuer felt what it was to be sick or wounded, doth not much care for the company of the phisitian or chirurgian; but if he perceiue a malady that threatens him with death, he will gladly entertaine him, whom he flighted before: so he that neuer felt the sicknes of sin, nor the wounds of a guilty Conscience, cares not how far he keeps from him that hath skill to cure it; but when he findes his diseases to disrest him, and that he must needs perish if he haue no remedy, will vnfeignedly bid him wel-



come that brings a plaister for his fore, or a cordiall for his fainting.

## LV.

**WE** read of ten lepers that were Cleanfed, but of one that returned thanks: we are more ready to receiue mercys then we are to acknowledg them: men can vse great importunity when they are in distreffes, and shew great ingratitude after their successes; but he that ordereth his conuerfation aright, will glorifie him that heard him in the day of his trouble.

## LVI.

**THE** remembrance of former deliuerances is a great support in present distreffes: he that deliuered me, saith Daud, from the paw of the Lion and the paw of the Beare, will deliuer mee from this vncircumcised Philistin; and he that hath deliuered mee, saith Paul, will deliuer me: God is the same yesterday, to day, and for euer; we are the same that stand in need of him, today as well as yesterday, and so shall for euer.

## LVII.

**GREAT** receipts call for great returnes, the more that any man is intrusted withall, the larger his accounts stands vpon Gods score: it therefore behoues euery man so to improue his talents, that when

his great maſter ſhall call him to reckoning he may receive his owne with advantage.

## LVIII.

**S**IN and ſhame euer goe together. He that would be freed from the laſt, muſt be ſure to ſhun the company of the firſt.

## LIX.

**G**OD doth many times both reward and puniſh for one and the ſame action: as we ſee in Jehu, he is rewarded with a kingdome to the fourth generation, for takeing veangence on the houſe of Ahab; and yet a little while (ſaith God), and I will avenge the blood of Jezerel vpon the houſe of Jehu: he was rewarded for the matter, and yet puniſhed for the manner, which ſhould warn him, that doth any ſpeciall ſervice for God, to fixe his eye on the command, and not on his own ends, leſt he meet with Jehu's reward, which will end in puniſhment.

## LX.

**H**E that would be content with a mean condition, muſt not caſt his eye vpon one that is in a far better eſtate then himſelf, but let him look vpon him that is lower then he is, and, if he ſe that ſuch a one beares pouerty comfortably, it will help to quiet him; but if that will not do, let him look on his owne

vnworthynes, and that will make him say with Jacob, I am lesse then the least of thy mercys.

## LXI.

**C**ORNE is produced with much labour (as the husbandman well knowes), and some land askes much more paines then some other doth to be brought into tilth, yet all must be ploughed and harrowed ; some children (like fowre land) are of so tough and morose a dispo[sition], that the plough of correction must make long furrows on their back, and the Harrow of discipline goe often ouer them, before they bee fit soile to sow the seed of morality, much lesse of grace in them. But when by prudent nurture they are brought into a fit capacity, let the seed of good instruction and exhortation be sown in the spring of their youth, and a plentiful crop may be expected in the haruest of their yeares.

## LXII.

**A**S man is called the little world, so his heart may be cal'd the little Commonwealth: his more fixed and resolued thoughts are like to inhabitants, his flight and flitting thoughts are like passengers that trauell to and fro continually; here is also the great Court of iustice erected, which is alway kept by conscience who is both accuser, excuser, witnes, and Judg, whom no bribes can pervert, nor flattery cause to favour, but as he finds the evidence, so he absolues or condemnes: yea, so Absolute is this Court of Judi-

cature, that there is no appeale from it, — no, not to the Court of heaven itself, — for if our conscience condemn vs, he, also, who is greater then our conscience, will do it much more; but he that would haue boldnes to go to the throne of grace to be accepted there, must be fure to carry a certificate from the Court of conscience, that he stands right there.

## LXIII.

**H**E that would keep a pure heart, and lead a blamlesse life, must fet himself alway in the awefull prefence of God, the confideration of his all-seeing eye will be a bridle to restrain from evill, and a spur to quicken on to good dutys: we certainly dream of some remotnes betwixt God and vs, or else we should not so often faile in our whole Course of life as we doe; but he, that with David, sets the Lord alway in his fight, will not finne against him.

## LXIV.

**W**E see in orchards some trees foe fruitfull, that the waight of their Burden is the breaking of their limbes; some again are but meanly loaden; and some haue nothing to shew but leaues only; and some among them are dry stocks: so is it in the church, which is Gods orchard, there are some eminent Christians that are foe frequent in good dutys, that many times the waight therof impares both their bodys and estates; and there are some (and they sincere ones

too) who haue not attained to that fruitfullnes, altho they aime at perfection: And again there are others that haue nothing to commend them but only a gay proffession, and these are but leauié christians, which are in as much danger of being cut down as the dry flock, for both cumber the ground.

## LXV.

**W**E see in the firmament there is but one Sun among a multitude of starres, and those starres also to differ much one from the other in regard of bignes and brightnes, yet all receiue their light from that one Sun: so is it in the church both militant and triumphant, there is but one Christ, who is the Sun of righteousness, in the midst of an innumerable company of Saints and Angels; those Saintes haue their degrees euen in this life, some are Stars of the first magnitude, and some of a lesse degree; and others (and they indeed the most in number), but small and obscure, yet all receiue their luster (be it more or lesse) from that glorious sun that inlightens all in all; and, if some of them shine so bright while they moue on earth, how transcendently splendid shall they be, when they are fixt in their heauenly spheres!

## LXVI.

**M**EN that haue walked very extrauagantly, and at last bethink themselues of turning to God, the first thing which they eye, is how to reform their

wayes rather then to beg forgiuenes for their finnes: nature lookes more at a Compensation then at a pardon; but he that will not Come for mercy without mony and without price, but bring his filthy raggs to barter for it, shall meet with miserable disapointment, going away empty, beareing the reproch of his pride and folly.

## LXVII.

**A**LL the works and doings of God are wonderfull, but none more awfull then his great worke of election and Reprobation; when we consider how many good parents haue had bad children, and againe how many bad parents haue had pious children, it should make vs adore the Souerainty of God, who will not be tyed to time nor place, nor yet to persons, but takes and chuses when and where and whom he pleases: it should alsoe teach the children of godly parents to walk with feare and trembling, lest they, through vnbeleif, fall short of a promise: it may also be a support to such as haue or had wicked parents, that, if they abide not in vnbeleif, God is able to graffe them in: the vpshot of all should makes vs, with the Apostle, to admire the iustice and mercy of God, and say, how vnsearchable are his wayes, and his footsteps past finding out.

## LXVIII.

**T**HE gifts that God bestows on the fons of men, are not only abused, but most Commonly imployed for a Clean Contrary end, then that which they were giuen for, as health, wealth, and honour, which might be so many steps to draw men to God in consideration of his bounty towards them, but haue driuen them the further from him, that they are ready to say, we are lords, we will come no more at thee. If outward blessings be not as wings to help vs mount vpwards, they will Certainly proue Clogs and waights that will pull vs lower downward.

## LXIX.

**A**LL the Comforts of this life may be compared to the gourd of Jonah, that notwithstanding we take great delight for a season in them, and find their shadow very comfortable, yet there is some worm or other of discontent, of feare, or greife that lyes at the root, which in great part withers the pleasure which else we should take in them; and well it is that we perceiue a decay in their greennes, for were earthly comforts permanent, who would look for heauenly?

## LXX.

**A**LL men are truly sayd to be tenants at will, and it may as truly be sayd, that all haue a lease of their liues, — some longer, some shorter, — as it pleaseth

our great landlord to let. All haue their bounds fet, ouer which they cannot passe, and till the expiration of that time, no dangers, no ficknes, no paines nor troubles, shall put a period to our dayes; the certainty that that time will come, together with the vncertainty how, where, and when, should make vs so to number our dayes as to apply our hearts to wisedome, that when wee are put out of these houfes of clay, we may be sure of an euerlasting habitation that fades not away.

## LXXI.

**A**LL weak and diseafed bodys haue hourly mentos of their mortality. But the foundest of men haue likewise their nightly monitor by the embleam of death, which is their sleep (for so is death often calld), and not only their death, but their graue is liuely represented before their eyes, by beholding their bed; the morning may mind them of the resurrection; and the sun approaching, of the appearing of the Sun of righteousnes, at whose comeing they shall all rise out of their beds, the long night shall fly away, and the day of eternity shall neuer end: seeing these things must be, what manner of persons ought we to be, in all good conuersation?

## LXXII.

**A**S the brands of a fire, if once seuered, will of themselves goe out, altho you vse no other meanes to extinguish them, so distance of place, to-



gether with length of time (if there be no intercourfe) will coole the affectiones of intimate friends, though there fhould be no difpleafence betweene them.

## LXXIII.

**A** GOOD name is as a precious oyntment, and it is a great favour to haue a good repute among good men; yet it is not that which Commends vs to God, for by his ballance we muft be weighed, and by his Judgment we muft be tryed, and, as he paffes the fentence, fo fhall we ftand.

## LXXIV.

**W**ELL doth the Apoftle call riches deceitfull riches, and they may truely be compared to deceitfull friends who fpeake faire, and promife much, but perform nothing, and fo leaue thofe in the lurch that moft relyed on them: fo is it with the wealth, honours, and pleasures of this world, which miferably delude men and make them put great confidence in them, but when death threatens, and diftreffe lays hold vpon them, they proue like the reeds of Egipt that peirce infteed of fupporting,\* like empty wells in the time of drought, that thofe that go to finde water in them, return with their empty pitchers afhamed.

\* “Now, behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, *even* upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it.”

— 2 KINGS xviii. 21.

## LXXV.

**I**T is admirable to consider the power of faith, by which all things are (almost) possible to be done: it can remove mountaines (if need were) it hath stayed the course of the sun, raised the dead, cast out devils, reversed the order of nature, quenched the violence of the fire, made the water become firme footing for Peter to walk on; nay more then all these, it hath overcome the Omnipotent himself, as when Moses intercedes for the people, God saith to him, let me alone that I may destroy them, as if Moses had been able, by the hand of faith, to hold the everlasting armes of the mighty God of Jacob; yea, Jacob himself, when he wrestled with God face to face in Peniel: let me go! saith that Angell. I will not let thee go, replies Jacob, till thou bless me! faith is not only thus potent, but it is so necessary that without faith there is no salvation, therefore, with all our seekings and gettings, let vs about all seek to obtain this pearle of prife.

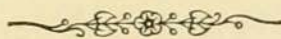
## LXXVI.

**S**OME christians do by their lusts and Corruptions as the Ifralits did by the Canaanites, not destroy them, but put them vnder tribute, for that they could do (as they thought) with lesse hazard, and more profit; but what was the Issue? they became a snare vnto them, prickes in their eyes, and thornes in their sides, and at

last ouercame them, and kept them vnder flauery: fo it is moft certain that thofe that are difobedient to the Command of God, and endeavour not to the vtmoft to drive out all their accurfed inmates, but make a league with them, they fhall at laft fall into perpetuall bondage vnder them vnleffe the great deliuerer, Chrift Jefus, come to their refcue.

## LXXVII.

**G**OD hath by his prouidence fo ordered, that no one Covntry hath all Commoditys within it felf, but what it wants, another fhall fupply, that fo there may be a mutuall Commerce through the world. As it is with Cowntrys fo it is with men, there was neuer yet any one man that had all excellences, let his parts, naturall and acquired, fpirituall and morall, be neuer fo large, yet he ftands in need of fomething which another man hath, (perhaps meaner then himfelf,) which fhews vs perfection is not below, as alfo, that God will haue vs beholden one to another.



**M**Y hon<sup>d</sup> and dear mother intended to haue filled up this Book with the like obfervations, but was prevented by Death.\*

\* This note is in the handwriting of the Rev. Simon Bradstreet.

*Ad Sim. Bradstreet filium charissimum meum.*

**I**N posteris Parentes vitam perpetuam faciunt, & in liberorum imitatione, mores diuturnos.

Naturaliter tamen posteritati inest dispositio magis, defectus majorum quam vertutes imitari. Sed a te, meliora, mi Fili, expecto. Tu enim, petiisti, ut scriptioni tibi legendum, aliquid, cum ab oculis detraherer, committerem. His igitur sequentibus meditatiunculis, nihil venit in mentem, tibi idoneus, mihi nihil facilius. Qualia sunt addico tibi. Parva ab amicis acceptabilia sunt dona, multo magis, a filiis piis. Cogitationes aliorum quo nullas nisi verè maternas darem, studiosè vitavi; quas, magni estimandas, credo, mei causâ, futuras, licet seipsis, parvas fuerint. Largiatur tibi in hac vitâ gratiam suam Jehovah, & posthâc gloriæ coronam donet, ut in Die judicii, gaudio te summo, aspiciam. — Sic Deum continuò supplicè rogat

Tua amantissima Parens,

ANN BRADSTREET.

Mar. 20. 1664.

Hæc Epistola Romano Sermone versus est à Simone Bradstreet hujus Excellentissimæ Fæminæ Pronepote, cum sequentibus meditatiunculis.\*

\* "This epistle was translated into the Roman Language by Simon Bradstreet, this most excellent woman's great-grandson, together with the following short meditations."

This Simon Bradstreet was son of the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, of

*Meditationes Divinæ & Ethicæ.*

## I.

**E**ST nihil oculis visibile, hominum nullæ actiones, nullum acquiritum bonum, nullum præsens uel futurum malum, a quibus omnibus animi salutem & utilitatem promovere non possimus — Et ille homo, non minus sapiens, quàm pius est, qui tales fructus ab eis carpit.

## II.

**P**LURIMI queant bene loqui, at paucis bene agere. Majores in speculatione, quam sumus in actione. Ipse autem reverà Christianus est qui in utrisque proficit.

## III.

**J**UVENTUS est capiendi, ampliandi ætas media & utendi senectus, optima opportunitas. Juventus remissa, ignorantem facit mediam ætatem, & ferè, senectutem, utræque vacuam reduat. Et cujus est tantum vanitate & mendaciis cibus, cubitum mæstus est eundem.

Charlestown, Mass., and grandson of the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, of New London, Conn. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1728, and was ordained minister of the Second Church in Marblehead, Mass., Jan. 4, 1738, to fill the place of the Rev. Edward Holyoke, who had been elected President of Harvard College. He is described as "a most worthy, pious, devout christian, and faithful pastor," and also as "an excellent scholar." — MASS. HIST. COLL., viii. 75-76.

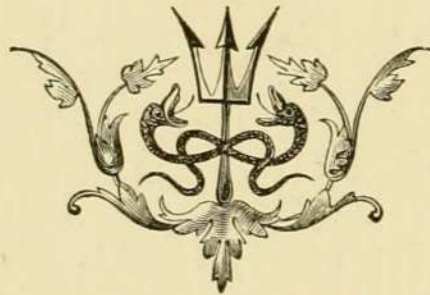
This Latin translation was probably made in his youth. He died Oct. 5, 1771.

## IV.

UT navis quæ nimium vela petit subtimia,\* nullamq; habens vel levem suburram,† citò evertitur, sic homo multa scientia ac doctrina, sed gratia & prudentia parva præditus, ab imis ruinæ profunditatibus non procul abest.

\* *Sublimia.*

† *Saburram.*





P O E M S.





THE "POEMS" are printed from the second edition, which was published in Boston, in 1678, and which contained the author's corrections, and some unpublished pieces. Fac-similes of the title-pages of the first and second editions are given.





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P O E M S

Compiled with great variety of Wit and  
Learning, full of Delight;

Wherein especially is contained a compleat  
Discourse, and Description of

The Four { ELEMENTS.  
CONSTITUTIONS,  
AGES of Man,  
SEASONS of the Year.

Together with an exact Epitome of  
the three first *Monarchyes*

Viz. The { ASSYRIAN,  
PERSIAN,  
GRECIAN.

*And beginning of the Romane Common-wealth  
to the end of their last King:*

With diverse other pleasant & serious *Poems,*

---

By a Gentlewoman in *New-England.*

---

*The second Edition, Corrected by the Author,  
and enlarged by an Addition of several other  
Poems found amongst her Papers  
after her Death.*

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*Boston, Printed by John Foster, 1678.*

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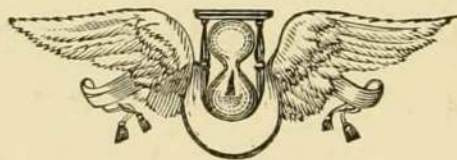
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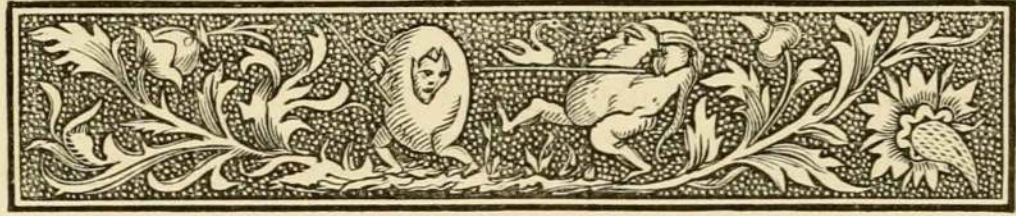
[iii]



Ad I opportunity but to borrow some of the Authors wit, 'tis possible I might so trim this curious work with such quaint expressions, as that the Preface might bespeak thy further Perusal; but I fear 'twill be a shame for a Man that can speak so little, To be seen in the title-page of this Womans Book, left by comparing the one with the other, the Reader should pass his sentence that it is the gift of women not only to speak most but to speak best; I shal leave therefore to commend that, which with any ingenious Reader will too much commend the Author, unless men turn more peevish then women, to envy the excellency of the inferiour Sex. I doubt not but the Reader will quickly find more then I can say, and the worst effect of his reading will be unbelief, which will make him question whether it be a womans work, and aske, Is it possible? If any do, take this as an answer from him that dares avow it; It is the Work of a Woman,

honoured, and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her Family [iv] occasions, and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments. I dare adde little lest I keep thee too long; if thou wilt not believe the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man sayes it, yet believe it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I fear the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Author, without whose knowledg, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view, what she resolved in such a manner should never see the Sun; but I found that diverse had gotten some scattered Papers, affected them well, were likely to have sent forth broken pieces, to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.





**M***ercury* shew'd *Apollo*, *Bartas* Book, [v]  
*Minerva* this, and wisht him well to look,  
And tell uprightly which did which excell,  
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tel.  
They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose,  
With's crackt leering glaffes, for it would pose  
The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,  
Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or the Man?  
He peer'd and por'd, & glar'd, & said for wore,  
I'me even as wise now, as I was before:  
They both 'gan laugh, and said it was no mar'l  
The Auth'refs was a right *Du Bartas* Girle.  
Good sooth quoth the old *Don*, tell ye me so,  
I muse whither at length these Girls will go;  
It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,  
To see a Woman once, do ought that's good;  
And chode by *Chaucers* Boots, and *Homers* Furrs,  
Let Men look to't, least Women wear the Spurrs.

*N. Ward.\**

\* This clergyman, well known as the eccentric author of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," had been a neighbor of Mrs. Bradstreet in Ipswich. He returned to England in 1647, and may have been concerned in the publication of her poems.



*To my dear Sister, the Author of  
these Poems.*

[vi]

**T**Hough most that know me, dare (I think) affirm  
I ne'er was born to do a Poet harm,  
Yet when I read your pleasant witty strains,  
It wrought so strongly on my addle brains;  
That though my verse be not so finely spun,  
And so (like yours) cannot so neatly run,  
Yet am I willing, with upright intent,  
To shew my love without a complement.  
There needs no painting to that comely face,  
That in its native beauty hath such grace;  
What I (poor filly I) prefix therefore,  
Can but do this, make yours admir'd the more;  
And if but only this, I do attain  
Content, that my disgrace may be your gain.

If women, I with women may compare,  
Your works are solid, others weak as Air;  
Some Books of Women I have heard of late,  
Perused some, so witlefs, intricate,  
So void of sense, and truth, as if to erre  
Were only wisht (acting above their sphear)  
And all to get, what (filly Souls) they lack,  
Esteem to be the wisest of the pack;



Though (for your fake) to fome this be permitted, [vii]  
To print, yet wifh I many better witted;  
Their vanity make this to be enquired,  
If Women are with wit and fence inspired:  
Yet when your Works fhall come to publick view,  
'Twill be affirm'd, 'twill be confirm'd by you:  
And I, when ferioufly I had revolved  
What you had done, I prefently refolved,  
Theirs was the Perfons, not the Sexes failing,  
And therefore did be-fpeak a modeft vailing.  
You have acutely in *Eliza's* ditty,\*  
Acquitted Women, elfe I might with pittty,  
Have wifht them all to womens Works to look,  
And never more to meddle with their book.  
What you have done, the Sun fhall witnefs bear,  
That for a womans Work 'tis very rare;  
And if the Nine, vouchsafe the Tenth a place,  
I think they rightly may yield you that grace.

But leaft I fhould exceed, and too much love,  
Should too too much endear'd affection move,  
To fuper-adde in praifes, I fhall ceafe,  
Leaft while I please myfelf I fhould difpleafe  
The longing Reader, who may chance complain,  
And fo requite my love with deep difdain;  
That I your filly Servant, ftand i' th' Porch,  
Lighting your Sun-light, with my blinking Torch;  
Hindring his minds content, his fweet repofe,  
Which your delightful Poems do difclofe,

\* See her Elegy "In Honour of that High and Mighty Princefs Queen Elizabeth of Happy Memory."

When once the Caskets op'ned; yet to you  
 Let this be added, then I'le bid adieu,  
 If you shall think, it will be to your shame [viii]  
 To be in print, then I must bear the blame:  
 If't be a fault, 'tis mine, 'tis shame that might  
 Deny so fair an Infant of its right,  
 To look abroad; I know your modest mind,  
 How you will blush, complain, 'tis too unkind:  
 To force a womans birth, provoke her pain,  
 Expose her labours to the Worlds disdain.  
 I know you'l say, you do defie that mint,  
 That stampt you thus, to be a fool in print.  
 'Tis true, it doth not now so neatly stand,  
 As if 'twere polliht with your own sweet hand;  
 'Tis not so richly deckt, so trimly tir'd,  
 Yet it is such as justly is admir'd.  
 If it be folly, 'tis of both, or neither,  
 Both you and I, we'l both be fools together;  
 And he that sayes, 'tis foolish, (if my word  
 May sway) by my consent shall make the third,  
 I dare out-face the worlds disdain for both,  
 If you alone profess you are not wroth;  
 Yet if you are, a Womans wrath is little,  
 When thousands else admire you in each Tittle.

*I. W.\**

\* Both this and the address to the reader were undoubtedly written by the Rev. John Woodbridge, first minister of Andover. He was Mrs. Bradstreet's brother-in-law, having married her sister Mercy. He sailed for England in 1647, and was there when the first edition of these poems was published. A more particular account of him is given in the Introduction.



*Vpon the Author; by* [ix]  
*a known Friend.*

**N**ow I believe Tradition, which doth call  
The Muses, Virtues, Graces, Females all;  
Only they are not nine, eleven nor three;  
Our Auth'refs proves them but one unity.  
Mankind take up some blushes on the score;  
Monopolize perfection no more;  
In your own Arts, confess your selves out-done,  
The Moon hath totally eclips'd the Sun,  
Not with her sable Mantle muffling him;  
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim:  
Just as his beams force our pale lamps to wink,  
And earthly Fires, within their ashes shrink.

B. W.\*

\* These initials, which appeared for the first time in the second edition, are thought to be those of the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, D.D., brother of the Rev. John Woodbridge. He was born in England, and after having studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, came to join his brother, and some other relations, in this country. He entered Harvard College, and his name stands first on the list of graduates. He was among the first settlers of the town of Andover; but he soon returned to England, where he succeeded the Rev. William Twiss, D.D., as minister of Newbury, in

*I cannot wonder at Apollo now,  
That he with Female Laurel crown'd his brow,  
That made him witty: had I leave to chose,  
My Verse should be a page unto your Muse*

C. B.\*

Berkshire. He held that position until his death in 1684, a period of about forty years. His learning, ability, and goodness have been highly eulogized.

I have been unable to discover to whom the initials belong attached to the other verses.

\* In the first edition, immediately after these, are the following verses:—

**A**RME, arme, Soldado's arme, Horfe,  
Horfe, speed to your Horfes,  
Gentle-women, make head, they vent  
their plots in Verfes;  
They write of Monarchies, a most fe-  
ditious word,  
It signifies Oppression, Tyranny, and  
Sword:  
March amain to *London*, they'l rise, for  
there they flock,  
But stay a while, they feldome rise till  
ten a clock.

R. 2.



In praise of the Author, Mistris *Anne Bradstreet*, [x]  
Virtues true and lively Pattern, Wife of the  
Worshipfull *Simon Bradstreet* Esq;

*At present residing in the Occidental parts of the  
World in America, Alias  
N O V - A N G L I A.*

**W***Hat golden splendent STAR is this so  
bright,  
One thousand Miles twice told, both day and night,  
(From th' Orient first sprung) now from the West  
That shines; swift-winged Phœbus, and the rest  
Of all Jove's fiery flames surmounting far  
As doth each Planet, every falling Star;  
By whose divine and lucid light most clear  
Natures dark secret mysteryes appear;  
Heavens, Earths, admired wonders, noble acts  
Of Kings and Princes most heroick facts,  
And what e're else in darkness seem'd to dye,  
Revives all things so obvious now to th' eye,  
That he who these its glittering rayes views o're,  
Shall see what's done in all the world before.*

N. H.

Upon the Author. [xi]

'T Were extream folly should I dare attempt,  
 To praise this Authors worth with complement;  
 None but her self must dare commend her parts,  
 Whose sublime brain's the Synopsis of Arts.  
 Nature and skill, here both in one agree,  
 To frame this Master-piece of Poetry:  
 False Fame, belye their Sex no more, it can  
 Surpass, or parallel, the best of Man.

C. B.

Another to Mrs. *Anne Bradstreet*,  
 Author of this Poem.

I'Ve read your Poem (Lady) and admire,  
 Your Sex to such a pitch should e're aspire;  
 Go on to write, continue to relate,  
 New Historyes, of Monarchy and State:  
 And what the *Romans* to their Poets gave,  
 Be sure such honour, and esteem you'l have.

H. S.

An Anagram.

*Anna Bradstreete*      Deer neat *An Bartas*.

SO *Bartas* like thy fine spun Poems been,  
 That *Bartas* name will prove an Epicene.

Another.

*Anna Bradstreete*      Artes bred neat *An*.



V P O N

[xii]

*Mrs. Anne Bradstreet*

Her Poems, &c.

MADAM, twice through the Muses Grove I walkt,  
Under your blifsfull bowres, I shrowding there,  
It seem'd with Nymphs of *Helicon* I talkt:  
For there those sweet-lip'd Sisters sporting were,  
*Apollo* with his sacred Lute fate by,  
On high they made their heavenly Sonnets flye,  
Poesies around they strow'd, of sweetest Poesie.

2

Twice have I drunk the Nectar of your lines,  
Which high sublim'd my mean born phantasie,  
Flusht with these streams of your *Maronean* wines  
Above my self rapt to an extasie:  
Methought I was upon Mount *Hiblas* top,  
There where I might those fragrant flowers lop,  
Whence did sweet odors flow, and honey spangles  
drop.

## 3

To *Venus* shrine no Altars raised are,  
 Nor venom'd shafts from painted quiver fly,  
 Nor wanton Doves of *Aphrodites* Carr,  
 Or fluttering there, nor here forlornly lie,  
 Lorne Paramours, not chatting birds tell news  
 How sage *Apollo*, *Daphne* hot pursues,  
 Or stately *Jove* himself is wont to haunt the stews.

## 4

Nor barking Satyrs breath, nor driery clouds [xiii]  
 Exhal'd from *Styx*, their dismal drops distil  
 Within these *Fairy*, flowry fields, nor shrouds  
 The screeching night Raven, with his shady quill:  
 But Lyrick strings here *Orpheus* nimbly hitti,  
*Orion* on his fadled Dolphin fits,  
 Chanting as every humour, age & season fits.

## 5

Here silver swans, with Nightingales fet spells,  
 Which sweetly charm the Traveller, and raise  
 Earths earthed Monarchs, from their hidden Cells,  
 And to appearance summons lapsed dayes,  
 There heav'nly air, becalms the swelling frays,  
 And fury fell of Elements allayes,  
 By paying every one due tribute of his praise.



## 6

This feem'd the Scite of all thofe verdant vales,  
And purled fprings, whereat the Nymphs do play,  
With lofty hills, where Poets rear their tales,  
To heavenly vaults, which heav'nly found repay  
By ecchoes fweet rebound, here Ladyes kifs,  
Circling nor fongs, nor dances circle mifs;  
But whilst thofe Syrens fung, I funk in fea of blifs.

## 7

Thus weltring in delight, my virgin mind  
Admits a rape; truth ftill lyes undifcri'd,  
Its fingular, that plural feem'd, I find,  
'Twas Fancies glafs alone that multipli'd;  
Nature with Art fo clofely did combine,  
I thought I faw the Mufes trebble trine,  
Which prov'd your lonely Mufe, fuperiour to the nine.

## 8

Your only hand thofe Poefies did compofe, [xiv]  
Your head the fource, whence all thofe fprings did  
    flow,  
Your voice, whence changes fweeteft notes arofe,  
Your feet that kept the dance alone, I trow:  
Then vail your bonnets, Poetafters all,  
Strike, lower amain, and at thefe humbly fall,  
And deem your felves advanc'd to be her Pedeftal.

## 9

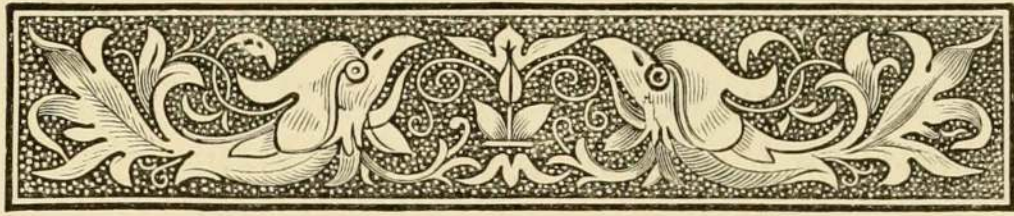
Should all with lowly Congies Laurels bring,  
 Waſte *Floraes* Magazine to find a wreathe;  
 Or *Pineus* Banks 'twere too mean offering,  
 Your Muſe a fairer Garland doth bequeath  
 To guard your fairer front; here 'tis your name  
 Shall ſtand immarbled; this your little frame  
 Shall great *Coloſſus* be, to your eternal fame.

I'le pleaſe my ſelf, though I my ſelf diſgrace,  
 What errors here be found, are in *Errataes* place.

J. Rogers.\*

\* These verses were not in the first edition. Their author was the son of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich. He was born in England in 1630, and came to America, with his father, in 1636. He graduated at Harvard College in 1649, and studied both divinity and medicine. He preached at Ipswich for some time, but afterwards devoted himself altogether to the practice of medicine. In 1682, he succeeded the Rev. Urian Oakes as President of Harvard College. He died suddenly, July 2, 1684, the day after Commencement, during an eclipse of the sun. He had requested, in the previous December, that the Commencement exercises should be held a day earlier than usual, as he feared the eclipse might interfere with them. — MATHER PAPERS. Cotton Mather says, "He was One of ſo ſweet a Temper, that the Title of *Deliciæ humani Generis* might have on that Score been given him; and his Real *Piety* fet off with the Accompliſhments of a *Gentleman*, as a *Gem* fet in *Gold*." — MAGNALIA, iv. p. 130.

His wife, Elizabeth Denison, was the only daughter of Major-General Daniel Denison and Patience Dudley, and therefore Mrs. Bradstreet's niece.



To her most Honoured Fa-  
ther *Thomas Dudley Esq;*

*these humbly presented.*

[1]

**D**EAR Sir of late delighted with  
the fight  
Of your four Sisters cloth'd\* in black  
and white,  
Of fairer Dames the Sun, ne'r saw the face;  
Though made a pedestal for *Adams* Race;  
Their worth so shines in these rich lines you show  
Their paralels to finde I scarcely know  
To climbe their Climes, I have nor strength nor skill  
To mount so high requires an Eagles quill;  
Yet view thereof did cause my thoughts to soar;  
My lowly pen might wait upon these four

T. D. *On  
the four  
parts of  
the world.†*

\* We have in the first edition, instead of this, "deckt." The readings of the first edition will be designated hereafter, without further comment, by notes distinguished by the letters of the alphabet.

† This was probably a manuscript poem. Nothing further is known of it.

I bring my four times four,<sup>a</sup> now meanly clad  
 To do their homage, unto yours, full<sup>b</sup> glad:  
 Who for their Age, their worth and quality  
 Might seem of yours to claim precedency:  
 But by my humble hand, thus rudely pen'd  
 They are, your bounden handmaids to attend  
 These fame are they, from whom we being have [2]  
 These are of all, the Life, the Nurse, the Grave,  
 These are the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,  
 That sink, that swim, that fill, that upwards fly,  
 Of these consists our bodies, Cloathes and Food,  
 The World, the useful, hurtful, and the good,  
 Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times  
 Their discord doth<sup>c</sup> appear, by these harsh rimes  
 Yours did contest for wealth, for Arts, for Age,  
 My first do shew their good, and then their rage.  
 My other foures<sup>d</sup> do intermixed tell  
 Each others faults, and where themselves excell;  
 How hot and dry contend with moist and cold,  
 How Air and Earth no correspondence hold,  
 And yet in equal tempers, how they 'gree  
 How divers natures make one Unity  
 Something of all (though mean) I did intend  
 But fear'd you'd judge *Du<sup>e</sup> Bartas* was my friend  
 I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth  
 My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth

<sup>a</sup> my four; and four.<sup>b</sup> most.<sup>c</sup> may.<sup>d</sup> four.<sup>e</sup> one.

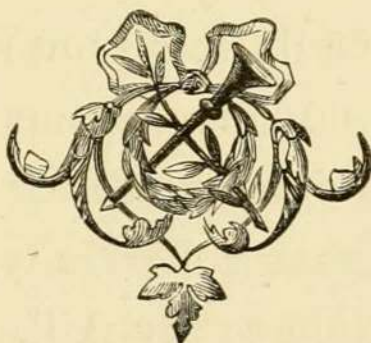
But if I did I durst not fend them you  
Who must reward a Thief, but with his due.  
I shall not need, mine innocence to clear  
These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear:  
On what they are, your mild aspect I crave  
Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a Grave.

From her that to your self, more duty owes  
Then water in the boundless Ocean flows.

*March 20. 1642.\**

*ANNE BRADSTREET.*

\* This date does not appear in the first edition.





THE

[3]

## PROLOGUE.

I.

TO sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,  
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,  
For my mean pen are too superiour things:  
Or how they all, or each their dates have run  
Let Poets and Historians set these forth,  
My obscure Lines<sup>f</sup> shall not so dim their worth.

2.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart  
Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines, do but read o're  
Fool I do grudg the Muses did not part  
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;  
A *Bartas* can, do what a *Bartas* will  
But simple I according to my skill.

3.

From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we expect  
Nor yet a sweet Confort from broken strings,  
Nor perfect beauty, where's a main defect:  
My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings

<sup>f</sup> Verse.

And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
'Cause nature, made it so irreparable.

## 4.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd Greek,  
Who liv'd at first, in future times speak plain<sup>s</sup>  
By Art he gladly found what he did seek  
A full requital of his, striving pain  
Art can do much, but this maxime's most sure [4]  
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

## 5.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue  
Who says my hand a needle better fits,  
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,  
For such despite they cast on Female wits:  
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,  
They'll say it's stoln, or else it was by chance.

## 6.

But sure the Antique Greeks were far more mild  
Else of our Sexe, why feigned they those Nine  
And poesy made, *Calliope's* own Child;  
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine,  
But this weak knot, they will full soon untie,  
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools & lye.

<sup>s</sup> speake afterwards more plaine.

## 7.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are  
 Men have precedency and still excell,  
 It is but vain unjustly to wage warre;  
 Men can do best, and women know it well  
 Preheminance in all and each is yours;  
 Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

## 8.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,  
 And ever with your prey still catch your praise,  
 If e're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes  
 Give Thyme or <sup>h</sup> Parsley wreath, I ask no bayes,  
 This mean and unrefined ure <sup>i</sup> of mine  
 Will make you gliftring gold, but more to shine.\*

<sup>h</sup> Give wholsome.<sup>i</sup> stuffe.

\* The initials, "A. B.," are appended in the first edition.







The

[5]

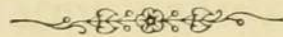
## *Four Elements.*

**T**He Fire, Air, Earth and water did contest<sup>*j*</sup>  
Which was the strongest, noblest and the best,  
Who was of greatest use and might'est force;  
In placide Terms they thought now to discourse,<sup>*k*</sup>  
That in due order each her turn should speak;  
But enmity this amity did break  
All would be chief, and all scorn'd to be under  
Whence issu'd winds & rains, lightning & thunder  
The quaking earth did groan, the Sky lookt black  
The Fire, the forced Air, in funder crack;  
The sea did threat the heav'ns, the heavn's the earth,  
All looked like a Chaos or new birth:  
Fire broyled Earth, & scorched Earth it choaked  
Both by their darings, water so provoked  
That roaring in it came, and with its source  
Soon made the Combatants abate their force

*j* Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water, did all contest.

*k* Who the most good could shew, & who most rage  
For to declare, themselves they all ingage.

The rumbling hissing, puffing was so great  
 The worlds confusion, it did seem to threat  
 Till gentle Air,<sup>l</sup> Contention so abated  
 That betwixt hot and cold, she arbitrated  
 The others difference,<sup>m</sup> being less did cease  
 All forms now laid, and they in perfect peace  
 That Fire should first begin, the rest consent, [6]  
 The noblest and most active Element.<sup>n</sup>



### Fire.

**W**HAT is my worth (both ye) and all men<sup>o</sup>  
 know,  
 In little time<sup>p</sup> I can but little show,  
 But what I am, let learned Grecians say  
 What I can do well skil'd Mechanicks may:  
 The benefit all living<sup>q</sup> by me finde,  
 All forts of Artists, here<sup>r</sup> declare your mind,  
 What tool was ever fram'd, but by my might?  
 Ye Martilists, what weapons<sup>s</sup> for your fight  
 To try your valour by, but it must feel  
 My force? your sword, & Gun,<sup>t</sup> your Lance of steel

<sup>l</sup> But Aire at length.    <sup>m</sup> enmity.    <sup>n</sup> Being the most impatient Element.  
<sup>o</sup> things.    <sup>p</sup> Where little is.    <sup>q</sup> Beings.    <sup>r</sup> Come first ye Artists, and.  
<sup>s</sup> O Martialist! what weapon.    <sup>t</sup> your Pike, your flint and steele.

Your Cannon's bootlefs and your powder too  
 Without mine aid, (alas) what can they do:  
 The adverfe walls not fhak'd, the Mines not blown  
 And in defpight the City keeps her own;  
 But I with one Granado or Petard  
 Set ope thofe gates, that 'fore fo ftrong were bar'd  
 Ye Husband-men, your Coulters made by me  
 Your Hooes<sup>u</sup> your Mattocks, & what e're you fee  
 Subdue the Earth, and fit it for your Grain  
 That fo it might in time requite your pain:  
 Though ftrong limb'd Vulcan forg'd it by his skill  
 I made it flexible unto his will;  
 Ye Cooks, your Kitchen implements I frame  
 Your Spits, Pots, Jacks, what elfe I need not name  
 Your dayly<sup>v</sup> food I wholfome make, I warm [7]  
 Your fhinking Limbs, which winter's cold doth harm  
 Ye *Paracelfians* too in vain's your skill  
 In Chymiftry, unlefs I help you Still.  
 And you Philofophers, if e're you made  
 A tranfmutation it was through mine aid.  
 Ye filver Smiths, your Ure I do refine  
 What mingled lay with Earth I caufe to fhine;  
 But let me leave thefe things, my flame afpires  
 To match on high with the Celeftial fires:  
 The Sun an Orb of fire was held of old,  
 Our Sages new another tale have told:  
 But be he what they will,<sup>w</sup> yet his afpect  
 A burning fiery heat we find reflect

<sup>u</sup> fhares.

<sup>v</sup> dainty.

<sup>w</sup> lift.

And of the self fame nature is with mine  
 Cold<sup>x</sup> fister Earth, no witness needs but thine:  
 How doth his warmth, refresh thy frozen back<sup>y</sup>  
 And trim thee brave,<sup>z</sup> in green, after thy black.<sup>a</sup>  
 Both man and beast rejoyce at his approach,  
 And birds do sing, to see his glittering Coach  
 And though nought, but *Salmander s* live in fire  
 And fly *Pyrausta* call'd, all else expire,  
 Yet men and beast Astronomers will tell  
 Fixed in heavenly Constellations dwell,  
 My Planets of both Sexes whose degree  
 Poor Heathen judg'd worthy a Diety:  
 There's *Orion* arm'd attended by his dog;  
 The *Theban* stout *Alcides* with his Club;  
 The valiant *Perseus*, who *Medusa* flew,  
 The horse that kil'd *Belerophon*, then flew.  
 My Crab, my Scorpion, fishes you may see [8]  
 The Maid with ballance, wain with horses three,  
 The Ram, the Bull, the Lion, and the Beagle,  
 The Bear, the Goat, the Raven, and the Eagle,  
 The Crown the Whale, the Archer, Bernice Hare  
 The Hidra, Dolphin, Boys that water bear,  
 Nay more, then these, Rivers 'mongst stars are found  
*Eridanus*, where *Phaeton* was drown'd.  
 Their magnitude, and height, should I recount  
 My story to a volume would amount;  
 Out of a multitude these few I touch,  
 Your wisdom out of little gather much.

<sup>x</sup> Good.<sup>y</sup> backs.<sup>z</sup> gay.<sup>a</sup> blacks.

I'll here let pass, my choler, cause of wars  
And influence of divers of those stars  
When in Conjunction with the Sun do more  
Augment his heat, which was too hot before.  
The Summer ripening season I do claim  
And man from thirty unto fifty frame.  
Of old when Sacrifices were Divine,  
I of acceptance was the holy signe,  
'Mong all my wonders which I might recount,  
There's none more strange then *Ætna's* Sulphry mount  
The choaking flames, that from *Vesuvius* flew  
The over curious second *Pliny*\* flew,  
And with the Ashes that it sometimes shed  
*Apulia's* 'jacent parts were covered.  
And though I be a servant to each man  
Yet by my force, master, my masters can.  
What famous Towns, to Cinders have I turn'd?  
What lasting forts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?  
The stately Seats of mighty Kings by me [9]  
In confus'd heaps, of ashes may you see.  
Wher's *Ninus* great wall'd Town, & *Troy* of old  
*Carthage*, and hundred more in stories told  
Which when they could not be o'come by foes  
The Army, through my help victorious rose  
And stately *London*, (our great *Britain's* glory)  
My raging flame did make a mournful story,

\* She does not mean, by mistake, the *Younger Pliny*, but translates the cognomen of *Secundus*, which belonged to both *Plinys*.

But maugre all, that I, or foes could do  
 That *Phœnix* from her Bed, is risen New.\*  
 Old sacred *Zion*, I demolish'd thee.  
 Lo great *Diana's* Temple was by me,  
 And more then brutish *Sodom*, for her lust  
 With neighbouring Towns, I did consume to dust  
 What shall I say of Lightning and of Thunder  
 Which Kings & mighty ones amaze with wonder,  
 Which made a *Cæsar*, (*Romes*) the worlds proud  
     head,  
 Foolish *Caligula* creep under's bed.  
 Of *Meteors*, *ignis fatuus* and the rest,  
 But to leave those to th'wise, I judge it best.  
 The rich I oft make poor, the strong I maime,  
 Not sparing Life when I can take the same;  
 And in a word, the world I shall consume  
 And all therein, at that great day of Doom;  
 Not before then, shall cease, my raging ire  
 And then because no matter more for fire  
 Now Sisters pray proceed, each in your Course  
 As I, impart your usefulness and force.

\* This and the three preceding lines were not in the first edition. The Great Fire of London did not take place until September, 1666.

## Earth.

[10]

**T**HE next in place Earth judg'd to be her due,  
 Sifter (quoth shee)<sup>b</sup> I come not short of you,  
 In wealth and use I do surpass you all,  
 And mother earth of old men did me call:  
 Such is<sup>c</sup> my fruitfulness, an Epithite,  
 Which none ere gave, or you could claim of right  
 Among my praises this I count not least,  
 I am th'original of man and beast.  
 To tell what fundry fruits my fat soil yields  
 In Vineyards, Gardens, Orchards & Corn-fields,  
 Their kinds, their tastes, their colors & their smells  
 Would so pass time I could say nothing else:  
 The rich the poor, wise, fool, and every sort  
 Of these so common things can make report.  
 To tell you of my countryes and my Regions,  
 Soon would they pass not hundreds but legions:  
 My cities famous, rich and populous,  
 Whose numbers now are grown innumeros.  
 I have not time to think of every part,  
 Yet let me name my *Grecia*, 'tis my heart.  
 For learning arms and arts I love it well,  
 But chiefly 'cause the *Muses* there did dwell.  
 Ile here skip o're my mountains reaching skyes,  
 Whether *Pyrenean*, or the *Alpes*, both lyes  
 On either side the country of the *Gaules*  
 Strong forts, from *Spanish* and *Italian* brawles.

<sup>b</sup> Sifter, in worth.<sup>c</sup> was.

And huge great *Taurus* longer then the rest, [11]  
 Dividing great *Armenia* from the least;  
 And *Hemus* whose steep sides none foot upon,  
 But farewell all for dear mount *Helicon*.  
 And wondrous high *Olimpus*, of such fame,  
 That heav'n it self was oft call'd by that name.  
*Parnassus* sweet, I dote too much on thee,  
 Unless thou prove a better friend to me:  
 But Ile leap <sup>d</sup> ore these hills, not touch a dale,  
 Nor will I stay, no not in *Tempe Vale*,<sup>e</sup>  
 Ile here let go my Lions of *Numedia*,  
 My Panthers and my Leopards of *Libia*,  
 The Behemoth and rare found Unicorn,  
 Poysons sure antidote lyes in his horn,  
 And my *Hiæna* (imitates mans voice)  
 Out of great <sup>f</sup> numbers I might pick my choice,  
 Thousands in woods & plains, both wild & tame,  
 But here or there, I list now none to name:  
 No, though the fawning Dog did urge me fore,  
 In his behalf to speak a word the more,  
 Whose trust and valour I might here commend;  
 But time's too short and precious so to spend.  
 But hark you wealthy <sup>g</sup> merchants, who for prize  
 Send forth your well-man'd ships where fun doth rise,  
 After three years when men and meat is spent,  
 My rich Commodities pay double rent.  
 Ye *Galenists*, my Drugs that come from thence,  
 Do cure your Patients, fill your purse with pence;

<sup>d</sup> skip.<sup>f</sup> huge.<sup>e</sup> Nor yet expatiate, in Temple vale;<sup>g</sup> ye worthy.



Befides the use of roots,<sup>h</sup> of hearbs and plants,  
That with lefs cost near home supply your wants.  
But Mariners where got you ships and Sails, [12]  
And Oars to row, when both my Sisters fails  
Your Tackling, Anchor, compafs too is mine,  
Which guides when sun nor moon nor stars do shine  
Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting fames  
Built Cities, Monuments, call'd by your names,  
Were those compiled heaps of maffy ftones  
That your ambition laid, ought but my bones?  
Ye greedy mifers, who do dig for gold  
For gemms, for filver, Treafures which I hold,  
Will not my goodly face your rage fuffice  
But you will fee, what in my bowels lyes?  
And ye Artificers, all Trades and forts  
My bounty calls you forth to make reports,  
If ought you have, to use, to wear, to eat,  
But what I freely yield, upon your fweat?  
And Cholerick Sister, thou for all thine ire  
Well knowft my fuel, muft maintain thy fire.  
As I ingenuoufly with thanks confefs,  
My cold thy fruitfull heat doth crave no lefs:  
But how my cold dry temper works upon  
The melancholy Conftitution;  
How the autumnal feafon I do fway,  
And how I force the grey-head to obey,  
I fhould here make a fhort, yet true Narration,  
But that thy method is mine imitation.

<sup>h</sup> use you have.

Now must I shew mine adverse quality,  
 And how I oft work mans mortality:  
 He sometimes finds, maugre his toiling pain  
 Thistles and thorns where he expected grain.  
 My sap to plants and trees I must not grant, [13]  
 The vine, the olive, and the figtree want:  
 The Corn and Hay do fall before the're mown,  
 And buds from fruitfull trees as soon as<sup>i</sup> blown;  
 Then dearth prevails, that nature to suffice  
 The Mother on her tender infant flies;<sup>j</sup>  
 The husband knows no wife, nor father sons,  
 But to all outrages their hunger runs:  
 Dreadfull examples soon I might produce,  
 But to such Auditors 'twere of no use.  
 Again when Delvers dare in hope of gold  
 To ope those veins of *Mine*, audacious bold:  
 While they thus in mine entrails love<sup>k</sup> to dive,  
 Before they know, they are inter'd alive.  
 Y'affrighted wights appal'd, how do ye shake,  
 When once you feel me your foundation quake?  
 Because in the Abbyffe of my dark womb  
 Your cities and your selves I oft intomb:  
 O dreadfull Sepulcher! that this is true  
*Dathan*\* and all his company well knew,

<sup>i</sup> before they'r.    <sup>j</sup> The tender mother on her Infant flies.    <sup>k</sup> seem.

\* The first edition has "Korah" instead of "Dathan." It does not appear clearly from the account in Numbers, ch. xvi., whether Korah was swallowed up in the earth with Dathan and Abiram, or whether he was among those destroyed by the fire. See Patrick's "Commentary," and Smith's "Bible Dictionary."

So did that Roman, far more stout then wise,  
 Bur'ing himself alive for honours prize.<sup>l</sup>  
 And since fair *Italy* full fadly knowes  
 What she hath lost by these remed'less<sup>m</sup> woes.<sup>n</sup>  
 Again what veins of poyson in me lye,  
 Some kill outright, and some do stupifye:  
 Nay into herbs and plants it fometimes creeps,  
 In heats & colds & gripes & drowzy sleeps:  
 Thus I occasion death to man and beast  
 When food they seek, & harm mistrust the least.  
 Much might I say of the hot *Libian* sand<sup>o</sup> [14]  
 Which rise like tumbling<sup>p</sup> Billows on the Land<sup>q</sup>  
 Wherein *Cambyfes* Armie was o'rethrown<sup>r</sup>  
 (but windy Sifter, 'twas when you have blown)  
 I'le say no more, but this thing add I must  
 Remember Sons, your mould is of my dust  
 And after death whether interr'd or burn'd  
 As Earth at first so into Earth return'd.

<sup>l</sup> This and the preceding line were not in the first edition.

<sup>m</sup> my dreadfull.

<sup>n</sup> After this we find in the first edition, —

And *Rome*, her *Curtius*, can't forget I think;  
 Who bravely rode into my yawning chinke.  
 Again, what veines of poyson in me lye;  
 As *Stibium* and unfixt *Mercury*:  
 With divers moe, nay, into plants it creeps;  
 In hot, and cold, and some benums with sleeps,

<sup>o</sup> the *Arabian* sands;                      <sup>p</sup> mighty.                      <sup>q</sup> lands:

<sup>r</sup> Wherein whole Armies I have overthrown;

*Water.*

**S**CARCE Earth had done, but th'angry water mov'd  
 Sifter (quoth she) it had full well behov'd  
 Among your boastings to have praised me  
 Cause of your fruitfulness as you shall see:  
 This your neglect shews your ingratitude  
 And how your subtilty, would men delude  
 Not one of us (all knows) that's like to thee  
 Ever in craving, from the other three;  
 But thou art bound to me, above the rest  
 Who am thy drink, thy blood, thy sap and best:  
 If I withhold what art thou? dead dry lump  
 Thou bearst nor grafs or plant nor tree, nor stump  
 Thy extream thirst is moistned by my love  
 With springs below, and showres from above  
 Or else thy Sun-burnt face, and gaping chops  
 Complain to th' heavens, if I withhold my drops  
 Thy Bear, thy Tyger, and thy Lion stout,  
 When I am gone, their fiercenes none needs doubt  
 Thy Camel hath no strength, thy Bull no force [15]  
 Nor mettal's found, in the couragious Horse  
 Hinds leave their calves, the Elephant the Fens  
 The wolves and savage beasts, forsake their Dens  
 The lofty Eagle, and the Stork fly low,  
 The Peacock and the Ostrich, share in woe,  
 The Pine, the Cedar, yea, and *Daphne's* Tree  
 Do cease to flourish in this misery,

Man wants his bread and wine, & pleafant fruits  
 He knows, fuch sweets, lies not in Earths dry roots  
 Then feeks me out, in river and in well  
 His deadly malady I might expell:  
 If I fupply, his heart and veins rejoyce,  
 If not, foon ends his life, as did his voyce;  
 That this is true, Earth thou canft not deny  
 I call thine *Egypt*, this to verifie,  
 Which by my fattening *Nile*, doth yield fuch ftore  
 That ſhe can ſpare, when nations round are poor  
 When I run low, and not o'reflow her brinks  
 To meet with want, each woful man be-thinks:  
 And fuch I am, in Rivers, ſhowrs and ſprings  
 But what's the wealth, that my rich Ocean brings  
 Fiſhes ſo numberleſs, I there do hold  
 If thou ſhouldſt buy, it would exhauſt thy gold:  
 There lives the oyly Whale, whom all men know  
 Such wealth but not fuch like, Earth thou maiſt ſhow  
 The Dolphin loving muſick, *Arians* friend  
 The witty<sup>s</sup> Barbel, whoſe craft<sup>t</sup> doth her commend  
 With thouſands more, which now I liſt not name  
 Thy ſilence of thy Beaſts doth cauſe the ſame  
 My pearles that dangle at thy Darlings ears, [16]  
 Not thou, but ſhel-fiſh yield, as *Pliny* clears.  
 Was ever gem ſo rich found in thy trunk,  
 As *Egypt*s wanton, *Cleopatra* drunk?  
 Or haſt thou any colour can come nigh  
 The Roman purple, double *Tirian* Dye?

<sup>s</sup> crafty.<sup>t</sup> wit.

Which *Cæsars* Confuls, Tribunes all adorn,  
 For it to searh my waves they thought no scorn.  
 Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-greece  
 I lightly cast ashore as frothy fleece:  
 With rowling grains of purest massie gold,  
 Which *Spains Americans* do gladly hold.  
 Earth thou hast not moe countrys vales & mounds  
 Then I have fountains, rivers lakes and ponds.  
 My fundry seas, black, white and *Adriatique*,  
*Ionian*, *Baltique* and the vast *Atlantique*,  
*Ægean*,<sup>u</sup> *Caspian*, golden Rivers five,  
*Asphaltis lake* where nought remains alive:  
 But I should go beyond thee in my<sup>v</sup> boasts,  
 If I should name<sup>w</sup> more seas then thou hast Coasts.  
 And be thy mountains n'er so high and steep,  
 I soon can match them with my seas as deep.<sup>x</sup>  
 To speak of kinds of waters I neglect,  
 My diverse fountains and their strange effect:  
 My wholsome bathes, together with their cures;  
 My water Syrens with their guilefull lures.  
 Th'uncertain cause of certain ebbs and flows,  
 Which wondring *Aristotles* wit n'er knows.  
 Nor will I speak of waters made by art,  
 Which can to life restore a fainting heart.  
 Nor fruitfull dewes, nor drops distil'd from<sup>y</sup> eyes, [17]  
 Which pittie move, and oft deceive the wife:

<sup>u</sup> The *Ponticke*.

<sup>v</sup> thy.

<sup>w</sup> shew.

<sup>x</sup> But note this maxime in Philosophy:

Then Seas are deep, mountains are never high.

<sup>y</sup> drops from weeping.

Nor yet of falt and fugar, fweet and fmart,  
Both when we lift to water we convert.  
Alas thy fhips and oars could do no good  
Did they but want my Ocean and my flood.  
The wary merchant on his weary beaft  
Tranffers his goods from fouth to north and eaft,  
Unlefs I eafe his toil, and do tranfport  
The wealthy freight unto his wifhed port.  
Thefe be my benefits, which may fuffice:  
I now muft fhew what ill<sup>z</sup> there in me lies.  
The flegmy Conftitution I uphold,  
All humors, tumors which are bred of cold:  
O're childhood and ore winter I bear fway,  
And *Luna* for my Regent I obey.  
As I with fhowers oft times refresh the earth,  
So oft in my excefs I caufe a dearth,  
And with abundant wet fo cool the ground,  
By adding cold to cold no fruit proves found.  
The Farmer and the Grafier do<sup>a</sup> complain  
Of rotten fheep, lean kine, and mildew'd grain.  
And with my wafting floods and roaring torrent,  
Their cattel hay and corn I fwEEP down current.  
Nay many times my Ocean breaks his bounds,  
And with aftonifhment the world confounds,  
And fwallows Countryes up, n'er feen again,  
And that an ifland makes which once was Main:  
Thus *Britain* fair<sup>b</sup> (tis thought) was cut from *France*  
*Scicily* from *Italy* by the like chance,

<sup>z</sup> force.<sup>a</sup> Plowman both.<sup>b</sup> Thus *Albion*.

And but one land was *Africa* and *Spain* [18]  
 Untill proud<sup>c</sup> *Gibraltar* did make them twain.  
 Some say I swallow'd up (sure tis a notion)  
 A mighty country in th' *Atlantique Ocean*.  
 I need not say much of my hail and snow,  
 My ice and extream cold, which all men know,  
 Whereof the first so ominous I rain'd,  
 That *Israels* enemies therewith were brain'd:  
 And of my chilling snows<sup>d</sup> such plenty be,  
 That *Caucasus* high mounts are feldome free.  
 Mine ice doth glaze *Europes* great<sup>e</sup> rivers o're,  
 Till sun release, their ships can sail no more.  
 All know that<sup>f</sup> inundations I have made,  
 Wherein not men, but mountains seem'd to wade;  
 As when *Achaia*, all under water flood,  
 That for two hundred years it n'er prov'd good.  
*Deucalions* great Deluge with many moe,  
 But these are trifles to the flood of *Noe*,  
 Then wholly perish'd Earths ignoble race,  
 And to this day impairs her beauteous face,  
 That after times shall never feel like woe,  
 Her confirm'd sons behold my colour'd bow.  
 Much might I say of wracks, but that Ile spare,  
 And now give place unto our Sister *Air*,

<sup>c</sup> straight.<sup>d</sup> colds.<sup>e</sup> big't.<sup>f</sup> what.



*Air.*

[19]

CONTENT (quoth Air) to speak the last of you,  
Yet am not ignorant<sup>g</sup> first was my due:

I do suppose you'll yield without controul

I am the breath of every living soul.

Mortals, what one of you that loves not me

Abundantly more then my Sisters three?

And though you love Fire, Earth and Water well

Yet Air beyond all these you know t'excell.

I ask the man condemn'd, that's neer his death,

How gladly should his gold purchase his breath,

And all the wealth that ever earth did give,

How freely should it go so he might live:

No earth,<sup>h</sup> thy witching trash were all but vain,

If my pure air thy fons did not sustain.

The famish'd thirsty man that craves supply,

His moving reason is, give least I dye,

So loth he is to go though nature's spent

To bid adieu to his dear Element.

Nay what are words which do reveal the mind,

Speak who or what they will they are but wind.

Your drums your trumpets & your organs found,

What is't but forced air which doth<sup>i</sup> rebound,

And such are ecchoes and report ofth' gun

That tells afar th'exploit which it hath done.

Your Songs and pleasant tunes they are the same,

And so's the notes which Nightingales do frame.

<sup>g</sup> Though not through ignorance.

<sup>h</sup> world.

<sup>i</sup> must.

Ye forging Smiths, if bellows once were gone [20]  
 Your red hot work more coldly would go on.  
 Ye Mariners, tis I that fill your fails,  
 And speed you to your port with wished gales.  
 When burning heat doth cause you faint, I cool,  
 And when I smile, your ocean's like a pool.  
 I help to ripe the corn, I turn the mill,<sup>j</sup>  
 And with my self I every *Vacuum* fill.  
 The ruddy sweet sanguine is like to air,  
 And youth and spring, Sages to me compare,  
 My moist hot nature is so purely thin,  
 No place so subtilly made, but I get in.  
 I grow more pure and pure as I mount higher,  
 And when I'm throughly rarifi'd turn fire:  
 So when I am condens'd, I turn to water,  
 Which may be done by holding down my vapour.  
 Thus I another body can assume,  
 And in a trice my own nature resume.  
 Some for this cause of late have been so bold  
 Me for no Element longer to hold,  
 Let such suspend their thoughts, and silent be,  
 For all Philosophers make one of me:  
 And what those Sages either<sup>k</sup> spake or writ  
 Is more authentick then our<sup>l</sup> modern wit.  
 Next of my fowles such multitudes there are,  
 Earths beasts and waters fish scarce can compare.  
 Th'Ostrich with her plumes, th'Eagle with her eyn  
 The Phænix too (if any be) are mine,

<sup>j</sup> I ripe the corne, I turne the grinding mill;

<sup>k</sup> Sages did, or.

<sup>l</sup> their.

The stork, the crane, the partridg, and the pheasant  
The Thrush, the wren,<sup>m</sup> the lark a prey to'th' pefant.  
With thousands more which now I may omit [21]  
Without impeachment to my tale or wit.  
As my fresh air preserves all things in life,  
So when corrupt, mortality is rife:  
Then Fevers, Purples, Pox and Pestilence,  
With divers moe, work deadly consequence:  
Whereof such multitudes have di'd and fled,  
The living scarce had power to bury dead;  
Yea so contagious cuntryes have we known  
That birds have not 'scapt death as they have flown  
Of murrain, cattle numberless did fall,  
Men fear'd destruction epidemical.  
Then of my tempests felt at sea and land,  
Which neither ships nor houses could withstand,  
What wofull wracks I've made may well appear,  
If nought were known but that before *Algere*,  
Where famous *Charles the fifth* more losfs sustaind  
Then in his long hot war which *Millain* gain'd."  
Again what furious storms and Hurricanoes<sup>o</sup>  
Know western Isles, as *Christophers*, *Barbadoes*,

<sup>m</sup> The Pye, the Jay.

<sup>n</sup> After this the first edition has, —

How many rich fraught vessells, have I split?  
Some upon sands, some upon rocks have hit.  
Some have I forc'd, to gaine an unknown shoare;  
Some overwhelm'd with waves, and seen no more.

<sup>o</sup> Again what tempests, and what hericanoes.

Where neither houfes, trees nor plants I spare;  
 But fome fall down, and fome fly up with air.  
 Earthquakes fo hurtfull, and fo fear'd of all,  
 Imprifon'd I, am the original.  
 Then what prodigious fights I fometimes fhew,  
 As battles pitcht in th' air, as countryes know,  
 Their joyning fighting, forcing and retreat,  
 That earth appears in heaven, O wonder great!  
 Sometimes red<sup>p</sup> flaming fwords and blazing ftars,  
 Portentous figns of famines, plagues and wars.  
 Which make the mighty Monarchs fear their fates [22]  
 By death or great mutation of their States.  
 I have faid lefs then did my Sifters three,  
 But what's their wrath<sup>q</sup> or force, the fame's<sup>r</sup> in me.  
 To adde to all I've faid was my intent,  
 But dare not go beyond my Element.

<sup>p</sup> ftrange.<sup>q</sup> worth.<sup>r</sup> but more's.



*Of the four Humours in Mans*  
Constitution.

**T**He former four now ending their discourse,  
Ceasing to vaunt their good, or threat their force,  
Lo other four step up, crave leave to show  
The native qualities that from them<sup>s</sup> flow:  
But first they wisely shew'd their high descent,  
Each eldest daughter to each Element.  
Choler was own'd by fire, and Blood by air,  
Earth knew her black swarth child, water her fair:  
All having made obeysance to each Mother,  
Had leave to speak, succeeding one the other:  
But 'mongst themselves they were at variance,  
Which of the four should have predominance.  
Choler first<sup>t</sup> hotly claim'd right by her mother,  
Who had precedency of all the other:  
But Sanguine did disdain what she requir'd,  
Pleading her self was most of all desir'd.  
Proud Melancholy more envious then the rest,  
The second, third or last could not digest.

<sup>s</sup> each.

<sup>t</sup> "first" not in the first edition.

She was the filenteft of all the four, [23]  
 Her wifdom fpake not much, but thought the more  
 Mild<sup>u</sup> Flegme did not conteft for chiefeft<sup>v</sup> place,  
 Only fhe crav'd to have a vacant fpace.  
 Well, thus they parle and chide; but to be brief,  
 Or will they, nill they, Choler will be chief.  
 They feing her impetuofity<sup>w</sup>  
 At present yielded to neceffity.



*Choler.*

**T**O fhew my high<sup>x</sup> defcent and pedegree,  
 Your felves would judge but vain prolixity;  
 It is acknowledged from whence I came,  
 It fhall fuffice to fhew<sup>y</sup> you what I am,  
 My felf and mother one, as you fhall fee,  
 But fhee in greater, I in lefs degree.  
 We both once Mafculines, the world doth know,  
 Now Feminines awhile, for love we owe  
 Unto your Sifterhood, which makes us render  
 Our noble felves in a lefs noble gender.  
 Though under Fire we comprehend all heat,  
 Yet man for Choler is the proper feat:  
 I in his heart erect my regal throne,  
 Where Monarch like I play and fway alone.

<sup>u</sup> Cold.

<sup>v</sup> higheft.

<sup>w</sup> imperiofity.

<sup>x</sup> great.

<sup>y</sup> tel.

Yet many times unto my great disgrace  
One of your selves are my Compeers in place,  
Where if your rule prove once <sup>z</sup> predominant,  
The man proves boyish, fottish, ignorant:  
But if you yield subservience unto me, [24]  
I make a man, a man in th'high'st degree:  
Be he a souldier, I more fence his heart  
Then iron Corflet 'gainst a sword or dart.  
What makes him face his foe without appal,  
To storm a breach, or scale a city wall,  
In dangers to account himself more sure  
Then timerous Hares whom Castles do immure?  
Have you not heard of worthyes, Demi-Gods?  
Twixt them and others what is't makes the odds  
But valour? whence comes that? from none of you,  
Nay milkfops at such brunts you look but blew.  
Here's sifter ruddy, worth the other two,  
Who much will talk, but little dares she do,  
Unless to Court and claw, to dice and drink,  
And there she will out-bid us all, I think,  
She loves a fiddle better then a drum,  
A Chamber well, in field she dares not come,  
She'l ride a horse as bravely as the best,  
And break a staff, provided 'be in jest;  
But shuns to look on wounds, & blood that's spilt,  
She loves her sword only because its gilt.  
Then here's our sad black Sister, worse then you.  
She'l neither say she will, nor will she doe;

<sup>z</sup> once grow.

But peevish Malecontent, musing fits,  
 And by misprissions like to loofe her witts:  
 If great perfwasions caufe her meet her foe,  
 In her dull refolution ſhe's fo flow,  
 To march her pace to ſome is greater pain  
 Then by a quick encounter to be flain.  
 But be ſhe beaten, ſhe'l not run away, [25]  
 She'l firſt adviſe if't be not beſt to ſtay.  
 Now<sup>a</sup> let's give cold white ſiſter flegme her right,  
 So loving unto all ſhe ſcorns to fight:  
 If any threaten her, ſhe'l in a trice  
 Convert from water to congealed ice:  
 Her teeth will chatter, dead and wan's her face,  
 And 'fore ſhe be affaulted, quits the place.  
 She dares not challeng, if I ſpeak amifs,  
 Nor hath ſhe wit or heat to bluſh at this.  
 Here's three of you all ſee now what you are,  
 Then yield to me preheminnence in war.  
 Again who fits for learning, ſcience, arts?  
 Who rarifies the intellectual parts:  
 From whence fine ſpirits flow and witty notions:  
 But tis<sup>b</sup> not from our dull, flow ſiſters motions:  
 Nor ſiſter fanguine, from thy moderate heat,  
 Poor ſpirits the Liver breeds, which is thy feat.  
 What comes from thence, my heat refines the ſame  
 And through the arteries ſends it o're the frame:  
 The vital ſpirits they're call'd, and well they may  
 For when they fail, man turns unto his clay.

<sup>a</sup> But.<sup>b</sup> "But tis" not in the firſt edition.



The animal I claim as well as these,  
The nerves, should I not warm, soon would they freeze  
But flegme her self is now provok'd at this  
She thinks I never shot so far amiss.  
The brain she challengeth, the head's her feat;  
But know'ts a foolish brain that wanteth heat.  
My absence proves it plain, her wit then flies  
Out at her nose, or melteth at her eyes.  
Oh who would miss this influence of thine [26]  
To be distill'd, a drop on every Line?  
Alas,<sup>c</sup> thou hast no Spirits, thy Company  
Will feed a dropfy, or a Tympany,  
The Palsy, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolour:  
Thou wast not made, for Souldier or for Scholar;  
Of greazy paunch, and bloated<sup>d</sup> cheeks go vaunt,  
But a good head from these are diffonant.  
But Melancholy, wouldst have this glory thine,  
Thou sayst thy wits are staid, subtil and fine;  
'Tis true, when I am Midwife to thy birth  
Thy self's as dull, as is thy mother Earth:  
Thou canst not claim the liver, head nor heart  
Yet hast the<sup>e</sup> Seat assign'd, a goodly part  
The sinke of all us three, the hateful Spleen  
Of that black Region, nature made thee Queen;  
Where pain and fore obstruction thou dost work,  
Where envy, malice, thy Companions lurk.  
If once thou'rt great, what follows thereupon  
But bodies wasting, and destruction?

<sup>c</sup> No, i.o.<sup>d</sup> palled.<sup>e</sup> thy.

So base thou art, that baser cannot be,  
 Th' excrement aduſtion of me.  
 But I am weary to dilate your ſhame,  
 Nor is't my pleaſure thus to blur your name,  
 Only to raiſe my honour to the Skies,  
 As objects beſt appear by contraries.  
 But<sup>f</sup> Arms, and Arts I claim, and higher things,  
 The princely qualities befitting Kings,  
 Whoſe profound<sup>g</sup> heads I line with policies,  
 They'r held for Oracles, they are ſo wiſe,  
 Their wrathful looks are death their words are laws [27]  
 Their Courage it foe, friend, and Subject awes;  
 But one of you, would make a worthy King  
 Like our fixth *Henry* (that ſame virtuous<sup>h</sup> thing)  
 That when a Varlet ſtruck him o're the ſide,  
 Forſooth you are to blame, he grave reply'd.  
 Take Choler from a Prince, what is he more  
 Then a dead Lion, by Beaſts triumph'd o're.  
 Again you know, how I act every part  
 By th' influence, I ſtill ſend from the heart:  
 It's nor your Muſcles, nerves, nor this nor that  
 Do's ought without my lively heat, that's flat:<sup>i</sup>  
 Nay th' ſtomack magazine to all the reſt  
 Without my boyling heat cannot digeſt:  
 And yet to make my greatneſs, ſtill more great  
 What differences, the Sex? but only heat.

<sup>f</sup> Thus.<sup>g</sup> Serene.<sup>h</sup> worthy.<sup>i</sup> After this the firſt edition has, —

The ſpongy Lungs, I feed with frothy blood.  
 They coole my heat, and ſo repay my good.

And one thing more, to close up my narration  
Of all that lives, I cause the propagation.  
I have been sparing what I might have said  
I love no boasting, that's but Childrens trade.  
To what you now shall say I will attend,  
And to your weakness gently condescend.



*Blood.*

GOOD Sisters, give me leave, as is my place  
To vent my grief, and wipe off my disgrace:  
Your selves may plead your wrongs are no whit less  
Your patience more then mine, I must confess  
Did ever sober tongue such language speak, [28]  
Or honesty such ties unfriendly break?  
Dost know thy self so well us so amiss?  
Is't arrogance<sup>j</sup> or folly causeth this?  
Ile only shew the wrong thou'st done to me,  
Then let my sisters right their injury.  
To pay with railings is not mine intent,  
But to evince the truth by Argument:  
I will analyse this thy proud relation  
So full of boasting and prevarication,  
Thy foolish<sup>k</sup> incongruities Ile show,  
So walk thee till thou'rt cold, then let thee go.

<sup>j</sup> ignorance.

<sup>k</sup> childish.

There is no Souldier but thy felf (thou fayest,)  
 No valour upon Earth, but what thou haft  
 Thy filly<sup>l</sup> provocations I despise,  
 And leave't to all to judge, where valour lies  
 No pattern, nor no pattron will I bring  
 But *David, Judah's* most heroick King,  
 Whose glorious deeds in Arms the world can tell,  
 A rofie cheek Mufitian thou know'ft well;  
 He knew well how to handle Sword and Harp,  
 And how to ftrike full fweet, as well as fharp,  
 Thou laugh'ft at me for loving merriment,  
 And fcorn'ft all Knightly fports at Turnament.  
 Thou fayft I love my Sword, becaufe it's gilt,  
 But know, I love the Blade, more then the Hill,  
 Yet do abhor fuch temerarious deeds,  
 As thy unbridled, barbarous Choler breeds:<sup>m</sup>  
 Thy rudeness counts good manners vanity,  
 And real Complements bafe flattery.  
 For drink, which of us twain like it the beft, [29]  
 Ile go no further then thy nofe for teft:  
 Thy other scoffs, not worthy of reply  
 Shall vanifh as of no validity:  
 Of thy black Calumnies this is but part,  
 But now Ile fhew what fouldier thou art.  
 And though thou'ft us'd me with opprobrious fpight  
 My ingenuity muft give thee right.  
 Thy choler is but rage when tis moft pure,  
 But ufefull when a mixture can endure;

<sup>l</sup> foolifh.<sup>m</sup> yeelds.

As with thy mother fire, so tis with thee,  
The best of all the four when they agree:  
But let her leave the rest, then <sup>n</sup> I presume  
Both them and all things else she would <sup>o</sup> confume.  
VVhilst us for thine associates thou tak'st,  
A Souldier most compleat in all points mak'st:  
But when thou scorn'st to take the help we lend,  
Thou art a Fury or infernal Fiend.  
Witness the execrable deeds thou'st done,  
Nor sparing Sex nor Age, nor Sire nor Son;  
To satisfy thy pride and cruelty,  
Thou oft hast broke bounds of Humanity,  
Nay should I tell, thou would'st count me no blab,  
How often for the lye, thou'st given the stab.  
To take the wall's a sin of so high rate,  
That nought but death <sup>p</sup> the same may expiate,  
To cross thy will, a challenge doth deserve  
So shed'st that blood, <sup>q</sup> thou'rt bounden to preserve  
Wilt thou this valour, Courage, Manhood call:  
No, know 'tis pride most diabolical.  
If murders be thy glory, tis no less, [30]  
Ile not envy thy feats, nor happiness:  
But if in fitting time and place 'gainst foes  
For countreys good thy life thou dar'st expose,  
Be dangers n'er so high, and courage great,  
Ile praise that prowess, fury, <sup>r</sup> Choler, heat:  
But such thou never art when all alone,  
Yet such when we all four are joyn'd in one.

<sup>n</sup> and.<sup>o</sup> will.<sup>p</sup> blood.<sup>q</sup> So spils that life.<sup>r</sup> that fury, valour.

And when such thou art, even such are we,  
 The friendly Coadjutors still of thee.  
 Nextly the Spirits thou dost wholly claim,  
 Which nat'ral, vital, animal we name:  
 To play Philosopher I have no list,  
 Nor yet Physitian, nor Anatomist,  
 For acting these, I have no will nor Art,  
 Yet shall with Equity, give thee thy part  
 For natural,<sup>s</sup> thou dost not much contest;  
 For there is <sup>t</sup> none (thou sayst) if some not best;  
 That there are some, and best, I dare averre  
 Of greatest use, if reason do not erre:<sup>u</sup>  
 What is there living, which do'nt first <sup>v</sup> derive  
 His Life now Animal, from vegetive:  
 If thou giv'st life, I give the <sup>w</sup> nourishment,  
 Thine without mine, is not, 'tis evident:  
 But I without thy help, can give a growth  
 As plants trees, and small Embryon know'th  
 And if vital Spirits, do flow from thee  
 I am as sure, the natural, from me:  
 Be <sup>x</sup> thine the nobler, which I grant, yet mine  
 Shall justly claim priority of thine.  
 I am the fountain which thy Cistern fills [31]  
 Through warm blew Conduits of my venial rills:  
 What hath the heart, but what's sent from the liver  
 If thou'rt the taker, I must be the giver.

<sup>s</sup> th' natural.<sup>t</sup> are.<sup>u</sup> More useful then the rest, don't reason erre;<sup>v</sup> cannot.<sup>w</sup> thee.<sup>x</sup> But.

Then never boast of what thou dost receive:  
For of such glory I shall thee bereave.  
But why the heart should be usurp'd by thee,  
I must confess seems something<sup>y</sup> strange to me:  
The spirits through thy heat made perfect are,<sup>z</sup>  
But the Materials none of thine, that's clear:  
Their wondrous mixture is of blood and air,  
The first my self, second my mother<sup>a</sup> fair.  
But Ile not force retorts, nor do thee wrong,  
Thy fi'ry yellow froth is mixt among,  
Challeng not all, 'cause part we do allow;  
Thou know'st I've there to do as well as thou:  
But thou wilt say I deal unequally,  
Their lives the irascible faculty,  
Which without all dispute, is Cholers own;  
Besides the vehement heat, only there known  
Can be imputed, unto none but Fire  
Which is thy self, thy Mother and thy Sire  
That this is true, I easily can assent  
If still you take along my Aliment;  
And let me be your partner which is due,  
So shall I give the dignity to you:  
Again, Stomacks Concoction thou dost claim,  
But by what right, nor do'st, nor canst thou name  
Unless as heat, it be thy faculty,  
And so thou challengest her property.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>y</sup> is somewhat.

<sup>z</sup> are made perfect there.

<sup>a</sup> filter.

<sup>b</sup> It is her own heat, not thy faculty,

'Thou do'st unjustly claime, her property.

[32]

The help she needs, the loving liver lends,  
 Who th' benefit o'th' whole ever intends  
 To meddle further I shall be but shent,  
 Th'rest to our Sisters is more pertinent;  
 Your slanders thus refuted takes no place,  
 Nor what you've said, doth argue my disgrace,<sup>c</sup>  
 Now through your leaves, some little time I'll spend  
 My worth in humble manner to commend  
 This, hot, moist nutritive humour of mine  
 When 'tis untaint, pure, and most genuine  
 Shall chiefly<sup>d</sup> take the<sup>e</sup> place, as is my<sup>e</sup> due  
 Without the least indignity to you.  
 Of all your qualities I do partake,  
 And what you single are, the whole I make  
 Your hot, moist, cold, dry natures are but four,  
 I moderately am all, what need I more;  
 As thus, if hot then dry, if moist, then cold,  
 If this you can't disprove,<sup>f</sup> then all I hold  
 My virtues hid, I've let you dimly see  
 My sweet Complection proves the verity.  
 This Scarlet die's a badge of what's within  
 One touch thereof, so beautifies the skin:  
 Nay, could I be, from all your tangs but pure  
 Mans life to boundless Time might still endure.  
 But here one thrusts her heat, wher'ts not requir'd  
 So suddenly, the body all is fired,  
 And of the calme sweet temper quite bereft,  
 Which makes the Mansion, by the Soul soon left.

<sup>c</sup> Though cast upon my guiltlesse blushing face;

<sup>d</sup> firstly.

<sup>e</sup> her.

<sup>f</sup> If this can't be disprov'd.



So Melancholy feizes<sup>s</sup> on a man,  
With her uncheerful vifage, fwarth and wan,  
The body dryes, the mind fublime doth smother, [33]  
And turns him to the womb of's earthy mother:  
And flegm likewise can fhew her cruel art,  
With cold diftempers to pain every part:  
The lungs fhe rots, the body wears away,  
As if fhe'd leave no flefh to turn to clay,  
Her languifhing difeafes, though not quick  
At length demolifhes the Faberick,  
All to prevent, this curious care I take,  
In th' laft concoction fegregation make  
Of all the perverfe humours from mine own,  
The bitter choler moft malignant known  
I turn into his Cell clofe by my fide  
The Melancholy to the Spleen t'abide:  
Likewife the whey, fome ufe I in the veins,  
The overplus I fend unto the reins:  
But yet for all my toil, my care and skill,  
Its doom'd by an irrevocable will  
That my intents fhould meet with interruption,  
That mortal man might turn to his corruption.  
I might here fhew the noblenefs of mind  
Of fuch as to the fanguine are inclin'd,  
They're liberal, pleafant, kind and courteous,  
And like the Liver all benighious.  
For arts and fciences they are the fitteft;  
And maugre Choler ftill they are the wittieft:

With an ingenious working Phantafie,  
 A moft voluminous large Memory,  
 And nothing wanting but Solidity.  
 But why alas, thus tedious fhould I be, [34]  
 Thoufand examples you may daily fee.  
 If time I have tranfgreft, and been too long,  
 Yet could not be more brief without much wrong;  
 I've fcarce wip'd off the fpofts proud choler caft,  
 Such venome lies in words, though but a blaft:  
 No braggs i've us'd, to you I dare appeal,  
 If modefty my worth do not conceal.  
 I've us'd no bittererfs nor taxt your name,  
 As I to you, to me do ye the fame.



*Melancholy.*

**H**E that with two Affailants hath to do,  
 Had need be armed well and active too.  
 Efpecially when friendship is pretended,  
 That blow's moft deadly where it is intended.  
 Though choler rage and rail, I'le not do fo,  
 The tongue's no weapon to affault a foe:  
 But fith we fight with words, we might be kind  
 To fpare our felves and beat the whiffling wind,  
 Fair rofie fifter, fo might'ft thou fcape free;  
 I'le flatter for a time as thou didft me:

But when the first offender I have laid,  
Thy footing girds shall fully be repaid.  
But Choler be thou cool'd or chaf'd, I'll venter,  
And in contentions lifts now justly enter.<sup>h</sup>  
What mov'd thee thus to vilifie my name,  
Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:  
Thy fiery spirit shall bear away this prize, [35]  
To play such furious pranks I am too wise:  
If in a Souldier rashness be so precious,  
Know in a General tis most pernicious.  
Nature doth teach to shield the head from harm,  
The blow that's aim'd thereat is latched by th'arm.  
When in Batalia my foes I face  
I then command proud Choler stand thy place,  
To use thy sword, thy courage and thy art  
There to defend my self, thy better part.  
This wariness count not for cowardize,  
He is not truly valiant that's not wise.  
It's no less glory to defend a town,  
Then by assault to gain one not our own;  
And if *Marcellus* bold be call'd *Romes* sword,  
Wife *Fabius* is her buckler all accord:  
And if thy haught my slowness should not temper,  
'Twere but a mad irregular distemper;  
Enough of that by our sisters heretofore,  
Ile come to that which wounds me somewhat more

<sup>h</sup> After this the first edition has, —

Thy boasted valour stoutly's been repell'd,  
If not as yet, by me, thou shalt be quell'd :

Of learning, policy thou wouldst bereave me,  
 But 's not thine ignorance shall thus deceive me:  
 What greater Clark or Politician lives,  
 Then he whose brain a touch my humour gives?  
 What is too hot my coldness doth abate,  
 What's diffident I do consolidate.  
 If I be partial judg'd or thought to erre,  
 The melancholy snake shall it aver,  
 Whose <sup>i</sup> cold dry head <sup>j</sup> more subtilty doth yield,  
 Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.  
 Again <sup>k</sup> thou dost confine me to the spleen, [36]  
 As of that only part I were the Queen,  
 Let me as well make thy precincts the Gall,  
 So prison thee within that bladder small:  
 Reduce the man to's principles, then see  
 If I have not more part then all you three:  
 What is within, without, of theirs or thine,  
 Yet time and age shall soon declare it mine.  
 When death doth seize the man your stock is lost,  
 When you poor bankrupts prove then have I most.  
 You'll say here none shall e're disturb my right,  
 You high born from that lump then take your flight.  
 Then who's mans friend, when life & all forfakes?  
 His Mother mine, him to her womb retakes:  
 Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave,  
 But while he lives, I'll shew what part I have:  
 And first the firm dry bones I justly claim,  
 The strong foundation of the stately frame:

<sup>i</sup> Those.<sup>j</sup> heads.<sup>k</sup> Thirdly.

Likewise the usefull Spleen, though not the best,  
Yet is a bowel call'd well as the rest:  
The Liver, Stomack, owe their <sup>l</sup> thanks of right,  
The first it drains, of th'last quicks appetite.  
Laughter (thô thou say malice) flows from hence,  
These two in one cannot have residence.  
But thou most grossly dost mistake to think  
The Spleen for all you three was made a sink,  
Of all the rest thou'st nothing there to do,  
But if thou hast, that malice is <sup>m</sup> from you.  
Again you often touch my swarthy hue,  
That black is black, and I am black tis true;  
But yet more comely far I dare avow, [37]  
Then is thy torrid nose or brazen brow.  
But that which shews how high your spight is bent  
Is charging me to be thy excrement:  
Thy loathsome imputation I defie,  
So plain a slander needeth no reply.  
When by thy heat thou'st bak'd thy self to crust,  
And so art call'd black Choler or adust,  
Thou witless think'st that I am thy excretion,  
So mean thou art in Art as in discretion:<sup>n</sup>  
But by your leave I'll let your greatness see  
What Officer thou art to us all three,  
The Kitchen Drudge, the cleanser of the sinks  
That casts out all that man e're eats or drinks:

<sup>l</sup> owes it.

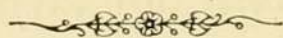
<sup>m</sup> comes.

<sup>n</sup> Thou do'st assume my name, wel be it just;  
This transmutation is, but not excretion,  
Thou wants Philosophy, and yet discretion.

If any doubt the truth whence this should come,  
 Shew them thy passage to th' Duodenum;  
 Thy biting<sup>o</sup> quality still irritates,  
 Till filth and thee nature exonerates:  
 If there thou'rt stopt, to th' Liver thou turn'ft in,  
 And thence with jaundies saffrons all the skin.  
 No further time Ile spend in confutation,  
 I trust I've clear'd your slanderous imputation.  
 I now speak unto all, no more to one,  
 Pray hear, admire and learn instruction.  
 My virtues yours surpass without compare,  
 The first my constancy that jewel rare:  
 Choler's too rash this golden gift to hold,  
 And Sanguine is more fickle manifold,  
 Here, there her restless thoughts do ever fly,  
 Constant in nothing but unconstancy.  
 And what Flegme is, we know, like to her mother, [38]  
 Unstable is the one, and so the other;  
 With me is noble patience also found,  
 Impatient Choler loveth not the found,  
 What sanguine is, she doth not heed nor care,  
 Now up, now down, transported like the Air:  
 Flegme's patient because her nature's tame;  
 But I, by virtue do acquire the fame.  
 My Temperance, Chastity is eminent,  
 But these with you, are seldom resident;  
 Now could I stain my ruddy Sisters face  
 With deeper red,<sup>p</sup> to shew you her disgrace,

<sup>o</sup> bittering.<sup>p</sup> purple dye.

But rather I with silence vaile her shame  
Then cause her blush, while I relate <sup>7</sup> the fame.  
Nor are ye free from this inormity,  
Although she bear the greatest obloquie,  
My prudence, judgement, I might now reveal  
But wisdom 'tis my wisdom to conceal.  
Unto diseases not inclin'd as you,  
Nor cold, nor hot, Ague nor Plurisie,  
Nor Cough, nor Quinsiey, nor the burning Feaver,  
I rarely feel to act his fierce endeavour;  
My sickness in conceit chiefly doth lye,  
What I imagine that's my malady.  
Chymeraes strange are in my phantasy,  
And things that never were, nor shall I see  
I love not talk, Reason lies not in length,  
Nor multitude of words argues our strength;  
I've done pray sifter Flegme proceed in Course,  
We shall expect much found, but little force.



*Flegme.*

[39]

**P**ATIENT I am, patient i'd need to be,  
To bear with the injurious taunts of three,  
Though wit I want, and anger I have less,  
Enough of both, my wrongs now to express

<sup>7</sup> dilate.

I've not forgot, how bitter Choler spake  
 Nor how her gaul on me she caufeless brake;  
 Nor wonder 'twas for hatred there's not small,  
 Where opposition is Diametrical.  
 To what is Truth I freely will assent,  
 Although my Name do suffer detriment,  
 What's slanderous repell, doubtful dispute,  
 And when I've nothing left to say be mute.  
 Valour I want, no Souldier am 'tis true,  
 I'll leave that manly Property to you;  
 I love no thundring guns,\* nor bloody wars,  
 My polish'd Skin was not ordain'd for Skarrs:  
 But though the pitched field I've ever fled,  
 At home the Conquerours have conquered.  
 Nay, I could tell you what's more true then meet,  
 That Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet;  
 When Sister sanguine paints my Ivory face:  
 The Monarchs bend and sue, but for my grace  
 My lilly white when joyned with her red,  
 Princes hath flav'd, and Captains captived,  
 Country with Country, Greece with *Asia* fights  
 Sixty nine Princes, all stout *Hero* Knights.  
 Under *Troys* walls ten years will wear<sup>s</sup> away, [40]  
 Rather then loose one beauteous *Helena*.  
 But 'twere as vain, to prove this truth of mine  
 As at noon day, to tell the Sun doth shine.  
 Next difference that 'twixt us twain doth lye  
 Who doth possess the brain, or thou or I?

\* Drums.

s waste.



Shame forc'd the fay, the matter that was mine,  
But the Spirits by which it acts are thine :  
Thou speakest Truth, and I can fay no less,  
Thy heat doth much, I candidly confefs;  
Yet without ostentation I may fay,  
I do as much for thee another way :<sup>t</sup>  
And though I grant, thou art my helper here,  
No debtor I because it's paid else where.  
With all your flourishes, now Sisters three  
Who is't that dare, or can, compare with me,  
My excellencies are so great, so many,  
I am confounded; fore I speak of any:  
The brain's the noblest member all allow,  
Its form and Scituation will avow,  
Its Ventricles, Membranes and wondrous net,  
*Galen, Hippocrates* drive to a set;  
That Divine Offspring" the immortal Soul  
Though it in all, and every part be whole,  
Within this stately place of eminence,  
Doth doubtless keep its mighty residence.  
And surely, the Soul sensitive here lives,  
Which life and motion to each creature gives,  
The Conjugation of the parts, to th' braine  
Doth shew, hence flow the pow'rs which they retain  
Within this high Built *Cittadel*, doth lye [41]  
The Reason, fancy, and the memory;

<sup>t</sup> But yet thou art as much, I truly fay,  
Beholding unto me another way.

" Effence.

The faculty of speech doth here abide,  
 The Spirits animal, from hence do slide:  
 The five most noble Senses here do dwell;  
 Of three it's hard to say, which doth excell.  
 This point now to discuss, 'longs not to me,  
 I'll touch the fight, great'st wonder of the three;  
 The optick Nerve, Coats, humours all are mine,  
 The watry, glassie, and the Chrystaline;  
 O mixture strange! O colour colourless,  
 Thy perfect temperament who can express:  
 He was no fool who thought the foul lay there,  
 Whence her affections passions speak so clear.  
 O good, O bad, O true, O traiterous eyes  
 What wonderments within your Balls there lyes,  
 Of all the Senses fight shall be the Queen;  
 Yet some may wish, O had mine eyes ne're seen.  
 Mine, likewise is the marrow, of the back,  
 Which runs through all the Spondles of the rack,  
 It is the substitute o'th royal brain,  
 All Nerves, except seven pair, to it retain.  
 And the strong Ligaments from hence arise,  
 Which joynt to joynt, the intire body ties.  
 Some other parts there issue from the Brain,  
 Whose worth and use to tell, I must refrain:  
 Some curious<sup>v</sup> learned *Crooke*,\* may these reveal  
 But modesty, hath charg'd me to conceal  
 Here's my Epitome of excellence:  
 For what's the Brains is mine by Consequence.

<sup>v</sup> worthy.

\* See Introduction.

A foolish brain (quoth <sup>w</sup> Choler) wanting heat [42]  
But a mad one say I, where 'tis too great,  
Phrensie's worse then folly, one would more glad  
With a tame fool converse then with a mad;  
For learning then my brain <sup>x</sup> is not the fittest,  
Nor will I yield <sup>y</sup> that Choler is <sup>z</sup> the wittiest.  
Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,  
For memory the sand is not more brittle;  
Again, none's fit for Kingly state <sup>a</sup> but thou,  
If Tyrants be the best, I le it allow:  
But if love be as requisite as fear,  
Then thou and I must make a mixture here.  
Well to be brief, I hope now Cholers laid,  
And I'le pass by what Sister sanguine said.  
To Melancholy I le make no reply,  
The worst she said was instability,  
And too much talk, both which I here confess  
A warning good, hereafter I'le say less.  
Let's now be friends; its time our spight were spent,  
Lest we too late this rashness do repent,  
Such premises will force a sad conclusion,  
Unless we agree, all falls into confusion.  
Let Sanguine with her hot hand Choler hold,  
To take her moist my moisture will be bold:  
My cold, cold melancholy <sup>b</sup> hand shall clasp;  
Her dry, dry Cholers other hand shall grasp.

<sup>w</sup> faith.

<sup>y</sup> Ne're did I heare.

<sup>a</sup> place.

<sup>x</sup> Then, my head for learning.

<sup>z</sup> was.

<sup>b</sup> Melanchollies.

Two hot, two moist, two cold, two dry here be,  
A golden Ring, the Pofey *VNITY*.  
Nor jarrs nor scoffs, let none hereafter see,  
But all admire our perfect Amity  
Nor be discern'd, here's water, earth, air, fire, [43]  
But here a compact body, whole intire.  
This loving counfel pleas'd them all fo well  
That flegm was judg'd for kindnes to excell.





## *Of the four Ages of Man.*

**L**O now four other act<sup>c</sup> upon the stage,  
Childhood and Youth, the Manly & Old age;  
The first son unto flegm, Grand-child to water,  
Unstable, supple, cold and moist's his nature.  
The second frolick, claims his pedegree  
From blood and air, for hot and moist is he.  
The third of fire and Choler is compos'd  
Vindicative and quarrelsome dispos'd.  
The last of earth, and heavy melancholy,  
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly.  
Childhood was cloth'd in white & green<sup>d</sup> to show  
His spring was intermixed with some snow:  
Upon his head nature a Garland set  
Of Primrose, Daizy & the Violet.  
Such cold mean flowrs the spring puts forth<sup>e</sup> betime [44]  
Before the sun hath throughly heat<sup>f</sup> the clime.  
His Hobby striding did not ride but run,  
And in his hand an hour-glafs new begun,

<sup>c</sup> acts.      <sup>d</sup> given.      <sup>e</sup> (as these) blossome.      <sup>f</sup> warm'd.

In danger every moment of a fall,  
 And when tis broke then ends his life and all:  
 But if he hold till it have run its last,  
 Then may he live out<sup>g</sup> threescore years or past.  
 Next Youth came up in gorgeous attire,  
 (As that fond age doth most of all desire)  
 His Suit of Crimfon and his scarfe of green,  
 His pride in's countenance was quickly seen,  
 Garland of rofes, pinks and gilli-flowers  
 Seemed on's head to grow bedew'd with flowers:  
 His face as fresh as is *Aurora* fair,  
 When blushing she first 'gins to light<sup>h</sup> the air.  
 No wooden horfe, but one of mettal try'd,  
 He seems to fly or fwim, and not to ride.  
 Then prancing on the ftage, about he wheels,  
 But as he went death waited at his heels.  
 The next came up in a much<sup>i</sup> graver fort,  
 As one that cared for a good report,  
 His fword by's fide, and choler in his eyes,  
 But neither us'd as yet, for he was wife:  
 Of Autumns fruits a basket on his arm,  
 His golden God in's purfe, which was his charm.  
 And last of all to act upon this ftage  
 Leaning upon his ftaff came up Old Age,  
 Under his arm a sheaf of wheat he bore,  
 An harveft of the beft, what needs he more?  
 In's other hand a glafs ev'n almost run,  
 Thus writ about *This out then am I done.*

[45]

His hoary hairs, and grave aspect made way,  
And all gave ear to what he had to say.  
These being met each in his equipage  
Intend to speak according to their age:  
But wise Old age did with all gravity  
To childish Childhood give precedency,  
And to the rest his reason mildly told,  
That he was young before he grew so old.  
To do as he each one<sup>j</sup> full soon assents,  
Their method was that of the Elements,  
That each should tell what of himself he knew,  
Both good and bad, but yet no more than's true.  
With heed now stood three ages of frail man,  
To hear the child, who crying thus began:

*Childhood.*

**A**H me! conceiv'd in sin and born with sorrow,  
A nothing, here to day and gone to morrow,  
Whose mean beginning blushing can't reveal,  
But night and darkness must with shame conceal.  
My mothers breeding sickness I will spare,  
Her nine months weary burthen not declare.  
To shew her bearing pains,<sup>k</sup> I should do wrong,  
To tell those pangs<sup>l</sup> which can't be told by tongue:

<sup>j</sup> the rest.

<sup>k</sup> pangs.

<sup>l</sup> that paine.

With tears into the world I did arrive,  
 My mother still did waste as I did thrive,  
 Who yet with love and all alacrity, [46]  
 Spending, was willing to be spent for me.  
 With wayward cries I did disturb her rest,  
 Who fought still to appease me with the breast:  
 With weary arms she danc'd and *By By* sung,  
 When wretched I ingrate had done the wrong.  
 When infancy was past, my childishness  
 Did act all folly that it could express,  
 My filliness did only take delight  
 In that which riper age did scorn and flight.  
 In Rattles, Baubles and such toyish stuff,  
 My then ambitious thoughts were low enough:  
 My high-born soul so straightly was confin'd,  
 That its own worth it did not know nor mind:  
 This little house of flesh did spacious count,  
 Through ignorance all troubles did surmount;  
 Yet this advantage had mine ignorance  
 Freedom from envy and from arrogance.  
 How to be rich or great I did not care,  
 A Baron or a Duke ne'er made my mark,  
 Nor studious was Kings favours how to buy,  
 With costly presence<sup>m</sup> or base flattery:  
 No office coveted wherein I might  
 Make strong my self and turn aside weak right:  
 No malice bare to this or that great Peer,  
 Nor unto buzzing whisperers gave ear:

<sup>m</sup> presents.



I gave no hand nor vote for death or life,  
I'd nought to do 'twixt King<sup>n</sup> and peoples strife.  
No Statist I, nor Martilist in'th field,  
Where ere I went mine innocence was shield.  
My quarrels not for Diadems did rise, [47]  
But for an apple, plum, or some such prize:  
My strokes did cause no blood<sup>o</sup> no wounds or skars,  
My little wrath did end<sup>p</sup> soon as my Warrs:  
My Duel was no challeng nor did seek  
My foe should weltring in his bowels reek.  
I had no fuits at law neighbours to vex,  
Nor evidence for lands did me perplex.  
I fear'd no storms, nor all the wind that blowes,  
I had no ships at sea; nor fraights to loose.  
I fear'd no drought nor wet, I had no crop,  
Nor yet on future things did set<sup>q</sup> my hope.  
This was mine innocence, but ah! the seeds  
Lay raked up of all the curf'd weeds  
Which sprouted forth in mine ensuing age,  
As he can tel that next comes on the stage:  
But yet let me relate before I go  
The fins and dangers I am subject to,  
Stained from birth with *Adams* finfull fact,  
Thence I began to fin as soon as act:  
A perverse will, a love to what's forbid,  
A serpents sting in pleasing face lay hid:  
A lying tongue as soon as it could speak,  
And fifth Commandment do daily break.

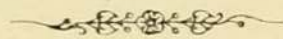
<sup>n</sup> Prince.

<sup>o</sup> death.

<sup>p</sup> cease.

<sup>q</sup> place.

Oft stubborn, peevish, fullen, pout and cry,  
 Then nought can please, and yet I know not why.  
 As many are <sup>r</sup> my sins, so dangers too;  
 For sin brings sorrow, sickness death and woe:  
 And though I miss the tossings of the mind,  
 Yet griefs in my frail flesh I still do find.  
 VVhat gripes of wind mine infancy did pain, [48]  
 VVhat tortures I in breeding teeth sustain?  
 VVhat crudities my stomach cold hath bred,  
 VVhence vomits, flux and worms have issued?  
 VVhat breaches, knocks and falls I daily have,  
 And some perhaps I carry to my grave,  
 Sometimes in fire, sometimes in water fall,  
 Strangely preserv'd, yet mind it not at all:  
 At home, abroad my dangers manifold,  
 That wonder tis, my glass till now doth hold.  
 I've done; unto my elders I give way,  
 For tis but little that a child can say.



*Youth.*

**M**Y goodly cloathing, and my beauteous skin  
 Declare some greater riches are within:  
 But what is best I'll first present to view,  
 And then the worst in a more ugly hue:

For thus to doe we on this stage assemble,  
 Then let not him that hath most craft difsemble.  
 My education and my learning such,  
 As might my self and others profit much;  
 With nurture trained up in virtues schools  
 Of science, arts and tongues I know the rules,  
 The manners of the court I also<sup>s</sup> know,  
 And so likewise<sup>t</sup> what they in'th Country doe.  
 The brave attempts of valiant knights I prize,  
 That dare scale walls and forts<sup>u</sup> rear'd to the skies.  
 The snorting Horse, the trumpet, Drum I like, [49]  
 The glitt'ring sword, the Pistol and the Pike:<sup>v</sup>  
 I cannot lye intrench'd before a town,  
 Nor wait till good success<sup>w</sup> our hopes doth crown:  
 I scorn the heavy Corflet, musket-proof;  
 I fly to catch the bullet thats aloof.  
 Though thus in field, at home to all most kind,  
 So affable, that I can<sup>x</sup> suit each mind.  
 I can insinuate into the breast,  
 And by my mirth can raise the heart deprest:  
 Sweet musick raps my brave harmonious soul,  
 My high thoughts elevate beyond the pole:<sup>y</sup>  
 My wit, my bounty, and my courtesie,  
 Make all to place their future hopes on me.

<sup>s</sup> likewise,      <sup>t</sup> Not ignorant.      <sup>u</sup> That dare climbe Battlements.

<sup>v</sup> and well advanced Pike;      <sup>w</sup> advice.      <sup>x</sup> do.

<sup>y</sup> Sweet Musick rapteth my harmonious Soul,  
 And elevates my thoughts above the Pole.

This is my best, but Youth is known, Alas!  
 To be as wild as is the snuffing Afs:  
 As vain as froth, or vanity can be,  
 That who would see vain man, may look on me.  
 My gifts abusd, my education lost,  
 My wofull Parents longing hopes are <sup>z</sup> croft,  
 My wit evaporates in merriment,  
 My valour in some beastly quarrell's spent: <sup>a</sup>  
 My lust doth hurry me to all that's ill:  
 I know no law nor reason but my will.  
 Sometimes lay wait to take a wealthy purse,  
 Or stab the man in's own defence (that's worse)  
 Sometimes I cheat (unkind) a female heir  
 Of all at once, who not so wife as fair  
 Trusteth my loving looks and glozing tongue,  
 Untill her friends, treasure and honour's gone.  
 Sometimes I fit caroufing others health, [50]  
 Untill mine own be gone, my wit and wealth.  
 From pipe to pot, from pot to words and blows,  
 For he that loveth wine, wanteth no woes.  
 Whole <sup>b</sup> nights with Ruffins, Roarers Fiddlers spend,  
 To all obscenity mine ears I lend: <sup>c</sup>  
 All Counsell hate, which tends to make me wive,  
 And dearest friends count for mine enemies.

<sup>z</sup> all.

<sup>a</sup> After this the first edition has, —  
 Martial deeds I love not, 'cause they're vertuous,  
 But doing so, might seem magnanimous.

<sup>b</sup> Dayes.

<sup>c</sup> bend.

If any care I take tis to be fine,  
For fure my fuit, more then my virtues fhine  
If time from leud Companions I can spare,  
'Tis fpent to curle, and pounce my new-bought hair.<sup>d</sup>  
Some new<sup>e</sup> *Adonis* I do ftrive to be;  
*Sardanapalus* now furvives in me.  
Cards, Dice, and Oathes concomitant I love,  
To playes, to mafques, to Taverns ftill I move.  
And in a word, if what I am you'd hear,  
Seek out a *Brittish* bruitifh Cavaleer:  
Such wretch, fuch Monfter am I, but yet more,  
I have no heart at all this to deplore,<sup>f</sup>  
Remembring not the dreadfull day of doom,  
Nor yet that heavy reckoning foon to come.  
Though dangers do attend me every hour,  
And gaffly Death oft threats me with his<sup>g</sup> power,  
Sometimes by wounds in idle Combates taken,  
Sometimes with Agues all my body fhaken:  
Sometimes by fevers, all my moisture drinking,  
My heart lies frying, & mine eyes are finking,  
Sometimes the Quinfey,<sup>h</sup> painfull Pleurifie,  
With fad affrighrs of death doth menace me:

<sup>d</sup> If any time from company I spare,  
'Tis fpent in curling, frifling up my hair;

<sup>e</sup> young.

<sup>f</sup> I want a heart all this for to deplore.

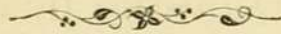
Thus, thus alas! I have mifpent my time,

My youth, my beft, my ftrength, my bud, and prime:

<sup>g</sup> her.

<sup>h</sup> Cough, Stitch.

Sometimes the two fold Pox me fore be:marrs [51]  
 With outward marks, & inward loathfome fcarrs,<sup>i</sup>  
 Sometimes the Phrenzy strangely mads my brain,  
 That oft for it in *Bedlam* I remain.  
 Too many my difeases to recite,  
 That wonder tis, I yet behold the light,  
 That yet my bed in darknefs is not made,  
 And I in black oblivions Den now<sup>j</sup> laid.  
 Of aches full my bones, of woe my heart,  
 Clapt in that prifon, never thence to ftart.<sup>k</sup>  
 Thus I have faid, and what I've been,<sup>l</sup> you fee  
 Childhood and Youth are vain ye<sup>m</sup> vanity.



*Middle Age.*

**C**HILDHOOD and Youth (forgot) I've fometimes  
 feen  
 And now am grown more ftaid who have bin green  
 What they have done, the fame was done by me,  
 As was their praife or fhame, fo mine muft be.

<sup>i</sup> Sometimes the loathfome Pox, my face be-mars,  
 With ugly marks of his eternal fcars;

<sup>j</sup> long.

<sup>k</sup> Of Marrow ful my bones, of Milk my breasts,  
 Ceas'd\* by the gripes of Serjeant Death's Arrests: †

<sup>l</sup> faid.                      <sup>m</sup> yea.

\* See p 135, note g.

† "—— (as this fell sergeant, death,  
 Is strict in his arrest)." — HAMLET, v. 2.

Now age is more; more good you may<sup>n</sup> expect,  
But more mine age, the more is my defect.<sup>o</sup>  
When my wild oates were fown & ripe and mown  
I then receiv'd an harvest of mine own.  
My reason then bad judge how little hope  
My<sup>p</sup> empty feed should yield a better crop:  
Then with both hands I grafpt the world together  
Thus out of one extream into another:  
But yet laid hold on virtue seemingly,  
Who climbs without hold climbs dangerously:  
Be my condition mean, I then take pains [52]  
My Family to keep, but not for gains.  
A Father I, for children must provide;  
But if none, then for kindred near ally'd.  
If rich, I'm urged then to gather more,  
To bear a port<sup>q</sup> i'th'world, and feed the poor.  
If noble, then mine honour to maintain,  
If not, riches<sup>r</sup> nobility can gain.  
For time, for place, likewise for each Relation  
I wanted not, my ready allegation.  
Yet all my powers for self ends are not spent,  
For hundreds blefs me for my bounty lent.<sup>s</sup>  
Whose backs<sup>t</sup> I've cloth'd, and bellyes I have fed  
With mine own fleece, & with my household bread,

<sup>n</sup> do.

<sup>o</sup> After this the first edition has, —

But what's of worth, your eyes shal first behold,  
And then a world of droffe among my gold.

<sup>p</sup> Such.                      <sup>q</sup> me out.                      <sup>r</sup> yet wealth.

<sup>s</sup> sent.                      <sup>t</sup> loynes.

Yea, justice have I done, was I in place,  
 To chear the good, and wicked to deface.  
 The proud I crush't, th'oppressed I fet free,  
 The lyars curb'd, but nourisht verity.  
 Was I a Pastor, I my Flock did feed,  
 And gently lead the Lambs as they had need.  
 A Captain I, with Skill I train'd my Band,  
 And shew'd them how in face of Foes to stand.  
 A Souldier I, with speed I did obey  
 As readily, as could my leader say.  
 Was I a labourer, I wrought all day  
 As cheerfully as e're I took my pay.  
 Thus hath mine Age in all sometimes done well,  
 Sometimes again, mine Age<sup>u</sup> been worfe then Hell.  
 In meanness, greatness, riches, poverty,  
 Did toyle, did broyle, oppress'd, did steal and lye.  
 Was I as poor as poverty could be, [53]  
 Then baseness was Companion unto me.  
 Such scum as hedges and high-ways do yield,  
 As neither sow, nor reap, nor plant, nor build,  
 If to Agriculture I was ordain'd,  
 Great labours, sorrows, Crosses I sustain'd.  
 The early Cock did summon but in vain  
 My wakeful thoughts up to my painful gain:<sup>v</sup>  
 My weary Beast rest from his toyle can find,  
 But if I rest the more distrest my mind.

<sup>u</sup> Sometimes mine age (in all).

<sup>v</sup> After this the first edition has, —

For restless day and night, I'm rob'd of sleep,  
 By cankered care, who centinel doth keep.



If happiness my fordidness hath found,  
'Twas in the Crop of my manured ground.  
My thriving Cattle and my new-milch-Cow,  
My fleeced Sheep, and fruitful farrowing Sow:<sup>w</sup>  
To greater things I never did aspire,  
My dunghil thoughts or hopes could reach no higher.  
If to be rich or great it was my fate,  
How was I broyl'd with envy and with hate?  
Greater then was the great'ft was my desire,  
And thirst for honour, fet my heart on fire:<sup>x</sup>  
And by Ambition's<sup>y</sup> fails I was so carried,  
That over Flats and fands, and Rocks I hurried,  
Opprest and sunk, and stav'd<sup>z</sup> all in my way  
That did oppose me, to my longed Bay.  
My thirst was higher then nobility,  
I oft long'd fore to tast on Royalty:  
Then Kings must be depos'd or put to flight,  
I might possess that Throne which was their right;<sup>a</sup>  
There set, I rid my self straight out of hand  
Of such Competitors, as might in time withstand.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>w</sup> My fatted Oxe, and my exuberous Cow,  
My fleeced Ewe, and ever farr owing Sow.

<sup>x</sup> And greater still, did set my heart on fire.  
If honour was the point, to which I steer'd;  
To run my hull upon disgrace I fear'd.

<sup>y</sup> But by ambitious.                      <sup>z</sup> fact.

<sup>a</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —  
Whence poyson, Pistols, and dread instruments,  
Have been curst furtherers of mine intents.  
Nor Brothers, Nephewes, Sons, nor Sires I've spar'd,  
When to a Monarchy, my way they barr'd.

<sup>b</sup> Of such as might my son, or his withstand.

Then thought my state firm founded sure to last, [54]  
 But in a trice 'tis ruin'd by a blast,  
 Though cemented with more than noble blood,  
 The bottom nought, and so no longer stood.<sup>c</sup>  
 Sometimes vain glory is the only baite  
 Whereby my empty Soul is lur'd and caught.  
 Be I of wit,<sup>d</sup> of learning, and of parts,  
 I judge I should have room in all mens hearts.  
 And envy gnaws if any do surmount,  
 I hate, not to be held in high'st account.<sup>e</sup>  
 If *Bias* like I'm stript unto my skin,  
 I glory in my wealth I have within.\*  
 Thus good and bad, and what I am you see,  
 Now in a word, what my diseases be.  
 The vexing stone in bladder and in reins,  
 The Strangury torments me with fore pains.<sup>f</sup>  
 The windy Cholick oft my bowels rend,  
 To break the darksome prison where it's pen'd.  
 The Cramp and Gout<sup>g</sup> doth sadly torture me,  
 And the restraining, lame Sciatica.  
 The Astma, Megrin, Palfy, Lethargie,  
 The quartan Ague, dropfy, Lunacy:<sup>h</sup>

<sup>c</sup> Instead of this and the three preceding lines, the first edition has, —  
 Then heapt up gold, and riches as the clay;  
 Which others scatter, like the dew in *May*.

<sup>d</sup> worth.

<sup>e</sup> I hate for to be had, in small account.

<sup>f</sup> Torments me with intollerable paines;

<sup>g</sup> The knotty Gout.

<sup>h</sup> The Quinsie, and the Feavours, oft distaste me,  
 And the Consumption, to the bones doth waste me;

\* "Omnia mea porto mecum." — *BIAS*, *apud Cic. Parad. I. 1. 8.*

Subject to all distempers <sup>i</sup> (that's the truth)  
Though some more incident, to Age or Youth.  
And to conclude, I may not tedious be,  
Man at his best estate is vanity.



Old Age.

WHAT you have been, ev'n such have I before:  
And all you say, say I, and somewhat more.  
Babes innocence, youths wildness I have seen, [55]  
And in perplexed middle Age have been:  
Sickness, dangers, and anxieties have past,  
And on this stage am come to act my last.  
I have been young, and strong, and wise as you:  
But now *Bis pueri senes*, is too true.  
In every Age I've found much vanity,  
An end of all perfection now I see.  
It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,  
My ruin'd house now falling can uphold.  
It's not my learning Rhetorick wit so large,  
Hath now the power, death's warfare to discharge.  
It's not my goodly state,<sup>j</sup> nor bed of downe  
That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown.  
Nor from Alliance can I now have hope,  
But what I have done well, that is my prop;

<sup>i</sup> Diseases.

<sup>j</sup> house.

He that in youth is godly, wife and sage,  
 Provides a staff then to support his Age.  
 Mutations great, some joyful and some sad,  
 In this short pilgrimage I oft have had.  
 Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me  
 Sometime again rain'd all Adversity.  
 Sometimes in honour, sometimes in disgrace,  
 Sometime an Object, then again in place.  
 Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,  
 In various times of state I've also been.  
 I've seen a Kingdome flourish like a tree,  
 When it was rul'd by that Celestial she;\*  
 And like a Cedar, others so surmount:  
 That but for shrubs they did themselves account.  
 Then saw I *France* and *Holland*, fav'd *Cales* won,† [56]  
 And *Philip* and *Albertus* half undone.  
 I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,  
 But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close,  
 And then methought the day<sup>k</sup> at noon grew dark  
 When it had lost that radiant Sun-like Spark:

\* Queen Elizabeth.

† It is difficult to explain this reference unless the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 is meant. While it was at anchor before Calais, it was scattered and put to flight by a successful stratagem of the English admiral. The English thus gained an advantage which they soon followed up to victory. It can hardly refer to the surprise of Calais in 1596, by Albert, Archduke of Austria, who had recently been made Governor of the Netherlands by Philip II. of Spain. The various successes of Elizabeth may, perhaps, be said to have "half undone" Philip and Albert.

<sup>k</sup> world.

In midst of griefs I saw our ' hopes revive,  
(For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive)  
We chang'd our queen for king \* under whose rayes  
We joy'd in many blest and prosperous dayes.  
I've seen a Prince, the glory of our land  
In prime of youth seiz'd by heavens angry hand,  
Which fill'd our hearts with fears, with tears our eyes,  
Wailing his fate, & our own destinies. †  
I've seen from *Rome* an execrable thing,  
A Plot to blow up Nobles and their King,  
But saw their horrid fact soon disappointed,  
And Land & Nobles sav'd with their anointed. ‡  
I've Princes seen to live on others lands;  
A royal one by gifts from strangers hands  
Admired for their magnanimity,  
Who lost a Prince-dome and a Monarchy. §  
I've seen designs for *Ree* and *Rochel* crost, ||  
And Poor *Palatinate* for ever lost.

l some.

\* James I.

† Henry, Prince of Wales, died suddenly Nov. 6, 1612, in his nineteenth year. He was very popular, and his death was greatly lamented, especially by the more religious party, whose friend he was.

‡ Gunpowder Plot.

§ The Elector Palatine Frederick V., who had married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., accepted the crown from the revolted states of Bohemia in 1619. He did not long enjoy this dangerous honor, but was beaten by the Austrians in the battle of Prague, Nov. 9, 1620, and was obliged, with his family, to take refuge in Holland. He soon after lost also his hereditary possessions, and passed the rest of his life as a needy exile, wandering from court to court. The Reformed Religion in Bohemia fell with him; an event which caused the greatest sorrow to all Protestants.

|| Buckingham made an unsuccessful attempt to take the Isle de Rhé, in

I've seen unworthy men advanced high,  
 (And better ones suffer extremity)  
 But neither favour, riches, title, State,  
 Could length their dayes or once reverse their fate  
 I've seen one stab'd,\* and some to loose their heads †  
 And others fly, struck both with guilt and dread.  
 I've seen and so have you, for tis but late, [57]  
 The defolation of a goodly State,  
 Plotted and acted so that none can tell,  
 VVho gave the counfel, but the Prince of hell,  
 Three hundred thousand slaughtered innocents,  
 By bloody Popish, hellish miscreants:  
 Oh may you live, and so you will I trust  
 To see them swill in blood untill they burst. ‡  
 I've seen a King § by force thrust from his throne,  
 And an Ufurper || subt'ly mount thereon.

front of La Rochelle, in 1627. Instead of "*Rochel*," the first edition has "*Cades*," referring to the failure of a naval expedition under the command of Sir Edward Cecil, which sailed in October, 1625, to capture some Spanish treasure ships in the bay of Cadiz.

\* Buckingham.

† The Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and Charles I.

‡ Whoever has read of the massacre and inhuman atrocities connected with the Insurrection in Ireland in 1641 will not be surprised at the strong language of the author. As to the number of those killed, Hume says, "By some computations, those who perished by all these cruelties are supposed to be a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand: by the most moderate, and probably the most reasonable account, they are made to amount to forty thousand, — if this estimation itself be not, as is usual in such cases, somewhat exaggerated." — HISTORY OF ENGLAND, chap. lv.

§ Charles I.

|| Cromwell.

I've seen a state unmoulded, rent in twain,  
But ye may live to see't made up again.  
I've seen it plunder'd, taxt and foak'd in blood,  
But out of evill you may see much good.  
What are my thoughts, this is no time to say.  
Men may more freely speak another day.\*

\* In the first edition there is a different version of the events related in the passage beginning with line 3, page 163 ("We changed our queen for king," &c.), and ending here. It will be observed in this and many other places, that the author, in preparing her poems for republication, had regard to the political changes which had taken place. Charles II. had been restored, and it was necessary to be loyal or silent.

I saw hopes dashed, our forwardness was spent,  
And silenced we, by Act of Parliament.  
I've seen from *Rome*, an execrable thing,  
A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King;  
I've seen designs at *Ree*, and *Cades*croft,  
And poor *Palatinate* for ever lost;  
I've seen a Prince, to live on others lands,  
A Royall one, by almes from Subjects hands,  
I've seen base men, advanced to great degree,  
And worthy ones, put to extremity:  
But not their Princes love, nor state so high  
Could once reverse, their shameful destiny.  
I've seen one stab'd, another loose his head;  
And others fly their Country, through their dread.  
I've seen, and so have ye, for 'tis but late,  
The desolation, of a goodly State.  
Plotted and acted, so that none can tell,  
Who gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell.  
I've seen a land unmoulded with great paine.  
But yet may live, to see't made up again:  
I've seen it shaken, rent, and foak'd in blood,  
But out of troubles, ye may see much good.

These are no old-wives tales, but this is truth,  
 We old men love to tell what's done in youth.  
 But I return from whence I stept awry,  
 My memory is bad,<sup>m</sup> my brain is dry:  
 Mine Almond tree, grey hairs, doe flourish now,  
 And back once straight, apace begins to bow:  
 My grinders now are few, my sight doth fail,  
 My skin is wrinkled, and my cheeks are pale,  
 No more rejoyce at musicks pleasing noise,  
 But waking glad to hear the cocks shrill voice:<sup>n</sup>  
 I cannot scent favours of pleafant meat,  
 Nor savors find in what I drink or eat:  
 My arms and hands once strong have lost their might  
 I cannot labour, much less can I fight.<sup>o</sup>  
 My comely legs as nimble as the Roe \* [58]  
 Now stiff and numb, can hardly creep or goe,  
 My heart sometimes as fierce as Lion bold,  
 Now trembling is, all<sup>p</sup> fearful sad and cold;  
 My golden Bowl and silver Cord e're long  
 Shall both be broke, by racking death so strong:  
 Then shall I go whence I shall come no more,  
 Sons, Nephews, leave my farewell<sup>q</sup> to deplore.  
 In pleasures and in labours I have found  
 That Earth can give no consolation found;

<sup>m</sup> short.

<sup>n</sup> But do awake, at the cocks clanging voyce.

<sup>o</sup> nor I cannot fight.

<sup>p</sup> trembling, and.

\* 1 Chron. xii. 8; Cant. ii. 9 and 17.

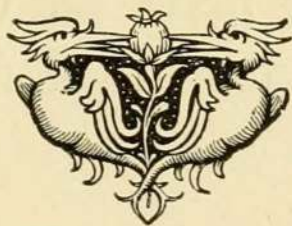
<sup>q</sup> death for.

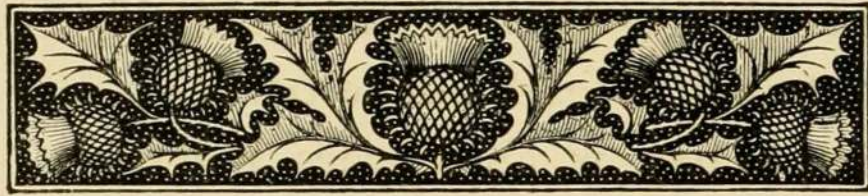


To great to rich, to poor, to young, to old,  
To mean, to noble, fearful or to bold:  
From King to begger, all degrees shall find  
But vanity vexation of the mind.\*  
Yea, knowing much, the pleafants life of all,  
Hath yet among those sweets<sup>r</sup> some bitter gall;  
Though reading others works doth much refresh,  
Yet ftudying much brings wearinefs to th' flesh:  
My ftudies, labours, readings all are done,  
And my laft period now ev'n almoft run.  
Corruption my Father I do call,  
Mother and Sisters both, the worms that crawl  
In my dark houfe, fuch kindred I have ftore,  
Where I fhall reft till heavens fhall be no more,  
And when this flesh fhall rot and be confum'd,  
This body by this Soul fhall be affum'd:  
And I fhall fee with thefe fame very eyes,  
My ftiong Redeemer coming in the Skies.  
Triumph I fhall o're fin, o're death, o're Hell,  
And in that hope I bid you all farewel.

\* Eccl. xii. 1-8.

<sup>r</sup> that fweet.





*The four Seasons of* [59]  
*the Year.*

---

*Spring.*

**A** Nother four I've left<sup>s</sup> yet to bring on,  
Of four times four the last *Quaternion*,  
The Winter, Summer, Autumn & the Spring,  
In feason all these Seasons I shall bring:  
Sweet Spring like man in his Minority,  
At present claim'd, and had priority.  
With smiling face and garments fomewhat green,  
She trim'd her locks, which late had frosted been,  
Nor hot nor cold, she spake, but with a breath,  
Fit to revive, the nummed earth from death.<sup>t</sup>

<sup>s</sup> yet for.

<sup>t</sup> Instead of this and the three preceding lines the first edition has, —  
With smiling Sun-shine face, and garments green,  
She gently thus began, like some fair Queen.

Three months (quoth she)<sup>u</sup> are 'lotted to my share  
*March, April, May* of all the rest most fair.  
 Tenth of the first, *Sol* into *Aries* enters,  
 And bids defiance to all tedious winters,  
 Crosseth the Line, and equals night and day,  
 (Stil adds to th' last til after pleasant *May*)  
 And now makes glad the darkned<sup>v</sup> northern wights  
 Who for some months have seen but starry lights.  
 Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle,  
 He might<sup>w</sup> unloose his winter locked foyle:  
 The Seeds-man too, doth lavish out his grain,  
 In hope the more he casts, the more to gain:  
 The Gardner now superfluous branches lops, [60]  
 And poles erects for his young<sup>x</sup> clambring hops.  
 Now digs then sows his herbs, his flowers & roots  
 And carefully manures his trees of fruits.  
 The *Pleiades* their influence now give,  
 And all that seem'd as dead afresh doth live.  
 The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kil'd  
 Like birds now chirp, and hop about the field,  
 The Nightingale, the black-bird and the Thrush  
 Now tune their layes, on sprays of every bush.  
 The wanton frisking Kid, and soft-fleec'd Lambs  
 Do<sup>y</sup> jump and play before their feeding Dams,  
 The tender tops of budding grafs they crop,  
 They joy in what they have, but more in hope:

<sup>u</sup> there are.

<sup>v</sup> those blinded.

<sup>w</sup> For to.

<sup>x</sup> green.

<sup>y</sup> Now.

For though the frost hath lost his binding power,  
 Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy shower  
 Doth darken *Sol's* bright eye,<sup>z</sup> makes us remember  
 The pinching North-west wind of cold<sup>a</sup> *December*.  
 My second month is *April*, green and fair,  
 Of longer dayes, and a more temperate Air:  
 The Sun in *Taurus* keeps his residence,<sup>b</sup>  
 And with his warmer beams glanceth from thence  
 This is the month whose fruitful showrs produces  
 All fet and fown<sup>c</sup> for all delights and uses:  
 The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish  
 The grafs grows long the hungry beast<sup>d</sup> to nourish.  
 The Primrose pale, and azure violet  
 Among the virduous grafs hath nature fet,  
 That when the Sun on's Love (the earth) doth shine  
 These might as lace fet out her garment fine.  
 The fearfull bird his little house now builds [61]  
 In trees and walls, in Cities and in fields.  
 The outside strong, the inside warm and neat;  
 A natural Artificer compleat.

<sup>z</sup> face.<sup>a</sup> Nor-west cold, of fierce.<sup>b</sup> The Sun now keeps his posting residenceIn *Taurus* Signe, yet hasteth straight from thence;

For though in's running progresse he doth take

Twelve houses of the oblique Zodiack

Yet never minute stil was known to stand,

But only once at *Joshua's* strange command;<sup>c</sup> All Plants, and Flowers.<sup>d</sup> the tender Lambs.

The clocking hen her chirping chickins<sup>e</sup> leads  
With wings & beak defends them from the gleads  
My next and last is fruitfull pleafant *May*,  
Wherein the earth is clad in rich aray,  
The Sun now enters loving *Gemini*,  
And heats us with the glances of his eye,  
Our thicker<sup>f</sup> rayment makes us lay aside  
Left by his fervor we be torrifi'd.<sup>g</sup>  
All flowers the Sun now with his beams difclofes,<sup>h</sup>  
Except the double pinks and matchlefs Rofes.  
Now fwarms the bufy, witty,<sup>i</sup> honey-Bee,  
Whofe praife deferves a page from more then me  
The cleanly Hufwifes Dary's now in th' prime,  
Her fhelves and firkins fill'd for winter time.  
The meads with Cowflips, Honey-fuckles dight,  
One hangs his head, the other ftands upright:  
But both rejoyce at th' heavens clear fmiling face,  
More at her fhowers, which water them a fpace..  
For fruits my Season yields the early Cherry,  
The hafty Peas, and wholfome cool<sup>j</sup> Strawberry.  
More folid fruits require a longer time,  
Each Season hath his fruit, fo hath each Clime:  
Each man his own peculiar excellence,  
But none in all that hath preheminnence.

<sup>e</sup> chipping brood now.

<sup>f</sup> Winter.

<sup>g</sup> terrifi'd.

<sup>h</sup> All flowers before the fun-beames now difclofes,

<sup>i</sup> buzzing.

<sup>j</sup> red.

Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short pittance fly<sup>k</sup>  
 Let some describe thee better then can I.

Yet above all this priviledg is thine, [62]  
 Thy dayes still lengthen without least decline:



*Summer.*

WHEN *Spring* had done, the *Summer* did<sup>l</sup> begin,  
 With melted tauny face, and garments thin,  
 Resembling Fire, Choler, and Middle age,  
 As *Spring* did Air, Blood, Youth in's equipage.  
 Wiping the sweat from of her face<sup>m</sup> that ran,  
 With hair all wet she puffing thus began;  
 Bright *June*, *July* and *August* hot are mine,  
 In'th first *Sol* doth in crabbed *Cancer* shine.  
 His progress to the North now's fully done,  
 Then retrograde must be<sup>n</sup> my burning Sun,  
 Who to his southward Tropick still is bent,  
 Yet doth his parching heat but more augment  
 Though he decline, because his flames so fair,  
 Have throughly dry'd the earth, and heat the air.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>k</sup> Instead of this and the following line, the first edition has, —  
 Some subject, shallow braines, much matter yeelds,  
 Sometime a theme that's large, proves barren fields.  
 Melodious Spring, with thy short pittance flye,  
 In this harsh strain, I find no melody,

<sup>l</sup> must.

<sup>m</sup> brow.

<sup>n</sup> now is.

<sup>o</sup> The reason why, because his flames so faire,

Hath formerly much heat, the earth and aire.

Like as an Oven that long time hath been heat,  
 Whose vehemency at length doth grow fo great,  
 That if you do withdraw<sup>p</sup> her burning store,  
 Tis<sup>q</sup> for a time as fervent as before.

Now go those frolick Swains, the Shepherd Lads  
 To wash the<sup>r</sup> thick cloth'd flocks with pipes full glad  
 In the cool streams they labour with delight  
 Rubbing their dirty coats till they look white:

Whose fleece when finely<sup>s</sup> spun and deeply dy'd  
 With Robes thereof Kings have been dignifi'd.

Blest rustick Swains, your pleafant quiet life, [63]

Hath envy bred in Kings that were at strife,<sup>t</sup>  
 Careless of worldly wealth you sing<sup>u</sup> and pipe,  
 Whilst they'r imbroyl'd in wars & troubles rife:<sup>v</sup>

VWhich made great *Bajazet* cry out in's woes,  
 Oh happy shepherd which hath not to lose.

*Orthobulus*, nor yet *Sebastia* great,

But whist'leth to thy flock in cold and heat.\*

<sup>p</sup> remove.

<sup>q</sup> She's.

<sup>r</sup> their.

<sup>s</sup> purely.

<sup>t</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —

'Mongst all ye shepheards never but one man,

Was like that noble, brave *Archadian*.

Yet hath your life, made kings the same envy,

Though you repose on graffe under the skye.

<sup>u</sup> fit.

<sup>v</sup> ripe.

\* “ Most of the Latine histories report, that when *Tamerlane* had taken *SEBASTIA*, hee put all the men to the sword, and bringing the women and children into the fields without the citie, there ouer-ran them with his horsemen, excepting some few which were referued for prisoners. As also that *Baiazet* there lost his eldest sonne *Erthogrul* (of some called *Orthobules*) whose death with the losse of the citie so much grieved him (as is

Viewing the Sun by day, the Moon by night  
*Endimions, Dianaes* dear delight,  
 Upon the grafs resting your healthy limbs,  
 By purling Brooks looking how fishes fwims.  
 If pride within your lowly Cells ere haunt,  
 Of him that was Shepherd then King go vaunt.\*  
 This moneth the Roses are distil'd in glaffes,  
 VVhose fragrant smel<sup>w</sup> all made perfumes surpaffes  
 The Cherry, Gooseberry are now in th' prime,  
 And for all forts of Pease, this is the time.  
*July* my next, the hott'ft in all the year,  
 The sun through *Leo* now takes<sup>x</sup> his Career,  
 VVhose flaming breath doth melt us from afar,  
 Increased by the star Canicular.  
 This Month from *Julius Cæsar* took its name,  
 By Romans celebrated to his fame.  
 Now go the Mowers to their flashing toyle,  
 The Meadowes of their riches<sup>y</sup> to dispoyle,

reported) that marching with his great armie against *Tamerlane*, and by the way hearing a country shepheard merrily reposing himself with his homely pipe, as he sat vpon the side of a mountaine feeding his poore flock; standing still a great while listning vnto him, to the great admiration of many, at last fetching a deepe sigh, brake forth in these words: O happie shepheard, which haddest neither *Orthobules* nor *SEBASTIA* to loose: bewraying therein his owne discontentment, and yet withal shewing, That worldly blisse consisteth not so much in possessing of much, subject vnto danger, as joying a little contentment deuoid of feare." — THE GENERALL HISTORIE OF THE TURKES, BY RICHARD KNOLLES. Second edition. 1610. p. 216. Bajazet I. became Sultan of the 'Turks in 1389, and died in 1403.

\* This and the three preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>w</sup> scent.

<sup>x</sup> hath.

<sup>y</sup> burden.



VWith weary ftrokes, they take all in their way,  
 Bearing the burning heat of the long day.  
 The forks and Rakes do follow them amain,  
 VWhich makes the aged fields look young again.  
 The groaning Carts do bear away this prize. [64]  
 To Stacks and Barns where it for Fodder lyes.  
 My next and laft is *August* fiery hot  
 (For much, the *Southward* Sun abateth not)  
 This Moneth he keeps with *Virgo* for a fpace,  
 The dried Earth is parched with his face.  
*August* of great *Augustus* took its name,  
*Romes* fecond Emperour of lafting<sup>z</sup> fame,  
 With fickles now the bending<sup>a</sup> Reapers goe  
 The ruffling trefs of *terra* down to mowe;  
 And bundles up in fheaves, the weighty wheat,  
 Which after Manchet makes<sup>b</sup> for Kings to eat:  
 The Barly, Rye and Peafe<sup>c</sup> fhould firft had place,  
 Although their bread have not fo white a face.  
 The Carter leads all home with whiffling voyce,  
 He plow'd with pain, but reaping doth rejoyce;  
 His fweat, his toyle, his careful wakeful nights,  
 His fruitful Crop abundantly requites.  
 Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-plumb, and Apricock,  
 The prince of plumbs, whose ftone's as hard as Rock  
 The Summer feems but fhort, the Autumn hafts<sup>d</sup>  
 To fhake his fruits, of moft delicious tafts

<sup>z</sup> peaceful.<sup>a</sup> painful.<sup>b</sup> made.<sup>c</sup> The Barley, and the Rye.<sup>d</sup> The Summer's fhort, the beauteous Autumne haftes.

Like good old Age, whose younger juicy Roots  
 Hath still ascended, to bear<sup>e</sup> goodly fruits.  
 Until his head be gray, and strength be gone.  
 Yet then appears the worthy deeds he'th done:  
 To feed his boughs exhausted hath his sap,  
 Then drops his fruits into the eaters lap.

*Autumn.*

[65]

**O**F *Autumn* moneths *September* is the prime,  
 Now day and night are equal in each Clime,  
 The twelfth<sup>f</sup> of this *Sol* riseth in the Line,  
 And doth in poizing *Libra* this month shine.  
 The vintage now is ripe, the grapes are prest,  
 Whose lively liquor oft is curf'd and blest:  
 For nought so good, but it may be abused,  
 But its a precious juice when well its used.  
 The raisins now in clusters dryed be,  
 The Orange, Lemon dangle on the tree:  
 The Pomegranate, the Fig are ripe also,  
 And Apples now their yellow sides do show.  
 Of Almonds,<sup>g</sup> Quinces, Wardens, and of Peach,  
 The season's now at hand of all and each.  
 Sure at this time, time first of all began,  
 And in this moneth was made apostate Man:

<sup>e</sup> up in.<sup>f</sup> tenth.<sup>g</sup> Of Medlar.

For then in *Eden* was not only seen,  
 Boughs full of leaves, or fruits unripe or<sup>h</sup> green,  
 Or withered stocks, which were<sup>i</sup> all dry and dead,  
 But trees with goodly fruits replenished;  
 Which shews nor Summer, Winter nor the Spring  
 Our Grand-Sire<sup>j</sup> was of Paradise made King:  
 Nor could that temp'rate Clime such difference make,  
 If scited as the most Judicious take.<sup>k</sup>

*October* is my next, we hear in this  
 The Northern winter-blasts begin to hiss.

In *Scorpio* resideth now the Sun, [66]  
 And his declining heat is almost done.

The fruitless<sup>l</sup> Trees all withered now do stand,  
 Whose sapless yellow leaves, by winds are fan'd,  
 Which notes when youth and strength have past their  
 prime

Decrepit age must also have its time.

The Sap doth sily creep towards the Earth  
 There rests, until the Sun give it a birth.

So doth old Age still tend unto his grave,  
 Where also he his winter time must have;  
 But when the Sun of righteousness draws nigh,  
 His dead old stock, shall mount again on high.

*November* is my last, for Time doth haste,  
 We now of winters sharpness 'gins to taste.

<sup>h</sup> but raw, and.

<sup>i</sup> "which were" is not in the first edition.

<sup>j</sup> Great Adam.

<sup>k</sup> These two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>l</sup> fruitful.

This moneth the Sun's in *Sagitarious*,  
 So farre remote, his glances warm not us.  
 Almost at shortest is the shorten'd day,  
 The *Northern* pole beholdeth not one ray.  
 Now *Greenland, Groanland,\* Finland, Lapland*, see  
 No Sun, to lighten their obscurity:  
 Poor wretches that in total darknes lye,  
 With minds more dark then is the dark'ned Sky."  
 Beef, Brawn, and Pork are now in great request,  
 And solid meats our stomacks can digest.  
 This time warm cloaths, full diet, and good fires,  
 Our pinched flesh, and hungry mawes<sup>n</sup> requires:  
 Old, cold, dry Age and Earth *Autumn* resembles,  
 And Melancholy which most of all dissembles.  
 I must be short, and shorts, the short'ned day,  
 What winter hath to tell, now let him say.

*Winter.*

[67]

**C**OLD, moist, young flegmy winter now doth lye  
 In swadling Clouts, like new born Infancy  
 Bound up with frosts, and furr'd with hail & snows,  
 And like an Infant, still it<sup>o</sup> taller grows;

\* *Groen-land* [or Grönland, *Dan.*] in the first edition.

<sup>n</sup> After this the first edition has, —

This month is timber for all uses fell'd,

When cold, the sap to th' roots hath low'ft repell'd;

<sup>o</sup> empty panch.

<sup>o</sup> he.

*December* is my first, and now the Sun  
 To th' Southward *Tropick*, his swift race doth<sup>h</sup> run:  
 This moneth he's hous'd in horned *Capricorn*,  
 From thence he 'gins to length the shortned morn,  
 Through *Christendome* with great Feastivity,  
 Now's held, (but ghest) for blest<sup>g</sup> Nativity.  
 Cold frozen *January* next comes in,  
 Chilling the blood and shrinking up the skin;  
 In *Aquarius* now keeps the long wisht<sup>r</sup> Sun,  
 And Northward his unwearied Course<sup>s</sup> doth run:  
 The day much longer then it was before,  
 The cold not lessened, but augmented more.  
 Now Toes and Ears, and Fingers often freeze,  
 And Travellers their noses sometimes leese.  
 Moist snowie *February* is my last,  
 I care not how the winter time doth haste.  
 In *Pisces* now the golden Sun doth shine,  
 And Northward still approaches to the Line,  
 The Rivers 'gin to ope, the snows to melt,  
 And some warm glances from his face<sup>t</sup> are felt;  
 Which is increased by the lengthen'd day,  
 Until by's heat, he drive all cold away,  
 And thus the year in Circle runneth round: [68]  
 Where first it did begin, in th' end its found."

<sup>h</sup> hath.

<sup>g</sup> a Guest, (but blest).

<sup>r</sup> the loved.

<sup>s</sup> race.

<sup>t</sup> the Sun.

<sup>u</sup> These two lines are not in the first edition.

*My Subjects bare, my Brain is bad,  
 Or better Lines you should have had:  
 The first fell in so nat'rally,  
 I knew not how to pass it by;<sup>v</sup>  
 The last, though bad I could not mend,  
 Accept therefore of what is pen'd,  
 And all the faults that you shall spy  
 Shall at your feet for pardon cry.\**

<sup>v</sup> I could not tell how to passe 't by.

\* This is signed in the first edition,

Your dutifull Daughter.

*A. B.*





The four *Monarchyes*, [69]  
the *Assyrian* being the first,  
beginning under *Nimrod*, 131. Years  
after the Flood,

---

WHEN time was young, & World in Infancy,  
Man did not proudly<sup>w</sup> strive for Sovereignty:  
But each one thought his petty Rule was high,  
If of his house he held the Monarchy.  
This was the golden Age, but after came  
The boisterous son of *Chus*,<sup>x</sup> Grand-Child to *Ham*,  
That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toyles  
Both Beasts and Men subjected to his spoyles:  
The strong foundation of proud *Babel* laid,  
*Erech*, *Accad*, and *Culneh* also made.  
These were his first, all stood in *Shinar* land,  
From thence he went *Assyria* to command,  
And mighty *Niniveh*, he there begun,  
Not finished till he his race had run.

<sup>w</sup> "Proudly" is not in the first edition.

<sup>x</sup> Sons of Cush.

*Resen, Caleh, and Rehoboth* likewise  
 By him to Cities eminent did rise.  
 Of *Saturn*, he was the Original, [70]  
 Whom the succeeding times a God did call,  
 When thus with rule, he had been dignifi'd,  
 One hundred fourteen years he after dy'd.



*Belus.*

**G**REAT *Nimrod* dead, *Belus* the next his Son  
 Confirms the rule, his Father had begun;  
 Whose acts and power is not for certainty  
 Left to the world, by any History.  
 But yet this blot for ever on him lies,  
 He taught the people first to Idolize:  
 Titles Divine he to himself did take,  
 Alive and dead, a God they did him make.  
 This is that *Bel* the *Chaldees* worshiped,  
 Whose Priests in Stories oft are mentioned;  
 This is that *Baal* to whom the *Israelites*  
 So oft profanely offered sacred Rites:  
 This is *Beelzebub* God of *Ekronites*,  
 Likewise *Baalpeor* of the *Mohabites*,  
 His reign was short, for as I calculate,  
 At twenty five ended his Regal date.



## Ninus.

**H**IS Father dead, *Ninus* begins his reign,  
 Transfers his feat to the *Affyrian* plain;  
 And mighty *Nineveh* more mighty made,  
 Whose Foundation was by his Grand-fire laid:  
 Four hundred forty Furlongs wall'd about,  
 On which stood fifteen hundred Towers stout.  
 The walls one hundred sixty foot upright, [71]  
 So broad three Chariots run abreast there might.  
 Upon the pleasant banks of *Tygris* flood  
 This stately Seat of warlike *Ninus* stood:  
 This *Ninus* for a God his Father canonized,  
 To whom the fottish people sacrificed.  
 This Tyrant did his Neighbours all oppress,  
 Where e're he warr'd he had too good success.  
*Barzanes* the great *Armenian* King  
 By force and fraud did under Tribute bring.<sup>r</sup>  
 The *Median* Country he did also gain,  
*Thermus*<sup>z</sup> their King he caused to be slain;  
 An Army of three millions he led out  
 Against the *Bactrians* (but that I doubt)  
*Zoreaster* their King he likewise slew,  
 And all the greater *Afia* did subdue.  
*Semiramis* from *Menon* did he take  
 Then drown'd himself, did *Menon* for her fake.  
 Fifty two years he reign'd, (as we are told)  
 The world then was two thousand nineteen old.

<sup>r</sup> By force, his tributary, he did bring.<sup>z</sup> Pharmus.

*Semiramis.*

**T**HIS great oppressing *Ninus*, dead and gone,  
 His wife *Semiramis* usurp'd the Throne;  
 She like a brave *Virago* played the *Rex*  
 And was both shame and glory of her Sex:  
 Her birth place was Philistines *Ascolan*,<sup>a</sup>  
 Her mother *Dorceta*<sup>b</sup> a Curtizan.  
 Others report she was a vestal *Nun*,  
 Adjudged to be drown'd for th' crime<sup>c</sup> she'd done.  
 Transform'd into a Fish by *Venus* will, [72]  
 Her beauteous face, (they feign) reteining still.  
 Sure from this Fiction *Dagon* first began,  
 Changing the<sup>d</sup> womans face into a man:  
 But all agree that from no lawfull bed,  
 This great renowned Emprefs issued:  
 For which she was obscurely nourished,  
 Whence rose that Fable, she by birds was fed.  
 This gallant Dame unto the *Bactrian* warre,  
 Accompanying her husband *Menon* farr,  
 Taking a town, such valour she did show,  
 That *Ninus* amorous of her soon did grow,  
 And thought her fit to make a Monarchs wife,  
 Which was the cause poor *Menon* lost his life:  
 She flourishing with *Ninus* long did reign,  
 Till her Ambition caus'd him to be slain.

<sup>a</sup> *Philistrius Ascalon.*<sup>b</sup> *Docreta.*<sup>c</sup> for what.<sup>d</sup> his.

That having no Compeer, she might rule all,  
 Or else she fought revenge for *Menon's* fall.  
 Some think the Greeks this slander on her cast,  
 As on her life Licentious, and unchast,  
 That undeferv'd, they blur'd her name and fame<sup>e</sup>  
 By<sup>f</sup> their aspersions, cast upon the fame:  
 But were her virtues more or less, or none,  
 She for her potency must go alone.  
 Her wealth she shew'd in building *Babylon*,  
 Admir'd of all, but equaliz'd of none;  
 The Walls so strong, and curiously was<sup>g</sup> wrought,  
 That after Ages, Skill by them was<sup>g</sup> taught:  
 With Towers and Bulwarks made of costly stone,  
 Quadrangle was the form it stood upon.  
 Each Square was fifteen thousand paces long, [73]  
 An hundred gates it had of mettall strong:  
 Three hundred sixty foot the walls in height,  
 Almost incredible, they were in breadth  
 Some<sup>h</sup> writers say, six Chariots might affront  
 With great facility, march safe upon't:  
 About the Wall a ditch so deep and wide,  
 That like a River long it did abide.  
 Three hundred thousand men here day by day  
 Bestow'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay.  
 And that which did all cost and Art excell,  
 The wondrous Temple was, she rear'd to *Bell*:

<sup>e</sup> And that her worth, deserved no such blame.

<sup>f</sup> As.

<sup>g</sup> were.

<sup>h</sup> Most.

Which in the midst of this brave Town was plac'd,  
 Continuing till *Xerxes* it defac'd:  
 Whose stately top above <sup>i</sup> the Clouds did rise,  
 From whence Astrologers oft view'd the Skies.  
 This to describe in each particular,  
 A structure rare I should but rudely marre.  
 Her Gardens, Bridges, Arches, mounts and spires  
 All eyes that saw, or Ears that hear admires,  
 In *Shinar* plain on the *Euphratian* flood  
 This wonder of the world, this *Babel* flood.  
 An expedition to the *East* she made  
*Staurobates*, his Country to invade: <sup>j</sup>  
 Her Army of four millions did consist,  
 Each may believe it as his fancy list.  
 Her Camels, Chariots, Gallyes in such number,  
 As puzzles best Historians to remember;  
 But this is wonderful, <sup>k</sup> of all those men,  
 They say, but twenty e're came back agen.  
 The River *Judas* <sup>l</sup> swept them half away, [74]  
 The rest *Staurobates* in fight did flay;  
 'This was last progress of this mighty Queen,  
 Who in her Country never more was seen.  
 The Poets feign'd her turn'd into a Dove,  
 Leaving the world to *Venus* soar'd above:  
 Which made the *Affyrians* many a day,  
 A Dove within their Ensigns to display:  
 Forty two years she reign'd, and then she di'd  
 But by what means we are not certifi'd.

<sup>i</sup> beyond.<sup>j</sup> Great King *Staurobates*, for to invade.<sup>k</sup> marvelous.<sup>l</sup> *Indus*.

*Ninias or Zamies.*

**H**IS Mother dead, *Ninias* obtains his right,  
 A Prince wedded to ease and to delight,  
 Or else was his obedience very great,  
 To fit thus long (obscure) rob'd<sup>l</sup> of his Seat.  
 Some write his Mother put his habit on,  
 Which made the people think they serv'd her Son:  
 But much it is, in more then forty years  
 This fraud in war nor peace at all appears:  
 More like it is his lust<sup>m</sup> with pleasures fed,  
 He fought no rule till she was gone and dead.  
 VVhat then he did of worth can no man tell,  
 But is suppos'd to be that *Amraphel*  
 VVho warr'd with *Sodoms* and *Gomorrahs* King,  
 'Gainst whom his trained bands *Abram* did bring,  
 But this is farre unlike, he being Son<sup>n</sup>  
 Unto a Father, that all Countryes won

<sup>l</sup> wrong'd.<sup>m</sup> being.<sup>n</sup> Instead of this and the nine lines following, the first edition has, —

Some may object, his Parents ruling all,  
 How he thus suddenly should be thus small?  
 This answer may suffice, whom it wil please,  
 He thus voluptuous, and given to ease;  
 Each wronged Prince, or childe that did remain,  
 Would now advantage take, their own to gain;  
 So Province, after Province, rent away,  
 Until that Potent Empire did decay.  
 Again, the Country was left bare (there is no doubt)  
 Of men, and wealth, his mother carried out;  
 Which to her neighbors, when it was made known,  
 Did then incite, them to regain their own.

So suddenly should loose so great a state,  
 VVith petty Kings to joyne Confederate.  
 Nor can those Reafons which wife *Raileih*\* finds, [75]  
 VVell fatisfie the most confiderate minds:  
 VVe may with learned *Vsher*\* better fay,  
 He many Ages liv'd after that day.  
 And that *Semiramis* then flourished  
 VVhen famous *Troy* was so beleaguered:  
 VVhat e're he was, or ° did, or how it fell,  
 VVe may fuggest our thoughts but cannot tell.  
 For *Ninias* and all his race are left  
 In deep oblivion, of acts bereft:  
 And many<sup>p</sup> hundred years in filence fit,  
 Save a few Names a new *Berosus* † writ.  
 And fuch as care not what befalls their fames,  
 May feign as many acts as he did Names;  
 It may fuffice,<sup>q</sup> if all be true that's paff.  
 T' *Sardanapalas* next, we will make hafte.

\* See Introduction.

° they.

<sup>p</sup> eleav'n.

<sup>q</sup> It is enough.

† See Raleigh's "History of the World," Bk. I. ch. 8, sec. 5, and Bk. II. ch. 1, sec. 1. "The work entitled *Berosi Antiquitatum libri quinque cum Commentariis Joannis Anni*, which appeared at Rome in 1498, fol., and was afterwards often reprinted and even translated into Italian, is one of the many fabrications of Giovanni Nanni, a Dominican monk of Viterbo, better known under the name of Annius of Viterbo, who died in 1502." — SMITH'S "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology."

The writings of the real Berosus exist only in a fragmentary condition, as quoted by Josephus and other authors. See page [182.]

*Sardanapalas*

**S**ARDANAPALAS, Son to *Ocrzapas*,  
 Who wallowed in all voluptuousness,  
 That palliardizing got that out of dores,  
 Ne're shew'd his face but revell'd with his whores  
 Did wear their garbs, their gestures imitate,  
 And in their kind, t excel did emulate.  
 His baseness knowing, and the peoples hate  
 Kept close, fearing his well deserved fate;<sup>r</sup>  
 It chanc'd<sup>s</sup> *Arbaces* brave unwarily,  
 His Master like a Strumpet clad did<sup>t</sup> spye.  
 His manly heart disdain'd (in the least)  
 Longer to serve this Metamorphos'd Beast;  
 Unto *Belofus* then he brake his mind, [76]  
 Who sick of his disease, he soon did find  
 These two, rul'd *Media* and *Babilon*  
 Both for their King, held their Dominion;  
*Belofus* promised *Arbaces* aid,  
*Arbaces* him fully to be repayd.  
 The last: The *Medes* and *Persians* do invite  
 Against their monstrous King, to use<sup>u</sup> their might.  
*Belofus*, the *Chaldeans* doth require  
 And the *Arabians*, to further his desire:

<sup>r</sup> Kept ever close, fearing some dismal fate.

<sup>s</sup> At last.

<sup>t</sup> chanc'd to.

<sup>u</sup> bring.

Theſe all agree, and forty thouſand make  
 The Rule, from their unworthy Prince to take:<sup>v</sup>  
 Theſe Forces muſtered. and in array  
*Sardanapalus* leaves his Apiſh play.  
 And though of wars, he did abhor the fight;  
 Fear of his diadem did force him fight:  
 And either by his valour, or his fate,  
*Arbaces* Courage he did fo<sup>w</sup> abate;  
 That in diſpair, he left the Field and fled,  
 But with freſh hopes *Belofus* ſuccoured,  
 From *Bactria*, an Army was at hand  
 Preſt for this Service by the Kings Command:  
 Theſe with celerity *Arbaces* meet,<sup>x</sup>  
 And with all Terms of amity them greet.<sup>y</sup>  
 With<sup>z</sup> promiſes their necks now to unyoke,  
 And their Taxations fore all to revoke;  
 T' infranchiſe them, to grant what they could crave,  
 No priviledge to want, Subjects ſhould have,  
 Only intreats them, to joyn their Force with his,  
 And win the Crown, which was the way to bliſs.  
 Won by his loving looks, more by his<sup>a</sup> ſpeech, [77]  
 T' accept of what they could, they all<sup>b</sup> beſeech:  
 Both ſides their hearts their hands, & bands unite,  
 And ſet upon their Princes Camp that night;

<sup>v</sup> After this the firſt edition has, —

By propheſie, *Belofus* ſtrength's their hands,  
*Arbaces* muſt be maſter of their lands.

<sup>w</sup> fore.

<sup>x</sup> meets.

<sup>y</sup> he greets.

<sup>z</sup> Makes.

<sup>a</sup> more loving.

<sup>b</sup> him.



Who revelling in Cups, fung care away,  
For victory obtain'd the other day:  
And now<sup>c</sup> surpris'd, by this unlookt for fright,  
Bereft of wits, were slaughtered down right.  
The King his brother leavs, all to sustain,  
And speeds himself to *Niniveh* amain.  
But *Salmeneus* slain, the Army falls;  
The King's pursu'd unto the City Walls,  
But he once in, pursuers came to late,  
The Walls and Gates their haft<sup>d</sup> did terminate,  
There with all store he was so well provided:  
That what *Arbaces* did, was but derided:  
Who there incamp'd, two years for little end,  
But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,  
For by the rain, was *Tygris* so o'reflown,  
Part of that stately Wall was overthrown.<sup>e</sup>  
*Arbaces* marches in the Town he takes,  
For few or none (it seems)<sup>f</sup> resistance makes:  
And now they saw fulfil'd a Prophecy,  
That when the River prov'd their Enemy,  
Their strong wal'd Town should suddenly be taken  
By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken.  
*Sardanapalas* did not seek to fly,  
This his inevitable destiny;  
But all his wealth and friends together gets,  
Then on himself, and them a fire he sets.

<sup>c</sup> But all.

<sup>d</sup> course.

<sup>e</sup> Which through much rain, then swelling up so high,  
Part of the wal it level caus'd to lye.

<sup>f</sup> did there.

This was laſt Monarch of great *Ninus* race [78]  
 That for twelve hundred years had held the place;  
 Twenty he reign'd ſame time, as Stories tell,  
 That *Amaziah* was King of *Iſrael*.  
 His Father was then King (as we ſuppoſe)  
 VWhen *Jonah* for their ſins denounc'd thoſe woes.  
 He did repent, the threatenings<sup>g</sup> was not done,  
 But now accompliſh'd in his wicked Son.<sup>h</sup>  
*Arbaces* thus of all becoming Lord,  
 Ingeniouſly with all did keep his word.  
 Of *Babylon Belofus* he made King,  
 VWith overplus of all the wealth<sup>i</sup> therein.  
 To *Bactrians* he gave their liberty,  
 Of *Ninivites* he cauſed none to dye.  
 But ſuffer'd with their goods, to go elſe where,  
 Not granting them now<sup>j</sup> to inhabit there:  
 For he demolish'd that City great,  
 And unto *Media* transfer'd his Seat.  
 Such was his promiſe which he firmly made,  
 To *Medes* and *Perſians* when he crav'd their aid:<sup>k</sup>  
 A while he and his race aſide muſt ſtand,  
 Not pertinent to what we have in hand;  
 And *Belochus* in's progeny purſue,  
 VWho did this Monarchy begin anew.

<sup>g</sup> therefore it.

<sup>h</sup> But was accompliſhed now, in his Son.

<sup>i</sup> treaſures.

<sup>j</sup> Yet would not let them.

<sup>k</sup> Thus was the promiſe bound, ſince firſt he crav'd,  
 Of *Medes*, and *Perſians*, their aſſiſting aide;

*Belofus or Belochus.*

**B**ELOSUS fetled in his new old Seat,  
 Not fo content but aiming to be great,  
 Incroaching ftill upon the bordering lands,  
 Till *Mefopotamia* he got in's hands.  
 And either by compound or elfe by ftrength, [79]  
*Affyria* he gain'd alfo at length;  
 Then did rebuild, deftroyed *Nineveh*,  
 A coftly work which none could do but he,  
 VWho own'd the Treafures of proud *Babylon*,  
 And thofe that feem'd with *Surdanapal's* gone;  
 For though his Palace did in afhes lye,  
 The fire thofe Mettals could not damnifie;  
 From<sup>l</sup> thefe with diligence he rakes,  
*Arbaces* fuffers all, and all he takes,  
 He thus inricht by this new tryed gold.  
 Raifes a Phænix new, from grave o'th' old;  
 And from this heap did after Ages fee  
 As fair a Town, as the firft *Niniveh*.  
 VWhen this was built, and matters all in peace  
 Molefts poor *Israel*, his wealth t' increafe.  
 A thoufand Talents of *Menahem* had,  
 (Who to be rid of fuch a gueft was glad;)  
 In facrid writ he's known by name of *Pul*,  
 Which makes the world of difference fo full.

<sup>l</sup> From rubbith.

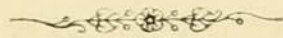
That he and *Belochus* could not one be,  
 But Circumstance doth prove the verity;  
 And times of both computed so fall out,  
 That these two made but one, we need not doubt:  
 What else he did, his Empire to advance,  
 To rest content we must, in ignorance.  
 Forty eight years he reign'd, his race then run,  
 He left his new got Kingdome to his Son.

*Tiglath Pulafsar.*

[80]

**B**ELOSUS dead, *Tiglath* his warlike Son,  
 Next treads those steps, by which his Father won;  
*Damascus* ancient Seat, of famous Kings  
 Under subjection, by his Sword he brings.  
*Resin* their valiant King he also flew,  
 And *Syria* t' obedience did subdue.  
*Judas* bad King occasioned this war,  
 When *Resins* force his Borders fore did marre,  
 And divers Cities by strong hand did seaze:  
 To *Tiglath* then, doth *Ahaz* send for ease,  
 The Temple robs, so to fulfil his ends,  
 And to *Affyria's* King a present sends.  
 I am thy Servant and thy Son, (quoth he)  
 From *Resin*, and from *Pekah* fet me free,

Gladly doth *Tiglath* this advantage take,  
 And succours *Ahaz*, yet for *Tiglath's* sake.  
 Then *Rezin* slain, his Army overthrown,  
 He *Syria* makes a Province of his own.  
 Unto *Damascus* then comes *Judah's* King,  
 His humble thankfulness (in haste) to bring,  
 Acknowledging th' *Affyrians* high desert,  
 To whom he ought all loyalty of heart.  
 But *Tiglath* having gain'd his wished end,  
 Proves unto *Ahaz* but a feigned friend;  
 All *Israels* lands beyond *Jordan* he takes,  
 In *Galilee* he woful havock makes.  
 Through *Syria* now he march'd none stopt his way,  
 And *Ahaz* open at his mercy lay;  
 Who still implor'd his love, but was distrest; [81]  
 This was that *Ahaz*, who so high<sup>m</sup> transfrest: \*  
 Thus *Tiglath* reign'd, & warr'd twenty seven years  
 Then by his death releas'd was *Israels* fears.



*Salmanassar or Nabanassar.*

**T**IGLATH deceas'd, *Salmanassar* was next,  
 He *Israelites*, more than his Father vext;  
*Hoshea* their last King he did invade,  
 And him six years his Tributary made;

<sup>m</sup> much.

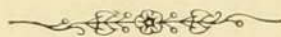
\* 2 Chron. xxviii. 22.

But weary of his fervitude, he fought  
 To *Egypt's* King, which did avail him nought;  
 For *Salmanassar* with a mighty Host,  
 Befieg'd his Regal Town, and spoyl'd his Coast,  
 And did the people, nobles, and their King,  
 Into perpetual thraldome that time bring;  
 Those that from *Joshuah's* time had been a state,<sup>n</sup>  
 Did Justice now by him eradicate: [10 years.  
 This was that strange, degenerated brood,  
 On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;  
 Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoyle,  
 Returns triumphant Victor to his foyle;  
 He placed *Israel* there,<sup>o</sup> where he thought best,  
 Then sent his Colonies, theirs to invest;  
 Thus *Jacobs* Sons in Exile must remain,  
 And pleasant *Canaan* never saw again:  
 Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tell,  
 Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill, or well;  
 Whether the *Indians* of the East, or West,  
 Or wild *Tartarians*, as yet ne're blest,  
 Or else those *Chinoes* rare, whose wealth & arts [82]  
 Hath bred more wonder then belief in hearts:  
 But what, or where they are; yet know we this,  
 They shall return, and *Zion* see with blifs.

<sup>n</sup> been Estate.<sup>o</sup> Plac'd *Israel* in's Land,

*Senacherib.*

**S**ENACHERIB *Salmanasser* succeeds,  
 Whose haughty heart is showne in words<sup>p</sup> & deeds  
 His wars, none better then himself can boast,  
 On *Henah*, *Arpad*, and on *Juahs* coast;  
 On *Hevahs* and on *Shepharvaims* gods,<sup>q</sup>  
 'Twixt them and *Israels* he knew no odds, \* [7 years.  
 Untill the thundring hand of heaven he felt,  
 Which made his Army into nothing melt:  
 With flame then turn'd to *Ninive* again,  
 And by his sons in's Idols house was slain.

*Essarhadon.*

**H**IS Son, weak *Essarhaddon* reign'd in's place,  
 The fifth, and last of great *Bellofus* race.  
 Brave *Merodach*, the Son of *Baladan*,  
 In *Babylon* Lieftenant to this man  
 Of opportunity advantage takes,  
 And on his Masters ruines his house makes,  
 As *Belofus* his Sovereign<sup>r</sup> did onthrone,  
 So he's now stit'd the King of *Babylon*.  
 After twelve years did *Essarhaddon* dye,  
 And *Merodach* assume the Monarchy.

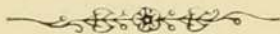
<sup>p</sup> works.<sup>q</sup> *Ivah* least:<sup>r</sup> first. his.On *Hena's*, and on *Sepharuaim's* gods.

\* In the first edition.

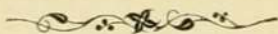
*Merodach Balladan.*

[83]

ALL yield to him, but *Niniveh* kept free,  
 Untill his Grand-child made her bow the knee.  
 Ambassadors to *Hezekiah* sent, \* [21 years.  
 His health congratulates with complement.

*Ben Merodach.*

BEN MERODACH Successor to this King,  
 Of whom is little said in any thing, \* [22 years.  
 But by conjecture this, and none but he  
 Led King *Manasseh* to Captivity.

*Nebulassar.*

BRAVE *Nebulassar* to this King was son,  
 The famous<sup>s</sup> *Niniveh* by him was won,  
 For fifty years, or more, it had been free,  
 Now yields her neck unto captivity: \* [12 years.

s ancient.

\* In the first edition.



A Vice-Roy from her foe she's glad to accept,  
 By whom in firm obedience she is kept.  
 This King's less fam'd for all the acts he's done,  
 Then being Father to so great a Son.†



*Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebopolassar.*

THE famous acts<sup>u</sup> of this heroick King  
 Did neither *Homer, Hesiod, Virgil* sing:  
 Nor of his Wars<sup>v</sup> have we the certainty  
 From some *Thucidides* grave history;  
 Nor's Metamorphosis from *Ovids* book,  
 Nor his restoriag from old Legends took:  
 But by the Prophets, Pen-men most divine, [84]  
 This prince in's magnitude doth ever shine:  
 This was of Monarchyes that head of gold,  
 The richest and the dread fullest to behold:  
 This was that tree whose branches fill'd the earth,  
 Under whose shadow birds and beasts had birth:  
 This was that king of kings, did what he pleas'd,  
 Kil'd, sav'd, pul'd down, fet up, or pain'd or eas'd;  
 And this was he, who when he fear'd the least  
 Was changed<sup>w</sup> from a King into a beast.\*

† These two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>u</sup> Wars.                      <sup>v</sup> acts.                      <sup>w</sup> turned.

\* Dan. ii. 32, 37, 38; iv. 10-12, 33.

This Prince the last year of his fathers reign  
 Against *Jehojakim* marcht with his train,  
*Judahs* poor King befieg'd and succourless  
 Yields to his mercy, and the present 'strefs;  
 His Vassal is, gives pledges for his truth,  
 Children of royal blood, unblemish'd youth:  
 Wife *Daniel* and his fellowes, mongst the rest,  
 By the victorious king to *Babel's* prest:  
 The Temple of rich ornaments defac'd,  
 And in his Idols house the vessels<sup>x</sup> plac'd.  
 The next year he with unresist'd hand  
 Quite vanquish'd *Pharaoh Necho* with his band:  
 By great *Euphrates* did his army fall,  
 Which was the loss of *Syria* withall.  
 Then into *Egypt Necho* did retire,  
 Which in few years proves the *Assirians* hire.  
 A mighty army next he doth prepare,  
 And unto wealthy *Tyre* in hast repair.  
 Such was the scituation of this place,  
 As might not him, but all the world out-face,  
 That in her pride she knew not which to boast [85]  
 Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most  
 How in all merchandize she did excel,  
 None but the true *Ezekiel* need to tell.  
 And for her strength, how hard she was to gain,  
 Can *Babels* tired souldiers tell with pain.  
 Within an Island had this city feat,  
 Divided from the Main by channel great:

<sup>x</sup> Vassal's.

Of costly ships and Gallies she had store,  
 And Mariners to handle fail and oar:  
 But the *Chaldeans* had nor ships nor skill,  
 Their shoulders must their Masters mind fulfill,  
 Fetcht rubbish from the opposite old town,  
 And in the channel threw each burden down;  
 Where after many essayes, they made at last  
 The sea firm land, whereon the Army past,  
 And took the wealthy town; but all the gain,  
 Requited not the losse,<sup>y</sup> the toyle and pain.  
 Full thirteen years in this strange work he spent  
 Before he could accomplish his intent:  
 And though a Victor home his Army leads,  
 With peeled shoulders, and with balded heads.\*  
 When in the *Tyrian* war this King was hot,  
*Jehojakim* his oath had clean forgot,  
 Thinks this the fittest time to break his bands  
 Whilest *Babels* King thus deep engaged stands:  
 But he whose fortunes all were in the ebbe,<sup>z</sup>  
 Had all his hopes like to a spiders web;  
 For this great King withdraws part of his force,  
 To *Judah* marches with a speedy course,  
 And unexpected finds the feeble Prince [86]  
 Whom he chastis'd thus for his proud offence,  
 Fast bound, intends to *Babel* him to send,<sup>a</sup>  
 But chang'd his mind, & caus'd his life there end,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>y</sup> cost.<sup>z</sup> But he (alas) whose fortunes now i' the ebbe.<sup>a</sup> intends at *Babel* he shal stay.<sup>b</sup> and slew him by the way.

\* Ezek. xxix. 18.

Then cast him out like to a naked Afs,  
 For this is he for whom none said alas.\*  
 His son he suffered three months to reign,  
 Then from his throne he pluck'd<sup>c</sup> him down again,  
 Whom with his mother he to *Babel* led,  
 And seven and<sup>d</sup> thirty years in prison fed:  
 His Uncle he establish'd in his place  
 (Who was last King of holy  *Davids* race)  
 But he as perjur'd as *Jehojakim*,  
 They lost more now<sup>e</sup> than e're they lost by him.  
 Seven years he kept his faith, and safe he dwells;  
 But in the eighth against his Prince rebels:  
 The ninth came *Nebuchadnezzar* with power,  
 Besieg'd his city, temple, *Zions* tower,  
 And after eighteen months he took them all:  
 The Walls so strong, that stood so long, now fall.  
 The curst King by flight could no wise fly<sup>f</sup>  
 His well deserv'd and foretold misery:  
 But being caught to *Babels* wrathfull King  
 With children, wives and Nobles all they bring,  
 Where to the sword all but himself were put,  
 And with that wofull fight his eyes close shut.  
 Ah! hapless man, whose darksome contemplation  
 Was nothing but such gaffly meditation.  
 In midst of *Babel* now till death he lyes;  
 Yet as was told ne're saw it with his eyes.

<sup>c</sup> pull'd.<sup>d</sup> And more then.<sup>e</sup> *Iudah* lost more.<sup>f</sup> free.

\* Jer. xxii. 18, 19.

The Temple's burnt, the veffels had away. [87]  
 The towres and palaces brought to decay:  
 Where late of harp and Lute were heard the noife  
 Now *Zim* & *Jim* \* lift up their fcrieching<sup>s</sup> voice.  
 All now of worth are Captive led with tears,  
 And fit bewailing *Zion* feventy years.  
 With all thefe conquests, *Babels* King refts not,  
 No not when *Moab*, *Edom* he had got,  
*Kedar* and *Hazar*, the *Arabians* too,  
 All Vaffals at his hands for Grace muft fue.  
 A total conquest of rich *Egypt* makes,  
 All rule he from the ancient *Phraohes* takes,  
 Who had for fixteen hundred years born fway,  
 To *Babilons* proud King now yields the day.  
 Then *Put* and *Lud* † do at his mercy ftand.  
 VVhere e're he goes, he conquers every land.

\* These words are explained by the translation and marginal note of Isaiah xiii. 21, 22, in the Genevan Bible (London, 1599): —

“But *Zijm* fhall lodge there, & their houfes fhall be full of Ohim: Ostriches fhall dwell there, and the Satyrs fhall dance there.

“*ϕ* Which were either wild beafts, or foules, or wicked fpirits, whereby Satan deluded man, as by the fairies, goblins, and fuch like fantasies.

“And *Iim* fhall cry in their palaces, and dragons in their pleafant palaces: and the time thereof is ready to come, and the dayes thereof fhall not be prolonged.”

Also in Jeremiah l. 39: “Therefore the *Ziims* with the *Iims* fhall dwell there.”

“*Ziim*” means literally *inhabitants of the desert*, either men or beafts. The “*Iim*” were probably jackals. In King James's version of the Bible the words are translated by “wild beafts of the desert” and “wild beafts of the islands.”

The first edition has “*Sim*” instead of “*Jim*.”

† Judith ii. 23.

<sup>s</sup> shrieking.

His sumptuous buildings passes all conceit,  
 Which wealth and strong ambition made so great.  
 His Image *Judahs* Captives worship not,  
 Although the Furnace be seven times more hot.  
 His dreams wife *Daniel* doth expound full well,  
 And his unhappy chang with grief foretell.  
 Strange melancholy humours on him lay,  
 Which for seven years his reason took away,  
 Which from no natural causes did proceed,  
 But for his pride, so had the heavens decreed.<sup>g</sup>  
 The time expir'd, brutish remains<sup>h</sup> no more,  
 But Government resumes as heretofore:  
 In splendor, and in Majesty he fits,  
 Contemplating those times he lost his witts.  
 And if by words we may guess at the heart, [88]  
 This king among the righteous had a part:  
 Forty four years he reign'd, which being run,  
 He left his wealth and conquests to his son.



*Evilmerodach*

**B**ABEL'S great Monarch now laid in the dust,  
 His son possesses wealth and rule as just:  
 And in the first year of his Royalty  
 Easeth *Jehojakims* Captivity:

<sup>g</sup> For by the Heavens above it was decreed.

<sup>h</sup> remains a Beast.

Poor forlorn Prince, who had all state forgot  
 In seven and thirty years had seen no jot.  
 Among the conquer'd Kings that there did ly  
 Is Judah's King now lifted up on high:  
 But yet in *Babel* he must still remain,  
 And native *Canaan* never see again:  
 Unlike his Father *Evilmerodach*,  
 Prudence and magnanimity did lack;  
 Fair *Egypt* is by his remifness loft,  
*Arabia*, and all the bordering coast.  
 Warrs with the *Medes* unhappily he wag'd  
 (Within which broyles rich *Cræsus* was ingag'd)  
 His Army routed, and himself there flain:  
 His Kingdome to *Belshazzar* did remain.



*Belshazzar.*

UNWORTHY *Belshazzar* next wears the crown,  
 Whose acts profane a sacred Pen sets down,  
 His lust and cruelties in storyes <sup>i</sup> find,  
 A royal State rul d by a bruitish mind.  
 His life so base, and dissolute invites [89]  
 The noble *Persian* to invade his rights.  
 Who with his own, and Uncles power anon,  
 Lays fiedge to's Regal Seat, proud *Babylon*,

<sup>i</sup> cruelty, in books we.

The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,  
 To banquetting and revelling now falls,  
 To shew his little dread, but greater store,  
 To chear his friends, and scorn his foes the more.  
 The holy vessels thither brought long since,  
 They carrows'd in, and sacrilegious prince  
 Did praise his Gods of mettal, wood, and stone,  
 Protectors of his Crown, and *Babylon*,  
 But he above, his doings did deride,  
 And with a hand soon dashed all this pride.  
 The King upon the wall casting his eye,  
 The fingers of a <sup>i</sup> hand writing did spy,  
 Which horrid sight, he fears must needs portend  
 Destruction to his Crown, to's Person end.  
 With quaking knees, and heart appall'd he cries,  
 For the Soothfayers, and Magicians wife;  
 This language strange to read, and to unfold;  
 With gifts of Scarlet robe, and Chain of gold,  
 And highest dignity, next to the King,  
 To him that could interpret, clear this thing:  
 But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,  
 Amazed at the writing, and the hand.  
 None answers the affrighted Kings intent,  
 Who still expects some fearful sad event;  
 As dead, alive <sup>j</sup> he sits, as one <sup>k</sup> undone:  
 In comes the Queen, to chear her heartless Son.  
 Of *Daniel* tells, who in his grand-fires dayes [90]  
 Was held in more account <sup>l</sup> then now he was.

<sup>i</sup> his.<sup>j</sup> As thus amort.<sup>k</sup> all.<sup>l</sup> request.

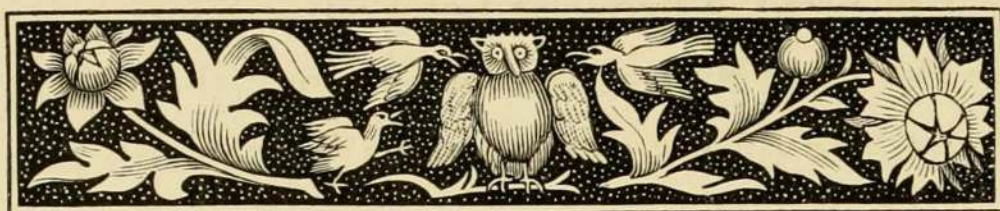


*Daniel* in haste is brought before the King,  
VWho doth not flatter, nor once cloak the thing;  
Reminds him of his Grand-Sires height and fall,  
And of his own notorious fins withall:  
His Drunkenness, and his profaness high,  
His pride and fottish grofs Idolatry.  
The guilty King with colour pale and dead  
Then hears his *Mene* and his *Tekel* read.\*  
And one thing did worthy a King (though late)  
Perform'd his word to him that told his fate.  
That night victorious *Cyrus* took the town,  
VWho soon did terminate his life and crown;  
VWith him did end the race of *Baladan*:  
And now the *Persian* Monarchy began.

\* Dan. v. 25-28.

*The End of the Assyrian Monarchy.*





The Second *Monarchy*, [91]  
being the *Persian*, began under

*Cyrus, Darius* being his Uncle and  
Father-in-law reigned with him  
about two years.

---

**C***Yrus Cambyfes* Son of *Persia* King,  
Whom Lady *Mandana* did to him bring,  
She daughter unto great *Astiages*,  
He in descent the seventh from *Arbaces*.  
*Cambyfes* was of *Achemenes* race,  
VWho had in *Persia* the Lieftenants place  
VWhen *Sardanapalus* was overthrown,  
And from that time had held it as his own.  
*Cyrus, Darius* Daughter took to wife,  
And so unites two Kingdomes without strife.  
*Darius* unto *Mandana* was brother,  
Adopts her son for his, having no other.  
This is of *Cyrus* the true pedegree,  
VWhose Ancestors were royal in degree:

His Mothers dream, and Grand-Sires cruelty,  
 His preservation, in his misery,  
 His nourishment afforded by a Bitch,  
 Are fit for such, whose ears for Fables itch.  
 He in his younger dayes an Army led, [92]  
 Against great *Cressus* then of *Lidia* head;  
 Who over-curious of wars event,  
 For information to *Apollo* went:  
 And the ambiguous Oracle did trust,  
 So overthrown by *Cyrus*, as was just;  
 Who him persuades to *Sardis*, takes the Town,  
 Where all that dare <sup>m</sup> resist are slaughter'd down;  
 Disguised *Cressus* hop'd to scape i'th' throng,  
 Who had no might to save himself from wrong;  
 But as he past, his Son who was born dumb,  
 With pressing grief and sorrow overcome:  
 Among the tumult, blood-shed, and the strife,  
 Brake his long silence, cry'd, spare *Cressus* life:  
*Cressus* thus known, it was great *Cyrus* doom,  
 (A hard decree) to ashes he consume;  
 Then on a wood-pile <sup>n</sup> set, where all might eye,  
 He *Solon*, *Solon*, *Solon*, thrice did cry.  
 The Reason of those words *Cyrus* demands,  
 Who *Solon* was? to whom he lifts his hands;  
 Then to the King he makes this true report,  
 That *Solon* sometimes at his stately Court,  
 His Treasures, pleasures, pomp and power did see,  
 And viewing all, at all nought mov'd was he:

<sup>m</sup> doe<sup>n</sup> Pike being.

That *Cressus* angry, urg'd him to exprefs,  
 If ever King equal'd his happinefs.  
 (Quoth he) that man for happy we commend,  
 Whofe happy life attains an happy end.<sup>o</sup>  
*Cyrus* with pittie mov'd, knowing Kings ftand,  
 Now up and down, as fortune turns her hand,  
 Weighing the Age, and greatnefs of the Prince, [93]  
 (His Mothers Uncle) ftories do evince:  
 Gave him his life, and took him for a friend,  
 Did to him ftill his chief defigns commend.<sup>p</sup>  
 Next war the refliefs *Cyrus* thought upon,  
 Was conqueft of the ftately *Babilon*,  
 Now treble wall'd, and moated fo about,  
 That all the world they need not<sup>q</sup> fear nor doubt;  
 To drain this ditch, he many Sluces cut,  
 But till convenient time their heads kept fhut;  
 That night *Belshazzar* feafted all his rout,  
 He cut thofe banks, and let the River out,  
 And to the walls feecurely marches on,  
 Not finding a defendant thereupon;  
 Enters the Town, the fottifh King he flayes,  
 Upon Earths richeft fpoyles his Souldiers preys;  
 Here twenty years provifion good<sup>r</sup> he found,  
 Forty five miles this City fcarce could round;

<sup>o</sup> Instead of this and the nine preceding lines, the first edition has, —

Upon demand, his minde to *Cyrus* broke,  
 And told, how *Solon* in his hight had fpoke.

<sup>p</sup> Gave him at once, his life, and Kingdom too,  
 And with the *Lidians*, had no more to doe.

<sup>q</sup> they neither.

<sup>r</sup> "good" not in the first edition.

This head of Kingdomes *Chaldees* excellence,  
 For Owles and Satyres made a residence; \*  
 Yet wondrous monuments this stately Queen,  
 A thousand years had after to be seen.<sup>s</sup>  
*Cyrus* doth now the Jewish Captives free,  
 An Ediēt made, the Temple builded be,  
 He with his Uncle *Daniel* sets on high,  
 And caus'd his foes in Lions Den to dye.  
 Long after this he 'gainst the *Scythians* goes,  
 And *Tomris* Son and <sup>t</sup> Army overthrows;  
 VWhich to revenge she hires a mighty power,  
 And sets on *Cyrus*, in a fatal hour;  
 There routs his Host, himself she prisoner takes, [94]  
 And at one blow (worlds head) she headless makes  
 The which she bath'd,<sup>u</sup> within a But of blood,  
 Using such taunting words, as she thought good.  
 But *Xenophon* reports he di'd in's bed,  
 In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head;  
 And in his Town of *Passagardes*<sup>v</sup> lyes,  
 VWhere some long after fought in vain for prize,<sup>w</sup>  
 But in his <sup>x</sup> Tombe, was only to be found  
 Two *Scythian* boys,<sup>y</sup> a Sword and Target round:  
 And *Alexander* coming to the fame,  
 VWith honours great, did celebrate his fame.<sup>z</sup>

\* Is. xiii. 21.

<sup>s</sup> Had after thousand yeares faire to be seen.<sup>t</sup> an<sup>u</sup> bak'd<sup>v</sup> *Pafargada*,<sup>w</sup> Where *Alexander* fought, in hope of prize.<sup>x</sup> this      <sup>y</sup> bowes.<sup>z</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —

Where that proud Conquerour could doe no lesse,

Then at his Herse great honours to expresse;

Three daughters and two Sons he left behind,  
 Innobled more by birth, then by their mind;<sup>a</sup>  
 Thirty two years in all this Prince did reign,  
 But eight whilst *Babylon*, he did retain:  
 And though his conquests made the earth to groan,  
 Now quiet lyes under one marble stone.  
 And with an Epitaph, himself did make,  
 To shew how little Land he then should take.



*Cambyfes.*

CAMBYSES no wayes like his noble Sire,  
 Yet to inlarge his State had some desire,  
 His reign with bloud and Incest first begins,  
 Then sends to find a Law, for these his fins;  
 That Kings with Sisters match, no Law they find,  
 But that the *Persian* King may act his mind:<sup>b</sup>  
 He wages war the fifth year of his reign,  
 'Gainst *Egypt's* King, who there by him was flain.  
 And all of Royal Bloud, that came to hand, [95]  
 He seized first of Life, and then of Land,

<sup>a</sup> Instead of the six lines following this, the first edition has, —  
 Some thirty years this potent Prince did reign,  
 Unto *Cambyfes* then, all did remain.

<sup>b</sup> After this the first edition has, —  
 Which Law includes all Lawes, though lawlesse still,  
 And makes it lawful Law, if he but wil;

(But little *Narus*<sup>c</sup> scap'd that cruel fate,  
 VWho grown a man, resum'd again his State.)  
 He next to *Cyprus* sends his bloody Host,  
 VWho landing soon upon that fruitful Coast,  
 Made *Evelthon* their King with bended knee,  
 To hold his own, of his free Courtesie.  
 Their Temple<sup>d</sup> he destroys, not for his Zeal,  
 For he would be profest, God of their weal;  
 Yea, in his pride, he ventured so farre,  
 To spoyle the Temple of great *Jupiter* :  
 But as they marched o're those desert sands,  
 The storm'd dust o'rewhelm'd his daring bands;  
 But scorning thus, by *Jove* to be outbrav'd,  
 A second Army he<sup>e</sup> had almost grav'd,  
 But vain he found to fight with Elements,  
 So left his sacrilegious bold intents.  
 The Egyptian *Apis* then he likewise slew,  
 Laughing to scorn, that sottish Calvinish Crew :  
 If all this<sup>f</sup> heat had been for pious<sup>g</sup> end,  
*Cambyfes* to the Clouds we might commend.  
 But he that 'fore the Gods himself prefers,  
 Is more profane then grofs Idolaters;<sup>h</sup>

<sup>c</sup> *Marus*.      <sup>d</sup> The Temples.      <sup>e</sup> there.      <sup>f</sup> his.      <sup>g</sup> a good.

<sup>h</sup> Instead of the four lines following this, the first edition has, —

And though no gods, if he esteem them some,  
 And contemn them, woful is his doome,  
 He after this, saw in a Vision,  
 His brother *Smerdis* sit upon his throne :  
 He strait to rid himself of causlesse fears,  
 Complots the Princes death, in his green years,

He after this, upon fuspition vain,  
 Unjuftly cauf'd his brother to be flain.  
*Praxaspes* into *Persia* then is fent,  
 To aët in fecret, this his lewd intent:  
 His Sifter (whom Inceftuoufly he wed,)  
 Hearing her harmlefs brother thus was dead.  
 His wofull death <sup>i</sup> with tears did fo bemoan, [96]  
 That by her husbands charge, fhe caught her own,  
 She with her fruit at once were both undone  
 Who would have born a Nephew and a fon.  
 Oh hellefh husband, brother, uncle, Sire,  
 Thy cruelty all <sup>j</sup> ages will <sup>k</sup> admire.  
 This ftrange feverity he fometimes us'd <sup>l</sup>  
 Upon a Judge, for taking bribes <sup>m</sup> accus'd,  
 Flay'd him alive, hung up his ftuffed skin  
 Over his feat, then plac'd his fon therein,  
 To whom he gave this in remembrance,  
 Like fault muft look for the like recompence.  
 His cruelty was come unto that height,  
 He fpar'd nor foe, nor friend, nor favourite."

Who for no wrong, poore innocent muft dye,  
*Praxaspes* now muft aët this tragedy;  
 Who into *Persia* with Commiffion fent,  
 Accomplifhed this wicked Kings intent;

<sup>i</sup> fate.

<sup>j</sup> will.

<sup>k</sup> ftill.

<sup>l</sup> one time he us'd.

<sup>m</sup> breach of Law.

<sup>n</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —

*Praxaspes*, to *Cambyfes* favourite,  
 Having one fon, in whom he did delight,  
 His cruell Mafter, for all fervice done,  
 Shot through the heart of his beloved fon:



'Twould be no pleasure,<sup>o</sup> but a tedious thing  
 To tell the facts of this most bloody King,  
 Feared of all, but lov'd of few or none,  
 All wisht<sup>p</sup> his short reign past before<sup>q</sup> 'twas done.  
 At last two of his Officers he hears  
 Had set one *Smerdis* up, of the same years,  
 And like in feature to his brother<sup>r</sup> dead,  
 Ruling, as they thought best<sup>s</sup> under this head.  
 The people ignorant of what was done,  
 Obedience yielded as to *Cyrus* son.<sup>t</sup>  
 Toucht with this news to *Persia* he makes,  
 But in the way his sword just vengeance takes,  
 Unsheathes, as he his horse mounted on high,  
 And with a mortal thrust wounds him ith' thigh,  
 Which ends before begun his home-bred<sup>u</sup> warr:  
 So yields<sup>v</sup> to death, that dreadful Conquerour.  
 Grief for his brothers death he did exprefs, [97]  
 And more, because he died Issueless.  
 The male line of great *Cyrus* now had end,  
 The Female to many Ages did extend.  
 A *Babylon* in *Egypt* did he make,  
 And *Meroe* built for his fair Sisters sake.<sup>w</sup>  
 Eight years he reign'd, a short, yet too long time  
 Cut off in's wickedness in's strength and prime.

And only for his fathers faithfullness,  
 Who said but what, the king bad him expresse.

<sup>o</sup> pleasant.      <sup>p</sup> thought.      <sup>q</sup> long, till.      <sup>r</sup> the *Smerdis*.  
<sup>s</sup> good.      <sup>t</sup> This and the preceding line are not in the first edition.  
<sup>u</sup> the *Persian*.      <sup>v</sup> Yeelding.  
<sup>w</sup> And built fair *Meroe*, for his sisters sake.

*The inter regnum between Cambyfes  
And Darius Hiftafpes.*

CHILDLESS *Cambyfes* on the fudden dead,  
 (The Princes meet, to chufe one in his ftead,  
 Of which the chief was <sup>x</sup> feven, call'd *Satrapes*,  
 Who like to Kings, rul'd Kingdomes as they please,  
 Descended all of *Achemenes* bloud,  
 And Kinfmen in account to th' King they ftood.  
 And firft thefe noble *Magi* 'gree upon,  
 To thruft th' imposter *Smerdis* out of Throne:  
 Then <sup>y</sup> Forces instantly they raife, and rout  
 This King with his Conspirators fo ftout,<sup>z</sup>  
 But yet 'fore this was done much bloud was fhed,  
 And two of thefe great Peers in Field <sup>a</sup> lay dead.  
 Some write that forely hurt they fcap'd away,  
 But fo, or no, fure 'tis they won the day.  
 All things in peace, and Rebels throughly quell'd,  
 A Confultation by thofe States was held,  
 What form of government now to erect  
 The old, or new, which beft, in what refpect.  
 The greater part declin'd a Monarchy [98]  
 So late cruft by their Princes tyranny,

<sup>x</sup> were.

<sup>y</sup> Their.

<sup>z</sup> After this, the firft edition has, —

Who little pleafure had, in his fhort reigne,  
 And now with his accomplices lye flaine.

<sup>a</sup> place.

And thought the people would more happy be  
If govern'd by an Aristocracy:  
But others thought (none of the dullest brain)  
That better one then many tyrants reign.  
What Arguments they us'd, I know not well,  
Too politick, its like, for me to tell,  
But in conclusion they all agree,  
Out of the seven a Monarch chosen be.  
All envy to avoid, this was thought on  
Upon a green to meet by rising sun,  
And he whose horse before the rest should neigh,  
Of all the Peers should have precedence.  
They all attend on the appointed hour,  
Praying to fortune for a kingly power.  
Then mounting on their snorting courfers proud,  
*Darius* lusty Stallion neigh'd full loud.<sup>a</sup>  
The Nobles all alight, bow to their King,  
And joyfull acclamations shrill they ring.  
A thousand times, long live the King they cry,  
Let Tyranny with dead *Cambises* dye:  
Then all <sup>b</sup> attend him to his royall room:  
Thanks for all this to's crafty stable-groom.

<sup>a</sup> Instead of the four lines following this, the first edition has, —

The Nobles all alight, their King to greet,  
And after *Persian* manner, kisse his feet.  
His happy wishes now doth no man spare,  
But acclamations ecchoes in the aire;  
A thousand times, God save the King, they cry,  
Let tyranny now with *Cambyfes* dye.

<sup>b</sup> They then.

*Darius Hystaspes.*

**D**ARIUS by election made a King,  
 His title to make strong, omits no thing:  
 He two of *Cyrus* daughters then doth wed,  
 Two of his Nieces takes to Nuptial bed,  
 By which he cuts their hopes for future time, [99]  
 That by such steps to Kingdomes often clime.  
 And now a King by mariage, choice and blood:  
 Three strings to's bow, the least of which is good;  
 Yet firmly more, the peoples hearts to bind.  
 Made wholesome, gentle laws which pleas'd each mind.  
 His courtesie and affability.  
 Much gain'd the hearts of his nobility.<sup>c</sup>  
 Yet notwithstanding all he did so well,  
 The *Babylonians* 'gainst their prince rebell.  
 An host he rais'd the city to reduce;  
 But men<sup>d</sup> against those walls were of no use.<sup>e</sup>  
 Then brave *Zopirus* for his masters good,  
 His manly face disfigures, spares no blood:  
 With his own hands cutts off his ears and nose,  
 And with a faithfull fraud to th' town he goes,

<sup>c</sup> His affability, and milde aspect,  
 Did win him loyalty, and all respect;

<sup>d</sup> strength.

<sup>e</sup> After this, the first edition has, —

For twice ten months before the town he lay,  
 And fear'd, he now with scorn must march away.

tells them how harshly the proud king had dealt,  
 That for their fakes his cruelty he felt,  
 Defiring of the Prince to raise the siege,  
 This violence was done him by his Liege.  
 This told, for entrance he stood not long;  
 For they believ'd his nose more than his tongue.  
 With all the city's strength they him betrust,  
 If he command, obey the greatest must.  
 When opportunity he saw was fit  
 Delivers up the town, and all in it.  
 To loose a nose, to win a town's no shame,  
 But who dares venture such a stake for th' game.  
 Then thy disgrace, thine honour's manifold,  
 Who doth deserve a statue made of gold.  
 Nor can *Darius* in his Monarchy, [100]  
 Scarce find enough to thank thy loyalty:<sup>f</sup>  
 Yet o're thy glory we must cast this vail,  
 Thy craft more than thy valour did prevail.<sup>g</sup>  
*Darius* in the second of his reign  
 An Edict for the Jews publish'd again:  
 The Temple to rebuild, for that did rest  
 Since *Cyrus* time, *Cambises* did molest.  
 He like a King now grants a Charter large,  
 Out of his own revenues bears the charge,

<sup>f</sup> After this, the first edition has, —

But yet thou hast sufficient recompence,  
 In that thy fame shall found whilst men have sence;

<sup>g</sup> Thy falsehood, not thy valour did prevaile;  
 Thy wit was more than was thine honesty,  
 Thou lov'dst thy Master more than verity.

Gives Sacrifices, wheat, wine, oyle and falt,  
 Threats punishment to him that through default  
 Shall let the work, or keep back any thing  
 Of what is freely granted by the King:  
 And on all Kings he poures out Execrations  
 That shall once <sup>h</sup> dare to rase those firm foundations  
 They thus backt by the King, in spight of foes  
 Built on and prosper'd till their house they <sup>i</sup> close,  
 And in the sixth year of his friendly reign,  
 Set up a Temple (though a less) again:  
*Darius* on the *Scythians* made a war,  
 Entring that larg and barren Country far:  
 A Bridge he made, which serv'd for boat & barge  
 O're *Ister* fair, with labour and with charge.<sup>j</sup>  
 But in that desert; 'mongst his barbarous foes  
 Sharp wants, not fwords, his valour did oppose,  
 His Army fought with hunger and with cold,  
 Which to assail his royal Camp was bold.<sup>k</sup>  
 By these alone his host was pincht so fore,  
 He warr'd defensive, not offensive more.  
 The Salvages did laugh at his distress, [101]  
 Their minds by Hiroglyphicks they exprefs,  
 A Frog a Mouse, a bird, an arrow sent,  
 The King will needs interpret their intent,  
 Possession of water, earth and air,  
 But wife *Gobrias* reads not half so fair:<sup>l</sup>

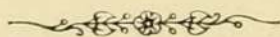
<sup>h</sup> but.<sup>i</sup> walls did.<sup>j</sup> Over fair *Ister*, at a mighty charge.<sup>k</sup> Which two then to assaile, his Camp was bold.<sup>l</sup> farre.

(Quoth he) like frogs in water we must dive,  
 Or like to mice under the earth must live,  
 Or fly like birds in unknown wayes full quick,  
 Or *Scythian* arrows in our sides must stick.  
 The King seeing his men and victuals spent,  
 This fruitless war began late to repent,  
 Return'd with little honour, and less gain.  
 His enemies scarce seen, then much less slain.  
 He after this intends *Greece* to invade,  
 But troubles in less *Asia* him staid,  
 Which hush't, he straight so orders his affairs,  
 For *Attaca* an army he prepares;  
 But as before, so now with ill success  
 Return'd with wondrous loss, and honourless.  
*Athens* perceiving now their desperate state  
 Arm'd all they could, which eleven thousand made  
 By brave *Miltiades* their chief being led:  
*Darius* multitudes before them fled.  
 At *Marathon* this bloody field was fought,  
 Where *Grecians* prov'd themselves right souldiers stout  
 The *Persians* to their gallies post with speed  
 Where an *Athenian* shew'd a valiant deed,  
 Pursues his flying foes then on the sand,<sup>m</sup>  
 He stayes a lanching<sup>n</sup> gally with his hand,  
 Which soon cut off, inrag'd,\* he with his left, [102]  
 Renews his hold, and when of that bereft,

<sup>m</sup> strand.<sup>n</sup> landing.

\* "inrag'd" not in the first edition.

His whetted teeth he claps<sup>o</sup> in the firm wood,  
 Off flyes his head, down showres his frolick bloud,  
 Go *Persians*, carry home that angry piece,  
 As the best Trophe which ye won in *Greece*,  
*Darius* light, yet<sup>p</sup> heavy home returns,  
 And for revenge, his heart still restless burnes,  
 His Queen *Atossa* Author of<sup>q</sup> this stirr,  
 For *Grecian* maids ('tis said) to wait on her.  
 She lost her aim, her Husband he lost more,  
 His men his coyne, his honour, and his store;  
 And the ensuing year ended his Life,  
 (Tis thought) through grief of this successless strife  
 Thirty six years this noble Prince did reign,  
 Then to his second<sup>r</sup> Son did all remain.



*Xerxes,*

**X**ERXES. *Darius*, and *Atossa's* Son,  
 Grand child to *Cyrus*, now sits on the Throne:  
 (His eldest brother put beside the place,  
 Because this was, first born of *Cyrus* race.)\*  
 His<sup>s</sup> Father not so full of lenity,  
 As was his<sup>t</sup> Son of pride and cruelty;

<sup>o</sup> sticks.

<sup>p</sup> he.

<sup>q</sup> caused all.

\* This and the preceding line are not in the first edition.

<sup>r</sup> eldest.

<sup>s</sup> The.

<sup>t</sup> is the.



He with his Crown receives a double war,  
 The *Egyptians* to reduce, and *Greece* to marr,  
 The first begun, and finish'd in such haste,  
 None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over past.  
 But for the last, he made such preparation,  
 As if to dust, he meant, to grinde that nation;  
 Yet all his men, and Instruments of slaughter, [103]  
 Produced but derision and laughter,  
*Sage Artabanus* Counsel had he taken,  
 And's Couzen young *Mardonius* forsaken,  
 His Souldiers credit, wealth at home had staid,  
 And *Greece* such wondrous triumphs ne'r had made.  
 The first dehorts<sup>u</sup> and layes before his eyes  
 His Fathers ill success, in's enterprize,  
 Against the *Scythians* and *Grecians* too,  
 What Infamy to's honour did accrew.  
 Flatt'ring *Mardonius* on the other side,  
 With conquest of all *Europe*,<sup>v</sup> feeds his pride:  
 Vain *Xerxes* thinks his counsel hath most wit,  
 That his ambitious humour best can fit;  
 And by this choice unwarily posts on,  
 To present loss, future subversion.  
 Although he hasted, yet four years was spent  
 In great provisions, for this great intent:  
 His Army of all Nations was compounded,  
 That the vast<sup>w</sup> *Persian* government surrounded.  
 His Foot was seventeen hundred thousand strong,  
 Eight hundred thousand horse, to these belong

<sup>u</sup> deports.<sup>v</sup> With certainty of *Europe*.<sup>w</sup> large.

His Camels, beaſts for carriage numberleſs,  
 For Truths aſham'd, how many to expreſs;  
 The charge of all, he ſeverally commended  
 To Princes, of the *Perſian* blood deſcended:  
 But the command of theſe commanders all,  
 Unto *Mardonius* made their General;<sup>x</sup>  
 (He was the Son of the fore nam'd *Gobrius*,  
 Who married the Siſter of *Darius*.)  
 Such<sup>y</sup> his land Forces were, then next a fleet, [104]  
 Of two and twenty thouſand Gallies meet  
 Man'd with *Phenicians* and *Pamphylians*  
*Cipriots*, *Dorians* and *Cilicians*,  
*Lycians*, *Carians* and *Ionians*,  
*Eolians* and the *Heleſpontines*.  
 Beſides the veſſels for his transportation,  
 Which to three thouſand came<sup>a</sup> (by beſt relation)  
 Brave *Artemiſia*, *Hallicarnaffus* Queen<sup>b</sup>  
 In perſon preſent<sup>c</sup> for his aid<sup>d</sup> was ſeen,  
 Whoſe Gallyes all the reſt in neatneſs paſs,  
 Save the *Zidonians*, where *Xerxes* was:  
 But hers ſhe kept ſtill ſeperate from the reſt,  
 For to command alone, ſhe judg'd<sup>e</sup> was beſt.  
 O noble Queen, thy valour I commend;  
 But pittty 'twas thine aid thou<sup>f</sup> here didſt lend.  
 At *Sardis* in *Lydia*, all theſe do meet,  
 Whether<sup>g</sup> rich *Pythias* comes *Xerxes* to greet,

<sup>x</sup> To *Mardonius*, Captain Generall.

<sup>y</sup> Theſe.

<sup>a</sup> Three thouſand (or more).

<sup>b</sup> *Artemiſia*, *Halicarna's* Queene,

<sup>c</sup> there, now.

<sup>d</sup> help.

<sup>e</sup> thought.

<sup>f</sup> that.

<sup>g</sup> Whither.

Feasts all this multitude of his own charge,  
 Then gives the King a king-like gift full <sup>h</sup> large,  
 Three thousand talents of the purest gold,  
 Which mighty sum all wondred to behold:  
 Then humbly to the king he makes request,  
 One of his five sons there might be releas'd,  
 To be to's age a comfort and a stay,  
 The other four he freely gave away.  
 The king calls for the youth, who being brought,  
 Cuts him in twain for whom his Sire befought,  
 Then laid his parts on both sides of the way,  
 'Twixt which his fouldiers marcht in good array.<sup>i</sup>  
 For his great love is this thy recompence? [105]  
 Is this to do like *Xerxes* or a Prince?  
 Thou shame of kings, of men the detestation,  
 I Rhetorick want to pour out execration.  
 First thing he did that's worthy of recount,<sup>j</sup>  
 A Sea passage cut behind *Athos* mount.  
 Next o're the *Helespont* a bridge he made  
 Of Boats together coupled, and there laid:  
 But winds and waves those iron bands did break;  
 To cross the sea such strength he found too weak,  
 Then whips the sea, and with a mind most vain  
 He fetters casts therein the same to chain.

<sup>h</sup> most.

<sup>i</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —  
 O most inhumain incivility!  
 Nay, more then monstrous barb'rous cruelty!

<sup>j</sup> *Xerxes* did worthy recount,

The work-men put to death the bridge that made,  
 Because they wanted skill the same to've staid.<sup>k</sup>  
 Seven thousand Gallies chain'd by *Tyrians* skill,  
 Firmly at last<sup>l</sup> accomplished his will.  
 Seven dayes and nights, his host without least stay  
 Was marching o're this new devised way.<sup>m</sup>  
 Then in *Abidus* plains mustering his forces,  
 He gloryes in his squadrons and his horses.  
 Long viewing them, thought it great happiness,  
 One king so many subjects should possess:  
 But yet this fight from him<sup>n</sup> produced tears,  
 That none of those could<sup>o</sup> live an hundred years.  
 What after did ensue had he foreseen,  
 Of so long time his thoughts had never been.  
 Of *Artubanus* he again demands  
 How of this enterprize his thoughts now stands,  
 His answer was, both sea and land he fear'd,  
 Which was not vain as after<sup>p</sup> soon appear'd.  
 But *Xerxes* resolute to *Thrace* goes first, [106]  
 His Host all<sup>q</sup> *Liffus* drinks, to quench their thirst;  
 And for his Cattel, all *Pissyrus* Lake  
 Was scarce enough, for each a draught to take:  
 Then marching on to th' streight *Thermopyle*,  
 The *Spartan* meets him brave *Leonade*;

<sup>k</sup> Instead of this and the five preceding lines, the first edition has, —  
 But winds, and waves, these couples soon dislever'd,  
 Yet *Xerxes* in his enterprize persever'd;

<sup>l</sup> length.

<sup>m</sup> this interrupting Bay.

<sup>n</sup> this goodly fight.

<sup>o</sup> these should.

<sup>p</sup> as it.

<sup>q</sup> who.

This 'twixt the mountains lyes (half Acre wide)  
 That pleafant *Theffaly* from *Greece* divide  
 Two dayes and nights, a fight they there maintain,  
 Till twenty thoufand *Persians* fell<sup>r</sup> down flain;  
 And all that Army then difmaid, had fled,  
 But that a Fugitive difcovered.

How fome<sup>s</sup> might o're the mountains go about,  
 And wound the backs of thofe brave<sup>t</sup> warriors ftout  
 They thus behem'd with multitude of Foes,  
 Laid on more fiercely their deep mortal blows.  
 None cries for quarter, nor yet feeks to run;  
 But on their ground they die each Mothers Son.  
 O noble Greeks, how now degenerate,  
 Where is the valour of your ancient State?  
 When as one thoufand could a<sup>u</sup> million daunt,  
 Alas! it is *Leonades* you want.

This fhameful victory coft *Xerxes* dear,  
 Among the reft, two brothers he loft there;  
 And as at Land, fo he at Sea was croft,  
 Four hundred ftately Ships by ftorms was loft;  
 Of Veffels fmall almoft innumerable,  
 The Harbours to contain them was not able,<sup>v</sup>  
 Yet thinking to out-match his Foes at Sea,  
 Enclof'd their Fleet i'th' ftreight of *Eubea*:  
 But they as fortunate at<sup>w</sup> Sea as Land, [107]  
 In this ftreight, as the other firmly ftand.

<sup>r</sup> falls.<sup>s</sup> part.<sup>t</sup> bold.<sup>u</sup> fome Millions.<sup>v</sup> Them to receive, the Harbour was not able;<sup>w</sup> valiant by.

And *Xerxes* mighty Gallies battered so,  
 That their split sides witness'd his overthrow;  
 Then in the streight of *Salamis* he try'd,  
 If that small number his great force could 'bide:  
 But he in daring of his forward Foe,  
 Received there a shameful overthrow.  
 Twice beaten thus at Sea he warr'd no more,  
 But then the *Phocians* Country<sup>x</sup> wafted fore;  
 They no way able to withstand his force,  
 That brave *Themistocles* takes this wise course,  
 In secret manner word to *Xerxes* sends,  
 That Greeks to break his Bridg shortly intends:  
 And as a friend warns him what e're he do  
 For his Retreat, to have an eye thereto,  
 He hearing this, his thoughts & course home bended  
 Much fearing that<sup>y</sup> which never was intended.  
 Yet 'fore he went to help out his expence,  
 Part of his Host to *Delphos* sent from thence,  
 To rob the wealthy Temple of *Apollo*,  
 But mischief sacrilege doth ever follow.  
 Two mighty Rocks brake from *Parnassus* hill,  
 And many thousands of those men did kill;  
 Which accident the rest affrighted so,  
 With empty hands they to their Master go:  
 He finding all, to tend to his decay,  
 Fearing his Bridge, no longer there would stay.<sup>z</sup>

<sup>x</sup> But *Phocians* Land, he then                      <sup>y</sup> Much, that.

<sup>z</sup> He seeing all thus tend unto decay,  
 Thought it his best, no longer for to stay;

Three hundred thousand yet he left behind,  
 With his *Mardonius* Index <sup>a</sup> of his mind;  
 Who for his sake he knew would venture farre, [108]  
 (Chief instigator of this hapless <sup>b</sup> warr.)  
 He instantly to *Athens* sends for peace,  
 That all Hostility from <sup>c</sup> thence forth cease;  
 And that with *Xerxes* they would be at one,  
 So should all favour to their State be shown.  
 The *Spartans* fearing *Athens* would agree,  
 As had *Macedon*, *Thebes*, and *Theffaly*,  
 And leave them out, this Shock now to sustain,  
 By their Ambassador they thus complain,  
 That *Xerxes* quarrel was 'gainst *Athens* State,  
 And they had helpt them as Confederate;  
 If in their <sup>d</sup> need they should forsake <sup>e</sup> their friends,  
 Their infamy would last till all things ends:  
 But the *Athenians* this peace detest,  
 And thus reply'd unto *Mardon's* request.  
 That whilst the Sun did run his endless Course  
 Against the *Perfians*, they would bend <sup>f</sup> their force;  
 Nor could the brave Ambassador he <sup>g</sup> sent,  
 With Rhetorick gain <sup>h</sup> better Complement:  
 A *Macedonian* born, and <sup>i</sup> great Commander,  
 No less then grand-Sire to great *Alexander*  
*Mardonius* proud hearing this Answer stout,  
 To add more to his numbers layes about;

<sup>a</sup> judex.<sup>b</sup> hopelesse.<sup>c</sup> might.<sup>d</sup> If now in.<sup>e</sup> thus fail.<sup>f</sup> use.<sup>g</sup> be.<sup>h</sup> t' gain.<sup>i</sup> Though of this Nation borne a

And of those Greeks which by his Skill he'd won,  
 He fifty thousand joyns unto his own:  
 The other Greeks which were Confederate  
 In all one hundred and ten thousand made.<sup>j</sup>  
 The *Athenians* could but forty thousand Arme,  
 The rest had weapons would do little harm;  
 But that which helpt defects, and made them bold, [109]  
 Was victory by Oracle foretold.  
 Then for one battel shortly all provide,  
 Where both their Controversies they'l decide;<sup>k</sup>  
 Ten dayes these Armyes did each other face,  
*Mardonius* finding victuals waft apace,  
 No longer dar'd, but bravely<sup>l</sup> on-set gave,  
 The other not a hand nor Sword would wave,  
 Till in the Intrails of their Sacrifice  
 The signal of their victory did rise,  
 Which found like Greeks they fight, the *Persians* fly,  
 And troublesome *Mardonius* now must dye.  
 All's lost, and of three hundred thousand men,  
 Three thousand only can<sup>m</sup> run home agen.

<sup>j</sup> One hundred thousand, and ten thousand make.

<sup>k</sup> Instead of this and the five preceding lines, the first edition has, —

The *Beotian* Fields, of war, the feats,  
 Where both sides exercis'd their manly feats;  
 But all their controversies to decide,  
 For one maine Battell shortly, both provide;  
 The *Athenians* could but forty thousand arme,  
 For other Weapons, they had none would harme;  
 But that which helpt defects, and made them bold,  
 Was Victory, by Oracle fore-told:

<sup>l</sup> fiercely.

<sup>m</sup> scapes, for to.



For pittie let those few to *Xerxes* go,  
 To certifie his final overthrow:  
 Same day the small remainder of his Fleet,  
 The Grecians at *Mycale* in *Asia* meet.  
 And there so utterly they wrackt the same,  
 Scarce one was left to carry home the Fame;  
 Thus did the Greeks consume, destroy, disperse  
 That Army, which did fright the Universe.  
 Scorn'd *Xerxes* hated for his cruelty,  
 Yet ceases not to act his villany.  
 His brothers wife folicites to his will,  
 The chaste and beautious Dame refused still;  
 Some years by him in this vain suit was spent,  
 Nor prayers,<sup>o</sup> nor gifts could win him least content;  
 Nor matching of her daughter to his Son,  
 But she was still as when he<sup>p</sup> first begun:  
 When jealous Queen *Amestris* of this knew, [110]  
 She Harpy like upon the Lady flew,  
 Cut off her breasts, her lips,<sup>q</sup> her nose and ears,  
 And leaves her thus besmear'd in blood and tears.  
 Straight comes her Lord, and finds his wife thus ly,  
 The sorrow of his heart did close his Eye:  
 He dying to behold that wounding sight,  
 Where he had sometime gaz'd with great delight,  
 To see that face where rose, and Lillyes stood,  
 O'reflown with Torrent of her guiltles<sup>r</sup> blood,  
 To see those breasts where Chastity did dwell,  
 Thus cut and mangled by a Hag of Hell:

o Yet words.      p it.      q Cut off her lilly breasts,      r ruby.

With loaden heart unto the King he goes,  
 Tells as he could his unexpressed woes;  
 But for his deep complaints and showres of tears,  
 His brothers recompence was nought but jears:  
 The grieved prince finding nor right, nor love,  
 To *Bactria* his household did remove.  
 His brother sent soon after him a crew,<sup>s</sup>  
 Which him and his most barbarously there flew:  
 Unto such height did grow his cruelty,  
 Of life no man had least security.  
 At last his Uncle did his death conspire,  
 And for that end his Eunuch he did hire;  
 Who privately him <sup>t</sup> smother'd in his bed,  
 But yet by search he was found murdered;  
 Then *Artabanus*<sup>u</sup> hirer of this deed,  
 That from suspicion he might be fre'd:  
 Accus'd *Darius Xerxes* eldest Son,  
 To be the Author of the crime<sup>v</sup> was done.  
 And by his craft order'd the matter so, [III]  
 That the Prince<sup>w</sup> innocent to death did<sup>x</sup> goe:  
 But in short time this wickedness was known,  
 For which he died, and not he alone,  
 But all his Family was likewise slain:  
 Such Justice in the *Persian* Court did reign.<sup>y</sup>  
 The eldest son thus immaturally dead,  
 The second was inthron'd in's fathers stead.

<sup>s</sup> His wicked brother, after sent a crew,

<sup>t</sup> Which wretch, him privately.      <sup>u</sup> The *Artacanus*.      <sup>v</sup> deed.

<sup>w</sup> poor.      <sup>x</sup> must.      <sup>y</sup> Such Justice then, in *Persia* did remain,

*Artaxerxes Longimanus.*

A MONGST the Monarchs, next this prince had  
place

The best that ever sprung of *Cyrus* race.

He first war with revolted<sup>z</sup> *Egypt* made,

To whom the perjurd *Grecians* lent their aid:

Although to *Xerxes* they not long before

A league of amity had firmly fwore,<sup>a</sup>

Which had they kept, *Greece* had more nobly done

Then when the world they after overrun.

*Greeks* and *Egyptians* both he overthrows,

And payes them both<sup>b</sup> according as he owes,

Which done, a sumptuous feast makes like a king

Where ninescore dayes are spent in banquetting.

His Princes, Nobles, and his Captains calls,

To be partakers of these Festivals:

His hangings white and green, and purple dye,

With gold and silver beds, most gorgeously.

The royal wine in golden cups did pass,

To drink more then he list, none bidden was:

Queen *Vasthi* also feasts, but 'fore tis ended,

She's from her Royalty (alas) suspended,

And one more worthy placed in her room, [112]

By *Memucans* advice so was the doom.

What *Esther*<sup>c</sup> was and did, the story read,

And how her Country-men from spoyle she freed,

<sup>z</sup> revolting.

<sup>a</sup> had sworn before.

<sup>b</sup> now.

<sup>c</sup> *Hester*.

Of *Hamans* fall, and *Mordicaes* great Rife,  
 The might of th' prince, the tribute of the Ifles.  
 Good *Ezra* in the feventh year of his reign,  
 Did for the Jews commiffion large obtain,  
 With gold and filver, and what ere they need:  
 His bounty did *Darius* far exceed.  
 And *Nehemiah* in his twentieth year,  
 Went to *Jerufalem* his city dear,  
 Rebuilt thofe walls which long in rubbifh lay,  
 And o're his opposites ftill got the day,<sup>d</sup>  
 Unto this King *Themiftocles* did fly,  
 When under *Oftacifme* he did lye:  
 For fuch ingratitude did *Athens* fhew,  
 (This valiant Knight whom they fo much did owe)  
 Such royal bounty from his<sup>e</sup> prince he found,  
 That in his<sup>f</sup> loyalty his heart was bound.  
 The king not little joyfull of this chance,  
 Thinking his *Grefian* warrs now to advance,  
 And for that end great preparation made  
 Fair *Attica* a third time to invade.  
 His grand-Sires old difgrace did vex him fore,  
 His Father *Xerxes* lofs and fhame much more.  
 For punifhment their breach of oath did call  
 This noble *Greek*, now fit for General.  
 Provisions then and feafon being fit,  
 To *Themiftocles* this warr he doth commit,

<sup>d</sup> This and the seven preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>e</sup> Such entertainment with this.

<sup>f</sup> all.

Who for his wrong he could not chuse but deem [113]  
His Country nor his Friends would much esteem:<sup>g</sup>  
But he all injury had soon forgot,  
And to his native land<sup>h</sup> could bear no hate,  
Nor yet disloyal to his Prince would prove,  
By<sup>i</sup> whom oblig'd by bounty,<sup>j</sup> and by love;  
Either to wrong, did wound his heart so sore,  
To wrong himself by death he chose before:  
In this sad conflict marching on his wayes,  
Strong poyson took, so put an end to's dayes.  
The King this noble Captain having lost,  
Disperst again his newly levied host:  
Rest of his time in peace he did remain,  
And di'd the two and forti'th of his reign.



*Darius Nothus.*

**T**HREE sons great *Artaxerxes* left behind;  
The eldest to succeed, that was his mind:  
His second Brother with him fell at strife,  
Stil making war, till first had lost his life:<sup>k</sup>  
Then the Survivor is by *Nothus* slain,  
Who now sole Monarch doth of all remain.

<sup>g</sup> his Kindred would esteem.    <sup>h</sup> Country-men.    <sup>i</sup> To.    <sup>j</sup> favour.

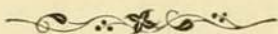
<sup>k</sup> But he, with his next brother fell at strife,  
That nought appeas'd him, but his brothers life.

The two first<sup>l</sup> sons (are by Historians thought)  
 By fair Queen *Esther*<sup>m</sup> to her husband brought:  
 If so they were,<sup>n</sup> the greater was her moan,  
 That for such graceless wretches she did groan.  
 Revolting<sup>o</sup> *Egypt* 'gainst this King rebels,  
 His Garisons drives out that 'mongst them<sup>p</sup> dwells;  
 Joyns with the *Greeks*, and so maintain their right  
 For sixty years, maugre the *Persians* might.  
 A second trouble after this succeeds, [114]  
 Which from remissness in *Less Asia* breeds.<sup>q</sup>  
*Amorges*, whom for<sup>r</sup> Vice-Roy he ordain'd,  
 Revolts, treasure and people having gain'd,  
 Plunders<sup>s</sup> the Country, & much mischief<sup>t</sup> wrought  
 Before things could to quietness be brought.  
 The King was glad with *Sparta* to make peace,  
 That so he might those troubles<sup>u</sup> soon appease:  
 But they in *Asia* must first restore  
 All towns held by his Ancestors before.  
 The King much profit reaped by this league,<sup>v</sup>  
 Regains his own, then doth the Rebel break,  
 Whose strength by *Grecians* help was overthrown,<sup>w</sup>  
 And so each man again possesseth his own.  
 This King *Cambyses* like his sister wed,  
 To which his pride, more than his lust him led:<sup>x</sup>

<sup>l</sup> These two lewd.<sup>m</sup> To be by *Hester*.<sup>n</sup> If they were hers.<sup>o</sup> Disquiet.<sup>p</sup> therein.<sup>q</sup> in *Asia* proceeds.<sup>r</sup> their.<sup>s</sup> Invades.<sup>t</sup> trouble.<sup>u</sup> these tumults.<sup>v</sup> reapeth, by these leagues.<sup>w</sup> Whose forces by their helpe were overthrown.<sup>x</sup> The King, his sister, like *Cambyfes*, wed;

More by his pride, then lust, thereunto led.

For *Persian* Kings then deem'd<sup>y</sup> themselves fo good  
 No match was high enough but their own blood.  
 Two fons she bore, the youngest *Cyrus* nam'd,  
 A Prince whose worth by *Xenophon* is fam'd:<sup>z</sup>  
 His Father would no notice of that take  
 Prefers his brother for his birthrights sake.  
 But *Cyrus* scorns his brothers feeble wit,  
 And takes more on him then was judged fit.  
 The King provoked sends for him to th' Court,  
 Meaning to chastise him in sharpest fort,  
 But in his slow approach, e're he came there  
 His Father di'd, so<sup>a</sup> put an end to's fear.  
 'Bout nineteen years this *Nothus* reign'd,<sup>b</sup> which run,  
 His large Dominions left to's eldest Son.

*Artaxerxes Mnemon.*

[115]

**M**NEMON now set upon his Fathers Throne,  
 Yet fears<sup>c</sup> all he enjoys, is not his own:  
 Still on his brother casts a jealous eye,  
 Judging his<sup>d</sup> actions tends to's injury.  
*Cyrus* on th' other side weighs in his mind,  
 What help in's enterprize he's like to find;

<sup>y</sup> did deem.<sup>z</sup> A hopeful Prince, whose worth is ever fam'd.<sup>a</sup> fathers death, did.<sup>b</sup> *Nothus* reign'd nineteen years,<sup>c</sup> doubts.<sup>d</sup> all's.

His Interest in th' Kingdome now next heir,  
 More dear to's Mother then his brother farr:  
 His brothers little love like to be gone,  
 Held by his Mothers Interceffion.  
 Thefe and like motives hurry him amain,  
 To win by force, what right could not obtain;  
 And thought it beft now in his Mothers time,  
 By lower<sup>e</sup> fteps towards the top to climbe:  
 If in his enterprize he fhould fall fhort,  
 She to the King would make a fair report,  
 He hop'd if fraud nor force, the Crown would gain  
 Her prevalence, a pardon might obtain.  
 From the *Lieutenant* firft he takes away  
 Some Towns, commodious in lefs *Afia*,  
 Pretending ftill the profit of the King,  
 Whofe Rents and Cufomes duly he fent in;  
 The King finding Revenues now amended,  
 For what was done feemed no whit offended.  
 Then next he takes the *Spartans* into pay,<sup>f</sup>  
 One Greek could make ten *Persians* run away.  
 Great care was his pretence thofe Souldiers ftout,  
 The Rovers in *Pifidia* fhould drive out;  
 But left fome blacker<sup>g</sup> news fhould fly to Court, [116]  
 Prepares<sup>h</sup> himfelf to carry the report:  
 And for that end five hundred Horfe he chofe;  
 With pofting fpeed on t'wards the king he goes:  
 But fame more quick, arrives ere he comes there,  
 And fills the Court with tumult, and with fear.

<sup>e</sup> leffer.<sup>g</sup> worfer.<sup>f</sup> Then next, the *Lacedemons* he takes to pay;<sup>h</sup> He meant.



The old Queen and the young at bitter jars,  
 The last accus'd the first for these sad wars,<sup>i</sup>  
 The wife against the mother still doth cry  
 To be the Author of conspiracy.  
 The King dismaid, a mighty host doth raise,  
 Which *Cyrus* hears, and so foreflows his pace:  
 But as he goes his forces still augments,  
 Seven hundred *Greeks* repair for<sup>j</sup> his intents,  
 And others to be warm'd by this new fun  
 In numbers from his brother dayly run.  
 The fearfull King at last musters his forces,  
 And counts nine hundred thousand Foot & horses.  
 Three hundred thousand he to *Syria* sent  
 To keep those streights his brother to prevent.<sup>k</sup>  
 Their Captain hearing but of *Cyrus* name,  
 Forfook his charge to his eternal shame.<sup>l</sup>  
 This place so made by nature and by art,  
 Few might have kept it, had they had a heart.  
*Cyrus* dispair'd a passage there to gain,  
 So hir'd a fleet to waft him o're the Main:  
 The 'mazed King was then about to fly  
 To *Bactria* and for a time there lye,<sup>m</sup>

<sup>i</sup> The one accus'd the other, for these wars:      <sup>j</sup> *Greeks* now further.

<sup>k</sup> And yet with these, had neither heart, nor grace;  
 To look his manly brother in the face.  
 Three hundred thousand, yet to *Syria* sent;  
 To keep those streights, to hinder his intent.

<sup>l</sup> Ran back, and quite abandoned the fame,  
*Abrocomes*, was this base cowards name,  
 Not worthy to be known, but for his shame:

<sup>m</sup> To th' utmost parts of *Bactr'a*, and there lye.

Had not his Captains<sup>n</sup> fore against his will  
 By reason and by force detain'd him still,  
 Up then with speed a mighty trench he throws [117]  
 For his security against his foes.  
 Six yards the depth and forty miles in length,  
 Some fifty or else sixty foot in breadth;  
 Yet for his brothers coming durst not stay,  
 He safest<sup>o</sup> was when farthest out of th' way.  
*Cyrus* finding his camp, and no man there,  
 Was not a little jocund<sup>p</sup> at his fear.  
 On this he and his souldiers careless grow,  
 And here and there in carts their arms they throw  
 When suddenly their scouts come in and cry,  
*Arm, Arm*, the King with all his host is nigh.<sup>q</sup>  
 In this confusion each man as he might  
 Gets on his arms, arrayes himself for fight,  
 And ranged stood by great *Euphrates* side  
 The brunt of that huge multitude to 'bide,  
 Of whose great numbers their intelligence  
 Was gather'd by the dust that rose from thence,  
 Which like a mighty cloud darkned the sky,  
 And black and blacker grew, as they drew nigh:  
 But when their order and their silence saw,  
 That, more then multitudes their hearts did awe;  
 For tumult and confusion they expected,  
 And all good discipline to be neglected.

<sup>n</sup> a Captain;      <sup>o</sup> surest.      <sup>p</sup> Rejoyced not a little.

<sup>q</sup> the King is now approaching nigh;

But long under their fears they did not stay,  
 For at first charge the *Perfians* ran away,  
 Which did fuch courage to the *Grecians* bring,  
 They all <sup>r</sup> adored *Cyrus* for their King:  
 So had he been, and got the victory,  
 Had not his too much valour put him by.  
 He with fix hundred on a Squadron fet, [118]  
 Of thoufands fix wherein the King was yet,  
 And brought his Souldiers on fo gallantly,  
 They ready were<sup>s</sup> to leave their King and fly;  
 Whom *Cyrus* fpies cryes loud,<sup>t</sup> I fee the man,  
 And with a full carreer at him he ran:  
 And in his fpeed a dart him hit i'th' eye,  
 Down *Cyrus* falls, and yields to deftiny:  
 His Hoft in chafe knows not of this difafter,  
 But treads down all, fo to advance their mafter;  
 But when <sup>u</sup> his head they fpy upon a Lance,  
 Who knows the fudden change made by this chance  
 Senfelefs & mute they ftand, yet breath out groans,  
 Nor *Gorgons* head like <sup>v</sup> this transform'd to ftones.  
 After this trance, revenge, new Spirits blew,  
 And now more eagerly their Foes purfue;  
 And heaps on heaps fuch multitudes they laid,  
 Their Arms grew weary by their flaughters made.<sup>w</sup>  
 The King unto a Country Village flies,  
 And for a while unkingly there he lyes.

<sup>r</sup> ftraight.<sup>s</sup> They were about.<sup>t</sup> out.<sup>u</sup> At laft.<sup>v</sup> Nor *Gorgons* like to.<sup>w</sup> weake, through flaughters that they made.

At last displays his Ensigne on a Hill,  
 Hoping by that to make the Greeks stand still;  
 But was deceiv'd. to him they run <sup>x</sup> amain,  
 The King upon the spur runs back again:  
 But they too faint still to pursue their game,  
 Being Victors oft, now to their Camp they came.  
 nor lackt they any of their number small,  
 Nor wound receiv'd, but one among them all:  
 The King with his disperst, also incamp'd,  
 With Infamy upon each Forehead stamp'd.  
 His hurri'd thoughts he after recollects,<sup>y</sup> [119]  
 Of this dayes Cowardize he fears th' effects.  
 If Greeks in their own Country should declare,<sup>z</sup>  
 What dastards in the Field the *Persians* are,  
 They in short time might <sup>a</sup> place one in his Throne;  
 And rob him both of Scepter and of Crown;  
 To hinder their return by craft or force,  
 He judg'd his wisest and his safest Course.  
 Then sends, that to his Tent, they streight address,<sup>b</sup>  
 And there all wait, his mercy weaponless;  
 The Greeks with scorn reject his proud Commands  
 Asking no favour, where they fear'd no bands:  
 The troubled King his Herrld sends again,  
 And sues for peace, that they his friends remain,

<sup>x</sup> it they make.

<sup>y</sup> After a while his thoughts he re-collects,

<sup>z</sup> If *Greeks* unto their Country-men declare,

<sup>a</sup> They soone may come, and.

<sup>b</sup> That their return be stopt, he judg'd was best,

That so *Europeans* might no more molest;

Forth-with he sends to's Tent, they straight addresse,

The smiling Greeks reply, they first must bait,  
 They were too hungry to Capitulate;  
 The King great store of all provision sends,  
 And Courtesie to th' utmost he pretends,  
 Such terrour on the *Persians* then did fall,  
 They quak'd to hear them, to each other call.  
 The King perplext, there dares not let them stay;  
 And fears as much, to let them march away,  
 But Kings ne're want such as can serve their will,  
 Fit Instruments t' accomplish what is ill.  
 As *Tyffaphernes* knowing his masters mind,  
 Their chief Commanders feasts and yet more kind,<sup>c</sup>  
 With all the Oaths and deepest Flattery,  
 Gets them to treat with him in privacy,  
 But violates his honour and his word,  
 And Villain like there puts them all to th' Sword.  
 The *Greeks* seeing<sup>d</sup> their valiant Captains slain, [120]  
 Chose *Xenophon* to lead them home again:  
 But *Tyffaphernes* what he could devise,  
 Did stop the way in this their enterprize.  
 But when through difficulties all<sup>e</sup> they brake,  
 The Country burnt, they no relief might take.<sup>f</sup>  
 But on they march through hunger & through cold  
 O're mountains, rocks and hills as lions bold,

<sup>c</sup> Invites their chief Commander, as most kinde;

<sup>d</sup> having.

<sup>e</sup> still.

<sup>f</sup> He sought all sustenance from them to take;

Before them burnt the country as they went,

So to deprive them of all nourishment;

Nor Rivers' courfe, nor *Persians* force could ftay,  
 But on to *Trabefond* they kept their way:  
 There was of *Greeks* fetled a Colony,  
 Who after all receiv'd them joyfully.  
 Thus finishing their travail, danger, pain,<sup>g</sup>  
 In peace they faw their native foyle again.  
 The *Greeks* now (as the *Persian* king fufpects)  
 The *Afiaticks* cowardize deteects,  
 The many victoryes themfelves did gain,  
 The many thoufand *Persians* they had flain,  
 And how their nation with facillity,  
 Might gain<sup>h</sup> the univerfal Monarchy.  
 They then *Dercilladus* fend with an hoft,  
 Who with the *Spartans* on the *Afian* coaft,  
 Town after town with fmall refiftance take,  
 Which rumour makes great *Artaxerxes* quake.  
 The *Greeks* by this fucces encourag'd fo,  
 Their King *Agefilaus* doth over goe,  
 By *Tiffaphernes* is encountered,  
 Lieftenant to the King, but foon he fled.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>g</sup> There for fome time they were, but whilst they ftaid,  
 Into *Bythinia* often in-rodcs made;  
 The King afraid what further they might doe,  
 Unto the *Spartan* Admirall did fue,  
 Straight to tranfport them to the other fide,  
 For thefe incurfions he durft not abide;  
 So after all their travell, danger, pain,

<sup>h</sup> win.

<sup>i</sup> *Agefilaus* himfelf doth over-goe;  
 By th' Kings Lieutenant is encountered,  
 But *Tyffaphernes* with his Army fled;

Which overthrow incens'd the King fo fore,  
 That *Tiffaphern* must be Viceroy no more.  
*Tythraustes* then is placed in his stead, [ 121 ]  
 Commiffion hath to<sup>j</sup> take the others head:  
 Of that perjurious wretch this was the fate,  
 Whom the old Queen did bear a mortal hate.<sup>k</sup>  
*Tythraustes* trusts more to his wit then Arms,  
 And hopes by craft to quit his Masters harms;  
 He knows that many Towns in *Greece* envy  
 The *Spartan* State, which now fo fast did rife;<sup>l</sup>  
 To them he thirty thousand Tallents sent  
 With fuit, their Arms againft their<sup>m</sup> Foes be bent;  
 They to their difcontent receiving hire,  
 With broyles and quarrels fets all *Greece* on fire:  
*Agefilaus* is call'd home with fpeed,  
 To defend, more then offend, there was<sup>n</sup> need,  
 Their winnings loft, and peace their glad to take  
 On fuch conditions as the King will make.<sup>o</sup>  
 Diffention in *Greece* continued fo long,  
 Till many a Captain fell, both wife and ftrong,  
 Whofe courage nought but death could ever tame  
 'Mongft thefe *Epimanondas* wants no fame,  
 VWho had (as noble *Raileigh* doth evince)  
 All the peculiar virtues of a Prince;

<sup>j</sup> And hath command, to.

<sup>k</sup> Of that falfe perjur'd wretch, this was the laft,  
 Who of his cruelty made many taft,

<sup>l</sup> height, which now apace doth rife; <sup>m</sup> force, againft his. <sup>n</sup> he had.

<sup>o</sup> They now loft all, and were a peace to make,  
 The Kings conditions they are forc't to take;

But let us leave these Greeks to discord bent,  
 And turn to *Persia*, as is pertinent.  
 The King from foreign parts now well<sup>p</sup> at ease,  
 His home-bred troubles fought how to<sup>q</sup> appease;  
 The two Queens by his means seem<sup>r</sup> to abate,  
 Their former envy and inveterate hate:  
 But the old Queen implacable in strife,  
 By poyson caus'd, the young one lose her life.  
 The King highly inrag'd doth hereupon [122]  
 From Court exile her unto *Babylon*:  
 But shortly calls her home, her counsells prize,  
 (A Lady very wicked, but yet wife)<sup>s</sup>  
 Then in voluptuousness he leads his life,  
 And weds his daughter for a second wife.  
 But long in ease and pleasure did not lye,  
 His sons fore vext him by disloyalty.  
 Such as would know at large his warrs and reign,  
 What troubles in his house he did sustain,  
 His match incestuous, cruelties of th' Queen,  
 His life may read in *Plutarch* to be seen.  
 Forty three years he rul'd, then turn'd to dust,  
 A King nor good, nor valiant, wife nor just.<sup>t</sup>

<sup>p</sup> foes, and all.

<sup>q</sup> seeketh to.

<sup>r</sup> 'gin.

<sup>s</sup> This and the five preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>t</sup> Instead of this and the seven preceding lines, the first edition has the following:—

His Mothers wicked counsell was the cause,  
 Who fooths him up, his owne desires are Lawes:  
 But yet for all his greatnesse, and long reign,  
 He must leave all, and in the pit remain;



*Dorius Ochus.*

OCHUS a wicked and Rebellious son  
Succeeds in th' throne, his father being gone.  
Two of his brothers in his Fathers dayes  
(To his great grief) most subtilly he flayes:  
And being King, commands those that remain,  
Of brethren and of kindred to be flain.  
Then raifes forces, conquers *Egypt* land,  
Which in rebellion fixty years did stand:  
And in the twenty third of's cruel raign  
Was by his *Eunuch* the proud *Bagoas* flain.<sup>u</sup>

Forty three years he rules, then turns to dust,  
As all the mighty ones, have done, and must:  
But this of him is worth the memory,  
He was the Master of good *Nehemie*.

<sup>u</sup> *Darius Ochus.*

Great *Artaxerxes* dead, *Ochus* succeeds,  
Of whom no Record's extant of his deeds;  
Was it because the *Grecians* now at war,  
Made Writers work at home, they fought not far?  
Or dealing with the *Persian*, now no more  
Their Acts recorded not, as heretofore?  
Or else, perhaps the deeds of *Persian* Kings  
In after wars were burnt, 'mongst other things?  
That three and twenty years he reign'd I finde,  
The rest is but conjecture of my minde.

*Arfames or Arfes,*

[123]

**A**RSAMES plac'd now in his fathers stead,  
 ' By him that late his father murdered.  
 Some write that *Arfames* was *Ochus* brother,  
 Inthron'd by *Bagoas* in the room of th' other:  
 But why his brother 'fore his son succeeds  
 I can no reason give, 'cause none I read.  
 His brother, as tis said, long since was slain,  
 And scarce a Nephew left that now might reign:  
 What acts he did time hath not now left pen'd,  
 But most suppose in him did *Cyrus* end,  
 Whose race long time had worne the diadem,  
 But now's divolved to another stem.  
 Three years he reign'd, then drank of's fathers cup  
 By the same Eunuch who first set him up.<sup>v</sup>

<sup>v</sup> *Arfames, or Arfes.*

**W**Hy *Arfames* his brother should succeed,  
 I can no reason give, cause none I read;  
 It may be thought, surely he had no Son,  
 So fell to him, which else it had not done:  
 What Acts he did, time hath not now left pend,  
 But as 'tis thought, in him had *Cyrus* end:  
 Whose race long time had worn the Diadem,  
 But now's divolved, to another Stem.  
 Three years he reign'd, as *Chronicles* expresse,  
 Then Natures debt he paid, quite Issue-lesse.

*Darius Codomanus.*

**D**ARIUS by this *Bagoas* fet in throne,  
 (Complotter with him in the murder done)  
 And was no fooner fetled in his reign,  
 But *Bagoas* falls to's practices again,  
 And the fame fauce had ferved him no doubt,  
 But that his treason timely was found out,  
 And fo this wretch (a punishment too fmall)  
 Loft but his life for horrid treafons all.  
 This *Codomanus* now upon the ftage  
 Was to his Predeceffors Chamber page.  
 Some write great *Cyrus* line was not yet run,  
 But from fome daughter this new king was fprung  
 If fo, or not, we cannot tell, but find [124]  
 That feveral men will have their feveral mind;  
 Yet in fuch differences we may be bold,  
 With learned and judicious ftill to hold;<sup>w</sup>  
 And this 'mongft all's no Contoverred thing,  
 That this *Darius*, was laft *Persian* King,

*w Darius Codomanus.*

**H**OW this *Darius* did attain the Crown,  
 By favour, force, or fraud, is not fet down:  
 If not (as is before) of *Cyrus* race,  
 By one of thefe, he muft obtain the place.  
 Some writers fay, that he was *Arfes* fon,  
 And that great *Cyrus* line, yet was not run,  
 That *Ochus* unto *Arfames* was father,  
 Which by fome probabilities (feems rather;)

Whose Wars, and losses we may better tell,  
 In *Alexander's* reign who did him quell,  
 How from the top of worlds felicity,  
 He fell to depth of greatest misery.  
 Whose honours, treasures, pleasures had short stay,  
 One deluge came and swept them all away.  
 And in the sixth year of his hapless reign,  
 Of all did scarce his winding Sheet retain:  
 And last, a sad Catastrophe to end,  
 Him to the grave did Traitor *Bessus* send.

That son, and father, both were murdered  
 By one *Bagoas*, an Eunuch (as is sed.)  
 Thus learned *Pemble*,\* whom we may not slight,  
 But as before doth (well read) *Raleigh* write,  
 And he that story reads, shall often find;  
 That severall men, will have their severall mind;  
 Yet in these differences, we may behold;  
 With our judicious learned Knight to hold.

\* See Introduction.

*The End of the Persian Monarchy.*





The *Third Monarchy*, [125]  
being the *Grecian*, beginning  
under *Alexander the Great* in the  
112. *Olympiad*.

---

Great *Alexander* was wife *Philips* son,  
He to *Amyntas*, Kings of *Macedon*;  
The cruel proud *Olympias* was his Mother,  
She to *Epirus* warlike<sup>x</sup> King was daughter.  
This Prince (his father by *Pausanias* slain)  
The twenty first of's age began to reign.  
Great were the Gifts of nature which he had,  
His education much to those did adde:  
By art and nature both he was made fit,  
To 'complish that which long before was writ.  
The very day of his Nativity  
To ground was burnt *Dianaes* Temple high:  
An Omen to their near approaching woe,  
Whose glory to the earth this king<sup>y</sup> did throw.

<sup>x</sup> Shee to the rich *Moloffians*.

<sup>y</sup> Prince.

His Rule to *Greece* he scorn'd should be confin'd,  
 The Univerſe ſcarce bound his proud<sup>z</sup> vaſt mind.  
 This is the He-Goat which from *Grecia* came,  
 That ran in Choler<sup>a</sup> on the *Persian* Ram,  
 That brake his horns, that threw him on the ground [126]  
 To ſave him from his might no man was found: \*  
*Philip* on this great Conqueſt had an eye,  
 But death did terminate thoſe thoughts ſo high.  
 The Greeks had choſe him Captain General,  
 Which honour to his Son did now befall.  
 (For as Worlds Monarch now we ſpeak not on,  
 But as the King of little *Macedon*)  
 Reſtleſs both day and night his heart then was,  
 His high reſolves which way to bring to paſs;  
 Yet for a while in *Greece* is forc'd to ſtay,  
 Which makes each moment ſeem more then a day.  
*Thebes* and ſtiff<sup>b</sup> *Athens* both 'gainſt him rebel,  
 Their mutinies by valour doth he quell.<sup>c</sup>  
 This done againſt both<sup>d</sup> right and natures Laws,  
 His kiſmen put to death, who gave no<sup>e</sup> cauſe;  
 That no rebellion<sup>f</sup> in in his abſence be,  
 Nor making Title unto Sovereignty.  
 And all whom he ſuſpects or fears will climbe,<sup>g</sup>  
 Now taſte of death leaſt they deſerv'd<sup>h</sup> in time,

<sup>z</sup> large.<sup>a</sup> fury.

\* Daniel, chap. viii.

<sup>b</sup> old.<sup>c</sup> But he their mutinies, full ſoon doth quell.<sup>d</sup> all.<sup>e</sup> without leaſt.<sup>f</sup> combuſtion.<sup>g</sup> In ſeeking after Sovereignty :

And many more, whom he ſuſpects will climbe.

<sup>h</sup> deſerv't.

Nor wonder is t if he in blood begin,  
For Cruelty was his parental fin,  
Thus eafed now of troubles and of fears,  
Next fpring his courfe to *Afia* he fteers;  
Leavs *Sage Antipater*, at home to fway,  
And through the *Hellisfont* his Ships made way.  
Coming to Land, his dart on fhore he throws,  
Then with alacrity he after goes;  
And with a bount'ous heart and courage brave,  
His little wealth among his Souldiers gave.  
And being ask'd what for himfelf was left, [127]  
Reply'd, enough, fith only hope he kept.<sup>i</sup>  
Thirty two thoufand made up his Foot force,  
To which were joyn'd five thoufand goodly horfe.  
Then on he marcht, in's way he view'd old *Troy*,  
And on *Achilles* tomb with wondrous joy  
He offer'd, and for good fucces did pray  
To him, his Mothers Ancestors,<sup>j</sup> (men fay)  
When news of *Alexander* came to Court,  
To fcorn at him *Darius* had good fport;  
Sends him a frothy and contemptuous Letter,  
Stiles him difloyal fervant, and no better;  
Reproves him for his proud audacity  
To lift his hand 'gainft fuch a Monarchy.  
Then to's Lieftenant he in *Afia* fends  
That he be ta'ne alive, for he intends

<sup>i</sup> This and the three preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>j</sup> Ancestor.

To whip him well with rods, and so to bring  
 That boy so mallipert before the King.  
 Ah! fond vain man, whose pen ere while  
 In lower terms was taught a higher stile.  
 To River *Granick Alexander* hyes  
 Which in *Phrygia* near *Propontike* lyes.<sup>k</sup>  
 The *Persians* ready for encounter stand,  
 And strive<sup>l</sup> to keep his men from off the land;  
 Those banks so steep the *Greeks* yet scramble up,  
 And beat the coward *Persians* from the top,  
 And twenty thousand of their lives bereave,  
 Who in their backs did all their wounds receive.  
 This victory did *Alexander* gain,  
 With loss of thirty four of his there slain;  
 Then *Sardis* he, and *Ephesus* did gain, [128]  
 Where stood of late, *Diana's* wondrous *Phane*,  
 And by *Parmenio* (of renowned Fame,  
*Miletus* and *Pamphilia* overcame.  
*Hallicarnassus* and *Pisidia*  
 He for his Master takes with *Lycia*.  
 Next *Alexander* marcht towards the black Sea,  
 And easily takes old *Gordium* in his way;  
 Of Afs ear'd *Midas*, once the Regal Seat,  
 Whose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat  
 Where the Prophetick knot he cuts in twain,  
 Which who so doth, must Lord of all remain.  
 Now news of *Memnon's* death (the Kings Viceroy)  
 To *Alexanders* heart's no little joy,

<sup>k</sup> Which twixt *Phrygia*, and *Propontis* lyes.

<sup>l</sup> think.



For in that Peer, more valour did abide,  
 Then in *Darius* multitude beside:  
 In's stead, was *Arfes* plac'd, but <sup>m</sup> durst not stay,  
 Yet set one in his room, and ran away;  
 His substitute as fearfull as his master,  
 Runs after two,<sup>n</sup> and leaves all to Disaster.  
 Then *Alexander* all *Cilicia* takes,  
 No stroke for it he struck, their hearts so quakes.  
 To *Greece* he thirty thousand talents sends,  
 To raise more Force to further his <sup>o</sup> intends:  
 Then o're<sup>p</sup> he goes *Darius* now to meet,  
 Who came with thousand thousands at his feet.  
 Though some there be (perhaps) <sup>q</sup> more likely write  
 He but four hundred thousand had to fight,  
 The rest Attendants, which made up no less,  
 Both Sexes there was almost numberless.  
 For this wise King had brought to see the sport, [129]  
 With him the greatest Ladyes <sup>r</sup> of the Court,  
 His mother, his beauteous Queen <sup>s</sup> and daughters,  
 It seems to see the *Macedonian* slaughters.  
 Its much <sup>t</sup> beyond my time and little art,  
 To shew how great *Darius* plaid his part;  
 The splendor and the pomp he marched in,  
 For since the world was no such Pageant seen.  
 Sure <sup>u</sup> 'twas a goodly fight there to behold,  
 The *Persians* clad in filk, and glistering<sup>v</sup> gold,

<sup>m</sup> There *Arfemes* was plac'd, yet.

<sup>o</sup> for what he yet intends.

<sup>r</sup> Along with him, the Ladyes.

<sup>t</sup> Sure its.

<sup>u</sup> Oh.

<sup>n</sup> Goes after too.

<sup>p</sup> And on.      <sup>q</sup> and that.

<sup>s</sup> His mother old, beautious wife,

<sup>v</sup> glitt'ring.

The stately horses trapt, the lances gilt,  
 As if addrest<sup>u</sup> now all to run a tilt.  
 The holy fire was borne before the host,  
 (For Sun and Fire the *Persians* worship most)  
 The Priests in their strange habit follow after,  
 An object, not so much of fear as laughter.  
 The King fate in a chariot made of gold,  
 With crown and Robes most glorious to behold,  
 And o're his head his golden Gods on high,  
 Support a party coloured Canopy.  
 A number of spare horses next were led,  
 Left he should need them in his Chariots stead;  
 But those that saw him in this state to lye,  
 Suppos'd he neither meant<sup>v</sup> to fight nor flye.  
 He fifteen hundred had like women drest;  
 For thus<sup>w</sup> to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best.  
 Their golden ornaments how<sup>w</sup> to set forth,  
 Would ask more time then was their bodies worth  
 Great *Syfigambis* she brought up the Reer,  
 Then such a world of waggons did appear,  
 Like several houses moving upon wheels, [130]  
 As if she'd drawn whole *Shushan* at her heels:  
 This brave *Virago* to the King was mother,  
 And as much good she did as any other.  
 Now left this gold, and all this goodly stuff  
 Had not been spoyle and booty rich enough

<sup>u</sup> As if they were.

<sup>v</sup> Would think he neither thought.

<sup>w</sup> so.

A thousand mules and Camels ready wait  
Loaden with gold, with jewels and with plate:  
For sure *Darius* thought at the first fight,  
The *Greeks* would all adore, but none would fight  
But when both Armies met, he might behold  
That valour was more worth then pearls or gold,  
And that his wealth serv'd but for baits to 'lure  
To make<sup>x</sup> his overthrow more fierce and sure.  
The *Greeks* came on and with a gallant grace  
Let fly their arrows in the *Persians* face.  
The cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge  
Most basely ran, and left their king at large:  
Who from his golden coach is glad to 'light,  
And cast away his crown for swifter flight:  
Of late like some immoveable he lay,  
Now finds both legs and horse to run away.  
Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,  
And forty thousand prisoners also tane,  
Besides the Queens and Ladies of the court,  
If *Curtius* be true in his report.  
The Regal Ornaments were lost, the treasure  
Divided at the *Macedonians* pleasure;  
Yet all this grief, this loss, this overthrow,  
Was but beginning of his future woe.  
The royal Captives brought to *Alexander* [131]  
T'ward them demean'd himself like a Commander  
For though their beauties were unparaled,  
Conquer'd himself now he had conquered,

<sup>x</sup> Which made.

Preferv'd their honour, us'd them bounteously,<sup>y</sup>  
 Commands no man should doe them injury:  
 And this to *Alexander* is more fame  
 Then that the *Persian* King he overcame.  
 Two hundred eighty Greeks he loft in fight,  
 By too much heat, not wounds (as authors write)  
 No sooner had this Victor<sup>z</sup> won the field,  
 But all *Phenicia* to his pleasure yield,  
 Of which the Goverment he doth commit  
 Unto *Parmenio* of all most fit.  
*Darius* now less lofty<sup>a</sup> then before,  
 To *Alexander* writes he would restore  
 Those mournfull Ladies from Captivity,  
 For whom he offers him a ranfome high:  
 But down his haughty stomach could not bring,  
 To give this Conquerour the Stile of King.  
 This Letter *Alexander* doth disdain,  
 And in short terms sends this reply again,  
 A King he was, and that not only so,  
 But of *Darius* King, as he should know.  
 Next *Alexander* unto *Tyre* doth goe,  
 His valour and his victoryes they know:  
 To gain his love the *Tyrians* intend,  
 Therefore a crown and great Provision send,  
 Their present he receives with thankfullness,  
 Desires to offer unto *Hercules*,  
 Protector of their town, by whom defended, [132]  
 And from whom he<sup>b</sup> lineally descended.

<sup>y</sup> courteously.<sup>z</sup> Captaine.<sup>a</sup> more humble.<sup>b</sup> also.

But they accept not this in any wise,  
 Left he intend more fraud then sacrifice,  
 Sent word that *Hercules* his temple stood  
 In the old town, (which then lay like a wood)  
 With this reply he was so deep<sup>c</sup> enrag'd,  
 To win the town, his honour he ingag'd:  
 And now as *Babels* King did once before,  
 He leaves not till he made the sea firm shore,  
 But far less time and cost he did expend,  
 The former Ruines forwarded his end:<sup>d</sup>  
 Moreover<sup>e</sup> had a Navy at command,  
 The other by his men fetcht all by land.  
 In seven months time he took that wealthy<sup>f</sup> town,  
 Whose glory now a second time's brought down.  
 Two thousand of the chief he crucifi'd,  
 Eight thousand by the sword then also di'd,  
 And thirteen thousand Gally slaves he made,  
 And thus the *Tyrians* for mistrust were paid.  
 The rule of this he to *Philotas* gave  
 Who was the son of that *Parmenio* brave.  
*Cilicia* to *Socrates* doth give,  
 For now's the time Captains like Kings may live.  
*Zidon* he on *Ephestion* bestowes;  
 (For that which freely<sup>g</sup> comes, as freely goes)  
 He scorns to have one worse then had the other,  
 So gives his little Lordship to another.

c fore.

d help to him now lend;

e Besides, he.

f space he takes this lofty.

g easily.

*Ephestion* having chief command of th' Fleet,<sup>h</sup>  
 At *Gaza* now must *Alexander* meet.  
*Darius* finding troubles still increase, [133]  
 By his Ambassadors now sues for peace,  
 And layes before great *Alexanders* eyes  
 The dangers difficultyes like to rife,  
 First at *Euphrates* what he's like to 'bide,  
 And then at *Tygris* and *Araxis* side,  
 These he may scape, and if he so desire,  
 A league of friendship make firm and entire.  
 His eldest daughter he <sup>i</sup> in mariage profers,<sup>j</sup>  
 And a most princely dowry with her offers.<sup>k</sup>  
 All those rich Kingdomes large that do abide  
 Betwixt the *Hellespont* and *Halys* side.  
 But he with scorn his courtesie rejects,  
 And the distressed King no whit <sup>l</sup> respects,  
 Tells him, these proffers great, in truth were none  
 For all he offers now was but his own.  
 But quoth *Parmenio* that brave Commander,  
 Was I as great, as is great *Alexander*,  
*Darius* offers I would not reject,  
 But th' kingdomes and the Lady <sup>m</sup> soon accept.  
 To which proud <sup>n</sup> *Alexander* made <sup>o</sup> reply,  
 And so if I *Parmenio* was, would I.  
 He now to *Gaza* goes, and there doth meet,  
 His Favorite *Ephestion* with his Fleet,

<sup>h</sup> And therefore gives this Lord-ship to another.

*Ephestion* now, hath the command o' th' Fleet,

<sup>i</sup> (him).            <sup>j</sup> offers.            <sup>k</sup> proffers.            <sup>l</sup> way.  
<sup>m</sup> Ladies.            <sup>n</sup> brave.            <sup>o</sup> did.

Where valiant *Betis* stoutly keeps<sup>p</sup> the town,  
 (A loyal Subject to *Darius* Crown)  
 For more repulse the *Grecians* here abide  
 Then in the *Perfian* Monarchy beside;  
 And by these walls so many men were slain,  
 That *Greece* was forc'd to yield<sup>q</sup> supply again.  
 But yet this well defended Town was taken, [134]  
 For 'twas decree'd, that Empire should be shaken;  
 Thus *Betis* ta'en<sup>r</sup> had holes bor'd through his feet,  
 And by command was drawn through every street  
 To imitate *Achilles* in his shame,  
 Who did the like to *Hector* (of more fame)  
 What hast thou lost thy magnimity,<sup>s</sup>  
 Can *Alexander* deal thus cruelly?  
 Sith valour with *Heroicks* is renown'd,  
 Though in an Enemy it should be found;  
 If of thy future fame thou hadst regard,  
 Why didst not heap up honours and reward?  
 From *Gaza* to *Jerusalem* he goes,  
 But in no hostile way, (as I suppose)  
 Him in his Priestly Robes high *Jaddus* meets,  
 Whom with great reverence *Alexander* greets;  
 The Priest shews him good *Daniel's* Prophecy,  
 How he should overthrow this Monarchy,  
 By which he was so much encouraged,  
 No future dangers he did ever dread.  
 From thence to fruitful *Egypt* marcht with speed,  
 Where happily in's wars he did succeed;

<sup>p</sup> doth defend.

<sup>q</sup> must yeeld a fresh.

<sup>r</sup> The Captaine tane.

<sup>s</sup> thy late magnanimity?

To see how fast he gain'd was no small wonder,  
 For in few dayes he brought that Kingdome under.  
 Then to the *Phane* of *Jupiter* he went,  
 To be install'd<sup>s</sup> a God, was his intent.  
 The *Pagan* Priest through hire, or else mistake,  
 The Son of *Jupiter* did streight him make:  
 He Diobolical must needs remain,  
 That his humanity will not retain.  
 Thence<sup>t</sup> back to *Egypt* goes, and in few dayes; [135]  
 Fair *Alexandria* from the ground doth raise;  
 Then settling all things in less *Asia*;  
 In *Syria*, *Egypt*, and *Phenicia*,  
 Unto *Euphrates* marcht and overgoes,  
 For no man's there his Army to oppose;<sup>u</sup>  
 Had *Betis* now been there but with his band,  
 Great *Alexander* had been kept from Land.  
 But as the King, so is the multitude,  
 And now of valour both are destitute.  
 Yet he (poor prince) another Host doth muster,  
 Of *Persians*, *Scythians*, *Indians* in a cluster;  
 Men but in shape and name, of valour none  
 Most fit,<sup>v</sup> to blunt the Swords of *Macedon*.  
 Two hundred fifty thousand by account,  
 Of Horse and Foot his Army did amount;  
 For in his multitudes his trust still lay,  
 But on their fortitude he had small stay;  
 Yet had some hope that on the spacious<sup>w</sup> plain,  
 His numbers might the victory obtain.

<sup>s</sup> For to be call'd.<sup>t</sup> Now.<sup>u</sup> For no man to resist his valour shoves;<sup>v</sup> Fit for.<sup>w</sup> that even.



About this time *Darius* beautiful Queen,  
 Who had fore <sup>x</sup> travail and much sorrow seen,  
 Now bids the world adieu, with pain <sup>y</sup> being spent,  
 Whose death her Lord full sadly did lament.<sup>z</sup>  
 Great *Alexander* mourns as well as he,  
 The more because not set at liberty;<sup>a</sup>  
 When this sad news (at first *Darius* hears,  
 Some injury was offered he fears:  
 But when inform'd how royally the King,  
 Had used her, and hers, in every thing,  
 He prays the immortal Gods they would reward [136]  
 Great *Alexander* for this good regard;  
 And if they down his Monarchy will throw,  
 Let them on him this dignity bestow.  
 And now for peace he sues as once before,  
 And offers all he did and Kingdoms more;  
 His eldest daughter for his princely bride,  
 (Nor was such match in all the world beside)  
 And all those Countries which (betwixt) did lye  
*Phanisian* Sea, and great *Euphrates* high:  
 With fertile *Egypt* and rich *Syria*,  
 And all those Kingdoms in less *Asia*.  
 With thirty thousand Talents to be paid,  
 For the Queen Mother, and the royal maid;  
 And till all this be well perform'd, and sure,  
*Ochus* his Son for Hostage should <sup>b</sup> endure.

<sup>x</sup> long.                      <sup>y</sup> her time.

And leaves her wofull Lord for to lament.

<sup>z</sup> For this lost Queen (though in captivity)

<sup>b</sup> Son a hostage shall.

To this stout *Alexander* gives no ear,  
 No though *Parmenio* plead, yet will not hear;  
 Which had he done. (perhaps) his fame he'd kept,  
 Nor Infamy had wak'd, when he had slept,  
 For his unlimited prosperity  
 Him boundless made in vice and Cruelty.  
 Thus to *Darius* he writes back again,  
 The Firmament, two Suns cannot contain.  
 Two Monarchyes on Earth cannot abide,  
 Nor yet two Monarchs in one world reside;  
 The afflicted King finding him fet to jar,  
 Prepares against to morrow, for the war,  
*Parmenio, Alexander*, wisht that night,  
 To force his Camp, so vanquish them by flight.<sup>c</sup>  
 For tumult in the night<sup>d</sup> doth cause most dread, [137]  
 And weakness of a Foe is covered,  
 But he disdain'd to steal a victory:  
 The Sun should witness of his valour be,  
 And careless in his bed, next morn he lyes,  
 By Captains twice is call'd before hee'l rise,  
 The Armyes joyn'd a while, the *Persians* fight,  
 And spilt the Greeks some blood before their flight  
 But long they stood not ere they're forc'd to run,  
 So made an end, As soon as well begun.<sup>e</sup>  
 Forty five thousand *Alexander* had,  
 But is not known what slaughter here was made,

<sup>c</sup> so put them all to flight;                      <sup>d</sup> dark.

<sup>e</sup> Instead of this and the five preceding lines, the first edition has, —  
 Both Armies meet, *Greeks* fight, the *Persians* run,  
 So make an end, before they well begun;

Some write th' other had a million, some more,  
 But *Quintus Curtius* as before.<sup>f</sup>  
 At *Arbela* this victory was gain'd,  
 Together with<sup>g</sup> the Town also obtain'd;  
*Darius* stript of all to *Media* came,  
 Accompan'ed with sorrow, fear, and shame,  
 At *Arbela* left his Ornaments and Treasure,  
 Which *Alexander* deals as suits his pleasure.  
 This conqueror to *Babylon* then goes,<sup>h</sup>  
 Is entertain'd with joy and pompous shoves,<sup>i</sup>  
 With showrs of flours the streets along are strown,  
 And incense burnt the silver Altars on.  
 The glory of the Castle he admires,  
 The strong Foundation<sup>j</sup> and the lofty Spires,  
 In this, a world<sup>k</sup> of gold and Treasure lay,  
 Which in few hours was carried all away.  
 With greedy eyes he views this City round,  
 Whose fame throughout the world was so renown'd  
 And to possess he counts no little blifs [138]  
 The towres and bowres of proud *Semiramis*,  
 Though worne by time, and raz'd<sup>l</sup> by foes full fore,  
 Yet old foundations shew'd and somewhat more.  
 With all the pleasures that on earth are<sup>m</sup> found,  
 This city did abundantly abound,  
 Where four and thirty dayes he now did stay,  
 And gave himself to banqueting and play:

<sup>f</sup> as was said before.    <sup>g</sup> And now with it,    <sup>h</sup> now goes to *Babylon*,  
<sup>i</sup> train.    <sup>j</sup> The firme foundations,    <sup>k</sup> masse.    <sup>l</sup> raz'd.    <sup>m</sup> was.

He and his fouldiers wax effeminate,  
 And former discipline begin to hate.  
 Whilst revelling at *Babylon* he lyes,  
*Antipater* from *Greece* sends fresh <sup>n</sup> supplies.  
 He then to *Shushan* <sup>o</sup> goes with his new <sup>p</sup> bands,  
 But needs no force, tis rendred to his hands.  
 He likewise here a world of treafure found;  
 For 'twas the feat of *Persian* Kings renownd.  
 Here stood the royal Houfes of delight,  
 Where Kings have shown their glory wealth and might  
 The sumptuous palace of Queen *Esther* <sup>q</sup> here,  
 And of good *Mordicai*, her kinfman dear,  
 Those purple hangings, mixt with green and white  
 Those beds of gold, and couches of delight.  
 And furniture the richest in all lands,  
 Now fall into the *Macedonians* hands.  
 From *Shushan* to *Persipolis* he goes,  
 Which news doth still augment *Darius* woes.  
 In his approach the governour sends word,  
 For his receipt with joy they all accord,  
 With open gates the wealthy town did stand,  
 And all in it was at his high command.  
 Of all the Cities that on earth was found, [139]  
 None like to this in riches did abound:  
 Though *Babylon* was rich and *Shushan* too  
 Yet to compare with this they might not doe:  
 Here lay the bulk of all those precious things  
 That did pertain unto the *Persian* Kings:

<sup>n</sup> great.<sup>p</sup> fresh.<sup>o</sup> "*Sushan*," here and elsewhere, in the first edition.<sup>q</sup> *Hester*.

For when the fouldiers rifled had their pleasure,  
 And taken money plate and golden treafure,  
 Statues fome <sup>r</sup> gold, and filver numberlefs,  
 Yet after all, as ftoryes do exprefs  
 The fhare of *Alexander* did amount  
 To an hundred thoufand talents by account.  
 Here of his own he fets a Garifon,  
 (As firft at *Shufhan* and at *Babylon*)  
 On their old Governours titles he laid,  
 But on their faithfulnefs he never ftaid,  
 Their place <sup>s</sup> gave to his Captains (as was <sup>t</sup> juft)  
 For fuch revolters falfe, what King can <sup>u</sup> truft?  
 The riches and the pleasures of this town  
 Now makes this King his virtues all to drown,  
 That wallowing <sup>v</sup> in all licentioufnefs,  
 In pride and cruelty to high <sup>w</sup> excefs.  
 Being inflam'd with wine upon a feafon,  
 Filled with madnefs, and quite void of reafon,  
 He at a bold proud <sup>x</sup> ftumpets leud defire,  
 Commands to fet this goodly town on fire.  
*Parmenio* wife intreats him to defift  
 And layes before his eyes if he perfift  
 His fames <sup>y</sup> difhonour, lofs unto his ftate,  
 And juft procuring of the *Persians* hate:  
 But deaf to reafon, bent to have his will, [140]  
 Thofe ftately ftreets with raging flame did fill.  
 Then to *Darius* he directs his way,  
 Who was retir'd as far as <sup>z</sup> *Media*,

<sup>r</sup> of.    <sup>s</sup> charge.    <sup>t</sup> moft.    <sup>u</sup> Prince will.    <sup>v</sup> He walloweth now,  
<sup>w</sup> to th' higheft.    <sup>x</sup> bafe.    <sup>y</sup> names.    <sup>z</sup> and gone to.

And there with forrows, fears & cares furrounded  
 Had now his army fourth and laft compounded.  
 Which forty thoufand made, but his intent  
 Was thefe <sup>a</sup> in *Bactria* foon <sup>b</sup> to augment:  
 But hearing *Alexander* was fo near,  
 Thought now this once to try his fortunes here,  
 And rather chofe an honourable death,  
 Then ftill with infamy to draw his breath:  
 But *Beffus* falfe, who was his chief Commander  
 Perfwades him not to fight with *Alexander*.  
 With fage advice he fets <sup>c</sup> before his eyes  
 The little hope of profit like to rife:  
 If when he'd multitudes the day he loft,  
 Then with fo few, how likely to be croft.  
 This counfel for his fafety he pretended,  
 But to deliver him to's foe intended.  
 Next day this treason to *Darius* known  
 Tranfported fore with grief and paffion,  
 Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his hair,  
 Sate overwhelm'd with forrow and difpair:  
 Then bids his fervant *Artabafus* true,  
 Look to himfelf, and leave him to that crew,  
 Who was of hopes and comforts quite bereft,  
 And by his guard and Servitors all left.  
 Straight *Beffus* comes, & with his trait'rous hands  
 Laves hold on's Lord, and binding him with bands  
 Throws him into a Cart, covered with hides, [141]  
 Who wanting means t' refift thefe wrongs abides,

<sup>a</sup> ftraight.<sup>b</sup> thefe.<sup>c</sup> laves.

Then draws the cart along with chains of gold,  
 In more despight the thraled prince to hold,  
 And thus t'ward<sup>d</sup> *Alexander* on he goes,  
 Great recompence for this,<sup>e</sup> he did propose:  
 But some detesting this his wicked fact,  
 To *Alexander* flyes and tells<sup>f</sup> this act,  
 Who doubling of his march, posts on amain,  
*Darius* from that<sup>g</sup> traitors hands to gain.  
*Bessus* gets knowledg his disloyalty  
 Had *Alexanders* wrath incensed high,  
 Whose army now was almost within fight,  
 His hopes being dashed prepares himself for flight:  
 Unto *Darius* first he brings a horse,  
 And bids him save himself by speedy course:  
 The wofull King his courtesie refuses,  
 Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses,  
 By throwing darts gave him his mortal wound,  
 Then flew his Servants that were faithfull found,  
 Yea wounds the beasts that drew him unto death,  
 And leaves him thus to gasp out his last breath.  
*Bessus* his partner in this tragedy,  
 Was the false Governour of *Media*.  
 This done, they with their host soon speed away,  
 To hide themselves remote in *Bactria*.  
*Darius* bath'd in blood, sends out his groans,  
 Invokes the heav'ns and earth to hear his moans:  
 His lost felicity did grieve him fore,  
 But this unheard of treachery<sup>h</sup> much more:

<sup>d</sup> to.    <sup>e</sup> in's thoughts,    <sup>f</sup> fly, and told.    <sup>g</sup> those.    <sup>h</sup> injury.

But<sup>i</sup> above all, that neither Ear nor Eye [142]  
 Should hear nor see his dying<sup>j</sup> misery;  
 As thus he lay, *Polistrates* a Greek,  
 Wearied with his long march, did water seek,  
 So chanc'd these bloody Horses to espy,  
 Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye  
 To them repairs then<sup>k</sup> looking in the Cart,  
 Finds poor *Darius* pierced to the heart,  
 Who not a little chear'd to have some eye,  
 The witness of this horrid Tragedy;<sup>l</sup>  
 Prays him to *Alexander* to commend  
 The just revenge of this his woful end:  
 And not to pardon such disloyalty,  
 Of Treason, Murther, and base Cruelty.  
 If not, because *Darius* thus did pray,  
 Yet that succeeding Kings in safety may  
 Their lives enjoy, their Crowns and dignity,  
 And not by Traitors hands untimely dye.  
 He also sends his humble thankfulness,  
 For all the Kingly grace he did exprefs;  
 To's Mother, Children dear, and wife now gone.  
 Which made their long restraint seem to be none:  
 Praying the immortal Gods, that Sea and Land  
 Might be subjected to his royal hand,  
 And that his Rule as far extended be,  
 As men the rising, setting Sun shall see,  
 This said, the Greek for water doth intreat,  
 To quench his thirst, and to allay his heat:

<sup>i</sup> Yea.    <sup>j</sup> groans, and.    <sup>k</sup> he goes, and.    <sup>l</sup> of his dying misery :



Of all good things (quoth he) once in my power,  
 I've nothing left, at this my dying hour;  
 Thy service<sup>m</sup> and compassion to reward, [143]  
 But *Alexander* will, for this regard."

This said, his fainting breath did fleet away,  
 And though a Monarch late,<sup>o</sup> now lyes like clay;  
 And<sup>p</sup> thus must every Son of *Adam* lye,  
 Though Gods on Earth like Sons of men they<sup>q</sup> dye.  
 Now to the East, great *Alexander* goes,  
 To see if any dare his might oppose,  
 For scarce the world or any bounds thereon,  
 Could bound his boundless fond Ambition;  
 Such as submits again he doth restore  
 Their riches, and their honours he makes more,  
 On *Artabaces* more than all bestow'd,  
 For his fidelity to's Master shew'd.

*Thalestris* Queen of th' *Amazons* now brought  
 Her Train to *Alexander*, (as 'tis thought.)  
 Though most<sup>r</sup> of reading best and foundest mind,  
 Such Country there, nor yet such people find.  
 Then tell her errand, we had better spare  
 To th' ignorant, her title will<sup>s</sup> declare:  
 As *Alexander* in his greatness grows,  
 So dayly of his virtues doth he lose.  
 He baseness counts, his former Clemency,  
 And not befeeming such a dignity;  
 His past sobriety doth also bate,<sup>t</sup>  
 As most incompatible to his State;

<sup>m</sup> pity.      <sup>n</sup> Wherefore the gods requite thy kinde regard.

<sup>o</sup> once.      <sup>p</sup> Yea.      <sup>q</sup> shall.      <sup>r</sup> some.      <sup>s</sup> may.      <sup>t</sup> hate.

His temperance is but a fordid thing,  
 No wayes becoming fuch a mighty King;  
 His greatnefs now he takes to represent  
 His fancy'd Gods above the Firmament.  
 And fuch as fhew'd but reverence before, [144]  
 Now are commanded ftrictly to adore;  
 With *Persian* Robes himfelf doth dignifie,  
 Charging the fame on his nobility,  
 His manners habit, gestures, all did " fashion  
 After that conquer'd and luxurious Nation.  
 His Captains that were virtuously inclin'd,  
 Griev'd at this change of manners and of mind.  
 The ruder fort did openly deride,  
 His feigned Diety and foolifh pride;  
 The certainty of both comes to his Ears,  
 But yet no notice takes of what he hears:  
 With thofe of worth he ftill defires efteem,  
 So heaps up gifts his credit to redeem  
 And for the reft new wars and travails <sup>v</sup> finds,  
 That other matters might take up their minds,  
 And hearing *Beffus*, makes himfelf a King,  
 Intends that Traitor to his end to bring.<sup>w</sup>  
 Now that his Hoft from luggage might be free,  
 And with his burthen no man burthened be;  
 Commands forthwith each man his fardle bring,  
 Into the market place before the King;  
 VVhich done, fets fire upon thofe goodly <sup>x</sup> fpoyles,  
 The recompence of travails <sup>v</sup> wars and toyles.

" now doth.

<sup>v</sup> travels.

<sup>w</sup> Intends with fpeed, that Traitor down to bring;

<sup>x</sup> coftly.

And thus unwifely in a mading<sup>y</sup> fume,  
 The wealth of many Kingdomes did<sup>z</sup> confume,  
 But marvell 'tis that without mutiny,  
 The Souldiers should let pafs this injury;  
 Nor wonder lefs to Readers may it bring,  
 Here to obferve the rashnefs of the King.  
 Now with his Army doth he poft<sup>a</sup> away [145]  
 Falfe *Bessus* to find out in *Bactria*:  
 But much<sup>b</sup> diftreft for water in their march,  
 The drought and heat their bodies fore did<sup>c</sup> parch.  
 At length they came to th' river *Oxus* brink,  
 Where fo<sup>d</sup> immoderately thefe thirsty drink,  
 Which<sup>e</sup> more mortality to them did bring,  
 Then all their<sup>f</sup> warrs againft the *Persian* King.  
 Here *Alexander's* almost at a ftand,  
 To pafs the River to<sup>g</sup> the other land.  
 For boats here's none, nor near it any wood,  
 To make them Rafts to waft them o're the flood:  
 But he that was refolved in his mind,  
 Would without means fome<sup>h</sup> transportation find.  
 Then from the<sup>i</sup> Carriages the hides he takes,  
 And stuffing them with ftraw, he bundles makes.  
 On thefe together ti'd, in fix dayes fpace,  
 They all pafs over to the other place.

<sup>y</sup> one raging.<sup>z</sup> Cities doth.<sup>a</sup> haft.<sup>b</sup> fore.<sup>c</sup> much doth.<sup>d</sup> moft.<sup>e</sup> This.<sup>f</sup> did their.<sup>g</sup> How to paffe over, and gaine.<sup>h</sup> Would by fome means a.<sup>i</sup> So from his.

Had *Bessus* had but valour to his will,  
 With little pain there might have kept them still:<sup>j</sup>  
 But Coward durst not fight, nor could he fly,  
 Hated of all for's former treachery,  
 Is by his own now bound in iron chains,  
 A Coller of the same, his neck contains.  
 And in this fort they rather drag then bring  
 This Malefactor vile<sup>k</sup> before the King,  
 Who to *Darius* brother gives the wretch,  
 With racks and tortures every limb to stretch.  
 Here was of *Greeks* a town in *Bactria*,  
 Whom *Xerxes* from their Country led away,  
 These not a little joy'd, this day to see, [146]  
 Wherein their own had got the sov'raignty<sup>l</sup>  
 And now reviv'd, with hopes held up their head  
 From bondage long to be Enfranchised.  
 But *Alexander* puts them to the sword  
 Without least cause from<sup>m</sup> them in deed or word;  
 Nor Sex, nor age, nor one, nor other spar'd,  
 But in his cruelty alike they shar'd:  
 Nor reason could he give for this great wrong,  
 But that they had forgot their mother tongue.  
 While thus some time he spent in *Bactria*,  
 And in his camp strong and securely lay,  
 Down from the mountains twenty thousand came  
 And there most fiercely set upon the same:  
 Repelling these, two marks of honour got  
 Imprinted in his<sup>n</sup> leg, by arrows shot.

<sup>j</sup> He easily might have made them stay there still;

<sup>k</sup> vild.

<sup>l</sup> had sovereignty.

<sup>m</sup> Without cause, given by.

<sup>n</sup> deep in's.

The *Bactrians* against him now rebel;  
 But he their stubbornness in time <sup>o</sup> doth quell.  
 From hence he to *Jaxartis* River goes,  
 Where *Scythians* rude his army <sup>p</sup> doth oppose,  
 And with their outcries in an hideous fort  
 Befet his camp, or military court,  
 Of darts and arrows, made so little spare,  
 They flew so thick, they seem'd to dark the air:  
 But soon his souldiers <sup>q</sup> forc'd them to a flight,  
 Their <sup>r</sup> nakedness could not endure their might.  
 Upon this rivers bank in seventeen dayes  
 A goodly City doth compleatly raise,  
 Which *Alexandria* he doth likewise <sup>s</sup> name,  
 And fixty furlongs could but <sup>t</sup> round the same.  
 A <sup>u</sup> third Supply *Antipater* now sent, [147]  
 Which did his former forces <sup>v</sup> much augment;  
 And being one hundred twenty thousand strong;  
 He enters then the Indian Kings among:  
 Those that submit, he gives them rule again,<sup>w</sup>  
 Such as do not, both them and theirs are slain.  
 His warrs with fundry nations I'le omit,  
 And also of the *Mallians* what is writ.  
 His Fights, his dangers, and the hurts he had,  
 How to submit their necks at last they're glad.<sup>x</sup>

<sup>o</sup> full soone.<sup>p</sup> valour.<sup>q</sup> the *Grecians*.<sup>r</sup> Whose.<sup>s</sup> also.<sup>t</sup> not.<sup>u</sup> His.<sup>v</sup> Army.<sup>w</sup> he doth restore again.<sup>x</sup> Instead of this and the three preceding lines, the first edition has, —

To age, nor sex, no pittie doth expresse,

But all fall by his sword, most mercilesse.

To *Nisa* goes by *Bacchus* built long since,  
 Whose feasts are celebrated by this prince;  
 Nor had that drunken god one who would take  
 His Liquors more devoutly for his sake.  
 When thus ten days his brain with wine he'd foakt,  
 And with delicious meats his palate choakt:  
 To th' River *Indus* next his course he bends,  
 Boats to prepare, *Ephestion* first he sends,  
 Who coming thither long before his Lord,  
 Had to his mind made all things to accord,  
 The vessels ready were at his command,  
 And *Omphis* King of that part of the land,  
 Through his persuasion *Alexander* meets,  
 And as his Sov'raign Lord him humbly greets  
 Fifty six Elephants he brings to's hand,  
 And tenders him the strength of all his land;  
 Presents himself first<sup>y</sup> with a golden crown,  
 Then eighty talents to his captains down:  
 But *Alexander* made<sup>z</sup> him to behold  
 He glory sought, no silver nor no gold;  
 His presents all with thanks he did restore, [148]  
 And of his own a thousand talents more.  
 Thus all the Indian Kings to him submit,  
 But *Porus* stout, who will not yeild as yet:  
 To him doth *Alexander* thus declare,  
 His pleasure is that forthwith he repair  
 Unto his Kingdomes borders, and as due,  
 His homage to himself<sup>a</sup> as Sovereign doe:

<sup>y</sup> there.<sup>z</sup> caus'd.<sup>a</sup> unto him.

But kingly *Porus* this brave answer sent,  
 That to attend him there was his intent,  
 And come as well provided as he could,  
 But for the rest, his sword advise him should.  
 Great *Alexander* vext at this reply,  
 Did more his valour then his crown envy,  
 Is now resolv'd to pass *Hydaspes* flood,  
 And there by force his sovereignty make good.  
 Stout *Porus* on the banks doth ready stand <sup>b</sup>  
 To give him welcome <sup>c</sup> when he comes to land.  
 A potent army with him like a King,  
 And ninety Elephants for warr did bring:  
 Had *Alexander* such resistance seen  
 On *Tygris* side, here now he had not been.  
 Within this spacious River deep and wide  
 Did here and there Isles full of trees abide.  
 His army *Alexander* doth divide  
 With *Ptolemy* sends part to th' other side;  
*Porus* encounters them and thinks all's there,  
 When covertly the rest get o're else where,  
 And whilst the first he valiantly assail'd,  
 The last set on his back, and so prevail'd.  
 Yet work enough here *Alexander* found, [149]  
 For to the last stout *Porus* kept his ground:  
 Nor was't dishonour at the length to yield,  
 When *Alexander* strives to win the field.

<sup>b</sup> And there his Sovereignty for to make good;  
 But on the banks doth *Porus* ready stand,

<sup>c</sup> For to receive him,

The kingly Captive 'fore the Victor's brought,  
 In looks or gesture not abased ought,  
 But him a Prince of an undaunted mind  
 Did *Alexander* by his answers find: <sup>d</sup>  
 His fortitude his royal <sup>e</sup> foe commends,  
 Restores him and his bounds farther extends.  
 Now eastward *Alexander* would goe still,  
 But so to doe his souldiers had no will,  
 Long with excessive travails wearied,  
 Could by no means be farther drawn or led,  
 Yet that his fame might to posterity  
 Be had in everlasting memory,  
 Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,  
 And for his souldiers larger Cabbins make.  
 His mangers <sup>f</sup> he erected up so high  
 As never horse his Provender could eye.  
 Huge bridles made, which here and there he left,  
 Which might be found, and for great wonders kept  
 Twelve altars then for monuments he rears,  
 Whereon his acts and travels long appears.  
 But doubting wearing time might <sup>g</sup> these decay,  
 And so his memory would <sup>h</sup> fade away,  
 He on the fair *Hydaspes* pleasant side,  
 Two Cities built, his name <sup>i</sup> might there abide,  
 First *Nicea*, the next *Bucephalon*,  
 Where he entomb'd his stately Stalion.

<sup>d</sup> This and the three preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>e</sup> Kingly.

<sup>f</sup> Maungers.

<sup>g</sup> would.

<sup>h</sup> might.

<sup>i</sup> fame.



His fourth and last supply was hither sent, [150]  
 Then down<sup>j</sup> *Hydaspes* with his Fleet he went;  
 Some time he after spent upon that shore,  
 Whether Ambassadors, ninety or more,<sup>k</sup>  
 Came with submission from the Indian Kings,  
 Bringing their presents rare, and precious things,  
 These all he feasts in state on beds of gold,  
 His Furniture most sumptuous to behold;  
 His meat & drink, attendants, every thing,  
 To th' utmost shew'd the glory of a King.  
 With rich rewards he sent them home again,  
 Acknowledged their Masters fovereign;  
 Then sailing South, and coming to that shore,  
 Those obscure Nations yielded as before:  
 A City here he built, call'd by his Name,  
 Which could not stand too oft with too much fame  
 Then sailing by the<sup>l</sup> mouth of *Indus* flood,  
 His Gallies stuck upon the flats<sup>m</sup> and mud;  
 Which the stout *Macedonians* amazed fore,  
 Depriv'd at once the use of Sail and Oar:  
 Observing well the nature of the Tide,  
 In those their fears<sup>n</sup> they did not long abide.  
 Passing fair *Indus* mouth his course he steer'd  
 To th' coast which by *Euphrates* mouth appear'd;  
 Whose inlets near unto, he winter spent,  
 Unto his starved Souldiers small content,

<sup>j</sup> down t'.<sup>k</sup> Where one hundred Embassadors, or more,<sup>l</sup> Hence saying down by th'.<sup>m</sup> sand.<sup>n</sup> Upon those Flats.

By hunger and by cold so many slain,  
 That of them all the fourth did scarce remain.  
 Thus winter, Souldiers, and provifions spent,  
 From hence he then unto *Gedrosia* went.  
 And thence he marcht into *Carmania*, [151]  
 And so at length drew near to *Persia*,  
 Now through these goodly Countreyes as he past,  
 Much time in feasts and ryoting did waste;  
 Then visits *Cyrus* Sepulchre in's way,  
 Who now obscure at *Passagardis* lay:  
 Upon his Monument his Robe<sup>o</sup> he spread,  
 And set his Crown on his supposed head.  
 From hence to *Babylon*, some time there spent,  
 He at the last to royal *Shushan* went;  
 A wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,  
 And *Statyra*, *Darius* daughter takes,  
 Her Sister gives to his *Ephestian* dear,  
 That by this match he might be yet more near;  
 He fourscore *Persian* Ladies also gave,  
 At this same time unto his Captains brave:  
 Six thousand guests unto this Feast invites,  
 Whose Sences all were gluttet with delights.  
 It far exceeds my mean abilities  
 To shadow forth these short felicities,  
 Spectators here could scarce relate the story,  
 They were so rapt<sup>p</sup> with this external glory:  
 If an Ideal Paradise a man would frame,  
 He might this Feast imagine by the same;

<sup>o</sup> Robes.<sup>p</sup> wrapt.

To every gueſts <sup>q</sup> a cup of gold he ſends,  
 So after many dayes the Banquet ends.  
 Now *Alexanders* conqueſts all are done,  
 And his long Travails <sup>r</sup> paſt and overgone;  
 His virtues dead, buried, and quite <sup>s</sup> forgot,  
 But vice remains to his Eternal blot.  
 'Mongſt thoſe that of his cruelty did taſt, [152]  
*Philotus* was not leaſt, nor yet the laſt,  
 Accus'd becauſe he did not certifie  
 The King of treaſon and conſpiracy:  
 Upon ſuſpition being apprehended,  
 Nothing was prov'd <sup>t</sup> wherein he had offended  
 But ſilence, which <sup>u</sup> was of ſuch conſequence,  
 He was judg'd guilty of the ſame offence,<sup>v</sup>  
 But for his fathers great deſerts the King  
 His royal pardon gave for this foul <sup>w</sup> thing.  
 Yet is *Phylotas* unto judgment brought,  
 Muſt ſuffer, not for what is prov'd,<sup>x</sup> but thought.  
 His maſter is accuſer, judge and King,  
 Who to the height doth aggravate each thing,  
 Inveighs againſt his father now abſent,  
 And's brethren who for him their lives had ſpent.  
 But *Philotas* his unpardonable crime,  
 No<sup>y</sup> merit could obliterate, or time:  
 He did the Oracle of *Jove* <sup>z</sup> deride,  
 By which his Maſteſty was dieſt'd.

<sup>q</sup> Gueſt.<sup>r</sup> travells.<sup>s</sup> all.<sup>t</sup> found.<sup>u</sup> guilt.<sup>v</sup> His death deſerv'd, for this ſo high offence.<sup>w</sup> fame.<sup>x</sup> what he did.<sup>y</sup> Which no.<sup>z</sup> *Iupiter*.

*Philotas* thus o'recharg'd with wrong and grief  
 Sunk in despair without hope of Relief,  
 Fain would have spoke and made his own defence,  
 The King would give no ear, but went from thence  
 To his malicious Foes delivers him,  
 To wreak their spight and hate on every limb.  
*Philotas* after him fends out this cry,  
 O *Alexander*, thy free clemency  
 My foes exceeds in malice, and their hate  
 Thy kingly word can easily terminate.  
 Such torments great as wit could worst<sup>a</sup> invent, [153]  
 Or flesh and life could bear, till both were spent  
 Were now inflicted on *Parmenio's* son  
 He might<sup>b</sup> accuse himself, as they had done,  
 At last he did, so they were justifi'd,  
 And told the world, that for his guilt<sup>c</sup> he di'd.  
 But how these Captains should, or yet their master  
 Look on *Parmenio*, after this disaster  
 They knew not, wherefore best now to be done,  
 Was to dispatch the father as the son.  
 This found advice at heart pleas'd *Alexander*,  
 Who was so much engag'd to this Commander,  
 As he would ne're confes, nor yet<sup>d</sup> reward,  
 Nor could his Captains bear so great regard:  
 Wherefore at once, all these to satisfie,  
 It was decreed *Parmenio* should dye:  
*Polidamus*, who seem'd *Parmenio's* friend  
 To do this deed they into *Media* fend:

<sup>a</sup> first.<sup>b</sup> For to.<sup>c</sup> for desert.<sup>d</sup> could.

He walking in his garden to and fro,  
 Fearing<sup>e</sup> no harm, because he none did doe,<sup>f</sup>  
 Most wickedly was flain without least crime,  
 (The most renowned captain of his time)  
 This is *Parmenio* who so much had done  
 For *Philip* dead, and his surviving son,  
 Who from a petty King of *Macedon*  
 By him was set upon the *Persian* throne,  
 This that *Parmenio* who still overcame,  
 Yet gave his Master the immortal fame,  
 Who for his prudence, valour, care and trust  
 Had this reward, most cruel and unjust.  
 The next, who in untimely death had part, [154]  
 Was one of more esteem, but less desert;<sup>g</sup>  
*Clitus* belov'd next to *Ephestian*,  
 And in his cups his chief companion;  
 When both were drunk, *Clitus* was wont to jeer,  
*Alexander* to rage, to kill, and swear;  
 Nothing more pleasing to mad *Clitus* tongue,  
 Then's Masters Godhead to defie and wrong;  
 Nothing toucht *Alexander* to the quick,  
 Like this against his Diety to kick:  
 Both at a Feast when they had tipp'd well,<sup>h</sup>  
 Upon this dangerous Theam fond *Clitus* fell;  
 From jest to earnest, and at last so bold,  
 That of *Parmenio's* death him plainly told.  
 Which *Alexanders* wrath incens'd so high,  
 Nought but his life for this could satisfie;

<sup>e</sup> Thinking.<sup>f</sup> owe.<sup>g</sup> desert.<sup>h</sup> Upon a time, when both had drunken well,

From one flood by he snatcht a partizan,  
 And in a rage him through the body ran,<sup>i</sup>  
 Next day he tore his face for what he'd done,  
 And would have slain himself for *Clitus* gone:  
 This pot Companion he did more bemoan,  
 Then all the wrongs to brave *Parmenio* done.  
 The next of worth that suffered after these,  
 Was learned, virtuous, wife *Calisthenes*,  
 VWho lov'd his Master more then did the rest,  
 As did appear, in flattering him the least;  
 In his esteem a God he could not be,  
 Nor would adore him for a Diety:  
 For this alone and for no other cause,  
 Against his Sovereign, or against his Laws,  
 He on the Rack his Limbs in pieces rent, [155]  
 Thus was he tortnr'd till his life was spent.  
 Of this unkingly act<sup>j</sup> doth *Seneca*  
 This censure pass, and not unwisely say,  
 Of *Alexander* this th' eternal crime,  
 VWhich shall not be obliterate by time.  
 VWhich virtues fame can ne're redeem by far,  
 Nor all felicity of his in war.  
 VWhen e're 'tis said he thousand thousands flew,  
 Yea, and *Calisthenes* to death he drew.  
 The mighty *Persian* King he overcame,  
 Yea, and he kill'd *Calisthenes* of fame.<sup>k</sup>

<sup>i</sup> Instead of this and the three preceding lines, the first edition has, —  
*Alexander* now no longer could containe,  
 But instantly commands him to be slaine;

<sup>j</sup> deed.

<sup>k</sup>b y name.

All Countryes, Kingdomes, Provinces, he wan  
From *Hellispont*, to th' farthest Ocean.

All this he did, who knows' not to be true?

But yet withal, *Catisthenes* he flew.

From *Macedon*, his Empire did extend

Unto the utmost<sup>l</sup> bounds o' th' orient:

All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,

But yet withal, *Catisthenes* he flew.

Now *Alexander* goes to *Media*,

Finds there the want of wise *Parmenio*;

Here his chief favourite *Ephestian* dies,

He celebrates his mournful obsequies:<sup>m</sup>

Hangs his Phyfitian, the Reason why

He suffered, his friend *Ephestian* dye.<sup>n</sup>

This act (me-thinks) his Godhead should a shame,

To punish where himself deserved blame;

Or of necessity he must imply,

The other was the greatest Diety.

The Mules and Horses are for sorrow shorne, [156]

The battlements from off the walls are torne.

Of stately *Ecbatane* who now must shew,

A rueful face in this so general woe;

Twelve thousand Talents also did intend,

Upon a sumptuous monument to spend:

<sup>l</sup> furthest.

<sup>m</sup> After this the first edition has, —

For him erects a stately Monument,

Twelve thousand Tallents on it frankly spent;

<sup>n</sup> Because he let *Ephestian* to dye.

What e're he did, or thought not so content,  
 His messenger to *Jupiter* he sent,  
 That by his leave his friend *Ephestion*,  
 Among the Demy Gods they might inthroned.<sup>o</sup>  
 From *Media* to *Babylon* he went,  
 To meet him there t' *Antipater* he'd sent,  
 That he might act also<sup>p</sup> upon the Stage,  
 And in a Tragedy there end his age.  
 The Queen *Olimpias* bears him deadly hate,  
 Not suffering her to meddle with the State,  
 And by her Letters did her Son incite,  
 This great indignity he should<sup>q</sup> requite;  
 His doing so, no whit displeas'd the King,  
 Though to his Mother he disprov'd the thing.  
 But now *Antipater* had liv'd so long,  
 He might well dye though he had done no wrong;  
 His service great is suddenly forgot,  
 Or if remembred, yet regarded not:  
 The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,  
 His honours and his riches to augment;  
 Of larger Provinces the rule to give,  
 And for his Counfel near the King to live.  
 So to be caught, *Antipater's* too wise,  
*Parmenio's* death's too fresh before his eyes;  
 He was too subtil for his crafty foe. [157]  
 Nor by his baits could be infnared so:  
 But his excuse with humble thanks he sends,  
 His Age and journey long he then pretends;

<sup>o</sup> This and the nine preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>p</sup> might next now act.

<sup>q</sup> for to.



And pardon craves for his unwilling stay,  
 He shews his grief, he's forc'd to disobey.  
 Before his Answer came to *Babylon*,  
 The thread of *Alexanders* life was spun;  
 Poyson had put an end to's dayes ('twas thought)  
 By *Philip* and *Cassander* to him brought,  
 Sons to *Antipater*, and bearers of his Cup,  
 Left of such like their Father chance to sup;  
 By others thought, and that more generally,  
 That through excessive drinking he did dye:  
 The thirty third of's Age do all agree,  
 This Conquerour did yield to destiny.  
 When this sad news came to *Darius* Mother,  
 She laid it more to heart, then any other,  
 Nor meat, nor drink, nor comfort would she take,  
 But pin d in grief till life did her forsake;  
 All friends she shuns, yea, banished the light,  
 Till death inwrapt her in perpetual night.<sup>r</sup>  
 This Monarchs fame<sup>s</sup> must last whilst world doth<sup>t</sup> stand,  
 And Conquests be talkt of whilest there is land;  
 His Princely qualities had he retain'd,  
 Unparalled for ever had remain'd.  
 But with the world his virtues overcame,  
 And so with black beclouded, all his fame;  
 Wife *Aristotle* Tutor to his youth.  
 Had so instructed him in moral Truth:  
 The principles of what he then had learn'd [158]  
 Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.

<sup>r</sup> This and the five preceding lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>s</sup> Whose famous Acts.

<sup>t</sup> shall.

Learning and learned men he much regarded,  
 And curious Artift<sup>u</sup> evermore rewarded:  
 The Illiads of *Homer* he still kept,  
 And under's pillow laid them when he slept.  
*Achilles* happinefs he did envy,  
 'Cause *Homer* kept his acts to memory.  
 Profufely bountifull without defert,  
 For fuch as<sup>v</sup> pleas'd him had both wealth and heart  
 Cruel by nature and by custome too,  
 As oft his acts throughout his reign doth fhew:  
 Ambitious fo, that nought could fatiffie,<sup>w</sup>  
 Vain, thirfting after immortality,  
 Still fearing that his name might hap to dye,  
 And fame not laft unto eternity.  
 This Conqueror did oft lament (tis faid)  
 There were no more worlds to be conquered.  
 This folly great *Augustus* did deride,  
 For had he had but wifdome to his pride,  
 He would had found enough there to be done,  
 To govern that he had already won.  
 His thoughts are perisht, he aspires no more,  
 Nor can he kill or fave as heretofore.  
 A God alive, him all muft Idolize,  
 Now like a mortal helpless man he lyes.  
 Of all thofe Kingdomes large which he had got,  
 To his Pofterity remain'd no jot;  
 For by that hand which still revengeth bloud,  
 None of his kindred, nor his race long flood:

<sup>u</sup> Artifts.    <sup>v</sup> thofe that.    <sup>w</sup> More boundles in ambition than the skie,

But as he took delight much bloud to spill, [159]  
So the same cup to his, did others fill.  
Four of his Captains now do all divide,  
As *Daniel* before had prophys'd.  
The Leopard down, the<sup>x</sup> four wings 'gan to rise,  
The great horn broke, the lefs did tyranize.\*  
What troubles and contentions did ensue  
We may hereafter shew in season due.



*Aridæus.*

GREAT *Alexander* dead, his Armyes left,  
Like to that Giant of his Eye bereft;  
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,  
His matchless force no creature could abide.  
But by *Uliesses* having lost his fight,  
All men<sup>y</sup> began streight to contemn his might;  
For aiming still amiss, his dreadful blows  
Did harm himself, but never reacht his Foes.  
Now Court and Camp all in confusion be,  
A King they'l have, but who, none can agree;  
Each Captain wisht this prize to bear away,  
But none so hardy found as so durst say:  
Great *Alexander* did leave<sup>z</sup> Issue none,  
Except by *Artabafus* daughter one;

<sup>x</sup> his.    \* Dan. vii. 6; viii. 8, 22.    <sup>y</sup> Each man.    <sup>z</sup> had left.

And *Roxane* fair whom late he married,  
 Was near her time to be delivered.  
 By natures right these had enough to claim,  
 But meanes of their mothers bar'd the fame,  
 Alledg'd by those who by their subtile Plea  
 Had hope themselves to bear the Crown away.  
 A Sister *Alexander* had, but she [160]  
 Claim'd not, perhaps, her Sex might hindrance be.  
 After much tumult they at last proclaim'd  
 His base born brother *Aridæus* nam'd,  
 That so under his feeble wit and reign,  
 Their ends they might the better still attain.  
 This choice *Perdiccas* vehemently disclaim'd,  
 And Babe unborn of *Roxane* he proclaim'd;  
 Some wish'd him to take the style of King,  
 Because his Master gave to him his Ring,  
 And had to him still since *Ephestion* di'd  
 More then to th' rest his favour testifi'd.  
 But he refus'd, with feigned modesty,  
 Hoping to be elect more generally.  
 He hold on this occasion should have laid,  
 For second offer there was never made.  
 'Mongst these contentions, tumults, jealousies,  
 Seven dayes the corps of their great master lies  
 Untoucht, uncovered flighted and neglected,  
 So much these princes their own ends respected:  
 A Contemplation to astonish Kings,  
 That he who late possess'd all earthly things,

And yet not so content unless that he  
 Might be esteemed for a Diety;  
 Now lay a Spectacle to testifie,  
 The wretchedness of mans mortality.  
 After some<sup>a</sup> time, when stirs began to calm,  
 His body did the *Egyptians* embalme;<sup>b</sup>  
 His countenance so lively did appear,  
 That for a while they durst not come so near:  
 No sign of poyson in his intrails found,<sup>c</sup> [161]  
 But all his bowels coloured, well and found.  
*Perdiccas* seeing *Arideus* must be King,  
 Under his name began to rule each thing.  
 His chief Opponent who Control'd his sway,  
 Was *Meleager* whom he would take away,<sup>d</sup>  
 And by a wile he got him in his power,  
 So took his life unworthily that hour.  
 Using the name, and the command of th' King  
 To authorize his acts in every thing.  
 The princes seeing *Perdiccas* power and pride,  
 For their security did now provide.<sup>e</sup>  
*Antigonus* for his share *Asia* takes,  
 And *Ptolemy* next squire of *Egypt* makes:  
*Seleucus* afterward held *Babylon*,  
*Antipater* had long rul'd *Macedon*.

<sup>a</sup> this.<sup>b</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.<sup>c</sup> On which, no signe of poyson could be found,<sup>d</sup> His chief opponents who kept off the Crown,  
Was stiffe *Meleager*, whom he would take down.<sup>e</sup> Thought timely for themselves, now to provide.

These now to govern for the king pretends,  
 But nothing less each one himself intends.  
*Perdiccas* took no province like the rest,  
 But held command of th' Army (which was best)  
 And had a higher project in his head,  
 His Masters sister secretly to wed:<sup>f</sup>  
 So to the Lady, covertly<sup>g</sup> he sent,  
 (That none might know, to frustrate his intent)  
 But *Cleopatra* this Suitor did deny,  
 For *Leonatus* more lovely in her eye,  
 To whom she sent a message of her mind,  
 That if he came good welcome he should find.  
 In these tumultuous dayes the thrall'd *Greeks*,  
 Their Ancient Liberty afresh now seeks.  
 And gladly would the yoke shake off, laid on<sup>h</sup> [162]  
 Sometimes by<sup>i</sup> *Philip* and his conquering son.  
 The *Athenians* force *Antipater* to fly  
 To *Lamia* where he shut up doth lye.  
 To brave *Craterus*<sup>j</sup> then he sends with speed  
 For succours to relieve<sup>k</sup> him in his need.  
 The like of *Leonatus* he requires,  
 (Which at this time well suited his desires)  
 For to *Antipater* he now might goe,  
 His Lady take in th' way, and no man know.  
*Antiphilus* the *Athenian* General  
 With speed his Army<sup>l</sup> doth together call;

<sup>f</sup> Which was his Masters sister for to wed :

<sup>g</sup> secretly.

<sup>h</sup> Shakes off the yoke, sometimes before laid on.

<sup>i</sup> By warlike.

<sup>j</sup> *Craterus*.

<sup>k</sup> To come and to release.

<sup>l</sup> forces.

And *Leonatus* seeks to stop,<sup>m</sup> that so  
 He joyne not with *Antipater* their<sup>n</sup> foe.  
 The *Athenian* Army was the greater far,  
 (Which did his Match with *Cleopatra* mar)  
 For fighting still, while there did hope remain  
 The valiant Chief amidst his foes was slain.  
 'Mongst all the princes<sup>o</sup> of great *Alexander*  
 For personage, none like to this Commander.  
 Now to *Antipater Craterus* goes,  
 Blockt up in *Lamia* still by his foes,  
 Long marches through *Cilicia* he makes,  
 And the remains of *Leonatus* takes:  
 With them and his he into *Grecia* went,  
*Antipater* releas'd from prifonment:  
 After which time the *Greeks* did never more  
 Act any thing of worth, as heretofore:  
 But under fervitude their necks remain'd,  
 Nor former liberty or glory gain'd.  
 Now di'd about the end of th' *Lamian* war [163]  
*Demosthenes*, that sweet-tongue'd Orator,<sup>p</sup>  
 Who fear'd *Antipater* would take his life  
 For animating the *Athenian* strife:  
 To end his dayes by poison rather chose  
 Then fall into the hands of mortal foes.  
*Craterus* and *Antipater* now joyne,  
 In love and in affinity combine,

<sup>m</sup> Striving to stop *Leonatus*,<sup>n</sup> that.<sup>o</sup> Captains.<sup>p</sup> The next four lines are not in the first edition.

*Craterus* doth his daughter *Phila*<sup>r</sup> wed  
 Their friendship might the more be strengthened.  
 Whilst they in *Macedon* do thus agree,  
 In *Asia* they all afunder be.  
*Perdiccas* griev'd to see the princes bold  
 So many Kingdomes in their power to hold,  
 Yet to regain them, how he did not know,  
 His<sup>s</sup> souldiers 'gainst those captains would not goe  
 To suffer them go on as they begun,  
 Was to give way himself might be undone.  
 With *Antipater* to joyne he sometimes thought,  
 That by his help, the rest might low be brought,  
 But this again dislikes; he would remain,  
 If not in stile,<sup>t</sup> in deed a soveraign;<sup>u</sup>  
 (For all the princes of great *Alexander*  
 Acknowledged for Chief that old Commander)  
 Defires the King to goe to *Macedon*,  
 Which once was of his Ancestors the throne,  
 And by his presence there to nullifie  
 The acts of his Vice-Roy<sup>v</sup> now grown so high.  
*Antigonus* of treason first attaints,  
 And summons him to answer his<sup>w</sup> complaints.  
 This he avoids, and ships himself and son, [164]  
 goes to *Antipater* and tells what's done.  
 He and *Craterus*, both with him do joyne,  
 And 'gainst *Perdiccas* all their strength combine.

<sup>r</sup> *Phifa.*<sup>s</sup> For's.<sup>t</sup> word.<sup>u</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.<sup>v</sup> Vice-royes,<sup>w</sup> these.



Brave *Ptolemy*, to make a fourth then sent  
 To save himself from danger imminent.<sup>x</sup>  
 In midst of these garboyles, with wondrous state  
 His masters funeral doth celebrate:  
 In *Alexandria* his tomb he plac'd,  
 Which eating time hath scarcely yet defac'd.<sup>y</sup>  
 Two years and more, since natures debt he paid,  
 And yet till now at quiet was not laid.  
 Great love did *Ptolemy* by this act gain,  
 And made the fouldiers on his side remain.  
*Perdiccas* hears his foes are all<sup>z</sup> combin'd,  
 'Gainst which to goe, is not resolv'd in mind.<sup>a</sup>  
 But first 'gainst *Ptolemy* he judg'd was best,<sup>b</sup>  
 Neer't unto him, and farthest from the rest,  
 Leaves *Eumenes* the *Asian* Coast to free  
 From the invasions of the other three,  
 And with his army unto<sup>c</sup> *Egypt* goes  
 Brave *Ptolemy* to th' utmost to oppose.  
*Perdiccas* furly cariage, and his pride  
 Did alinate the fouldiers from his side.  
 But *Ptolemy* by affability  
 His sweet demeanour and his courtesie,  
 Did make his own, firm to his cause remain,  
 And from the other side did dayly gain.

<sup>x</sup> dangers eminent;

<sup>y</sup> At *Alexandria*, in *Ægypt* Land,

His sumptuous monument long time did stand;

<sup>z</sup> now,

<sup>a</sup> is troubled in his minde;

<sup>b</sup> With *Ptolomy* for to begin was best.

<sup>c</sup> into.

*Perdiccas* in his pride did ill intreat  
*Python* of haughty mind, and courage great.  
 Who could not brook so great indignity, [165]  
 But of his wrongs his friends doth certify;  
 The souldiers 'gainst *Perdiccas* they incense,  
 Who vow to make this captain recompence,  
 And in a rage they rush into his tent,<sup>d</sup>  
 Knock out his brains: to *Ptolemy* then went  
 And offer him his honours, and his place,  
 With stile of the Protector, him to grace.<sup>e</sup>  
 Next day into the camp came *Ptolemy*,  
 And is receiv'd of all most joyfully.  
 Their proffers he refus'd with modesty,  
 Yields them to *Python* for his courtesie.<sup>f</sup>  
 With what he held he was now more<sup>g</sup> content,  
 Then by more trouble to grow eminent.  
 Now comes there news of a great victory  
 That *Eumenes* got of the other three.  
 Had it but in *Perdiccas* life arriv'd,  
 With greater joy it would have been receiv'd.  
 Thus *Ptolemy* rich *Egypt* did retain,  
 And *Python* turn'd to *Asia* again.  
 Whilst *Perdiccas* encamp'd<sup>h</sup> in *Affrica*,  
*Antigonus* did enter *Asia*,

<sup>d</sup> Instead of this and the six preceding lines, the first edition has, —  
*Pithon*, next *Perdiccas*, a Captaine high,  
 Being entreated by him scornfully,  
 Some of the Souldiers enters *Perdica's* tent,

<sup>e</sup> would him grace;  
<sup>g</sup> well.

<sup>f</sup> Confers them *Pithon* on, for's courtesie;  
<sup>h</sup> thus staid.

And fain would *Eumenes* draw to their side,  
 But he alone most <sup>i</sup> faithfull did abide:  
 The other all had Kingdomes in their eye,  
 But he was true to's masters family,  
 Nor could *Craterus*, whom he much did love.  
 From his fidelity once make him move:  
 Two Battles fought, and had of both the best,<sup>j</sup>  
 And brave *Craterus* flew among the rest:  
 For this sad <sup>k</sup> strife he poures out his complaints, [166]  
 And his beloved foe full fore laments.  
 I should but snip a story into bits<sup>l</sup>  
 And his great Acts and glory much eclipse,  
 To shew the dangers *Eumenes* befel,<sup>m</sup>  
 His stratagems wherein he did excel:  
 His Policies, how he did extricate  
 Himself from out of Lab'rinth's intricate:<sup>n</sup>  
 He that at large would satisfie his mind,  
 In *Plutarch's Lives* his history may find.  
 For all that should be said, let this suffice,  
 He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.  
*Python* now chose Protector of the state,  
 His rule Queen *Euridice* begins to hate,  
 Sees <sup>o</sup> *Arrideus* must not King it long,  
 If once young *Alexander* grow more strong,

<sup>i</sup> now.                      <sup>j</sup> Two battells now he fought, and had the best,

<sup>k</sup> great.                    <sup>l</sup> verse.

<sup>m</sup> And much eclipse his glory to rehearse  
 The difficulties *Eumenes* befell,

<sup>n</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>o</sup> Perceives.

But that her husband ferve for supplement,  
 To warm his<sup>þ</sup> feat, was never her intent.  
 She knew her birth-right gave her *Macedon*,  
 Grand-child to him who once sat on that throne  
 Who was *Perdiccas*, *Philips* eldest<sup>q</sup> brother,  
 She daughter to his son, who had no other.<sup>r</sup>  
*Pythons* commands,<sup>s</sup> as oft she countermands;  
 What he appoints, she purposely withstands.  
 He wearied out at last would needs be gone,  
 Resign'd his place, and so let all alone:  
 In's room<sup>t</sup> the souldiers chose *Antipater*,  
 Who vext the Queen more then the other far.<sup>u</sup>  
 From *Macedon* to *Asia* he came,  
 That he might settle matters in the same.  
 He plac'd, displac'd, control'd rul'd as he list, [167]  
 And this no man durst question or resist;  
 For all the nobles of King<sup>v</sup> *Alexander*  
 Their bonnets vail'd to him as chief Commander.

þ the.

q elder.

<sup>r</sup> After this the first edition has, —

Her mother *Cyna* sister to *Alexander*,  
 Who had an Army, like a great Commander.  
*Ceria* the *Phrigian* Queen for to withstand,  
 And in a Battell flew her hand to hand;  
 Her Daughter she instructed in that Art,  
 Which made her now begin to play her part;

<sup>s</sup> She ever.<sup>t</sup> flead.<sup>u</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.<sup>v</sup> Princes of great.

When to his pleasure all things they had done,  
 The King and Queen he takes to *Macedon*,<sup>w</sup>  
 Two fons of *Alexander*, and the rest,  
 All to be order'd there as he thought best.  
 The Army to *Antigonus* doth leave,  
 And Government of Asia to him gave.  
 And thus *Antipater* the ground-work layes,  
 On which *Antigonus* his height doth raise,  
 Who in few years, the rest so overtops,  
 For universal Monarchy he hopes.  
 With *Eumenes* he diverse Battels fought,  
 And by his flights to circumvent him fought:  
 But vain it was to use his policy,  
 'Gainst him that all deceits could scan and try.]  
 In this Epitome too long to tell  
 How finely <sup>x</sup> *Eumenes* did here excell,  
 And by the self same Traps the other laid,  
 He to his cost was righteously repaid.<sup>y</sup>  
 But while these Chieftains doe in Asia fight,  
 To *Greece* and *Macedon* lets turn our fight.  
 When great *Antipater* the world must leave,  
 His place to *Polisperchon* did bequeath,<sup>z</sup>  
 Fearing his son *Cassander* was untaid,  
 Too rash <sup>a</sup> to bear that charge, if on him laid.

<sup>w</sup> Acknowledged for chief, this old Commander :

After a while, to *Macedon* he makes ;

The King, and Queen, along with him he takes.

<sup>x</sup> neatly.      <sup>y</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>z</sup> Now great *Antipater*, the world doth leave

To *Polisperchon*, then his place he gave,

<sup>a</sup> young.

*Antigonus* hearing of his decease  
 On most part of *Affyria* doth seize.  
 And *Ptolemy* next to incroach begins, [168]  
 All *Syria* and *Phenicia* he wins,  
 Then *Polisperchon* 'gins to act in's place,  
 Recalls *Olimpias* the Court to grace.  
*Antipater* had banish'd her from thence  
 Into *Epire* for her great turbulence;  
 This new Protector's of another mind,  
 Thinks by her Majesty much help to find.  
*Cassander* like his Father could not see,  
 This *Polisperchons* great ability,  
 Slights his Commands, his actions he disclaims,  
 And to be chief<sup>b</sup> himself now bends his aims;  
 Such as his Father had advanc'd to place,  
 Or by his favours any way had grac'd  
 Are now at the devotion of the Son,  
 Prest to accomplish what he would have done;  
 Besides he was the young Queens favourite,  
 On whom (t'was thought) she set her chief delight:  
 Unto these helps at home<sup>c</sup> he seeks out more,  
 Goes to *Antigonus* and doth implore,  
 By all the Bonds 'twixt him and's Father past,  
 And for that great gift which he gave him last.  
 By these and all to grant him some supply,  
 To take down *Polisperchon* grown so high;  
 For this *Antigonus* did need no spurs,  
 Hoping to gain yet more by these new stirs,

<sup>b</sup> great.<sup>c</sup> in Greece,

Streight furnish'd him with a sufficient aid,<sup>d</sup>  
 And so he quick returns thus well appaid,  
 With Ships at Sea, an Army for the Land,  
 His proud opponent hopes soon to withstand.  
 But in his absence *Polisperchon* takes [169]  
 Such friends away as for his Interest makes  
 By death, by prison, or by banishment,  
 That no supply by these here might be lent,  
*Cassander* with his Host to *Grecia* goes,  
 Whom *Polisperchon* labours to oppose;  
 But beaten was at Sea, and foil'd at Land,  
*Cassanders* forces had the upper hand,  
*Athens* with many Towns in *Greece* beside,  
 Firm (for his Fathers sake) to him abide.<sup>e</sup>  
 Whil'ft hot in wars these two in *Greece* remain,  
*Antigonus* doth all in *Asia* gain;  
 Still labours *Eumenes*, would<sup>f</sup> with him side,  
 But all in vain,<sup>g</sup> he faithful did abide:  
 Nor Mother could, nor Sons of *Alexander*,  
 Put trust in any but in this Commander.

<sup>d</sup> Instead of the next seven lines, the first edition has, —

*Cassander* for return all speed now made:  
*Polisperchon*, knowing he did relye  
 Upon those friends, his father rais'd on high,  
 Those absent, banished, or else he flew  
 All such as he suspected to him true.

<sup>e</sup> But had the worst at Sea, as well as Land,  
 And his opponent still got upper hand,  
*Athens*, with many Townes in *Greece* besides,  
 Firme to *Cassander* at this time abides:

<sup>f</sup> might.

<sup>g</sup> But to the last.

The great ones now began to shew their mind,  
And act as opportunity they find.

*Aridæus* the scorn'd and simple King,

More then he bidden was could act no thing.

*Polisperchon* for office hoping long,

Thinks to inthronè the Prince when riper grown;

*Euridice* this injury disdains,

And to *Cassandar* of this wrong complains.

Hateful the name and house of *Alexander*,

Was to this proud vindicative *Cassander*;

He still kept lockt<sup>h</sup> within his memory,

His Fathers danger, with his Family;

Nor thought<sup>i</sup> he that indignity was<sup>j</sup> small,

When *Alexander* knockt his head to th' wall.

These with his love unto the amorous Queen, [170]

Did make him vow her servant to be seen.

*Olimpias*, *Aridæus* deadly hates,

As all her Husbands, Children by his mates,

She gave him poyson formerly ('tis thought)

Which damage both to mind and body brought;

She now with *Polisperchon* doth combine,

To make the King by force his Seat resigne:

And her young grand-child in his State inthronè,<sup>k</sup>

That under him, she might rule, all alone.

For aid she goes t' *Epire* among her friends,

The better to accomplish these her ends;

*Euridice* hearing what she intends,

In haste unto her friend<sup>l</sup> *Cassander* sends,

<sup>h</sup> fresh.

<sup>i</sup> counts.

<sup>j</sup> but.

<sup>k</sup> Nephew in his stead t' inthronè,

<sup>l</sup> deare.



To leave his siege at *Tegea*,<sup>m</sup> and with speed,  
 To save the King and her in this their need:<sup>n</sup>  
 Then by intreaties, promises and Coyne,  
 Some forces did procure with her to joyn.  
*Olimpias* soon<sup>o</sup> enters *Macedon*,  
 The Queen to meet her bravely marches on,  
 But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,  
 Calling to mind<sup>p</sup> what sometime she had been;  
 The wife and Mother of their famous Kings,  
 Nor darts, nor arrows, now none shoots or flings.<sup>q</sup>  
 The King and Queen seeing their destiny,  
 To save their lives t' *Amphipolis* do fly;  
 But the old Queen pursues them with her hate,  
 And needs will have their lives as well as State:  
 The King by extream torments had his end,  
 And to the Queen these presents she did send;  
 A Halter, cup of poyson, and a Sword, [171]  
 Bids chuse her death, such kindness she'll afford.  
 The Queen with many a curse, and bitter check,  
 At length yields to the Halter her fair neck;  
 Praying that fatal day might quickly haste,  
 On which *Olimpias* of the like might taste.  
 This done the cruel Queen rests not content,  
 'Gainst all that lov'd *Cassander* she was bent;<sup>r</sup>

<sup>m</sup> *Tagra*.<sup>n</sup> To come and succour her, in this great need;<sup>o</sup> now.<sup>p</sup> Remembring.<sup>q</sup> Instead of the next four lines, the first edition has, —The King, and Queen, to *Amphipolis* doe fly,

But soone are brought into captivity;

<sup>r</sup> Till all that lov'd *Cassander* was nigh spent;

His Brethren, Kinsfolk and his chiefeft friends,  
 That fell<sup>s</sup> within her reach came to their ends:  
 Dig'd up his brother dead, 'gainft natures right,  
 And threw his bones about to fhew her fpight:  
 The Courtiers wondring at her furious mind,  
 Wifht in *Epire* ſhe had been ftill confin'd.

In *Peloponefus* then *Caffander* lay,  
 Where hearing of this news he ſpeeds away,  
 With rage, and with revenge he's hurried on,  
 To find this cruel<sup>t</sup> Queen in *Macedon*;  
 But being ſtopt, at ſtreight *Thermopoly*,  
 Sea paſſage gets, and lands in *Theſſaly*:  
 His Army he divides, ſends poſt<sup>u</sup> away,  
*Polisperchon* to hold a while in play;  
 And with the reſt *Olimpias* purſues,  
 For all her cruelty, to give her dues.  
 She with the chief<sup>v</sup> o' th' Court to *Pydna* flies,  
 Well fortifi'd, (and on the Sea it lyes)  
 There by *Caffander* ſhe's blockt up ſo long,  
 Untill the Famine grows exceeding ſtrong,  
 Her Couzen of *Epire* did what he might,  
 To raiſe the Siege, and put her Foes to flight.  
*Caffander* is reſolved there to remain, [172]  
 So ſuccours and endeavours proves but vain;  
 Fain would this wretched Queen<sup>w</sup> capitulate,  
 Her foe would give no Ear,<sup>x</sup> (ſuch is his hate)

<sup>s</sup> were.<sup>t</sup> So goes to finde this.<sup>u</sup> part.<sup>v</sup> flow'r.<sup>w</sup> would ſhe come now to.<sup>x</sup> *Caffander* will not heare,

The Souldiers pinched with this scarcity,  
 By stealth unto *Cassander* dayly fly;  
*Olimpias* means to hold out<sup>y</sup> to the last,  
 Expecting nothing but of death to tast:  
 But his occasions calling him away,<sup>z</sup>  
 Gives promise for her life, so wins the day.  
 No sooner had he got her in his hand,  
 But made in judgement her accusers stand;  
 And plead the blood of friends and kindreds<sup>a</sup> spilt,  
 Desiring justice might be done for guilt;  
 And so was he acquitted of his word,  
 For justice sake she being put to th' Sword:  
 This was the end of this most cruel Queen,  
 Whose fury scarcely parallel'd<sup>b</sup> hath been.  
 The daughter, sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,  
 But Royalty no good conditions brings;<sup>c</sup>  
 To Husbands death ('tis<sup>d</sup> thought) she gave consent,  
 The murtherer<sup>e</sup> she did so much lament:  
 With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoan'd his fates,  
 His Sword unto *Apollo* consecrates.  
 Her Outrages too tedious to relate,  
 How for no cause but her inveterate hate;  
 Her Husbands wives<sup>f</sup> and Children after's death,  
 Some flew, some fry'd, of others stopt the breath:

<sup>y</sup> wills to keep it,

<sup>z</sup> But he unwilling longer there to stay,

<sup>a</sup> of their deare Kindred.

<sup>b</sup> yet unparalleld.

<sup>c</sup> After this the first edition has, —

So boundlesse was her pride, and cruelty,

She oft forgot bounds of Humanity.

<sup>d</sup> 'twas.

<sup>e</sup> The Authours death.

<sup>f</sup> Wife.

Now in her Age she's forc'd to tast that Cup,  
 Which she had others often made to sup.  
 Now many Towns in *Macedon* supprest, [173]  
 And *Pellas* fain to yield among the rest;  
 The Funerals *Cassander* celebrates,  
 Of *Aridæus* and his Queen with State:  
 Among their Ancestors by him they're laid,  
 And shews of lamentation for them made.  
 Old *Thebes* he then rebuilt so much of fame,  
 And *Cassandria* rais'd after his name.  
 But leave him building, others in their Urne,  
 Let's for a while, now into *Asia* turn.  
 True *Eumenes* endeavours by all Skill,  
 To keep *Antigonus* from *Shushan* still;  
 Having command o'th' Treafure he can hire,  
 Such as no threats, nor favour could acquire.  
 In divers Battels he had good success,  
*Antigonus* came off still honourless;  
 When Victor oft he'd been, and so might still,  
*Peucestes*<sup>g</sup> did betray him by a wile.  
 T' *Antigonus*, who took<sup>h</sup> his Life unjust,  
 Because he never would forgoe<sup>i</sup> his trust;  
 Thus lost he all for his fidelity,  
 Striving t'uphold his Masters Family.  
 But to a period as that did haste,  
 So *Eumenes* (the prop) of death must tast;

<sup>g</sup> *Pencestas*.

<sup>h</sup> *Antigonus*, then takes.

<sup>i</sup> let go.

All *Perſia* now *Antigonus* doth gain,<sup>i</sup>  
 And Maſter of the Treafure ſole remain:<sup>j</sup>  
 Then with *Seleucus* ſtreight at odds doth fall,  
 And he for aid to *Ptolomy* doth call,  
 The Princes all begin now to envy  
*Antigonus*, he growing up ſo high;  
 Fearing his force,<sup>k</sup> and what might hap e're long, [174]  
 Enters into a Combination ſtrong,  
*Seleucus*, *Ptolomy*, *Caffander* joynes,  
*Lyſimachus* to make a fourth combines:  
*Antigonus* deſirous of the *Greeks*,  
 To make *Caffander* odious to them ſeeks,  
 Sends forth his declarations near and far,<sup>l</sup>  
 And clears what cauſe he had to make this war,<sup>m</sup>  
*Caffanders* outrages at large doth tell,  
 Shews his ambitious practiſes as well.<sup>n</sup>  
 The mother of their King to death he'd put,  
 His wife and ſon in priſon cloſe had ſhut:  
 And aiming now to make himſelf a king,  
 And that ſome title he might ſeem to bring,  
*Theſſalonica* he had newly wed,  
 Daughter to *Philip* their renowned head:  
 Had built and call'd a City by his name,  
 Which none e're did, but thoſe of royal fame:

<sup>i</sup> So *Eumenes* of deſtiny muſt taſte.

*Antigonus*, all *Perſia* now gains,

<sup>j</sup> he remains;            <sup>k</sup> their ſtate,            <sup>l</sup> declaration from a farre,

<sup>m</sup> And ſhews what cauſe they had to take up warre.

<sup>n</sup> This and the preceding line are not in the firſt edition.

And in despight of their two famous Kings  
 Hatefull *Olinthians* to *Greece* rebrings.  
 Rebellious *Thebes* he had reedified,  
 Which their late King in dust had damnified,  
 Requires them therefore to take up their arms  
 And to requite this traitor for these harms.  
 Then *Ptolemy* would gain the *Greeks* likewise,  
 And he declares the others injurys: <sup>o</sup>  
 First how he held the Empire in his hands,  
*Seleucus* driven <sup>p</sup> from Goverment and lands,  
 The <sup>q</sup> valiant *Eumenes* unjustly flain,  
 And Lord of royal *Shushan* <sup>r</sup> did remain;  
 Therefore requests <sup>s</sup> their help to take him down [175]  
 Before he wear the univerfal Crown.  
 These princes at the sea foone had a fight,  
 Where great *Antigonus* was put to flight: <sup>t</sup>  
 His son at *Gaza* likewise lost the field,  
 So *Syria* to *Ptolemy* did yield:  
 And *Seleucus* recovers *Babylon*,  
 Still gaining Countryes eastward he goes on.  
*Demetrius* with <sup>u</sup> *Ptolemy* did fight,  
 And coming unawares, put him to flight;  
 But bravely sends the prifoners back again,  
 With all the spoyle and booty he <sup>v</sup> had tane.

<sup>o</sup> For he declares against his injuries;

<sup>p</sup> drove.

<sup>q</sup> Had.

<sup>r</sup> o' th' City *Susha*.

<sup>s</sup> So therefore craves.

<sup>t</sup> *Antigonus* at Sea foone had a fight,

Where *Ptolomy*, and the rest put him to flight;

<sup>u</sup> againe with.

<sup>v</sup> they.

Courteous<sup>w</sup> as noble *Ptolemy*, or more,  
 VWho at *Gaza* did the like to him before.  
*Antigonus* did much rejoyce, his son  
 VWith victory, his loft repute had won.  
 At laſt theſe princes tired out with warrs,  
 Sought for a peace, and laid aſide their jarrs:  
 The terms of their agreement, thus expreſs  
 That each ſhould hold what now he did poſſeſs,  
 Till *Alexander* unto age was grown,  
 VWho then ſhould be enſtalled in the throne.  
 This toucht *Caffander* fore for what he'd done,  
 Imprifoning both the mother and the<sup>x</sup> ſon:  
 He fees the Greeks now favour their young Prince  
 Whom he in durance held, now, and long ſince,  
 That in few years he muſt be forc'd or glad,  
 To render up ſuch Kingdomes as he had;  
 Reſolves to quit his fears by one deed done,  
 So puts<sup>y</sup> to death the Mother and her Son.  
 This *Roxane* for her beauty all commend, [176]  
 But for one act ſhe did, juſt was her end.  
 No ſooner was great *Alexander* dead,  
 But ſhe *Darius* daughters murdered.  
 Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,  
*Perdiccas* was her Partner in this plot.  
 The heavens ſeem'd flow in paying her the fame;  
 But at the laſt the hand of vengeance came.  
 And for that double fact which ſhe had done,  
 The life of her muſt goe, and of her ſon

<sup>w</sup> *Curtius*,<sup>x</sup> her.<sup>y</sup> And put.

*Perdiccas* had before for his amifs,  
 But by their hands who thought not once of this.  
*Cassanders* deed the princes do<sup>z</sup> deteft,  
 But 'twas in fhew; in heart it pleas'd them beft.  
 That he is odious to the world, they'r glad:  
 And now they were free Lords of what they had.  
 When this foul tragedy was pafst and done,  
*Polysperchon* brings the<sup>a</sup> other fon  
 Call'd *Hercules*, and elder then his brother,  
 (But *Olimpias* would<sup>b</sup> prefer the other)  
 The *Greeks* toucht with the murther done of late,  
 This Orphan prince 'gan<sup>c</sup> to compaffionate,  
 Begin to mutter much 'gainft proud *Cassander*,  
 And place their hopes on th' heir of *Alexander*.  
*Cassander* fear'd what might of this enfue,  
 So *Polisperchon* to his counfel drew,  
 And gives *Peloponefus* for his hire,<sup>d</sup>  
 Who flew the prince according to defire.  
 Thus was the race and houfe of *Alexander*  
 Extinct by this inhumane wretch *Cassander*.  
*Antigonus*, for all this doth not mourn, [177]  
 He knows to's profit, this at laft<sup>e</sup> will turn,  
 But that fome Title now he might pretend,  
 To *Cleopatra* doth for marriage fend;  
*Lyfimachus* and *Ptolemy* the fame,  
 And lewd<sup>f</sup> *Cassander* too, fticks not for fhame:  
 She then in *Lydia* at *Sardis* lay,  
 Where by Embaffage all thefe Princes pray.

<sup>z</sup> all.      <sup>a</sup> up the.      <sup>b</sup> thought to.      <sup>c</sup> This Prince began for.  
<sup>d</sup> Gives *Peloponefus* unto him for hire,      <sup>e</sup> all i'th end.      <sup>f</sup> vile.



Choice above all, of *Ptolemy* she makes,  
 With his Embassador her journey takes;  
*Antigonus* Lieutenant staves her still,  
 Untill he further know his Masters will:  
*Antigonus* now had a Wolf by th' Ears,  
 To hold her still, or let her go he fears.  
 Resolves at last the Princess should be slain,  
 So hinders him of her, he could not gain;  
 Her women are appointed for this deed,  
 They for their great reward no better speed:  
 For by command, they streight were put to death,  
 As vile Conspirators that stopt<sup>g</sup> her breath.  
 And now he hopes,<sup>h</sup> he's order'd all so well,  
 The world must needs believe what he doth tell;  
 Thus *Philips* house was quite extinguished,  
 Except *Cassanders* wife who yet not dead.  
 And by their means who thought of nothing less,  
 Then vengeance just, against them<sup>i</sup> to express;  
 Now blood was paid with blood for what was done  
 By cruel Father, Mother, cruel Son:<sup>j</sup>

<sup>g</sup> took.

<sup>h</sup> thinks.

<sup>i</sup> the same.

<sup>j</sup> After this the first edition has, —

Who did erect their cruelty in guilt,  
 And wronging innocents whose blood they spilt,  
*Philip* and *Olympias* both were slain,  
*Aridæus* and his Queen by slaughters ta'ne;  
 Two other children by *Olympias* kill'd,  
 And *Cleopatra's* blood, now likewise spill'd,  
 If *Alexander* was not poysoned,  
 Yet in the flower of's age, he must lie dead,  
 His wife and sons then slain by this *Cassander*,  
 And's kingdoms rent away by each Commander:

Thus may we hear, and fear, and ever say,  
 That hand is righteous still which doth repay.  
 These Captains now the stile of Kings do take, [178]  
 For to their Crowns their's<sup>k</sup> none can Title make;<sup>l</sup>  
*Demetrius* first the royal stile assum'd,  
 By his Example all the rest presum'd.  
*Antigonus* himself to ingratiate,  
 Doth promise liberty to *Athens* State;  
 With Arms and with provision stores them well,  
 The better 'gainst *Cassander* to rebel.  
*Demetrius* thether goes, is entertain'd  
 Not like a King, but like some God they feign'd;  
 Most grossly base was their<sup>m</sup> great Adulation,  
 Who Incense burnt, and offered oblation:  
 These Kings afresh fall to their wars again,  
*Demetrius* of *Ptolemy* doth gain.  
 'Twould be an endless Story to relate  
 Their several Battels and their several fate,<sup>n</sup>  
 Their fights by Sea, their victories by Land,  
 How some when down, straight got the upper hand  
*Antigonus* and *Seleucus* then fight  
 Near *Ephesus*, each bringing all his<sup>o</sup> might,  
 And he that Conquerour shall now remain,  
 The Lordship of all *Asia*<sup>p</sup> shall retain;

<sup>k</sup> there's.

<sup>l</sup> Instead of the next seven lines, the first edition has, —

*Demetrius* is first, that so assumes,  
 To do as he, the rest full soon presumes,  
 To *Athens* then he goes, is entertain'd,

<sup>m</sup> this.

<sup>n</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>o</sup> their.

<sup>p</sup> Of *Asia* the Lordship.

This day 'twixt these two Kings<sup>q</sup> ends all the strife,  
 For here *Antigonus* lost rule and life:  
 Nor to his Son, did e're<sup>r</sup> one foot remain  
 Of those vast Kingdomes,<sup>s</sup> he did sometimes gain.  
*Demetrius* with his Troops to *Athens* flies,  
 Hopes to find succours in his miseries;<sup>t</sup>  
 But they adoring in prosperity,  
 Now shut their gates in his adversity:  
 He forely griev'd at this his desperate State [179]  
 Tryes Foes, sith<sup>u</sup> friends will not compassionate.  
 His peace he then with old *Seleucus* makes,  
 Who his fair daughter *Stratonica* takes,  
*Antiochus*, *Seleucus*, dear lov'd Son,  
 Is for this fresh young Lady quite<sup>v</sup> undone;  
 Falls so extreamly sick, all fear'd his life,  
 Yet durst not say, he lov'd his Fathers wife,  
 When his disease the skill'd<sup>w</sup> Physitian found,  
 His Fathers mind he wittily did found,  
 Who did no sooner understand the fame,  
 But willingly resign'd the beautiful Dame:  
*Cassander* now must dye his race is run,  
 And leaves the ill got Kingdomes he had won.  
 Two Sons he left, born of King *Philips* daughter,  
 Who had an end put to their dayes by slaughter;  
 Which should succeed at variance they fell,  
 The Mother would, the youngest might<sup>x</sup> excell:

q foes.

r there.

s Of those dominions.

t Hoping to find succour in miseries.

u since.

v half.

w skilfull.

x should.

The eld'ft inrag'd did play the Vipers part,  
 And with his Sword did run her through the heart:<sup>y</sup>  
 Rather then *Philips* race should<sup>z</sup> longer live,  
 He whom she gave his life her death shall<sup>a</sup> give.  
 This by *Lyfimachus* was<sup>b</sup> after flain,  
 Whose daughter he not long before had ta'ne;<sup>c</sup>  
*Demetrius* is call'd in by th' youngest Son,  
 Against *Lyfimachus* who from him won.  
 But he a Kingdome more then's friend did eye,  
 Seaz'd upon that, and flew him traitroufly.<sup>d</sup>  
 Thus *Philips* and *Cassander's* race both<sup>e</sup> gone,  
 And so falls out to be extinct in one;  
 And<sup>f</sup> though *Cassander* died in his bed, [180]  
 His Seed to be extirpt, was destined;  
 For blood, which was decre'd that he should spill,  
 Yet must his Children pay for Fathers ill;  
*Jehu* in killing *Ahab's* house did well,  
 Yet be aveng'd must blood of *Jezerel*.  
*Demetrius* thus *Cassander's* Kingdoms gains,  
 And now in *Macedon* as King he reigns;<sup>g</sup>  
 Though men and mony both he hath at will,  
 In neither finds content if he fits still:  
 That *Seleucus* holds *Asia* grievs him fore,  
 Those Countrys large his Father got before.

<sup>y</sup> did pierce his mothers heart,

<sup>z</sup> child must.

<sup>a</sup> must.

<sup>b</sup> soon.

<sup>c</sup> unto wife, he'd newly ta'n.

<sup>d</sup> Instead of this and the three preceding lines, the first edition has, —

The youngest by *Demetrius* kill'd in fight,

Who took away his now pretended right:

<sup>e</sup> is.

<sup>f</sup> Yea.

<sup>g</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.

Theſe to recover, muſters all his might,  
 And with his Son in Law will needs go fight;<sup>h</sup>  
 A mighty Navy rig'd, an Army ſtout,  
 With theſe he hopes to turn the world about:  
 Leaving *Antigonus* his eldeſt Son,  
 In his long abſence to rule *Macedon*.  
*Demetrius* with ſo many troubles met,  
 As Heaven and Earth againſt him had been fet;  
 Diſaſter on diſaſter him purſue,  
 His ſtory ſeems a Fable more than true.  
 At laſt he's<sup>i</sup> taken and imprifoned  
 Within an Iſle that was with pleaſures fed,  
 Injoy'd what ere beſeem'd his Royalty,  
 Only reſtrained of his liberty:  
 After three years he died, left what he'd won,  
 In *Greece* unto *Antigonus* his Son.  
 For his Poſterity unto this day,  
 Did ne're regain one foot in *Aſia*;<sup>j</sup>  
 His Body *Seleucus* ſends to his Son, [181]  
 Whoſe obſequies with wondrous pomp was done.  
 Next di'd the brave and noble *Ptolemp*,  
 Renown'd for bounty, valour, clemency,  
 Rich *Egypt* left, and what elſe he had won,  
 To *Philadelphus* his more worthy Son.  
 Of the old *Heroes*, now but two remain,  
*Seleucus* and *Lyſimachus* theſe twain,

<sup>h</sup> The next eight lines are not in the firſt edition.

<sup>i</sup> There was he.

<sup>j</sup> The next two lines are not in the firſt edition.

Must needs go try their fortune and their might,  
 And so *Lysimachus* was slain in fight;  
 'Twas no small joy unto *Seleucus* breast,  
 That now he had out-lived all the rest:  
 Possession of *Europe* thinks to take,  
 And so himself the only Monarch make;  
 Whilst with these hopes in *Greece* he did remain,  
 He was by *Ptolemy Ceraunus* slain.  
 The second Son of the first *Ptolemy*,  
 Who for Rebellion unto him did fly;  
*Seleucus* was a <sup>k</sup> Father and a friend,  
 Yet by him had this most unworthy end.  
 Thus with these Kingly Captains have we done,  
 A little now how the Succession run,  
*Antigonus*, *Seleucus* and *Cassander*,  
 With *Ptolemy*, reign'd after *Alexander* ;  
*Cassander's* Sons soon after's death were slain,  
 So three Successors only did remain:  
*Antigonus* his Kingdomes lost and life,  
 Unto *Seleucus*, Author of that strife.  
 His Son *Demetrius*, all *Cassanders* gains,  
 And his posterity, the same retains;  
*Demetrius* Son was call'd *Antigonus*, [182]  
 And his again was nam'd <sup>l</sup> *Demetrius*.  
 I must let pass those many Battels fought,  
 Betwixt <sup>m</sup> those Kings, and noble *Pyrrhus* stout,  
 And his Son *Alexander* of *Epire*,  
 Whereby immortal honour they acquire;

<sup>k</sup> as.<sup>l</sup> againe, also.<sup>m</sup> Between.

*Demetrius* had *Philip* to his Son,<sup>n</sup>  
 (Part of whose Kingdomes *Titus Quintius* won)  
*Philip* had *Perseus*, who was made a Thrale  
 T<sup>r</sup> *Emilius* the Roman General;  
 Him with his Sons in Triumph lead did he,  
 Such riches too as *Rome* did never see:  
 This of *Antigonus*, his Seed's the Fate,  
 Whose Empire was subdu'd to<sup>o</sup> th' Roman State.  
 Longer *Seleucus* held the royalty,  
 In *Syria* by his Posterity;  
*Antiochus Soter* his Son was nam'd,  
 To whom the old<sup>p</sup> *Berosus* (so much fam'd,)  
 His Book of *Affurs* Monarchs dedicates,  
 Tells of their names, their wars, their riches, fates;  
 But this is perished with many more,  
 Which oft we wish was extant as before.\*  
*Antiochus Theos* was *Soter's* Son,  
 Who a long war with *Egypt's* King begun;  
 The Affinityes and Wars *Daniel* sets forth,  
 And calls them there the Kings of South & North, †  
 This *Theos* murther'd was by his lewd wife,<sup>q</sup>  
*Seleucus* reign'd, when he had lost his life.

<sup>n</sup> Instead of the next five lines, the first edition has, —

He *Perseus*, from him the kingdom's won,  
*Emillius* the Roman Generall,  
 Did take his rule, his sons, himself and all.

<sup>o</sup> kingdomes were subdu'd by.

<sup>p</sup> whom Ancient.

\* See page 188 and note.

† *Daniel*, chap. xi.

<sup>q</sup> This *Theos* he was murthered by his wife,

A third *Seleucus* next fits on the Seat,  
 And then *Antiochus* firnam'd the great,<sup>r</sup>  
 VVhose large Dominions after was made fmall, [183]  
 By *Scipio* the Roman General;  
 Fourth *Seleucus*<sup>s</sup> *Antiochus* fucceeds,  
 And next<sup>t</sup> *Epiphanes* whose wicked deeds,  
 Horrid Maffacres, Murthers, cruelties,  
 Amongft<sup>u</sup> the Jews we read in *Machabees*.<sup>\*</sup>  
*Antiochus Eupater* was the next,  
 By Rebels and Impoftors dayly vex;  
 So many Princes ftill were murdered,  
 The Royal Blood was nigh<sup>v</sup> extinguifhed;  
 Then<sup>w</sup> *Tygranes* the great *Armenian* King,  
 To take the Government was called in,  
*Lucullus*, Him, (the Roman General)  
 Vanquifh'd in fight, and took thofe Kingdomes all;  
 Of *Greece* and *Syria* thus the rule did end,  
 In *Egypt* next, a little time wee'l fpend.  
 Firft *Ptolemy* being dead, his famous Son  
 Call'd *Philadelphus*, did poffefs<sup>x</sup> the Throne.  
 At *Alexandria* a Library did build,<sup>y</sup>  
 And with feven hundred thoufand Volumes fill'd;

<sup>r</sup> The next two lines are not in the first edition.

<sup>s</sup> *Seleuchus* next.

<sup>t</sup> then.

<sup>u</sup> Againft.

\* 1 Macc. i. 20-28; 2 Macc. v. 1-22, and elsewhere. After this, the first edition has, —

By him was fet up the abomination

I'th' holy place, which caufed defolation;

<sup>v</sup> quite.

<sup>w</sup> That.

<sup>x</sup> next fat on.

<sup>y</sup> The Library at *Alexandria* built,



The feventy two Interpreters did feek,  
 They might tranſlate the Bible into Greek.\*  
 His Son was *Evergetes* the laſt Prince,  
 That valour ſhew'd, virtue, or excellence,  
*Philopater* was *Evergetes* Son,  
 After *Epiphanes* fate on the Throne;  
*Philometor*, *Evergetes*<sup>z</sup> again,  
 And after<sup>a</sup> him, did falſe *Lathurus* reign:  
 Then *Alexander* in *Lathurus* ſtead,  
 Next *Auletes*, who cut off *Pompeys* head.  
 To all theſe names, we *Ptolemy* muſt add, [184]  
 For ſince the firſt, they ſtill that Title had.  
 Fair *Cleopatra* next, laſt of that race,  
 Whom *Julius Cæſar* ſet in Royal place,<sup>b</sup>  
 She with her Paramour, *Mark Anthony*  
 Held for a time, the *Egyptian* Monarchy,  
 Till great *Augustus* had with him a fight  
 At *Actium*, where his Navy's put to flight;<sup>c</sup>  
 He ſeeing his honour loſt, his Kingdome end,  
 Did by his Sword his life ſoon after fend.<sup>d</sup>

\* This account, which is that of Archbishop Uſher, of the origin of the Greek verſion of the Old Teſtament, known as the "Septuagint," is not now credited. The tranſlation was made at Alexandria, and was probably begun as early as about 280 B.C.

<sup>z</sup> then *Evergetes*.

<sup>a</sup> next to.

<sup>b</sup> After this, the firſt edition has, —

Her brother by him, loſt his trayterous head  
 For *Pompey's* life, then plac'd her in his ſtead,

<sup>c</sup> At *Actium* ſlain, his Navy put to flight.

<sup>d</sup> This and the preceding line are not in the firſt edition.

His brave *Virago Aspes* sets to her Arms,<sup>e</sup>  
 To take her life, and quit her from all harms;  
 For 'twas not death nor danger she did dread,  
 But some disgrace in triumph to be led.  
 Here ends at last the *Grecian* Monarchy,  
 Which by the Romans had its destiny;  
 Thus King<sup>f</sup> & Kingdoms have their times & dates,  
 Their standings, overturnings, bounds and fates:  
 Now up, now down now chief, & then brought under,  
 The heavn's thus rule, to fill the world<sup>g</sup> with wonder  
 The *Affyrian* Monarchy long time did stand,  
 But yet the *Persian* got the upper hand;  
 The *Grecian* them did utterly subdue,  
 And millions were subjected unto few:  
 The *Grecian* longer then the *Persian* stood,  
 Then came the *Roman* like a raging flood;  
 And with the torrent of his rapid course,  
 Their Crowns their Titles, riches bears by force.  
 The first was likened to a head of gold.  
 Next Arms and breast of silver to behold,  
 The third, Belly and Thighs of brass in fight, [185]  
 And last was Iron, which breaketh all with might;  
 The stone out of the mountain then did rise,  
 and smote those feet those legs, those arms & thighs  
 Then gold, silver, brass, Iron and all the<sup>h</sup> store,  
 Became like Chaff upon the threshing Floor.\*

<sup>e</sup> Then poysonous Aspes she sets unto her Armes,      <sup>f</sup> Kings,  
<sup>g</sup> earth.      <sup>h</sup> that.      \* Dan. ii. 31-35.

The first a Lion, second was a Bear,  
The third a Leopard, which four wings did rear;  
The last more strong and dreadful then the rest,  
Whose Iron teeth devoured every Beast,  
And when he had no appetite to eat,  
The residue he stamped under feet; \*  
Yet shall<sup>i</sup> this Lion, Bear, this Leopard, Ram,  
All trembling stand before the powerful Lamb.†  
With these three Monarchyes now have I done,  
But how the fourth, their Kingdomes from them won,  
And how from small beginnings it did grow,  
To fill the world with terrour and with woe;  
My tyred brain leavs to some better pen,  
This task befits not women like to men:  
For what is past, I blush, excuse to make,  
But humbly stand, some grave reproof to take;  
Pardon to crave for errours, is but vain,  
The Subject was too high, beyond my strain,  
To frame Apology for some offence,  
Converts our boldness into impudence:  
This my presumption some now to requite,  
*Ne sutor ultra crepidum* may write.

*The End of the Grecian Monarchy.<sup>j</sup>*

\* Dan. vii. 3-7.

<sup>i</sup> But yet.

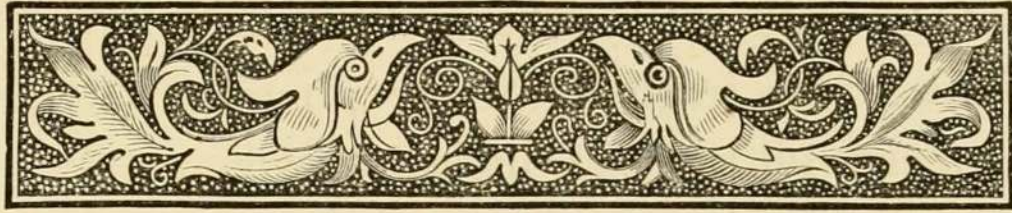
† Dan. vii. 12-14.

<sup>j</sup> This is not in the first edition.

After some dayes of rest, my restless heart      [186]  
To finish what's begun, new thoughts impart,  
And maugre all resolves, my fancy wrought  
This fourth to th' other three, now might be brought:  
Shortness of time and inability,  
Will force me to a confus'd brevity.  
Yet in this Chaos, one shall easily spy  
The vast Limbs of a mighty Monarchy,  
What e're is found amidst take in good<sup>k</sup> part,  
As faults proceeding from my head, not heart.

<sup>k</sup> best.





The *Romane Monarchy*,  
being the fourth and last, be-  
ginning *Anno Mundi*,

3 2 1 3.

---

**S**Tout *Romulus*, *Romes* founder, and first King,  
Whom vestal *Rhea* to the<sup>l</sup> world did bring;  
His Father was not *Mars* as some devis'd,  
But *Æmulus* in Armour all disguiz'd:  
Thus he deceiv'd his *Neece*, she might not know  
The double injury he then did do.  
Where sheperds once had Coats & sheep their folds [187]  
Where Swains & rustick Peasants kept<sup>m</sup> their holds,  
A City fair did *Romulus* erect,  
The Mistrefs of the World, in each respect,  
His brother *Rhemus* there by him was flain,  
For leaping o're the wall with some disdain.  
The stones at first was cemented with blood,  
And bloody hath it prov'd, since first it stood.

<sup>l</sup> into th'.

<sup>m</sup> made.

This City built and Sacrifices done,  
 A Form of Government, he next begun;  
 A hundred Senators he likewise chose,  
 And with the style of *Patres*, honoured those,  
 His City to replenish, men he wants,  
 Great priviledges then to all he grants;  
 That will within those strong built walls reside,  
 And this new gentle Government abide.  
 Of wives there was so great a scarcity,  
 They to their neighbours sue for a supply;  
 But all disdain Alliance, then to make,  
 So *Romulus* was forc'd this course to take:  
 Great shews he makes at *Tilt* and *Turnament*,  
 To see these sports, the *Sabins* all are bent.  
 Their daughters by the Romans then were caught,  
 Then to recover them a Field was fought;  
 But in the end, to final peace they come,  
 And *Sabins* as one people dwelt in *Rome*.  
 The Romans now more potent 'gin to grow,  
 And *Fedimates* they wholly overthrow.  
 But *Romulus* then comes unto his end.  
 Some feigning to the Gods<sup>n</sup> he did ascend:  
 Others the seven and thirtyeth of his reign, [188]  
 Affirm, that by the Senate he was slain.

<sup>n</sup> faining say, to heav'n.

*Numa Pompilius.*

NUMA *Pompilius* next chose they King,<sup>o</sup>  
 Held for his piety some sacred thing,  
 To *Fanus* he that famous Temple built:  
 Kept shut in peace, set<sup>p</sup> ope when blood was spilt;  
 Religious Rites and Customs instituted,  
 And Priests and Flamines likewise he deputed,  
 Their Augurs strange, their gestures<sup>q</sup> and attire,  
 And vestal maids to keep the holy fire.  
 The Nymph<sup>r</sup> *Ægeria* this to him told,  
 So to delude the people he was bold:  
 Forty three years he rul'd with general praise,  
 Accounted for a<sup>s</sup> God in after dayes.

*Tullius Hostilius.*

TULLIUS *Hostilius* was third Roman King,  
 Who Martial discipline in use did bring;  
 War with the antient *Albans* he did wage,  
 This strife to end six brothers did ingage.  
 Three call'd *Horatii* on the Romans side,  
 And *Curatii* three *Albans* provide:  
 The Romans conquer, th' other yield the day,  
 Yet in<sup>t</sup> their Compact, after false they play.

<sup>o</sup> is next chosen King,<sup>p</sup> but.<sup>q</sup> habit,<sup>r</sup> Goddesse.<sup>s</sup> some.<sup>t</sup> for.

The Romans fore incens'd, their General flay,  
 And from old *Alba* fetch the wealth away;  
 Of Latin Kings this was long since the Seat,  
 But now demolished, to make *Rome* great.  
 Thirty two years did *Tullus* reign, then dye, [189]  
 Left *Rome* in wealth, and power still growing high.



*Ancus Martius.*

NEXT *Ancus Martius* fits upon the Throne,  
 Nephew unto *Pompilius* dead and gone;  
*Rome* he enlarg'd, new built again the wall,  
 Much stronger, and more beautiful withal;  
 A stately Bridge he over *Tyber* made,  
 Of Boats and Oars no more they need the aid.  
 Fair *Ostia* he built this Town, it stood  
 Close by the mouth of famous *Tyber* flood,  
 Twenty four years time of his Royal race,  
 Then unto death unwillingly gives place.



*Tarquinius Priscus*

TARQUIN a Greek at *Corinth* born and bred,  
 Who from his Country for Sedition fled.



Is entertain'd at *Rome*, and in short time,  
By wealth and favour doth to honour climbe;  
He after *Martius* death the Kingdome had,  
A hundred Senators he more did add.  
Wars with the Latins he again renews,  
And Nations twelve of *Tuscany* subdues,  
To such rude triumphs as young *Rome* then had,  
Some State and splendor<sup>u</sup> did this *Priscus* add:  
Thirty eight years (this stronger born<sup>v</sup>) did reign,  
And after all, by *Ancus* Sons was flain.



*Servius Tullius.*

[190]

NEXT *Servius Tullius* gets into<sup>w</sup> the Throne,  
Ascends not up By merits of his own,  
But by the favour and the special grace  
Of *Tanquil*<sup>x</sup> late Queen, obtains the place.  
He ranks the people into each degree,  
As wealth had made them of ability;  
A general Muster takes, which by account,  
To eighty thousand Souls then did amount.  
Forty four years did *Servius Tullius* reign,  
And then by *Tarquin Priscus* Son was flain.

<sup>u</sup> Much state, and glory,

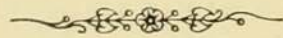
<sup>v</sup> Stranger borne.

<sup>w</sup> fits upon.

<sup>x</sup> *Tanaquil*,

*Tarquinius Superbus the last  
King of the Romans<sup>y</sup>*

TARQUIN the proud, from manners called so,  
 Sat on the Throne, when he had slain his Foe.  
*Sextus* his Son did most unworthily,  
*Lucretia* force, mirrour of Chastity:  
 She loathed so the fact, she loath'd her life,  
 And shed her guiltless blood with guilty knife  
 Her Husband fore incens'd to quit this wrong,  
 With *Junius Brutus* rose, and being strong,  
 The *Tarquins* they from *Rome* by force<sup>z</sup> expel,  
 In banishment perpetual to dwell;  
 The Government they change, a new one bring,  
 And people swear ne'r to accept of King.<sup>a</sup>



*An Apology.\**

[191]

TO finish what's begun, was my intent,  
 My thoughts and my endeavours thereto bent;  
 Essays I many made but still gave out,  
 The more I mus'd, the more I was in doubt:

<sup>y</sup> *Roman* King.

<sup>z</sup> with speed.

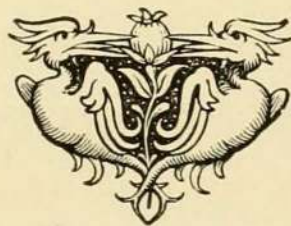
<sup>a</sup> After this the first edition has, —

*The end of the Roman Monarchy,  
being the fourth and last.*

\* This Apology is not in the first edition.

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

\* See page 40.





A Dialogue between Old *En-*  
*gland* and New; concerning their  
present Troubles, *Anno*, 1642.

---

*New-England.*

**A** Las dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,  
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest;  
What ails thee hang thy head, & cross thine arms?  
And sit i'th' dust, to fight these sad alarms?  
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme  
The glories of thy ever famous Realme?  
What means this wailing tone, this mournful<sup>b</sup> guise?  
Ah, tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.

*Old England.*

Art ignorant indeed of these my woes?  
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?  
And must myself dissect my tatter'd state,  
Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondring at?

<sup>b</sup> mourning.

And thou a Child, a Limbe, and dost not feel  
 My fainting weakned body now to reel?  
 This Phyfick purging potion, I have taken, [193]  
 Will bring confumption, or an Ague quaking,  
 Unless fome Cordial, thou fetch from high,  
 Which present help may ease my <sup>c</sup> malady.  
 If I deceafe, dost think thou shalt survive?  
 Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?  
 Then weigh our case, if't be not justly sad;  
 Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

*New-England.*

And thus (alas) your state you much deplore  
 In general terms, but will not say wherefore:  
 What medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,  
 If th' wound <sup>d</sup> so dangerous I may not know.\*  
 But you perhaps, would have me guess it out:  
 What hath some *Hengist* like that *Saxon* stout  
 By fraud or force usurp'd thy flowring crown,  
 Or <sup>e</sup> by tempestuous warrs thy fields trod down?  
 Or hath *Canutus*, that brave valiant *Dane*  
 The Regal peacefull Scepter from thee tane?  
 Or is't a *Norman*, whose victorious hand  
 With English blood bedews thy conquered land?  
 Or is't Intestine warrs that thus offend?  
 Do *Maud* and *Stephen* for the crown contend?

<sup>c</sup> this.

<sup>d</sup> wound's.

\* A question in the first edition.

<sup>e</sup> And.

Do Barons rife and fide againſt their King,  
 And call in foraign aid to help the thing?  
 Muſt *Edward* be depos'd? or is't the hour  
 That ſecond *Richard* muſt be clapt i'th tower?  
 Or is't the fatal jarre, again begun  
 That from the red white pricking roſes ſprung?  
 Muſt *Richmonds* aid, the Nobles now implore? [194]  
 To come and break the Tuſhes of the Boar,\*  
 If none of theſe dear Mother, what's your woe?  
 Pray do you<sup>f</sup> fear *Spains* bragging *Armado*?  
 Doth your Allye, fair *France*, conſpire your wrack,  
 Or do the *Scots* play falſe, behind your back?  
 Doth *Holland* quit you ill for all your love?  
 Whence is the ſtorm from Earth or Heaven above?  
 Is't drought, is't famine, or is't peſtilence?  
 Doſt feel the ſmart, or fear the Conſequence?  
 Your humble Child intreats you, ſhew your grief,  
 Though Arms, nor Purſe ſhe hath for your relief,  
 Such is her poverty: yet ſhall be found  
 A Suppliant for your help, as ſhe is bound.

\* Richard III. He is called the "boar" ſeveral times in Shakeſpeare's tragedy of Richard III. "Richard's armorial ſupporters were white boars. A white boar was alſo his favourite badge. In his letter from York he orders "four ſtandards of ſarcenet and thirteen gonfanons of fuſtian, with boars." Richard's favourite badge of cognizance was worn by the higher order of his partisans appendant to a collar of roſes and ſuns." — KNIGHT'S Shakspeare: Hiſtories, vol. ii. p. 239.

<sup>f</sup> not.

*Old England.*

I must confes some of those fores you name,  
 My beauteous body at this present maime;  
 But forreign foe, nor feigned friend I fear,  
 For they have work enough (thou knowst) elfewhere  
 Nor is it *Alcies* Son,\* nor<sup>g</sup> *Henryes* daughter; †  
 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter,  
 Nor Nobles fiding, to make *John* no King,  
 French Jews ‡ unjuftly to the Crown to bring;  
 No *Edward*, *Richard*, to lose rule and life,  
 Nor no *Lancastrians* to renew old strife:  
 No Duke of *York*, nor Earl of *March* to foyle  
 Their hands in kindreds blood whom they did foil  
 No crafty Tyrant now ufurps the Seat,  
 Who Nephews flew that so he might be great;<sup>h</sup>  
 No need of *Tudor*,<sup>i</sup> *Roses* to unite, [195]  
 None knows which is the red, or which the white;  
*Spains* braving Fleet, a second time is funk,  
*France* knows how oft<sup>j</sup> my fury she hath drunk:

\* Stephen, son of Stephen of Blois, Count Palatine of Champagne, and Adela, fourth daughter of William the Conqueror. Her name is sometimes given as Adelia, Adeliza, or Alice; and the contraction from one of these forms into Alcie would be simple.

<sup>g</sup> and.

† The Empress Matilda, or Maud, the daughter of Henry I. See page 331, last line.

‡ A misprint for "*Lewis*" in the first edition.

<sup>h</sup> No Crook-backt Tyrant, now ufurps the Seat,

Whose tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat:

<sup>i</sup> *Teder*.

<sup>j</sup> of.

By *Edward* third, and *Henry* fifth of fame,  
 Her Lillies in mine Arms avouch the same.  
 My Sifter *Scotland* hurts me now no more,  
 Though she hath been injurious heretofore;  
 What *Holland* is I am in some suspence?  
 But trust not much unto his excellence.  
 For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear,  
 And for the Pestilence, who knows how near;  
 Famine and Plague, two Sisters of the Sword,  
 Destruction to a Land, doth soon afford:  
 They're for my punishment ordain'd on high,  
 Unless our <sup>k</sup> tears prevent it speedily.\*  
 But yet I Answer not what you demand,  
 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land?  
 Before I tell th' Effect, I'll shew the Cause  
 Which are my sins the breach of sacred Laws,  
 Idolatry supplanter of a Nation,  
 With foolish Superstitious Adoration,  
 Are <sup>l</sup> lik'd and countenanc'd by men of might,  
 The Gospel troden <sup>m</sup> down and hath no right:  
 Church Offices were <sup>n</sup> sold and bought for gain,  
 That Pope had hope to find, *Rome* here again,  
 For Oaths and Blasphemies, did ever Ear,  
 From *Belzebub* himself such language hear;  
 What scorning of the Saints of the most high?  
 What injuries did daily on them lye?

<sup>k</sup> thy.

\* The Great Plague came in 1665, about twenty years after.

<sup>l</sup> And.<sup>m</sup> is trod.<sup>n</sup> are.



What false reports, what nick-names did they take [196]  
 Not for their own, but for their Masters sake?  
 And thou poor soul, wert jeer'd among the rest,  
 Thy flying for the truth was<sup>o</sup> made a jest.  
 For Sabbath-breaking, and for drunkenness,  
 Did ever land profaness more express?  
 From crying blood yet cleansed am not I,  
 Martyres and others, dying causelessly.  
 How many princely heads on blocks laid down  
 For nought but title to a fading crown?  
 'Mongst all the cruelties by great ones done<sup>p</sup>  
 Of *Edwards* youths,<sup>q</sup> and *Clarence* hapless son,  
 O *Jane* why didst thou dye in flowring prime?  
 Because of royal stem, that was thy crime.  
 For bribery Adultery and lyes,<sup>r</sup>  
 Where is the nation, I can't parallize.  
 With usury, extortion and oppression,  
 These be the *Hydraes* of my stout transgression.  
 These be the bitter fountains, heads and roots,  
 Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs & fruits  
 Of more then thou canst hear or I relate,  
 That with high hand I still did perpetrate:  
 For these were threatned the wofull day,  
 I mockt the Preachers, put it far away;  
 The Sermons yet upon Record do stand  
 That cri'd destruction to my wicked land:

<sup>o</sup> I.      <sup>p</sup> which I have done,      <sup>q</sup> Oh, *Edwards* Babes,

<sup>r</sup> For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lyes,

I then believ'd not, now I feel and see,  
 The plague of stubborn incredulity.<sup>s</sup>  
 Some loft their livings, some in prison pent,  
 Some fin'd, from house & <sup>t</sup> friends to exile went.  
 Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry, [197]  
 Who saw their wrongs, & hath judg'd righteously<sup>u</sup>  
 And will repay it seven-fold in my lap:  
 This is fore-runner of my Afterclap.  
 Nor took I warning by my neighbours falls,  
 I saw sad *Germany*es dismantled walls,  
 I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,  
 Her fruitfull land, a barren Heath remain.  
 I saw unmov'd, her Armyes foil'd and fled,  
 Wives forc'd, babes tofs'd, her houses calcined.  
 I saw strong *Rochel* yielded<sup>v</sup> to her Foe,  
 Thousands of starved Christians there also.  
 I saw poor *Ireland* bleeding out her last,  
 Such cruelties<sup>w</sup> as all reports have past; \*  
 Mine heart obdurate stood not yet agast.

<sup>s</sup> Instead of this and the preceding line, the first edition has, —  
 These Prophets mouthes (alas the while) was stopt,  
 Unworthily, some backs whipt, and eares cropt;  
 Their reverent cheeks did beare the glorious markes  
 Of stinking, stigmatizing, Romish Clerkes;

referring probably to the persecutions of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton.  
 Prynne himself says of the letters "S. L." branded on his cheeks, —

"Bearing LAVD'S STAMPS on my cheeks, I retire,  
 Triumphant, God's sweet Sacrifice, by Fire."

<sup>t</sup> Some grossely fin'd, from.

<sup>u</sup> Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg'd righteously,

<sup>v</sup> yielding.

<sup>w</sup> cruelty.

\* See page 164 and note.

Now sip I of that cup, and just't may be  
The bottome dreggs reserved are for me.

*New-England.*

To all you've said, sad Mother I assent,  
Your fearfull sins great cause there's to lament,  
My guilty hands in part, hold up with you,  
A Sharer in your punishment's my due.  
But all you say amounts to this effect,  
Not what you feel, but what you do expect,  
Pray in plain terms, what is your present grief?  
Then let's joyn heads & hearts <sup>x</sup> for your relief.

*Old England.*

[198]

Well to the matter then, there's grown of late  
'Twixt King and Peers a Question of State,  
Which is the chief, the Law, or else the King.  
One said,<sup>y</sup> it's he, the other no such thing.  
'Tis said, my beter part in Parliament <sup>z</sup>  
To ease my groaning Land, shew'd <sup>a</sup> their intent,  
To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,  
To help the Church, and stay the Common-weal.  
So many Obstacles came <sup>b</sup> in their way,  
As puts me to a stand what I should say;

<sup>x</sup> hands.

<sup>y</sup> faith.

<sup>z</sup> My better part in Court of Parliament,

<sup>a</sup> shew.

<sup>b</sup> comes.

Old customes, new Prerogatives stood on,  
 Had they not held Law fast, all had been gone:  
 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead  
 They took high *Strafford* lower by the head.  
 And to their *Laud* be't spoke, they held i'th tower  
 All *Englands* Metropolitane that hour; \*  
 This done, an act they would have passed fain,  
 No Prelate should his Bishoprick retain;  
 Here tugg'd they hard (indeed,) for all men saw  
 This must be done by Gospel, not by Law.  
 Next the Militia they urged fore,  
 This was deny'd, (I need not say wherefore)  
 The King displeas'd at *York*, himself absents,  
 They humbly beg return, shew their intents;  
 The writing, printing, posting too and fro,  
 Shews all was done, I'le therefore let it go.  
 But now I come to speak of my disaster,  
 Contention grown, 'twixt Subjects & their Master;  
 They worded it so long, they fell to blows, [199]  
 That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my woes,  
 I that no wars so many years have known,  
 Am now destroy'd and flaught'ed by mine own;  
 But could the Field alone this strife<sup>c</sup> decide,  
 One Battel two or three I might abide:

\* A play upon words is not often to be met with in the writings of our grave author. Archbishop Laud was committed to the Tower Feb. 26, 1641, and was confined there until his execution. His trial took place in March, 1644. He was beheaded Jan. 10, 1645.

<sup>c</sup> caufe.

But these may be beginnings of more woe  
Who knows, but this may be my overthrow.<sup>d</sup>  
Oh pity me in this sad perturbation,  
My plundred Towns, my houses devastation,  
My weeping<sup>e</sup> Virgins and my young men slain;  
My wealthy trading fall'n, my dearth of grain,  
The feed-times come, but ploughman hath no hope  
Because he knows not who shall inn his Crop:  
The poor they want their pay, their children bread,  
Their woful Mothers tears unpittied,  
If any pity in thy heart remain,  
Or any child-like love thou dost retain,  
For my relief, do what there lyes in thee,  
And recompence that good I've done to thee.<sup>f</sup>

*New England.*

Dear Mother cease complaints & wipe your eyes,  
Shake off your dust, chear up, and now arise,  
You are my Mother Nurse, and I<sup>g</sup> your flesh,  
Your funken bowels gladly would refresh,  
Your griefs I pity, but soon hope to see,  
Out of your troubles much good fruit to be;

<sup>d</sup> Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow;  
Religion, Gospell, here lies at the stake,  
Pray now dear child, for sacred *Zions* sake,

<sup>e</sup> ravisht.

<sup>f</sup> For my relief now use thy utmost skill,  
And recompence me good, for all my ill.

<sup>g</sup> nurse, I once.

To see those latter dayes of hop'd for good,  
 Though now beclouded all with tears and blood:<sup>k</sup>  
 After dark Popery the day did clear, [200]  
 But now the Sun in's brightness shall appear.  
 Blest be the Nobles of thy noble Land,  
 With ventur'd lives for Truths defence that stand.  
 Blest be thy Commons, who for common good,  
 And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.  
 Blest be thy Counties, who did<sup>i</sup> aid thee still,  
 With hearts and States to testify their will.  
 Blest be thy Preachers, who do cheer thee on,  
 O cry the Sword of God, and *Gideon*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 And shall I not on them with *Mero's* curse,  
 That help thee not with prayers, Arms and purse? †  
 And for my self let miseries abound,  
 If mindless of thy State I e're be found.  
 These are the dayes the Churches foes to crush,  
 To root out Popelings<sup>j</sup> head, tail, branch and rush;  
 Let's bring *Baals* vestments forth<sup>k</sup> to make a fire,  
 Their Mytires, Surplices, and all their Tire,  
 Copes, Rotchets, Crossiers, and such empty trash,<sup>l</sup>  
 And let their Names consume, but let the flash

<sup>k</sup> Your griefs I pity much, but should do wrong,  
 To weep for that we both have pray'd for long,  
 To see these latter dayes of hop'd for good,  
 That Right may have its right, though't be with blood;

<sup>i</sup> which do.

<sup>\*</sup> Judg. vii. 18, 20.

† "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the LORD, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the LORD, to the help of the LORD against the mighty." — JUDG. v. 23.

<sup>j</sup> Prelates.

<sup>k</sup> out.

<sup>l</sup> such trash,

Light Christendome, and all the world to see  
 We hate *Romes* whore, with all her trumpery.  
 Go on brave *Effex* with a Loyal heart,  
 Not false to King, nor to the better part;<sup>m</sup>  
 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,  
 As duty binds, expel and tread them down.<sup>n</sup>  
 And ye brave Nobles chase away all fear,  
 And to this hopeful<sup>o</sup> Cause closely adhere;  
 O Mother can you weep, and have such Peers,  
 When they are gone, then drown your self in tears  
 If now you weep so much, that then no more [201]  
 The briny Ocean will o'reflow your shore.  
 These, these are they I trust, with *Charles* our King,  
 Out of all mists such glorious dayes shall<sup>p</sup> bring;  
 That dazled eyes beholding much shall wonder  
 At that thy fetled peace, thy wealth and splendor.  
 Thy Church and weal establish'd in such manner,  
 That all shall joy, that thou display'dst thy Banner;  
 And discipline erected so I trust,  
 That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust:  
 Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,  
 Without respect of person,<sup>q</sup> or of case;  
 Then Bribes shall cease, & Suits shall not stick long  
 Patience and purse of Clients oft<sup>r</sup> to wrong:

<sup>m</sup> Go on brave *Effex*, shew whose son thou art,  
 Not false to King, nor Countrey in thy heart,

<sup>n</sup> By force expell, destroy, and tread them down:  
 Let Gaoles be fill'd with th' remnant of that pack,  
 And sturdy *Tyburn* loaded till it crack,

<sup>o</sup> blessed.

<sup>p</sup> will.

<sup>q</sup> persons.

<sup>r</sup> for.

Then high Commiffions fhall fall to decay,  
 And Purfivants, and Catchpoles want their pay.  
 So fhall thy happy Nation ever flourifh,  
 When truth & righteousnes they thus fhall nourifh  
 When thus in peace, thine Armies brave fend out,  
 To fack proud *Rome*, and all her Vaffals rout;  
 There let thy Name, thy fame, and glory<sup>s</sup> fhine,  
 As did thine Ancestors in *Paleftine*:  
 And let her fpoys full pay, with Intereft be,  
 Of what unjuftly once ſhe poll'd from thee.  
 Of all the woes thou canft, let her be ſped,  
 And on her pour<sup>t</sup> the vengeance threatned;  
 Bring forth the Beaft that rul'd the World with's beck,  
 And tear his flefh, & fet your feet on's neck;  
 And make his filthy Den fo defolate,  
 To th' ſtonifhment of all that knew his ſtate:  
 This done with brandifh'd Swords to *Turky* goe, [202]  
 For then what is't, but Englifh blades dare do,  
 And lay her waſte for ſo's the ſacred Doom,  
 And do to *Gog* as thou haſt done to *Rome*.  
 Oh *Abraham's* ſeed lift up your heads on high,  
 For ſure the day of your Redemption's nigh;  
 The Scales fhall fall from your long blinded eyes,  
 And him you fhall adore who now deſpife,  
 Then fulnefs of the Nations in fhall flow,  
 And Jew and Gentile to one worſhip go;  
 Then follows dayes of happinefs and reſt;  
 Whoſe lot doth fall, to live therein is bleſt:

<sup>s</sup> thy valour.<sup>t</sup> Execute toth' full.



No Canaanite shall then be found i'th' Land,  
And holiness on horses bells shall stand.\*  
If this make way thereto, then fight no more,  
But if at all, thou didst not see't before;  
Farewel dear Mother, rightest cause<sup>u</sup> prevail,  
And in a while, you'le tell another tale.

\* "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; . . . and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts." — ZECH. xiv. 20, 21.

<sup>u</sup> Parliament,





An Elegie upon that Honou- [203]

rable and renowned Knight *Sir Philip Sidney*,  
who was untimely flain at the Siege  
of *Zutphen*, Anno, 1586.\*

WHEN *England* did enjoy her Halfion dayes,  
Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes;  
As well an honour to our *British* Land,  
As she that fway'd the Scepter with her hand;

\* So many changes were made in this poem in the second edition, and so much of the original was omitted, that it is here given entire as it appeared in the first edition.

An Elegie upon that Ho-  
nourable and renowned Knight,  
*Sir Philip Sidney*, who was untime-  
ly flaine at the Seige of *Zutphon*,  
Anno 1586.

By *A. B.* in the yeare, 1638.



WHEN *England* did injoy her Halfion dayes,  
Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes;  
No lesse an Honour to our *British* Land,  
Then she that fway'd the Scepter with her hand:

*Mars* and *Minerva* did in one agree,  
Of Arms and Arts he should a pattern be,  
*Calliope* with *Terpsichore* did sing,  
Of Poësie, and of musick, he was King;  
His Rhetorick struck *Polimnia* dead,  
His Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red;  
His *Logick* from *Euterpe* won the Crown,  
More worth was his then *Clio* could set down.  
*Thalia* and *Melpomene* say truth,  
(Witness *Arcadia* penned in his youth,)  
Are not his tragick Comedies so acted,  
As if your ninefold wit had been compacted.

*Mars* and *Minerva* did in one agree,  
Of Armes, and Arts, thou should'st a patterne be.  
*Calliope* with *Terpsichor* did sing,  
Of Poësie, and of Musick thou wert King;  
Thy Rhetorick it struck *Polimnia* dead,  
Thine Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red;  
Thy Logick from *Euterpe* won the Crown,  
More worth was thine, then *Clio* could set down.  
*Thalia*, and *Melpomene*, say th' truth,  
(Witness *Arcadia*, penn'd in his youth)  
Are not his Tragick Comedies so acted,  
As if your nine-fold wit had been compacted;  
To shew the world, they never saw before,  
That this one Volumne should exhaust your store.  
I praise thee not for this, it is unfit,  
This was thy shame, O miracle of wit:  
Yet doth thy shame (with all) purchase renown,  
What doe thy vertues then? Oh, honours crown!  
In all records, thy Name I ever see,  
Put with an Epithet of dignity;  
Which shewes, thy worth was great, thine honour such,  
The love thy Country ought thee, was as much.

To shew the world, they never saw before,  
 That this one Volume should exhaust your store;  
 His wiser dayes condemn'd his witty works,  
 Who knows the spels that in his Rhetorick lurks,  
 But some infatuate fools soon caught therein, [204]  
 Fond *Cupids* Dame had never such a gin,  
 Which makes severer eyes but flight that story,  
 And men of morose minds envy his glory:  
 But he's a Beetle-head that can't descry  
 A world of wealth within that rubbish lye,  
 And doth his name, his work, his honour wrong,  
 The brave refiner of our British tongue,

Let then, none disallow of these my strains,  
 Which have the self-same blood yet in my veins; \*  
 Who honours thee for what was honourable,  
 But leaves the rest, as most unprofitable:  
 Thy wiser dayes, condemn'd thy witty works,  
 Who knowes the Spels that in thy Rethorick lurks?  
 But some infatuate fooles soone caught therein,  
 Found *Cupids* Dam, had never such a Gin;  
 Which makes severer eyes but scorn thy Story,  
 And modest Maids, and Wives, blush at thy glory;  
 Yet, he's a beetle head, that can't descry  
 A world of treasure, in that rubbish lye;  
 And doth thy selfe, thy worke, and honour wrong,  
 (O brave Refiner of our *Brittish* Tongue;)  
 That sees not learning, valour, and morality,  
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality;  
 Yea, and Divinity within thy Book,  
 Such were prejudicate, and did not look:  
 But to say truth, thy worth I shall but staine,  
 Thy fame, and praise, is farre beyond my straine;

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\* See page 347, line 10, and Introduction.

That sees not learning, valour and morality,  
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality,  
 Yea and Divinity within his book,  
 Such were prejudicate, and did not look.  
 In all Records his name I ever see  
 Put with an Epithite of dignity,  
 Which shews his worth was great, his honour such,  
 The love his Country ought him, was as much.  
 Then let none disallow of these my strains  
 Whilst English blood yet runs within my veins.  
 O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would  
 Engrave in Marble, with Characters of gold  
 The valiant feats thou didst on *Flanders* coast,  
 Which at this day fair *Belgia* may boast.  
 The more I say, the more thy worth I stain,  
 Thy fame and praise is far beyond my strain.  
 O *Zutphen*, *Zutphen* that most fatal City  
 Made famous by thy death, much more the pity:  
 Ah! in his blooming prime death pluckt this rose  
 Ere he was ripe, his thread cut *Atropos*.

Yet great *Augustus* was content (we know)  
 To be saluted by a filly Crow;  
 Then let such Crowes as I, thy praises sing,  
 A Crow's a Crow, and *Cæsar* is a King.  
 O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would  
 Engrave on Marble, in characters of Gold,  
 What famous feats thou didst, on *Flanders* coast,  
 Of which, this day, faire *Belgia* doth boast.  
 O *Zutphon*, *Zutphon*, that most fatall City,  
 Made famous by thy fall, much more's the pitty;

Thus man is born to dye, and dead is he,  
 Brave *Hector*, by the walls of *Troy* we see.  
 O who was near thee but did fore repine [205]  
 He rescued not with life that life of thine:  
 But yet impartial Fates this boon did give,  
 Though *Sidney* di'd his valiant name should live:  
 And live it doth in spight of death through fame,  
 Thus being overcome, he overcame.  
 Where is that envious tongue, but can afford  
 Of this our noble *Scipio* some good word.  
 Great *Bartas* this unto thy praise adds more,  
 In sad sweet verse, thou didst his death deplore.  
 And *Phœnix Spencer* doth unto his life,  
 His death present in fable to his wife.  
*Stella* the fair, whose streams from Conduits fell  
 For the sad loss of her dear *Astrophel*.\*

Ah, in his blooming prime, death pluckt this Rose,  
 Ere he was ripe; his thred cut *Atropos*.  
 Thus man is borne to dye, and dead is he,  
 Brave *Hector* by the walls of *Troy*, we see:  
 Oh, who was neare thee, but did fore repine;  
 He rescued not with life, that life of thine,  
 But yet impartiall Death this Boone did give,  
 Though *Sidney* dy'd, his valiant name should live;  
 And live it doth, in spight of death, through fame,  
 Thus being over-come, he over-came.

---

\* "Astrophel. A Pastorall Elegie upon the Death of the most noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney. Dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of Effex." Lady Sidney, three years after her husband's death, married the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's celebrated favorite. Child's Spenser. Boston, 1855. vol. iv. p. 415.

Fain would I shew how he fames paths did tread,  
But now into such Lab'rinth I am lead,  
VVith endless turnes, the way I find not out,  
How to persist my Muse is more in doubt;  
VVhich makes me now with *Silvester* confesse,  
But *Sidney's* Muse can sing his worthines.\*

Where is that envious tongue, but can afford,  
Of this our noble *Scipio* some good word?  
Noble *Bartas*, this to thy praise adds more,  
In sad, sweet verse, thou didst his death deplore;  
Illustrious *Stella*, thou didst thine full well,  
If thine aspect was milde to *Astrophell*;  
I feare thou wert a Comet, did portend  
Such prince as he, his race should shortly end:  
If such Stars as these, sad prefaces be,  
I wish no more such Blazers we may see;  
But thou art gone, such Meteors never last,  
And as thy beauty, so thy name would wast,  
But that it is record by *Philips* hand,  
That such an omen once was in our land,  
O Princely *Philip*, rather *Alexander*,  
Who wert of honours band, the chief Commander.  
How could that *Stella*, so confine thy will?  
To wait till she, her influence distill,  
I rather judg'd thee of his mind that wept,  
To be within the bounds of one world kept,†  
But *Omphala*, fet *Hercules* to spin,  
And *Mars* himself was ta'n by *Venus* gin;  
Then wonder lesse, if warlike *Philip* yield  
When such a *Hero* shoots him out o' th' field,

---

\* "Although I know none, but a Sidney's Muse,  
Worthy to sing a Sidney's Worthinesse:"

Dedication to 'An Elegiac Epistle on the decease of Sir William Sidney,  
by Joshua Sylvester.

† See page 288.

The Muses aid I crav'd, they had no will  
 To give to their DetraCTOR any quill,  
 With high disdain, they said they gave no more,  
 Since *Sidney* had exhausted all their store.  
 They took from me the scribbling pen I had,  
 (I to be eas'd of such a task was glad)

Yet this preheminance thou hast above,  
 That thine was true, but theirs adult'rate love.  
 Fain would I shew, how thou fame's path didst tread,  
 But now into such Lab'rinth's am I led  
 With endlesse turnes, the way I find not out,  
 For to persist, my muse is more in doubt:  
 Calls me ambitious fool, that durst aspire,  
 Enough for me to look, and so admire.  
 And makes me now with *Sylvester* confesse,  
 But *Sydney's* Muse, can sing his worthinesse.  
 Too late my errour see, that durst presume  
 To fix my faltring lines upon his tomb:  
 Which are in worth, as far short of his due,  
 As *Vulcan* is, of *Venus* native hue.  
 Goodwill, did make my head-long pen to run,  
 Like unwise *Phaeton* his ill guided sonne,  
 Till taught to's cost, for his too hasty hand,  
 He left that charge by *Phæbus* to be man'd:  
 So proudly foolish I, with *Phaeton* strive,  
 Fame's flaming Chariot for to drive.  
 Till terrour-struck for my too weighty charge.  
 I leave't in brief, *Apollo* do't at large.  
*Apollo* laught to patch up what's begun,  
 He bad me drive, and he would hold the Sun;  
 Better my hap, then was his darlings fate,  
 For dear regard he had of *Sydney's* state,  
 Who in his Deity, had so deep share,  
 That those that name his fame, he needs must spare,  
 He promis'd much, but th' muses had no will,  
 To give to their detractor any quill.



Then to reveng this wrong, themselves engage,  
And drave me from *Parnassus* in a rage.

Then wonder not if I no better sped,  
Since I the Muses thus have injured.

I penfive for my fault, fate down, and then [206]

*Errata* through their leave, threw me my pen,

My Poem to conclude, two lines they deign

Which writ, she bad return't to them again;

So *Sidneys* fame I leave to *Englands* Rolls,

His bones do lie interr'd in stately *Pauls*.

*His Epitaph.*

Here lies in fame under this stone,

*Philip* and *Alexander* both in one;

With high disdain, they said they gave no more,

Since *Sydney* had exhausted all their store,

That this contempt it did the more perplex,

In being done by one of their own sex;

They took from me, the scribbling pen I had,

I to be eas'd of such a task was glad.

For to revenge his wrong, themselves engage,

And drave me from *Parnassus* in a rage,

Not because, sweet *Sydney's* fame was not dear,

But I had blemish'd theirs, to make 't appear :

I penfive for my fault, fat down, and then,

*Errata*, through their leave threw me my pen,

For to conclude my poem two lines they daigne,

Which writ, she bad return 't to them again.

So *Sydney's* fame, I leave to *England's* Rolls,

His bones do lie interr'd in stately *Pauls*.

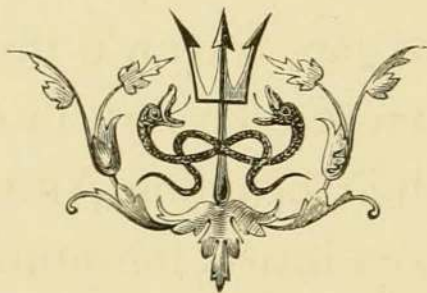
*His Epitaph.*

*Here lies intomb'd in fame, under this stone,*

*Philip and Alexander both in one.*

Heir to the Muses, the Son of *Mars* in Truth, ,  
Learning, Valour, Wifdome, all in virtuous youth,  
His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,  
That *Sidney* dy'd 'mong most renown'd of men.

*Heire to the Muses, the Son of Mars in truth,  
Learning, valour, beauty, all in virtuous youth:  
His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,  
That Sidney dy'd the quintessence of men.*





In honour of *Du Bartas*, 1641.\*

A mong the happy wits this age hath shown,  
Great, dear, sweet *Bartas* thou art matchless  
known;

My ravish'd Eyes and heart with faltering tongue,  
In humble wise have vow'd their service long,  
But knowing th' task so great, & strength but small,  
Gave o're the work before begun withal,  
My dazled sight of late review'd thy lines,  
Where Art, and more then Art, in nature shines,  
Reflection from their beaming Altitude,  
Did thaw my frozen hearts ingratitude;  
Which Rayes darting upon some richer ground, [207]  
Had caused flours and fruits soon to abound;  
But barren I my Dasey here do bring,  
A homely flour in this my latter Spring,  
If Summer, or my Autumn age do yield,  
Flours, fruits, in Garden, Orchard, or in Field,  
They shall be consecrated in my Verse,  
And prostrate offered at great *Bartas* Herse;

\* For an account of *Du Bartas*, see Introduction.

My muse unto a Child I may<sup>a</sup> compare,  
 Who sees the riches of some famous Fair,  
 He feeds his Eyes, but understanding lacks  
 To comprehend the worth of all those knacks:  
 The glittering plate and Jewels he admires,  
 The Hats and Fans, the Plumes and Ladies tires,  
 And thousand times his mazed mind doth with  
 Some part (at least) of that brave wealth was his,  
 But seeing empty wishes nought obtain,  
 At night turns to his Mothers cot again,  
 And tells her tales, (his full heart over glad)  
 Of all the glorious fights his Eyes have had:  
 But finds too soon his want of Eloquence,  
 The silly pratler speaks no word of sense;  
 But seeing utterance fail his great desires,  
 Sits down in silence, deeply he admires:  
 Thus weak brain'd I, reading thy lofty stile,  
 Thy profound learning, viewing other while;  
 Thy Art in natural Philosophy,  
 Thy Saint like mind in grave Divinity;  
 Thy piercing skill in high Astronomy,  
 And curious insight in Anatomy:  
 Thy Physick, musick and state policy, [208]  
 Valour in warr, in peace good husbandry.  
 Sure lib'ral Nature did with Art not small,  
 In all the arts make thee most liberal.  
 A thousand thousand times my senseless senses  
 Moveless stand charm'd by thy sweet influences;

<sup>a</sup> I fitly may.

More senseless than the stones to *Amphions* Lute,  
Mine eyes are sightless, and my tongue is mute,  
My full astonish'd heart doth pant to break,  
Through grief it wants a faculty to speak:  
Volleys of praises could I echo then,  
Had I an Angels voice, or *Bartas* pen:  
But wishes can't accomplish my desire,  
Pardon if I adore, when I admire.  
O France thou did'st in him more glory gain  
Then in thy *Martel*, *Pipin*, *Charlemain*,  
Then in St. *Lewes*, or thy last *Henry* Great,  
Who tam'd his foes in warrs, in blood<sup>b</sup> and sweat.  
Thy fame is spread as far, I dare be bold,  
In all the Zones, the temp'rate, hot and cold.  
Their Trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,  
Thine, the quintessence of an heroick brain.  
The oaken Garland ought to deck their brows,  
Immortal Bayes to thee all men allows.  
Who in thy triumphs never won by wrongs,  
Lead'st millions chain'd by eyes, by ears, by tongues  
Oft have I wondred at the hand of heaven,  
In giving one what would have served seven.  
If e're this golden gift was showr'd on any,  
Thy double portion would have served many.  
Unto each man his riches is assign'd [209]  
Of Name, of State, of Body and of Mind:  
Thou hadst thy part of all, but of the last,  
O pregnant brain, O comprehension vast:

<sup>b</sup> foes, in blood, in scarres.

Thy haughty Stile and rapted wit sublime  
 All ages wondring at, shall never climb.  
 Thy sacred works are not for imitation,  
 But Monuments to future Admiration.  
 Thus *Bartas* fame shall last while starrs do stand,  
 And whilst there's Air or Fire, or Sea or Land.  
 But least mine ignorance should do thee wrong,  
 To celebrate thy merits in my Song.  
 I'll leave thy praise to those shall do thee right,  
 Good will, not skill, did cause me bring my Mite.

*His Epitaph.*

*Here lyes the Pearle of France, Parnassus Glory;  
 The World rejoyc'd at's birth, at's death was sorry.  
 Art and Nature joyn'd, by heavens high decree  
 Now shew'd what once they ought, Humanity:  
 And Natures Law, had it been revocable  
 To rescue him from death, Art had been able.  
 But Nature vanquish'd Art, so *Bartas* dy'd;  
 But Fame out-living both, he is reviv'd.*





*In Honour of that High and Mighty Princess* [210]

*Queen Elizabeth*

OF HAPPY MEMORY.<sup>a</sup>

*The Proeme.*

**A**Lthough great Queen thou now in silence lye  
Yet thy loud Herald Fame doth to the sky  
Thy wondrous worth proclaim in every Clime,  
And so hath vow'd while there is world or time.  
So great's thy glory and thine excellence,  
The found thereof rapt<sup>b</sup> every humane fence,  
That men account it no impiety,  
To say thou wert a fleshly Diety:  
Thoufands bring offerings (though out of date)  
Thy world of honours to accumulate,  
'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring verse,  
Mine bleating stands before thy royal Herse.  
Thou never didst nor canst thou now disdain  
T' accept the tribute of a loyal brain.

<sup>a</sup> of most happy memory.

<sup>b</sup> raps.

Thy clemency did yerſt eſteem as much  
 The acclamations of the poor as rich,  
 Which makes me deem my rudeneſs is no wrong,  
 Though I reſound thy praifes <sup>c</sup> 'mongſt the throng.

*The Poem.*

[211]

No *Phœnix* pen, nor *Spencers* poetry,  
 No *Speeds* \* nor *Cambdens* † learned Hiſtory,  
*Elizahs* works, warrs, praife, can e're compact,  
 The World's the Theatre where ſhe did act.  
 No memoryes nor volumes can contain  
 The 'leven <sup>d</sup> Olympiads of her happy reign:  
 Who was ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo learn'd ſo wiſe,  
 From all the Kings on earth ſhe won the prize.

<sup>c</sup> greatneſſe.<sup>d</sup> nine.

\* "*THE HISTORIE OF GREAT BRITAIN VNDER THE CONQUESTS OF THE ROMANS, SAXONS, DANES and NORMANS. Their Originals, Manners, Habits, VVarres, Coines, and Seales: with the Succeſſions, Liues, Acts, and Iſſues of the ENGLISH MONARCHS, from IVLIVS CÆSAR, to our moſt gracious Soueraigne, KING IAMES.*" "By IOHN SPEED." London, 1623.

† "*ANNALES RERVM ANGLICARVM ET HIBERNICARVM, REGNANTE ELIZABETHA, Ad ANNUM SALVTIS M.D.LXXXIX. GVILIELMO CAMDENO AVTHORE. LONDINI, M.DC.XV.*"

"*ANNALES OR, THE HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED and Victorious Princeſſe ELIZABETH, Late Queen of England. Contayning all the Important and Remarkable Paſſages of State, both at Home and Abroad, during her Long and Prosperous Reigne. Written in Latin by the learned M<sup>r</sup> WILLIAM CAMDEN. Translated into English by R. N. Gent. Together with divers Additions of the Authors never before published. The third Edition.*" London, 1635.



Nor say I more then duly is her due,  
 Millions will testifie that this is true.  
 She hath wip'd off th' asperſion of her Sex,  
 That women wiſdome lack to play the Rex:  
*Spains* Monarch, faves not ſo, nor yet his hoſt:  
 She taught them better manners, to their coſt.  
 The *Salique* law, in force now had not been,  
 If *France* had ever hop'd for ſuch a Queen.  
 But can you Doctors now this point diſpute,  
 She's Argument enough to make you mute.  
 Since firſt the ſun did run his nere run race,  
 And earth had once<sup>e</sup> a year, a new old face,  
 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,  
 Come ſhew me ſuch a *Phoenix* if you can?  
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers?  
 Was ever land more happy freed from ſtirrs?  
 Did ever wealth in *England* more<sup>f</sup> abound?  
 Her victoryes in forreign Coaſts reſound,  
 Ships more invincible then *Spain's*, her foe  
 She wrackt, ſhe ſackt, ſhe funk his Armado:  
 Her ſtately troops advanc'd to *Lisbons* wall [212]  
*Don Anthony* in's right there to inſtall.  
 She frankly helpt, *Franks* brave diſtreſſed King,  
 The States united now her fame do ſing,  
 She their Protectrix was, they well do know  
 Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.  
 Her Nobles ſacrific'd their noble blood,  
 Nor men nor Coyn ſhe ſpar'd to do them good.

<sup>e</sup> twice.

<sup>f</sup> ſo.

The rude untamed *Irish*, she did quell,  
 Before her picture the proud *Tyrone* fell.<sup>g</sup>  
 Had ever prince such Counsellours as she?  
 Her self *Minerva* caus'd them so to be.  
 Such Captains and such fouldiers never seen,  
 As were the Subjects of our *Pallas* Queen.  
 Her Sea-men through all straights the world did round;  
*Terra incognita* might know the<sup>h</sup> found.  
 Her *Drake* came laden home with Spanish gold:  
 Her *Essex* took *Cades*, their Herculean Hold:  
 But time would fail me, so my tongue<sup>i</sup> would to,  
 To tell of half she did, or she could doe.  
*Semiramis* to her, is but obscure,  
 More infamy then fame, she did procure.  
 She built<sup>j</sup> her glory but on *Babels* walls,  
 Worlds wonder for a while, but yet it falls.  
 Fierce *Tomris*, (*Cyrus* heads-man) *Scythians* queen,  
 Had put her harness off, had shee but seen  
 Our Amazon in th' Camp of *Tilbury*,<sup>k</sup>  
 Judging all valour and all Majesty  
 Within that Princess to have residence,  
 And prostrate yielded to her excellence.  
*Dido* first Foundress of proud *Carthage* walls, [213]  
 (Who living consummates her Funeralls)  
 A great *Eliza*, but compar'd with ours,  
 How vanisheth her glory, wealth and powers.  
 Profuse, proud *Cleopatra*, whose wrong name,  
 Instead of glory, prov'd her Countryes shame:

<sup>g</sup> And *Tiron* bound, before her picture fell.

<sup>i</sup> wit.

<sup>j</sup> plac'd.

<sup>h</sup> her.

<sup>k</sup> at *Tilberry*:

Of her what worth in Storyes to be seen,  
But that she was a rich Egyptian Queen.  
*Zenobya* potent *Empress* of the East,  
And of all these, without compare the best,  
Whom none but great *Aurelius* could quel;  
Yet for our Queen is no fit Parallel.  
She was a Phœnix Queen, so shall she be,  
Her ashes not reviv'd, more Phœnix she.  
Her personal perfections, who would tell,  
Must dip his pen in th' *Heleconian Well*,  
Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire  
To read what others write, and so<sup>l</sup> admire.  
Now say, have women worth? or have they none?  
Or had they some, but with our Queen is't gone?  
Nay Masculines, you have thus taxt us long,  
But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.  
Let such as say our Sex is void of Reason,  
Know tis a Slander now, but once was Treason.  
But happy *England* which had such a Queen;  
Yea<sup>m</sup> happy, happy, had those dayes still been:  
But happiness lyes in a higher sphere,  
Then wonder not *Eliza* moves not here.  
Full fraught with honour, riches and with dayes  
She set, she set, like *Titan* in his rayes.  
No more shall rise or set so<sup>n</sup> glorious sun [214]  
Untill the heavens great revolution,  
If then new things their old forms shall<sup>o</sup> retain,  
*Eliza* shall rule *Albion* once again.

<sup>l</sup> then.

<sup>m</sup> O.

<sup>n</sup> such.

<sup>o</sup> must.

## HER EPITAPH.

*Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the Royal Bed,  
 Of th' Damask Rose, sprung from the white and red,  
 Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling Air:  
 This Rose is wither'd, once so lovely fair.  
 On neither tree did grow such Rose before,  
 The greater was our gain, our loss the more.*

## Another.

*Here lyes the pride of Queens, Pattern of Kings,  
 So blaze it Fame, here's feathers for thy wings.  
 Here lyes the envi'd, yet unparalled Prince,  
 Whose living virtues speak, (though dead long since)  
 If many worlds, as that Fantastick fram'd,  
 In every one be her great glory fam'd.\**

\* This is dated 1643 in the first edition.





*Davids Lamentation for*  [215]  
 *Saul and Jonathan.\**

2. Sam. 1. 19.

**A** Las flain is the Head of Ifrael,  
Illustrious *Saul* whose beauty did excell,  
Upon thy places mountainous and high,  
How did the Mighty fall, and falling dye?  
In *Gath* let not this things be spoken on,  
Nor published in streets of *Askalon*,  
Left daughters of the Philistines rejoyce,  
Left the uncircumcis'd lift up their voice.  
O *Gilbo* Mounts, let never pearled dew,  
Nor fruitfull showres your barren tops bestrew,  
Nor fields of offrings ever on you grow,  
Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;  
For there the<sup>a</sup> Mighty Ones did soon decay,  
The shield of *Saul* was vilely cast away,

\* This is the last piece but one in the first edition. The last, "*Of the vanity of all worldly creatures*," is printed on pages 233-235 of the second edition, under the title of "*The Vanity of all worldly things*." All the following poems, with this exception, were published for the first time in the second edition.

<sup>a</sup> For the.

There had his dignity fo fore a foyle,  
 As if his head ne're felt the facred oyle.  
 Sometimes from crimfon, blood of gaffly flain,  
 The bow of *Jonathan* ne're turn'd in vain:  
 Nor from the fat, and fpoils of Mighty men  
 With bloodlefs fword did *Saul* turn back agen.  
 Pleafant and lovely, were they both in life, [216]  
 And in their death was found no parting ftrife.  
 Swifter then fwifteft Eagles fo were they,  
 Stronger then Lions ramping for their prey.  
 O Ifraels Dames, o'reflow your beauteous eyes  
 For valiant *Saul* who on Mount *Gilbo* lyes,  
 Who cloathed you in Cloath of richeft Dye,  
 And choice delights, full of variety,  
 On your array put ornaments of gold,  
 Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.  
 O! how in Battle did the mighty fall  
 In midft of ftrength not fuccoured at all.  
 O lovely *Jonathan*! how waft thou flain?  
 In places high, full low thou didft remain.  
 Diftrest for thee I am, dear *Jonathan*,  
 Thy love was wonderfull, fupaffing man,<sup>b</sup>  
 Exceeding all the love that's Feminine,  
 So pleafant haft thou been, dear brother mine,  
 How are the mighty fall'n into decay?  
 And warlike weapons perished away?

<sup>b</sup> paffing a man.



[217]

*To the Memory of my dear and ever honoured Father*

*Thomas Dudley Esq;*

*Who deceased, July 31. 1653. and of his Age, 77.*

**B**Y duty bound, and not by custome led  
To celebrate the praises of the dead,  
My mournfull mind, fore prest, in trembling verse  
Presents my Lamentations at his Herse,  
Who was my Father, Guide, Instructor too,  
To whom I ought whatever I could doe:  
Nor is't Relation near my hand shall tye;  
For who more cause to boast his worth then I?  
Who heard or saw, observ'd or knew him better?  
Or who alive then I, a greater debtor?  
Let malice bite, and envy know its fill,  
He was my Father, and Ile praise him still.  
Nor was his name, or life lead so obscure  
That pittie might some Trumpeters procure.  
Who after death might make him falsly seem  
Such as in life, no man could justly deem.  
Well known and lov'd, where ere he liv'd, by most  
Both in his native, and in foreign coast,

These to the world his merits could make known,  
So needs no Testimonial from his own;  
But now or never I must pay my Sum;  
While others tell his worth, I'll not be dumb:  
One of thy Founders, him *New-England* know, [218]  
Who staid thy feeble sides when thou wast low,  
Who spent his state, his strength, & years with care  
That After-comers in them might have share.  
True Patriot of this little Commonweal,  
Who is't can tax thee ought, but for thy zeal?  
Truths friend thou wert, to errors still a foe,  
Which caus'd Apostates to maligne fo.  
Thy love to true Religion e're shall shine,  
My Fathers God, be God of me and mine.  
Upon the earth he did not build his nest,  
But as a Pilgrim, what he had, possesst.  
High thoughts he gave no harbour in his heart,  
Nor honours pufft him up, when he had part:  
Those titles loath'd, which some too much do love  
For truly his ambition lay above.  
His humble mind so lov'd humility,  
He left it to his race for Legacy:  
And oft and oft, with speeches mild and wise,  
Gave his in charge, that Jewel rich to prize.  
No ostentation seen in all his wayes,  
As in the mean ones, of our foolish dayes,  
Which all they have, and more still set to view,  
Their greatness may be judg'd by what they shew.

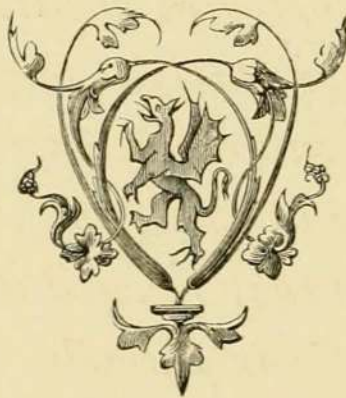


His thoughts were more sublime, his actions wise,  
Such vanities he justly did despise.  
Nor wonder 'twas, low things ne'r much did move  
For he a Mansion had, prepar'd above,  
For which he sigh'd and pray'd & long'd full fore  
He might be cloath'd upon, for evermore.  
Oft spake of death, and with a smiling cheer, [219]  
He did exult his end was drawing near,  
Now fully ripe, as shock of wheat that's grown,  
Death as a Sickle hath him timely mown,  
And in celestial Barn hath hous'd him high,  
Where storms, nor showrs, nor ought can damnifie.  
His Generation serv'd, his labours cease;  
And to his Fathers gathered is in peace.  
Ah happy Soul, 'mongst Saints and Angels blest,  
Who after all his toyle, is now at rest:  
His hoary head in righteousnes was found:  
As joy in heaven on earth let praise resound.  
Forgotten never be his memory,  
His blessing rest on his posterity:  
His pious Footsteps followed by his race,  
At last will bring us to that happy place  
Where we with joy each others face shall see,  
And parted more by death shall never be.

*His Epitaph.*

*Within this Tomb a Patriot lyes  
That was both pious, just and wise,*

*To Truth a shield, to right a Wall,  
To Sectaryes a whip and Maul,  
A Magazine of History,  
A Prizer of good Company  
In manners pleasant and severe  
The Good him lov'd, the bad did fear,  
And when his time with years was spent  
If some rejoyc'd, more did lament.*





AN EPITAPH

[220]

*On my dear and ever honoured Mother*

*Mrs. Dorothy Dudley,*

*who deceased Decemb. 27. 1643. and of her age, 61:*

Here lyes,

*A Worthy Matron of unspotted life,  
A loving Mother and obedient wife,  
A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,  
Whom oft she fed, and clothed with her store;  
To Servants wisely awful, but yet kind,  
And as they did, so they reward did find:  
A true Instructor of her Family,  
The which she ordered with dexterity.  
The publick meetings ever did frequent,  
And in her Closet constant hours she spent;  
Religious in all her words and wayes,  
Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:  
Of all her Children, Children, liv'd to see,  
Then dying, left a blessed memory.*



## CONTEMPLATIONS. [221]

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,  
When *Phæbus* wanted but one hour to bed,  
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,  
Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.  
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true  
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,  
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

2

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,  
If so much excellence abide below;  
How excellent is he that dwells on high?  
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.  
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,  
That hath this under world so richly dight:  
More Heaven than Earth was here no winter & no  
night.

## 3

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

## 4

[223]

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,  
Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,  
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,  
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?  
Soul of this world, this Univerfes Eye,  
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:  
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

## 5

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushest,  
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,  
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles & blushes,  
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.  
Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,  
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:  
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

## 6

Thy fwift Annual, and diurnal Courfe,  
 Thy daily freight, and yearly oblique path,  
 Thy pleafing fervor, and thy fcorching force,  
 All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath.  
 Thy prefence makes it day, thy abfence night,  
 Quaternal Seafons caufed by thy might:  
 Hail Creature, full of fwetnefs, beauty & delight.

## 7

Art thou fo full of glory, that no Eye  
 Hath ftrength, thy fhining Rayes once to behold?  
 And is thy fplendid Throne erect fo high?  
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.  
 How full of glory then muft thy Creator be?  
 Who gave this bright light luftre unto thee:  
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majefty.

## 8

[ 222 ]

Silent alone, where none or faw, or heard,  
 In pathlefs paths I lead my wandring feet,  
 My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd  
 To fing fome Song, my mazed Mufe thought meet.  
 My great Creator I would magnifie,  
 That nature had, thus decked liberally:  
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

## 9

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,  
 The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,  
 They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,  
 Seeming to glory in their little Art.  
 Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise?  
 And in their kind rebound their makers praise:  
 Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher lays.

## 10

When present times look back to Ages past,  
 And men in being fancy those are dead,  
 It makes things gone perpetually to last,  
 And calls back months and years that long since fled  
 It makes a man more aged in conceit,  
 Then was *Methuselah*, or's grand-fire great:  
 While of their persons & their acts his mind doth treat.

## 11

Sometimes in *Eden* fair, he seems to be,  
 Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all,  
 Fancies the Apple, dangle on the Tree,  
 That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thrall.  
 Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,  
 To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:  
 A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

Here fits our Grandame in retired place,  
 And in her lap, her bloody *Cain* new born,  
 The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,  
 Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;  
 His Mother sighs, to think of Paradise,  
 And how she lost her blifs, to be more wife,  
 Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice,  
 Fruits of the Earth, and Fatlings each do bring,  
 On *Abels* gift the fire descends from Skies,  
 But no such sign on false *Cain's* offering;  
 With fullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.  
 Hath thousand thoughts to end his brothers dayes,  
 Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,  
 His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,  
 The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks  
 But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;  
 The wretch with gastly face and dreadful mind,  
 Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,  
 Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he  
 find.



## 15

Who fancyes not his looks now at the Barr,  
 His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,  
 Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr,  
 When deep dispair, with wish of life hath fought,  
 Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,  
 A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes.  
 A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

## 16

[225]

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages.  
 Their long descent, how nephews fons they saw,  
 The starry observations of those Sages,  
 And how their precepts to their fons were law,  
 How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny,  
 Cloath'd all in his black finfull Livery,  
 Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

## 17

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes  
 Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?  
 And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,  
 Living so little while we are alive;  
 In eating, drinking, fleeping, vain delight  
 So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
 And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
 And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,  
 The stones and trees, insensible of time,  
 Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
 If winter come, and greens then do fade,  
 A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made;  
 But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once  
           he's laid.

20 [19]

By birth more noble than those creatures all,  
 Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd,  
 No sooner born, but grief and care makes fall  
 That state obliterate he had at first:  
 Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again  
 Nor habitations long their names retain,  
 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

20

[226]

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth  
 Because their beauty and their strength last longer  
 Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,  
 Because they're bigger, & their bodies stronger?  
 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,  
 And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,  
 But man was made for endless immortality.

## 21

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

## 22

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

## 23

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

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,  
 That for each season, have your habitation,  
 Now falt, now fresh where you think best to glide  
 To unknown coasts to give a vifitation,  
 In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,  
 So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
 You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taft the air,  
 Then to the colder bottome ftreight they dive,  
 Eftfoon to *Neptun's* glaffie Hall repair  
 To fee what trade they great ones there do drive,  
 Who forrage o're the fpacious fea-green field,  
 And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
 Whofe armour is their fcales, their fpreading fins their  
 fhield.

While mufing thus with contemplation fed,  
 And thoufand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
 The fweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,  
 And chanted forth a moft melodious ftain  
 Which rapt me fo with wonder and delight,  
 I judg'd my hearing better then my fight,  
 And wifht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

28 [27]

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm  
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,  
Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost fear

28

[228]

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
And warbling out the old, begin anew,  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
Then follow thee into a better Region,  
where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion

29

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,  
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,  
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break,  
From some of these he never finds cessation,  
But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near't  
Relation

## 30

And yet this finfull creature, frail and vain,  
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,  
 This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
 Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;  
 Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,  
 In weight, in frequency and long duration  
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

## 31

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,  
 Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with ease,  
 As if he had command of wind and tide,  
 And now become great Master of the seas;  
 But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,  
 And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

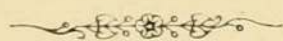
## 32

[229]

So he that faileth in this world of pleasure,  
 Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,  
 That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,  
 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.  
 But sad affliction comes & makes him see  
 Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;  
 Only above is found all with security.

33.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
That draws oblivions curtains over kings,  
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,  
Their names without a Record are forgot,  
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust  
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;  
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone \*  
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.



*The Flesh and the Spirit.†*

**I**N secret place where once I stood  
Close by the Banks of *Lacrim* flood  
I heard two sisters reason on  
Things that are past, and things to come;  
One flesh was call'd, who had her eye  
On worldly wealth and vanity;  
The other Spirit, who did rear  
Her thoughts unto a higher sphere:  
Sister, quoth Flesh, what liv'st thou on  
Nothing but Meditation?

\* Rev. ii. 17.

† This poem seems to be an expansion of the idea of Saint Paul, of the strife between the Flesh and the Spirit, or the law of the members and the law of the mind.

[230]

Doth Contemplation feed thee fo  
Regardlessly to let earth goe?  
Can Speculation satisfie  
Notion without Reality?  
Dost dream of things beyond the Moon  
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?  
Hast treasures there laid up in store  
That all in th' world thou count'st but poor?  
Art fancy sick, or turn'd a Sot  
To catch at shadowes which are not?  
Come, come, Ile shew unto thy fence,  
Industry hath its recompence.  
What canst desire, but thou maist see  
True substance in variety?  
Dost honour like? acquire the fame,  
As some to their immortal fame:  
And trophyes to thy name erect  
Which wearing time shall ne're deject.  
For riches dost thou long full fore?  
Behold enough of precious store.  
Earth hath more silver, pearls and gold,  
Then eyes can see, or hands can hold.  
Affect's thou pleasure? take thy fill,  
Earth hath enough of what you will.  
Then let not goe, what thou maist find,  
For things unknown, only in mind.  
*Spir.* Be still thou unregenerate part,  
Disturb no more my fetled heart,



For I have vow'd, (and so will doe)  
Thee as a foe, still to pursue.  
And combate with thee will and must, [231]  
Untill I see thee laid in th' dust.  
Sisters we are, ye twins we be,  
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me;  
For from one father are we not,  
Thou by old Adam wast begot,  
But my arife is from above,  
Whence my dear father I do love.  
Thou speakst me fair, but hatst me fore,  
Thy flatt'ring shews Ile trust no more.  
How oft thy slave, hast thou me made,  
when I believ'd, what thou hast said,  
And never had more cause of woe  
Then when I did what thou bad'st doe.  
Ile stop mine ears at these thy charms,  
And count them for my deadly harms.  
Thy sinfull pleasures I doe hate,  
Thy riches are to me no bait,  
Thine honours doe, nor will I love;  
For my ambition lyes above.  
My greatest honour it shall be  
When I am victor over thee,  
And triumph shall, with laurel head,  
When thou my Captive shalt be led,  
How I do live, thou need'st not scoff,  
For I have meat thou know'st not off;

The hidden Manna I doe eat,  
 The word of life it is my meat.  
 My thoughts do yield me more content  
 Then can thy hours in pleasure spent.  
 Nor are they shadows which I catch, [232]  
 Nor fancies vain at which I snatch,  
 But reach at things that are so high,  
 Beyond thy dull Capacity;  
 Eternal substance I do see,  
 With which enriched I would be:  
 Mine Eye doth pierce the heavens, and see  
 What is Invisibile to thee.  
 My garments are not filk nor gold,  
 Nor such like trash which Earth doth hold,  
 But Royal Robes I shall have on,  
 More glorious then the gliftring Sun;  
 My Crown not Diamonds, Pearls, and gold,  
 But such as Angels heads infold.  
 The City\* where I hope to dwell,  
 There's none on Earth can parallel;  
 The stately Walls both high and strong,  
 Are made of pretious *Jasper* stone;  
 The Gates of Pearl, both rich and clear,  
 And Angels are for Porters there;  
 The Streets thereof transparent gold,  
 Such as no Eye did e're behold,  
 A Chrystal River there doth run,  
 Which doth proceed from the Lambs Throne:

\* Rev. xxi. 10-27; and xxii. 1-5.

Of Life, there are the waters fure,  
Which fhall remain for ever pure,  
Nor Sun, nor Moon, they have no need,  
For glory doth from God proceed:  
No Candle there, nor yet Torch light,  
For there fhall be no darkfome night.  
From ficknefs and infirmity,  
For evermore they fhall be free,  
Nor withering age fhall e're come there,  
But beauty fhall be bright and clear;  
This City pure is not for thee,  
For things unclean there fhall not be:  
If I of Heaven may have my fill,  
Take thou the world, and all that will.

[233]





*The Vanity of all worldly things.\**

AS he said vanity, so vain say I,  
Oh! vanity, O vain all under Sky;  
Where is the man can say, lo I have found  
On brittle Earth a Consolation found?  
What is't in honour to be set on high?  
No, they like Beasts and Sons of men shall dye:  
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate,<sup>a</sup>  
He's now a captive,<sup>b</sup> that was King<sup>c</sup> of late.  
What is't in wealth, great Treasures to obtain?<sup>d</sup>  
No, that's but labour, anxious care and pain,  
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,  
It's his to day, but who's his heir to morrow?  
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find,  
More vain then all, that's but to grasp the wind.  
The sensual senses for a time they please,  
Mean while the conscience rage, who shall appease?  
What is't in beauty? No that's but a snare, [234]  
They're foul enough to day, that once were fair.  
What is't in flowring youth, or manly age?  
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.

\* See note to page 215.

<sup>c</sup> a Prince.

<sup>a</sup> State?

<sup>b</sup> slave,

<sup>d</sup> for to gain?

Where is it then, in wisdom, learning arts?  
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts:  
Yet these the wisest man of men did find  
But vanity, vexation of<sup>e</sup> mind.  
And he that knowes the most, doth still bemoan  
He knows not all that here is to be known.  
What is it then, to doe as *Stoicks* tell,  
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well.  
Such *Stoicks* are but Stocks such teaching vain,  
While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.  
If not in honour, beauty, age nor treasure,  
Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth nor pleasure,  
Where shall I climb, found, seek search or find  
That *Summum Bonum* which may stay my mind?  
There is a path, no vultures eye hath seen,  
Where Lion<sup>f</sup> fierce, nor lions whelps have been,  
Which leads unto that living Crystal Fount,  
Who drinks thereof, the world doth nought account  
The depth & sea have said tis not in me,  
With pearl and gold, it shall not valued be.  
For Sapphire, Onix, Topaz who would<sup>g</sup> change:  
Its hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.  
Death and destruction the same hath heard,  
But where & what it is, from heaven's declar'd,  
It brings to honour, which shall ne're<sup>h</sup> decay,  
It stores<sup>i</sup> with wealth which time can't wear away.  
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit, [235]  
And truly beautifies without deceit,

<sup>e</sup> of the.

<sup>f</sup> lions.

<sup>g</sup> will.

<sup>h</sup> not.

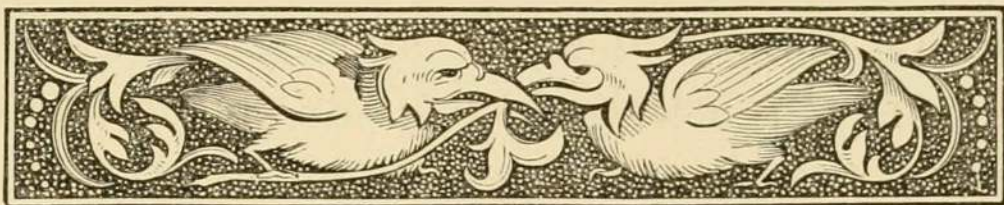
<sup>i</sup> steeres.

Nor strength, nor wisdom nor fresh youth shall fade  
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.  
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring  
Who is possessed of, shall reign a King.  
Nor change of state, nor cares shall ever see,  
But wear his crown unto eternity:  
This satisfies the Soul, this stays the mind,  
And all the rest, but Vanity we find.<sup>j</sup>

*j* The rest's but vanity, and vain we find.

F I N I S.





*The Author to her Book.*

[236]

**T**HOU ill-form'd offspring of my feeble brain,  
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,  
Till snatcht from thence by friends, less wise than true\*  
Who thee abroad, expos'd to publick view,  
Made thee in raggs, halting to th' prefs to trudge,  
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge)  
At thy return my blushing was not small,  
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,  
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,  
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;  
Yet being mine own, at length affection would  
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:  
I wash'd thy face, but more defects I saw,  
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.  
I stretcht thy joynts to make thee even feet,  
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet;  
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,  
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i'th' house I find  
In this array, 'mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam  
In Criticks hands, beware thou dost not come;

\* See pages 82-90 and notes.

And take thy way where yet thou art not known,  
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none:  
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,  
Which caus'd her thus to fend thee out of door.







[237]

*Several other Poems made by the Author upon  
Diverse Occasions, were found among her Papers  
after her Death, which she never meant should  
come to publick view; amongst which, these  
following (at the desire of some friends  
that knew her well) are here inserted*

Upon a Fit of Sicknefs, *Anno.* 1632.

*Ætatis suæ,* 19.

**T**Wice ten years old, not fully told  
Since nature gave me breath,  
My race is run, my thread is spun,  
lo here is fatal Death.  
All men must dye, and so must I  
this cannot be revok'd  
For Adams sake, this word God spake  
when he so high provok'd.  
Yet live I shall, this life's but small,  
in place of highest blifs,  
Where I shall have all I can crave,  
no life is like to this.  
For what's this life, but care and strife?  
since first we came from womb,  
Our strength doth waste, our time doth hast,  
and then we go to th' Tomb.

O Bubble blaft, how long can'tt laft? [238]  
 that alwayes art a breaking,  
 No fooner blown, but dead and gone,  
 ev'n as a word that's fpeaking.  
 O whil'tt I live, this grace me give,  
 I doing good may be,  
 Then deaths arreft I fhall count beft,  
 becaufe it's thy decree;  
 Beftow much coft there's nothing loft,  
 to make Salvation fure,  
 O great's the gain, though got with pain,  
 comes by profeffion pure.  
 The race is run, the field is won,  
 the victory's mine I fee,  
 For ever know, thou envious foe,  
 the foyle belongs to thee.

*Vpon fome diftemper of body.*

In anguifh of my heart repleat with woes,  
 And wafting pains, which beft my body knows,  
 In toffing flumbers on my wakeful bed,  
 Bedrencht with tears that flow'd from mournful head.  
 Till nature had exhausted all her ftore,  
 Then eyes lay dry, difabled to weep more;  
 And looking up unto his Throne on high,  
 Who fendeth help to thofe in mifery;  
 He chac'd away thofe clouds, and let me fee  
 My Anchor caft i'th' vale with fafety.

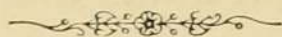
He eas'd my Soul of woe, my flesh of pain,  
And brought me to the shore from troubled Main;

*Before the Birth of one of her Children.* [239]

All things within this fading world hath end,  
Adversity doth still our joyes attend;  
No tyes so strong, no friends so dear and sweet,  
But with deaths parting blow is sure to meet.  
The sentence past is most irrovocable,  
A common thing, yet oh inevitable;  
How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,  
How soon't may be thy Lot to lose thy friend,  
We both are ignorant, yet love bids me  
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,  
That when that knot's unty'd that made us one,  
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.  
And if I see not half my dayes that's due,  
What nature would, God grant to yours and you;  
The many faults that well you know I have,  
Let be interr'd in my oblivions grave;  
If any worth or virtue were in me,  
Let that live freshly in thy memory  
And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,  
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:  
And when thy losse shall be repaid with gains  
Look to my little babes my dear remains.  
And if thou love thy self, or loved'st me  
These O protect from step Dames injury.

And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,  
 With some sad sighs honour my absent Herse;  
 And kifs this paper for thy loves dear sake,  
 Who with salt tears this last Farewel did take.

*A. B.*



*To my Dear and loving Husband.* [240]

**I**F ever two were one, then surely we.  
 If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;  
 If ever wife was happy in a man,  
 Compare with me ye women if you can.  
 I prize thy love more then whole Mines of gold,  
 Or all the riches that the East doth hold.  
 My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,  
 Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence.  
 Thy love is such I can no way repay,  
 The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.  
 Then while we live, in love lets so persevere,  
 That when we live no more, we may live ever.

*A Letter to her Husband, absent upon  
 Publick employment.*

My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,  
 My joy, my Magazine of earthly store,  
 If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
 How stayest thou there, whilst I at *Ipswich* lye?

So many steps, head from the heart to fever  
If but a neck, soon should we be together:  
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,  
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,  
Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,  
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.  
My chilled limbs now nummed lye forlorn;  
Return, return sweet *Sol* from *Capricorn*;  
In this dead time, alas, what can I more [241]  
Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?  
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,  
True living Pictures of their Fathers face.  
O strange effect! now thou art *Southward* gone,  
I weary grow, the tedious day so long;  
But when thou *Northward* to me shalt return,  
I wish my Sun may never set, but burn  
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,  
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.  
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,  
Till nature's sad decree shall call thee hence;  
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,  
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

*A. B.*

*Another.*

*Phæbus* make haste, the day's too long, be gone,  
The silent night's the fittest time for moan;  
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,  
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:

(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drown'd)  
The woful accents of my doleful found,  
If in thy swift Carrier thou canst make stay,  
I crave this boon, this Errand by the way,  
Commend me to the man more lov'd then life,  
Shew him the sorrows of his widdowed wife;  
My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brakish tears  
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,  
And if he love, how can he there abide?  
My Interest's more then all the world beside.  
He that can tell the starrs or Ocean fand, [242]  
Or all the grafs that in the Meads do stand,  
The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain,  
Or in a corn-field number every grain,  
Or every mote that in the sun-shine hops,  
May count my sighs, and number all my drops:  
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,  
That once a day, thy Spouse thou mayst imbrace;  
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,  
Thy rayes afar, salute her from the south.  
But for one moneth I see no day (poor foul)  
Like those far scituate under the pole,  
Which day by day long wait for thy arife,  
O how they joy when thou dost light the skyes.  
O *Phæbus*, hadst thou but thus long from thine  
Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine,  
At thy return, if so thou could'st or durst  
Behold a Chaos blacker then the first.

Tell him here's worfe then a confused matter,  
His little world's a fathom under water,  
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams  
Hath power to dry the torrent of thefe freams.  
Tell him I would fay more, but cannot well,  
Oppreffed minds, abrupteft tales do tell.  
Now poft with double fpeed, mark what I fay,  
By all our loves conjure him not to ftay.

*Another.*

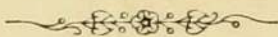
[243]

As loving Hind that (Hartlefs) wants her Dcer,  
Scuds through the woods and Fern with harkning ear,  
Perplext, in every bufh & nook doth pry,  
Her deareft Deer, might anfwer ear or eye;  
So doth my anxious foul, which now doth mifs,  
A dearer Dear (far dearer Heart) then this.  
Still wait with doubts, & hopes, and failing eye,  
His voice to hear, or perfon to difcry.  
Or as the penfive Dove doth all alone  
(On withered bough) moft uncouthly bemoan  
The abfence of her Love, and loving Mate,  
Whofe lofs hath made her fo unfortunate:  
Ev'n thus doe I, with many a deep fad groan  
Bewail my turtle true, who now is gone,  
His prefence and his fafe return, ftill woos,  
With thoufand dolefull fighs & mournfull Cooes.  
Or as the loving Mullet, that true Fish,  
Her fellow loft, nor joy nor life do with,

But lanches on that shore, there for to dye,  
 Where she her captive husband doth espy.  
 Mine being gone, I lead a joyless life,  
 I have a loving phere, yet seem no wife:  
 But worst of all, to him can't steer my course,  
 I here, he there, alas, both kept by force:  
 Return my Dear, my joy, my only Love,  
 Unto thy Hinde, thy Mullet and thy Dove,  
 Who neither joyes in pasture, house nor streams,  
 The substance gone, O me, these are but dreams.  
 Together at one Tree, oh let us brouze, [244]  
 And like two Turtles roost within one house,  
 And like the Mullets in one River glide,  
 Let's still remain but one, till death divide.

{ *Thy loving Love and Dearest Dear,*  
 { *At home, abroad, and every where.*

*A. B.*



*To her Father with some verses.*

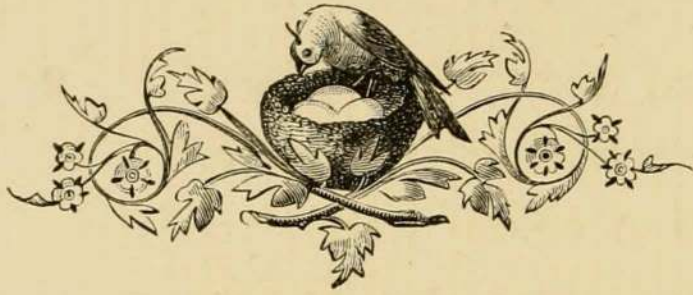
**M**ost truly honoured, and as truly dear,  
 If worth in me, or ought I do appear,  
 Who can of right better demand the fame?  
 Then may your worthy self from whom it came.  
 The principle might yield a greater sum,  
 Yet handled ill, amounts but to this crum;



My flock's so small, I know not how to pay,  
My Bond remains in force unto this day;  
Yet for part payment take this simple mite,  
Where nothing's to be had Kings loose their right  
Such is my debt, I may not say forgive,  
But as I can, I'll pay it while I live:  
Such is my bond, none can discharge but I,  
Yet paying is not paid until I dye.

*A. B.*





*In reference to her Children, 23. June, 1656.\* [245]*

I Had eight birds hatcht in one nest,  
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,  
I nurst them up with pain and care,  
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,  
Till at the last they felt their wing.  
Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to sing;  
Chief of the Brood then took his flight,  
To Regions far, and left me quite: †  
My mournful chirps I after send,  
Till he return, or I do end,  
Leave not thy nest, thy Dam and Sire,  
Fly back and sing amidst this Quire.  
My second bird did take her flight,  
And with her mate flew out of sight;  
*Southward* they both their course did bend,  
And Seasons twain they there did spend:  
Till after blown by *Southern* gales,  
They *Norward* steer'd with filled sayles.

\* This date is clearly wrong, as events are referred to in the course of the poem which took place more than a year later. It is probably a misprint for 1658.

† Samuel, who sailed for England Nov. 6, 1657 (see page 24), and returned home July 17, 1661 (see page 28).

A prettier bird was no where feen,  
 Along the Beach among the trees.\*  
 I have a third of colour white,  
 On whom I plac'd no small delight;  
 Coupled with mate loving and true,  
 Hath also bid her Dam adieu:  
 And where *Aurora* first appears,  
 She now hath percht, to spend her years; †  
 One to the Academy flew [246]  
 To chat among that learned crew:  
 Ambition moves still in his breast  
 That he might chant above the rest,  
 Striving for more then to do well,  
 That nightingales he might excell. ‡  
 My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone  
 Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,  
 And as his wings increase in strength,  
 On higher boughs he'll perch at length.  
 My other three, still with me nest,  
 Untill they'r grown, then as the rest,  
 Or here or there, they'll take their flight,  
 As is ordain'd, so shall they light.

\* Dorothy, who married the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, June 25, 1654. In 1655 her husband preached at Wethersfield, Conn., but in 1660 he became the second minister of Hampton, N.H.

† Sarah, who married Richard Hubbard, of Ipswich, a brother of the Rev. William Hubbard, the historian.

‡ "June 25, 1656, I was admitted into the vniversity, M<sup>r</sup> Charles Chauncy being President."—REV. SIMON BRADSTREET'S MANUSCRIPT DIARY.

For an account of him, and of Mrs. Bradstreet's other children, see Introduction.

If birds could weep, then would my tears  
Let others know what are my fears  
Lest this my brood some harm should catch,  
And be surpriz'd for want of watch,  
Whilst pecking corn, and void of care  
They fall un'wares in Fowlers snare:  
Or whilst on trees they sit and sing,  
Some untoward boy at them do fling:  
Or whilst allur'd with bell and glafs,  
The net be spread, and caught, alas.  
Or leaft by Lime-twigs they be foyl'd,  
Or by some greedy hawks be spoyl'd.  
O would my young, ye saw my breast,  
And knew what thoughts there sadly rest,  
Great was my pain when I you bred,  
Great was my care, when I you fed,  
Long did I keep you soft and warm, [247]  
And with my wings kept off all harm,  
My cares are more, and fears then ever,  
My throbs such now, as 'fore were never:  
Alas my birds, you wisdom want,  
Of perils you are ignorant,  
Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight,  
Sore accidents on you may light.  
O to your safety have an eye,  
So happy may you live and die:  
Mean while my dayes in tunes Ile spend,  
Till my weak layes with me shall end.

In shady woods I'll sit and sing,  
And things that past, to mind I'll bring.  
Once young and pleasant, as are you,  
But former toys (no joys) adieu.  
My age I will not once lament,  
But sing, my time so near is spent.  
And from the top bough take my flight,  
Into a country beyond sight,  
Where old ones, instantly grow young,  
And there with Seraphims set song:  
No seasons cold, nor storms they see;  
But spring lasts to eternity,  
When each of you shall in your nest  
Among your young ones take your rest,  
In chirping language, oft them tell,  
You had a Dam that lov'd you well,  
That did what could be done for young,  
And nurs't you up till you were strong,  
And 'fore she once would let you fly,  
She shew'd you joy and misery;  
Taught what was good, and what was ill,  
What would save life, and what would kill?  
Thus gone, amongst you I may live,  
And dead, yet speak, and counsel give:  
Farewel my birds, farewel adieu,  
I happy am, if well with you.

[248]

*A. B.*



*In memory of my dear grand-child Elizabeth  
Bradstreet,\* who deceased August, 1665.  
being a year and half old.*

Farewel dear babe, my hearts too much content,  
Farewel sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,  
Farewel fair flower that for a space was lent,  
Then ta'en away unto Eternity.  
Blest babe why should I once bewail thy fate,  
Or sigh the dayes so soon were terminate;  
Sith thou art fetled in an Everlasting state.

2.

By nature Trees do rot when they are grown.  
And Plumbs and Apples throughly ripe do fall,  
And Corn and grafs are in their season mown,  
And time brings down what is both strong and tall.  
But plants new set to be eradicate,  
And buds new blown, to have so short a date,  
Is by his hand alone that guides nature and fate.

\* The eldest child of her son Samuel.



*In memory of my dear grand-child* [249]

**Anne Bradstreet.\***

*Who deceased June 20. 1669. being three years and  
seven Moneths old.*

With troubled heart & trembling hand I write,  
The Heavens have chang'd to forrow my delight.  
How oft with disappointment have I met,  
When I on fading things my hopes have fet?  
Experience might 'fore this have made me wise,  
To value things according to their price:  
Was ever stable joy yet found below?  
Or perfect blifs without mixture of woe.  
I knew she was but as a withering flour,  
That's here to day, perhaps gone in an hour;  
Like as a bubble, or the brittle glafs,  
Or like a shadow turning as it was.

\* "June. 20. 69 My Br Samuel's eldest child which was a daughter, between 3 & four yeares old dyed. He buried y<sup>e</sup> first y<sup>t</sup> euer had (w<sup>ch</sup> also was a daughter) about 4 yeares since. The Ld teach him, and me, and all who it espec. concernes good thereby." — REV. SIMON BRADSTREET'S Manuscript Diary.

More fool then I to look on that was lent,  
 As if mine own, when thus impermanent.  
 Farewel dear child, thou ne're shall come to me,  
 But yet a while, and I shall go to thee;  
 Mean time my throbbing heart's cheer'd up with this  
 Thou with thy Saviour art in endless blifs.



*On my dear Grand-child Simon Bradstreet,\* [250]  
 Who dyed on 16. Novemb. 1669. being but  
 a moneth, and one day old.*

**N**O fooner come, but gone, and fal'n asleep,  
 Acquaintance short, yet parting caus'd us weep,  
 Three flours, two scarcely blown, the last i'th' bud,  
 Cropt by th' Almighty's hand; yet is he good,  
 With dreadful awe before him let's be mute,  
 Such was his will, but why, let's not dispute,  
 With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,  
 Let's say he's merciful as well as just.  
 He will return, and make up all our losses,  
 And smile again, after our bitter crosses.  
 Go pretty babe, go rest with Sisters twain  
 Among the blest in endless joyes remain.

*A. B.*

\* The fourth child of her eldest son, Samuel.



*To the memory of my dear Daughter in Law,  
Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, who deceased Sept. 6.  
1669. in the 28. year of her Age.\**

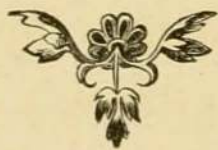
AND live I still to see Relations gone,  
And yet survive to sound this wailing tone;  
Ah, woe is me, to write thy Funeral Song,  
Who might in reason yet have lived long,  
I saw the branches lopt the Tree now fall,  
I stood so nigh, it crusht me down withal;  
My bruised heart lies sobbing at the Root,  
That thou dear Son hath lost both Tree and fruit:  
Thou then on Seas sailing to forreign Coast;  
Was ignorant what riches thou hadst lost.  
But ah too soon those heavy tydings fly, [251]  
To strike thee with amazing misery;  
Oh how I sympathize with thy sad heart,  
And in thy griefs still bear a second part:  
I lost a daughter dear, but thou a wife,  
Who lov'd thee more (it seem'd) than her own life.  
Thou being gone, she longer could not be,  
Because her Soul she'd sent along with thee.

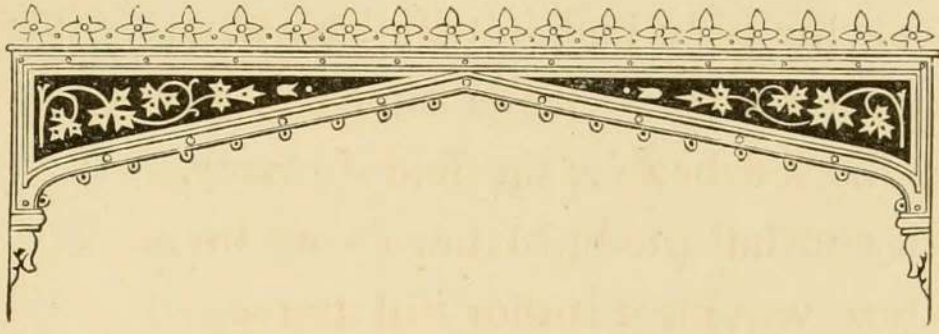
\* "Sept. ( ) 1670 My Br Samuel Bradstreet his wife dyed, wch was a soar affliction to him, and all his friends. May god giue us all a sanctified vse of this, and all other his Dispensations."—REV. SIMON BRADSTREET'S Manuscript Diary. She was a daughter of William Tyng. It appears from this poem that she died soon after the premature birth of a child, which did not long survive her. This child was Anne, born Sept. 3, 1670, so that the date of the mother's death, as given in the heading, must be a misprint for 1670. See N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, vol. ix. p. 113, note ††.

One week she only past in pain and woe,  
 And then her sorrows all at once did go;  
 A Babe she left before, she fear'd above,  
 The fifth and last pledg of her dying love,  
 E're nature would, it hither did arrive,  
 No wonder it no longer did survive.  
 So with her Children four, she's now a rest,  
 All freed from grief (I trust) among the blest;  
 She one hath left, a joy to thee and me,\*  
 The Heavens vouchsafe she may so ever be.  
 Cheer up, (dear Son) thy fainting bleeding heart,  
 In him alone, that caused all this smart;  
 What though thy strokes full sad & grievous be,  
 He knows it is the best for thee and me.

*A. B.*

\* A daughter, Mercy, born Nov. 20, 1667. Governor Bradstreet, in his will, signed Feb. 20, 1688, O. S., mentions her as one "whom I have been forced to educate and maintain at considerable charge ever since September 1670." — Suffolk Probate Records, Lib. xi. Fol. 277-8. She afterwards married James Oliver, a physician in Cambridge. See N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, vol. viii. p. 314, and vol. ix. p. 113.





## A Funeral Elogy,

[252]

*Upon that Pattern and Patron of Virtue, the  
truely pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman*

*Mrs. Anne Bradstreet,*

*right Panaretos,\**

*Mirror of Her Age, Glory of her Sex, whose  
Heaven-born-Soul leaving its earthly Shrine,  
chose its native home, and was taken to its  
Rest, upon 16th. Sept. 1672.*

**A**Sk not why hearts turn Magazines of passions,  
And why that grief is clad in sev'ral fashions;  
Why She on progress goes, and doth not borrow  
The smallest respite from th' extreams of sorrow,  
Her misery is got to such an height,  
As makes the earth groan to support its weight,  
Such storms of woe, so strongly have beset her,  
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better;  
Her comfort is, if any for her be,  
That none can shew more cause of grief then she.

\* Gr. πανάρετος, all-virtuous.

Ask not why some in mournfull black are clad;  
The Sun is set, there needs must be a shade.  
Ask not why every face a fadness shrowdes;  
The setting Sun ore-cast us hath with Clouds.  
Ask not why the great glory of the Skye [253]  
That gilds the starrs with heavenly Alchamy,  
Which all the world doth lighten with his rayes,  
The *Perflan* God, the Monarch of the dayes;  
Ask not the reason of his extasie,  
Paleness of late, in midnight Majesty,  
Why that the palefac'd Empress of the night  
Disrob'd her brother of his glorious light.  
Did not the language of the starrs foretel  
A mournfull Scène when they with tears did swell?  
Did not the glorious people of the Skye  
Seem sensible of future misery?  
Did not the lowring heavens seem to express  
The worlds great loss, and their unhappiness?  
Behold how tears flow from the learned hill,  
How the bereaved Nine do daily fill  
The bosome of the fleeting Air with groans,  
And wofull Accents, which witness their moanes.  
How doe the Goddes of verse, the learned quire  
Lament their rival Quill, which all admire?  
Could *Mars*'s Muse but hear her lively strain,  
He would condemn his works to fire again.  
Methinks I hear the Patron of the Spring,  
The unshorn Diety abruptly sing.

Some doe for anguifh weep, for anger I  
That Ignorance fhould live, and Art fhould die.  
Black, fatal, difmal, inaufpicious day,  
Unbleft for ever by *Sol's* precious Ray,  
Be it the firft of Miferies to all;  
Or laft of Life, defam'd for Funeral.  
When this day yearly comes, let every one, [254]  
Caft in their urne, the black and difmal ftone.  
Succeeding years as they their circuit goe,  
Leap o're this day, as a fad time of woe.  
Farewell my Mufe, fince thou haft left thy fhrine,  
I am unbleft in one, but bleft in nine.  
Fair *Thefpian* Ladyes, light your torches all,  
Attend your glory to its Funeral,  
To court her afhes with a learned tear,  
A briny facrifice, let not a fmile appear.  
Grave Matron, whofo feeks to blazon thee,  
Needs not make ufe of witts falfe Heraldry;  
Whofo fhould give thee all thy worth would fwell  
So high, as 'twould turn the world infidel.  
Had he great *Maro's* Mufe, or *Tully's* tongue,  
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian* Song,  
In crowning of her merits he would be  
fumptuoufly poor, low in Hyperbole.  
To write is eafie; but to write on thee,  
Truth would be thought to forfeit modefty.  
He'l feem a Poet that fhall fpeak but true;  
Hyperbole's in others, are thy due.

Like a most fervile flatterer he will show  
 Though he write truth, and make the subject, You.  
 Virtue ne're dies, time will a Poet raise  
 Born under better Starrs, shall sing thy praise.  
 Praise her who list, yet he shall be a debtor  
 For Art ne're feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.  
 Her virtues were so great, that they do raise  
 A work to trouble fame, astonish praise.  
 When as her Name doth but salute the ear, [255]  
 Men think that they perfections abstract hear.  
 Her breast was a brave Pallace, a *Broad-street*,  
 Where all heroick ample thoughts did meet,  
 Where nature such a Tenement had tane,  
 That others souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.  
 Beneath her feet, pale envy bites her chain,  
 And poison Malice, whetts her sting in vain.  
 Let every Laurel, every Myrtel bough  
 Be stript for leaves t' adorn and load her brow.  
 Victorious wreathes, which 'cause they never fade  
 Wife elder times for Kings and Poets made.  
 Let not her happy memory e're lack  
 Its worth in Fames eternal Almanack,  
 Which none shall read, but straight their losse deplore,  
 And blame their Fates they were not born before.  
 Do not old men rejoyce their Fates did last,  
 And infants too, that theirs did make such hast,  
 In such a welcome time to bring them forth,  
 That they might be a witness to her worth.

Who undertakes this subject to commend  
Shall nothing find so hard as how to end.

*Finis & non.*      John Norton.\*

*Omnia Romanæ fileant Miracula Gentis.*

\* This clergyman was a nephew of the Rev. John Norton, of the First Church in Boston. He graduated at Harvard College in 1671, and was ordained pastor of the First Church in Hingham, Nov. 27, 1678, as successor of the Rev. Peter Hobart. He died Oct. 3, 1716, in the 66th year of his age, after a ministry of nearly thirty-eight years. — "LINCOLN'S History of Hingham," pp. 24-25.

It has been suggested that he edited the second edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's "Poems." — N. E. HIST. GEN. REGISTER, vol. ix. p. 113, note ††.









I N D E X.







## INDEX.

### A.

- Abbot, Archbishop, his treatment of the Nonconformists, xxii-iii.
- Abel, 374.
- Abiram, 112 *n.*
- Abram, 187.
- Abrocomas, 239 and *n.*
- Abydos, 226.
- Achæmenes, 208, 216.
- Achilles, 253, 261, 288, 347.
- Actium, Battle of, 319.
- Adam, 177 and *n.*, 373, 375, 383.
- Address to the Reader, 83. Poetical, of I. W. to the author, 86. Of H. S., 92.
- Adela, 333 *n.*
- Ægeria, The Nymph, 325.
- Agawam (Ipswich) settled, xxxv. Simple Cobbler of, 85 *n.*
- Age, Middle, xli, 156-61. Old, xli, 161-7.
- Ages, The Four, of Man, xli, lxxv, 147-67.
- Agesilaus, 244-5.
- Ahab, 314.
- Ahaz, 194-5.
- Aire, or Air, xli, 119-22.
- Albert, Archduke of Austria, 162 and *n.*
- Albion, 117 *n.*, 361.
- Alcies Son, 333. Explanation of the term, 333 *n.*
- Alexander the Great, 211, 250, 251-91, 302, 310, 316, 349, 351. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of his murder of Callisthenes, taken from Raleigh's "History of the World," xlv-v. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of his visit to the tomb of Cyrus, taken from Raleigh, xlvi. His quarrel with and murder of Cleitus, Mrs. Bradstreet's account of, taken from Raleigh, and from North's "Plutarch's Lives," xlvi-vii, xlix-1. Mrs. Bradstreet's description of the state of things after his death, taken from Raleigh, xlix.
- Alexander (Ægeus), 297, 309, 310.
- Alexander of Epire, 316.
- Alexander, Ptolemy, 319.
- Alexandria, 295. Building of, 262. Built on the Jaxartes, 275. Library at, 318.
- Algiers (Algere), Charles the Fifth before, 121.
- Allibone, Mr., as to the publication of the first edition of the "Poems," xli *n.*
- Amaziah, 192.
- "Ambrose," the, xxvii.
- Amestris, 231.
- Amiens, Gov. T. Dudley at the siege of, xii.
- Amorges, 236.
- Amraphel, Ninias supposed to be, 187.
- Amulius (Æmulus), 323.
- Amyntas, 251.
- Anagrams on the author's name, 92.
- Ancus Marcius, 326.
- Andover, lxiii, lxvii *n.*, 88 *n.*, 89. Land reserved for planting the town of, xxxvi. Gathering of Church at, *ib.* Land for, bought of Cutshamache, xxxvii. Situation of first settlements, *ib.* Burning of the Bradstreet house at, lxi-ii. Mrs. Bradstreet's burial-place not to be found in, lxxv.
- Andrews, Bishop, xx.

Andros, Sir Edmund, Governor of New England, lxx. Deposed, *ib.*  
 Annius of Viterbo, 188 *n.*  
 Antigonus, 291, 294, 296, 299, 300, 301, 306-13, 315-17.  
 Antiochus, 313, 316. Soter, 317. Theos, 317. The Great, 318. Eupator, 318.  
 Antipater, 253, 266, 286, 291-4, 298-300.  
 Antiphilus, 292.  
 Antony, Mark, 319.  
 Apis, 213.  
 Apology, An, for not finishing the Roman Monarchy, 328. To her father for her verses, 180.  
 Appleton's "Cyclopædia of Biography" as to the publication of the first edition of the "Poems," xli *n.*  
 Appleton, Dr. John, x.  
 Arabia, 205.  
 Arbaces, 189-93, 208.  
 Arbela, Battle of, 264-5.  
 "Arbella," the, xxvi. Contained the principal people, xxvii.  
 Aridæus, 289-91, 297, 302-3, 306, 311 *n.*  
 Aristotle, xliii. 116, 287.  
 Armada, The Spanish, 332, 333, 359. Destruction of, 162 *n.*  
 Arpad, 197.  
 Arsames, 248 and *n.*, 249 *n.*  
 Arses, 248 and *n.*, 249 *n.*  
 Artabanus, 226, 232.  
 Artabazus, 268, 271, 289.  
 Artaxerxes Longimanus, 233-35. Mnemon, 237-46.  
 Artemisia, 224.  
 Asphaltites Lake, 116.  
 Aspinwall, William, xxxi.  
 Assur's, Monarchs, 317.  
 Assyrian Monarchy, xli, 181-207.  
 Astrophel, Spenser's, 348 and *n.*, 349.  
 Astyages, 208.  
 Athens, 221, 229, 252.  
 Athos, Mount, sea passage behind, 225.  
 Atossa, 222.  
 Augustus, 288, 319. August takes its name from, 175. Anecdote of, 347 *n.*  
 Auletes, Ptolemy (killed Pompey), 319.  
 Aurelian, the Emperor, 361.  
 Author to her Book, 389-90.  
 Autumn, xli, 176-9.

## B.

Baal, 182.  
 Baalpeor, 182.  
 Babel, 181, 186, 200-2, 360.  
 Babylon, 185-6, 205, 206, 265-7. Taken, 192. Taken by Cyrus, 210-11.  
 Baca, Valley of, 21 and *n.*, 23.  
 Bacon, Francis, Baron of Verulam, xix.  
 Bagoas, 247-9, 249 *n.*  
 Bajazet I. becomes Sultan of the Turks, 173 *n.* Anecdote of, 173 and *n.*  
 Baladan, Merodach, 207.  
 Bancroft, Archbishop, his treatment of the Nonconformists, xxii.  
 Bartas. See *Du Bartas*.  
 Bastwick, 336 *n.*  
 Bay Psalm Book, 21 *n.*, 35 *n.*  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, xvi.  
 Bedlam, 156.  
 Beelzebub, 182, 334.  
 Before the Birth of one of her Children, Verses, 393-4.  
 Bel, Temple of, 185.  
 Belochus, 193-4.  
 Belosus, 193-4.  
 Belshazzar, 205-7, 210.  
 Belus, 182.  
 Ben Merodach, 198.  
 Berosus, 188 and *n.*, 317.  
 Bessus, 250, 268, 269, 272, 273, 274.  
 Betis, 261-2.  
 Beverwyck, Jean Van (Beverovicus), lxvi.  
 Bias, 160. His saying, 160 *n.*  
 Bible, publication of the common version of, xvii. Mrs. Bradstreet's familiarity with the, l. Translation of, into Greek, 319 and *n.* See *Genevan version* and *Septuagint*.  
 Blaxton, William, first white settler of Boston, xxxii.  
 Blood, xli, 129-36.  
 Bohemia, 163 *n.* Reformed Religion in, *ib.*  
 Book, The Author to her, 389-90.  
 Books written by Women, lxii, 83-92.  
 Boston, First Church at, xv, xxxi, 5, 413 *n.* First signers of the Covenant, xxxi. Removal of Winthrop's company to, xxxii. Winthrop's company leave, *ib.* Rising in, in April, 1689, lxx. First book printed in, lxvi-vii.

In Lincolnshire, Dudley's residence at, xiii.

Bowtell, Stephen, publisher of the first edition of the "Poems," 79.

Bradstreet, Anna, a modern poet, lxix *n.*

Bradstreet, Anne, v-x, 2, 3, 21, 24, 30 *n.*, 39, 44 *n.*, 46, 73, 74, 78, 79, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88 and *n.*, 90, 91, 92, 93, 96, 99, 165, 180, 346 *n.*, 391, 394, 395, 398, 399, 401 *n.*, 403, 406, 408, 413 *n.*

Earliest poet of her sex in America, xi. Daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley, *ib.* Wife of Gov. Simon Bradstreet, *ib.* Her ancestry, xi-ii. Her father, xi-iv. Her mother, xii-iii, xxxi, lii-iii. Her birth, xiv. Her education, xiv. Her youth and religious experiences, xiv-v, 3-10. Her reminiscence of an English fair, xv, 354. Opportunities for improving her literary tastes, xv-xxi. Comfort she took in reading the Bible, xiv, xvii, 4. Literary age in which she was brought up, xv-xxi. Her marriage, xv, xxi, liii *n.*, 5. Goes to America, xv, 5. Embarks, probably on the "Arbella," xxvii. The passage, xxvii-viii. Lands at Salem, xxix. Goes to Charlestown, xxxi. Signs the covenant of the First Church, xv, xxxi-ii, 5. Life at Charlestown, xxxii. Moves to Boston, *ib.* Moves to Cambridge, xxxiii. House at Cambridge, *ib.* Life at Cambridge, xxxiii-iv. Moves to Ipswich, xxxv. Her residence at Ipswich, xxxvi, 85 *n.*, 394. Moves to Andover, xxxvi. Her house there, xxxvii-viii. Its burning, xxxvii, lxi-ii, 40, 329. Publication of her "Poems" without her knowledge, by her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Woodbridge, xxxix-xl. Her character, xl. Commended in verse by the Rev. N. Ward and others, xl-xli. Anagrams on her name, xli, 98. Arrangement and plan of her "Poems," xli-ii. Their merit, xlii. How far original, xlii-lii. Her knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers, xliii-iv. Her indebtedness to Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," xliii-ix; to Archbishop Usher's "Annals," xliii-iv; to the Hebrew Writings,

xliii; to Pemble's Treatise, *ib.*; to North's Plutarch, xlix-1; to Crooke's Anatomy, l. Her familiarity with the Bible and use of the Genevan version, *ib.* Her obligation to Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, li. Her fondness for Sidney's works and her criticisms on them, lii. Her knowledge of the works of Speed, Camden, and Spenser, *ib.* Time when her earlier "Poems" were written, *ib.* Her mother's death and her epitaph on her, lii-iii. Her father's death, liii-iv. Her father her teacher, lv. Her eight children, lvii. Her verses on them, *ib.* Writes her religious experiences for them, *ib.* Her delicate constitution and frequent sicknesses, *ib.* Her Christian resignation, lvii-viii. Her religious doubts, lviii. Her love for her children, *ib.* Her morbid views of life, *ib.* Her belief in the efficacy of prayer, *ib.* Her son Samuel's visit to England, lviii-ix. Had no child for a long time after marriage, lix. Her husband's mission to England in January, 1661-2, lix-lxi. Her verses to him during his absence, 32-9. Writes the "Meditations," lxi. Dedicates them to her son Simon, *ib.*, 47. Their originality, lxi. Loss of her papers by the burning of her house, lxi-ii, 40, 329. Her daily life, lxii. Her position as a woman writer, *ib.* Her rambles in the woods and along the Merrimac, lxiii. Writes the "Contemplations," *ib.* Their excellence, *ib.* Revision of her "Poems," lxiv. Nature of her alterations, *ib.* A Puritan and yet a Monarchist, *ib.* Her hatred of Papists, *ib.*, 9, 340-1. Longing for death, *ib.* Her last sickness and death, lxiv-v, 409. Her burial-place unknown, lxv. No portrait of her in existence, *ib.* Edward Phillips's notice of her, *ib.* Cotton Mather's eulogy on her, lxv-vi. Rev. John Norton's Funeral Elegy on her, 409-13. Her handwriting, viii. Fac-simile of it, between 46 and 47, first edition of her "Poems." v, vii-viii, x, xl-iii, xlix, lii, 79. Second edition, v, vii-viii, xli *n.*, xlix-1, lii, lxiii, lxiv, lxvi, 81, 413. Third edition, v-vii.

- Her children all survived her except Dorothy, lxvii-viii. Notices of, lxvii *n.* Her verses concerning them, 400-3. Her descendants, lxviii-ix.
- Bradstreet, Anne, daughter of Samuel, verses on the death of, 405.
- Bradstreet, Anne, another daughter of Samuel, her death in infancy, 407 *n.* and 408.
- Bradstreet, Anne, second wife of Gov. Bradstreet, daughter of Emanuel Downing, lxix.
- Bradstreet, Dorothy, daughter of Mrs. Anne, death of, lxvii. Notice of, lxvii *n.* Marries Rev. Seaborn Cotton, 400-1, and 401 *n.*
- Bradstreet, Dudley, son of Mrs. Anne, sketch of, lxvii *n.* Refuses to act as Counsellor under the Provisional Government, lxx.
- Bradstreet, Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel, verses on the death of, 404.
- Bradstreet, Hannah, sketch of, lxvii *n.* Marries Andrew Wiggin, 28 *n.*
- Bradstreet, John, son of Mrs. Anne, notice of, lxvii *n.*
- Bradstreet, Mercy, daughter of Mrs. Anne, sketch of, lxvii *n.*
- Bradstreet, Mercy, wife of Samuel, verses on the death of, 407-8.
- Bradstreet, Mercy, daughter of Samuel, 408 and *n.*
- Bradstreet, Pedigree of the Family, lxix *n.*
- Bradstreet, Samuel, son of Mrs. Anne, notice of, lxvii *n.* His birth, 5. Some time after the marriage of his parents, lix, 5, 24. Graduates at Harvard College, lviii-ix. His age, lix. Goes to England, lviii-ix, lxvii *n.*, 400 and *n.* His mother's verses on his departure, 24. Returns, lix, lxvii *n.* His mother's verses on that event, 28. Death of his eldest child, Elizabeth, 404, 405 *n.*; of his daughter Anne, 405 and *n.*; of his fourth child, Simon, 406; of his wife, 407-8, and 407 *n.*; of Anne, an infant child of, 407 *n.*, 408. His daughter, Mercy Bradstreet, 408 and *n.*
- Bradstreet, Samuel, of Dorchester, x.
- Bradstreet, Sarah, notice of, lxvii *n.* Marries Richard Hubbard, of Ipswich, 401 and *n.*
- Bradstreet, Rev. Simon, father of Gov. Bradstreet, xxi.
- Bradstreet, Gov. Simon, 17, 91. Engraving of, x. Husband of Anne Bradstreet, xi. Marries her, xxi, liii *n.* His father and grandfather, *ib.* His birth, *ib.* Education, xxi-ii. Goes into the Earl of Lincoln's family, xxii. Enters Emmanuel College, and receives his bachelor's and master's degrees, *ib.* Takes Dudley's place as steward of the Earl of Lincoln, *ib.* Becomes steward of the Countess of Warwick, *ib.* Chosen Assistant of the Massachusetts Company, xxvi. His important position afterwards in the Massachusetts Colony, *ib.* Embarks for America, xxvii. Probably on the "Arbella," *ib.* The passage, xxviii. Arrives in Salem, xxviii-ix. Goes to Charlestown, xxx-xxxi. Signs the covenant of the First Church, xxxi. Moves to Boston, xxxii. To Newtown (Cambridge), xxxiii. His house and lot there, *ib.* Moves to Ipswich, xxxv. One of those allowed to begin a plantation at "Merrimack," xxxvi. Establishes himself at Andover, xxxvi-vii. Description of his house there, xxxvii-viii. His mission to England with the Rev. John Norton, lix-lxi, 32-9. His wife's verses to him during that time, 32-9. Burning of his house at Andover, xxxvii, lxi-ii, 40, 329. His loss thereby, lxi-ii. His children, lxvii *n.*, 400-3. His descendants, lxviii-ix. His second wife, lxix. Becomes Deputy-Governor, lxx. Governor, *ib.* Refuses to act as Counsellor under Joseph Dudley, *ib.* Head of the "Council of Safety," *ib.* Acts as Governor until the receipt of the New Charter, lxx-i. A Counsellor under that, lxxi. His death, *ib.* His tomb, lxxi *n.* Its desecration, *ib.* His epitaph, *ib.* Supports his son Samuel's children, lxvii *n.*, 408 *n.* Verses on his restoration from an ague, 27. Verses on his going to England, 32. Verses in solitary hours during his absence, 34. Verses in acknowledgment of letters received from him, 37. Verses

- in thankful acknowledgment of his safe arrival home, 38. Poetical Letters to him, 394-8.
- Bradstreet, Rev. Simon, of New London, Conn., son of Anne Bradstreet, lxviii, 2, 73 *n.*, 74 and *n.*, 405 *n.*, 407 *n.* Sketch of, lxvii *n.* His account of his birth and education, xxxvi-vii. Enters Harvard College, 401 and *n.* "Meditations" written at his request, and dedicated to him, lxi, 47. His account of the burning of the house at Andover, and his own and his father's loss thereby, lxi-ii. His manuscript copy of his mother's "Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces," viii, 2. His handwriting, viii. His account of his mother's last sickness and death, lxiv-v.
- Bradstreet, Rev. Simon, of Charlestown, Mass., lxviii-ix.
- Bradstreet, Rev. Simon, of Marblehead, Mass., sketch of, 74 *n.* His Latin translation of the Dedication and first four "Meditations," 74, viii-ix.
- Bradstreet, Simon, son of Samuel, verses on the death of, 406.
- Bradstreet, Tomb at Salem, desecration of, lxxi *n.*
- Britain, how cut from France, 117.
- Brutus, Junius, 328.
- Bucephala, 278.
- Buchanan, George, xix.
- Buckingham, Duke of, xxiii. His unsuccessful attempt to take the Isle de Rhé, 163 and *n.* Assassination of, 164 and *n.*, 165 *n.*
- Buckminster, Rev. Joseph, a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.
- Buckminster, Rev. J. S., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, *ib.*
- Budington, Rev. W. I., D.D., his articles on Mrs. Bradstreet, and reprint of some of her writings, ix-x.
- Burning of her house, Verses on the, 40.
- Burton, 336 *n.*
- Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, xvii.
- B. W., explanation of the initials, 89 *n.*
- C.
- Cadiz (Cades), 163 *n.*, 165 *n.* Taken by the Earl of Essex, 360.
- Cæsar, Julius, 319. Gives his name to July, 174.
- Cain, 374.
- Calais won, 162. Surprise of, in 1596, 162 *n.* Spanish Armada put to flight before, *ib.*
- Caligula, Anecdote of, 108.
- Callisthenes, xlvi. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of the murder of, taken from Raleigh, xliv-v. Murder of, 284-5.
- Calvin, xxiv.
- Cambridge, The Agreement at, xxv.
- Cambridge (Newtown), founding of, xxxii-iii. Laid out in squares, xxxiii. Arrival of Rev. Thomas Hooker's congregation in, xxxiv. Wood's description of, *ib.* Its limits enlarged, xxxv.
- Cambyses, 113, 212-17, 219. Father of Cyrus, 208. And Darius Hystaspes, Interregnum between, 216-17.
- Camden, William, his "Britannia" and "Annales," xix. His "Annales," 358 and *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, lii.
- Canaan, 196, 205.
- Canute, 331.
- Carter, Robert, his description of the appearance of Mt. Desert from the sea, xxviii.
- Cassander, 299-316. Son of Antipater, 287.
- Cassandra, 306.
- Cavalier, a British, 155. Mrs. Bradstreet's opinion of, lxiv.
- C. B., Commendatory verses by, 90. Others, 92.
- Cecil, Sir Edward, his expedition to Cadiz, 163 *n.*
- Cena, 298 *n.*
- Ceraunus, Ptolemy, 316.
- Cervantes, xvi.
- Chaldeans, 201.
- Channing, Rev. Wm. E., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.
- Chapman's Homer, xvii.
- Charlemagne, 355.
- Charles I. of England, xxiii, 30 *n.*, 338, 341. Thrust from his throne, 164 and *n.* Beheaded, 164 and *n.* And Parliament, xxv.
- Charles II. of England, lxix, 30 *n.* Restoration of, 165 *n.* Relations between him and Massachusetts Colony, lix-lx.
- Charles V. before Algiers, 121. His taking Milan, *ib.*

- Charlestown, Mass., settlement of, xxx. Arrival of Winthrop's company at, xxx-i. Condition of the people in, in 1630, xxxii. Removal of Winthrop's company from, to Boston, *ib.*
- Charter of the Massachusetts Company, dissolution of the, lxx.
- Charter Government, temporary re-establishment of, in Massachusetts, lxx. The new, lxx-i.
- Charter-Street burying-ground in Salem, Bradstreet's tomb in, lxxi.
- Chaucer, 85.
- Childhood, xli, 149-52.
- Children, Poem before the birth of one of her, 393-4.
- Children, Poem in reference to her, 400-3. Misprint in, lxxvii *n.* and 401 *n.*
- Chinoes, 196.
- Choler, xli, 124-9.
- Christmas, 179.
- Church, The Established, of England, division of, xxiii-iv. Regard of the Massachusetts Colonists for, xxvii-viii.
- Church, First, at Boston, xv, xxxi, 5, 413 *n.*
- Cicero, 411. Quoted, 160 *n.*
- Civil War in England, 165 and *n.* Course of the Massachusetts Colony during the, lix.
- Clarence, Duke of, 335.
- Clarendon, the Earl of, quoted, xxiii.
- Clark, master of ship "Society," 38 *n.*
- Cleitus, or Clitus, quarrel of Alexander with, and death of, 283-4. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of his murder by Alexander the Great, taken from Raleigh's "History of the World," and from North's "Plutarch's Lives," xlvi-vii, xlix-l.
- Cleopatra, 115, 292, 293, 310, 311. Daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, 319-20, 360.
- Clipsham, in the county of Rutland, Dudley's residence at, xiv.
- Cochichewick, The, xxxviii. First settlements at Andover made near, xxxvii. Land about, reserved for a plantation, afterwards Andover, xxxvi. Andover, xxxvii.
- Colborne, William, xxxi.
- Commendatory Verses by N. Ward, 85. I. W., 86-88. B. W., 89. C. B., 90. R. Q., 90 *n.* N. H., 91. C. B., 92. H. S., 92. Rev. J. Rogers, 93-96.
- Compton, William Lord, afterwards Earl of Northampton, takes Dudley into his family, xii. Recommends Dudley to the Earl of Lincoln as steward, xiii.
- Consolations, Meditations on Spiritual, 16.
- Constitution, The Four Humours in Man's, xli, lxxv, 123-46.
- Contemplations, a Poem, 370-81. Its merits considered, lxxiii.
- Corinnæs, The Three, lxxvi.
- Cotton, Rev. John, xiii, xviii, xxi. His son marries Dorothy Bradstreet, lxxvii *n.*
- Cotton, Sir Robert, xix.
- Cotton, Rev. Seaborn, 401 *n.* Husband of Dorothy Bradstreet, lxxvii *n.* Notice of, *ib.*
- Council of Safety, lxxvii *n.*, lxx.
- Cradock, Gov. Matthew, proposes the removal of the Massachusetts Company to America, xxiv.
- Craterus, 292-4, 297.
- Cræsus (Cressus), 205, 209-10.
- Cromwell, lxxix. Mrs. Bradstreet's views concerning, lxxiv, 164 and *n.*
- Crooke, Helkiah, M D., Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, l, 144. Watt's notice of his works, l *n.*
- Curiatii, 325.
- Curtius, M., 113 *n.*
- Curtius, Quintus, xlvi, 257, 265.
- Curwen, Sam., his note concerning the sale of Gov. Bradstreet's tomb, lxxi *n.*
- Cutshamache, Indian Sagamore, sells land on which Andover was settled, xxxvii.
- Cyclops, xlix, 289.
- Cyna, 298 *n.*
- Cyrus, 208-12, 222, 248, 249, 280. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of Alexander the Great's visit to his tomb, taken from Raleigh, xlvi.
- Cyrus, the younger, 237-41.

## D.

- Dagon, 184.
- Damascus, 194-5.
- Dana, Mr. Richard H., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet's, lxxix.
- Dana, Hon. R. H., Jr., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet's, *ib.*
- Daniel, 200, 204, 206, 207, 211, 261, 289, 317.
- Darius, uncle of Cyrus, 208.



- Darius Hystaspes, Interregnum between Cambyses and, 216-17. Made king, 217. Hystaspes, 218-22. Xerxes' son, 232. Nothus, 235-7.
- Darius Ochus, 247 and *n.* Codomanus, 249 and *n.*, 254-61, 263-71.
- Dathan, 112 and *n.*
- David's Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan, xlii, 363-4.
- Davis, Mr., of New Haven, 29 *n.*, 32 *n.*
- Dealings, Divine, 25.
- Death as a sheriff's officer, 156 *nn.*
- Dedication to Meditations, lxi, 47. Fac-simile of, between 46 and 47. Latin Translation of, 74.
- Dedication of the "Poems," lii, lv, 97. Date of, xli, lii.
- Deliverance from a Fever, 12. Same subject, 13. From a Fit of Fainting, 15.
- Delphi, 228.
- Demades, xlix.
- Demetrius, 308, 312-17.
- Demosthenes, 293.
- Denison, Major-General Daniel, 96 *n.* Chosen Captain for Ipswich, xxxvi. One of the first settlers at Andover, *ib.* Marries Patience Dudley, liii *n.* Marries Rev. Simon Bradstreet to his cousin, Lucy Woodbridge, lxxvii *n.*
- Denison, Elizabeth, 96 *n.*
- Dercyllidas, 244.
- Deucalion, Deluge of, 118.
- Dialogue between Old England and New, 330-43, xli-ii, lii.
- Dido, Queen, 360.
- Distemper of the body, Poem upon some, 392-3.
- Divine Dealings, 25.
- Dodd, Rev. John, xliii.
- Don Anthony, 359.
- Donne, Dr. John, xx.
- Don Quixote, xvi.
- Downing, Anne, second wife of Gov. Bradstreet, lxix. Her step-son's opinion of her, *ib.*
- Downing, Emanuel, his daughter marries Gov. Bradstreet, *ib.*
- Downing, Sir George, Bart., *ib.*
- Drake, Mr. S. G., x.
- Drake, Sir Francis, 360.
- Du Bartas, 85, 92, 98, 100, 348, 349. Notice of, li *n.* Works translated by Sylvester, xvii, li. Mrs. Bradstreet's obligations to, 98, li. Her fondness for his works, li-lii. Milton's obligations to, *ib.* Poem in honor of, xlii, lii, 353-6.
- Dudleian Lectures at Harvard College, founding of, liii *n.*
- Dudley, Dean, his articles on Mrs. Bradstreet, x.
- Dudley, Deborah, liii *n.*
- Dudley, Dorothy, wife of Governor Dudley, xii-xiii. Signs church covenant, xxxi. Her death and virtues, as described by Mrs. Bradstreet, lii-iii. Epitaph on, 369.
- Dudley, Dorothy, daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley, liii *n.*
- Dudley, John, Duke of Northumberland, supposed ancestor of Gov. Dudley, xi-xii.
- Dudley, Joseph, notice of, liii *n.* Made President of the Provisional Government of Massachusetts, lxx.
- Dudley, the Lady Mary, mother of Sir P. Sidney, xii.
- Dudley, Mercy, notice of, liii *n.* Wife of Rev. John Woodbridge, 88 *n.*
- Dudley, Patience, 96 *n.* Notice of, liii *n.*
- Dudley, Paul, son of Gov. T. Dudley, notice of, liii *n.*
- Dudley, Paul, son of Joseph Dudley, notice of, *ib.*
- Dudley, Capt. Roger, father of Gov. Dudley, xii.
- Dudley, Samuel, first child of Gov. Dudley, xiv. One of the first settlers at Andover, xxxvi. Notice of, liii *n.*
- Dudley, Sarah, notice of, *ib.*
- Dudley, Governor Thomas, father of Anne Bradstreet, xi. One of the founders of New England, xi, 366. His ancestry, xi-ii. His birth, xii. Only son of Capt. Roger Dudley, *ib.* Left an orphan, *ib.* Nothing known of his mother, *ib.* Becomes a page of Lord Compton, *ib.* A clerk of Judge Nichols, *ib.* Goes to France at the head of a company of volunteers, *ib.* At the siege of Amiens, *ib.* Returns to England, *ib.* Marries, xii-iii. Becomes a Nonconformist, xliii. Becomes the Earl of Lincoln's steward, *ib.* Moves to Boston, in Lincolnshire, *ib.* Returns to the Earl of Lincoln's family, *ib.* Lives at Clipsham, xiv. His first child, Samuel, born, *ib.* His daughter

- Anne born, *ib.* Has Simon Bradstreet under his care, xxii. Is succeeded as steward of the Earl of Lincoln by Bradstreet, xxii. Interested in the plan to plant a colony in New England, xxvi. Signs the agreement at Cambridge, xxv. His first apparent connection with the Massachusetts Company, xxvi. Chosen an Assistant, *ib.* Important position afterwards held by him in the Colony, *ib.* Elected "Undertaker," *ib.* Chosen Deputy-Governor, *ib.* Visits John Winthrop at Groton, xxvi-vii. Goes to the Isle of Wight, xxvii. Embarks with his family for America, *ib.* Probably on the "Arbella," *ib.* Signs the farewell to their "Brethren in and of the Church of England," *ib.* His passage, xxviii. Arrival at Salem, xxviii-ix. State in which he found things there, xxix-xxx. His account of it in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, xxx. Goes to Charlestown, *ib.* Enters into a church covenant, xxxi. Moves to Boston, xxxii. His picture of their condition, xxxiii. Moves to Newtown (Cambridge), *ib.* His house and lot there, *ib.* His displeasure at Winthrop's removal from, xxxiv. His temporary alienation from him, *ib.* Moves to Ipswich, xxxv. Mrs. Bradstreet's "Poems" dedicated to him, xli, lii, 97. His letter to the Countess of Lincoln, xxvi, xxvii, xxx, xxxii, xxxiii and *n.* His poetry, lv-vi, lxv-vi. His poem "On the Four Parts of the World," 97. Death of his first wife, lii, 369. Marries again, liii. His children, liii *n.* His death, liii-iv, 365. His removal to Roxbury, liv. High offices held by him, *ib.* His character, liv-v. His library, lv. Rogers's Latin epitaph on him, *ib.* His learning, *ib.* Mrs. Bradstreet's instructor, *ib.* His estate, lvi. Heads the agreement to support a free school in Roxbury, lvi-vii. Verses to, 398-9. Poem to the memory of, 365-8. Mr. C. M. Ellis's sketch of his life, lvii *n.*
- Duyckinck, Mr., his notice of Mrs. Bradstreet, x.
- Dwight, Dr. Timothy, his description of North Andover, xxxix.
- E.
- "Eagle," The, afterwards the "Arbella," xxvii.
- Earth, xli, 109-13.
- Eden, 177, 373.
- Edom, 203.
- Edward II. of England, 332, 333.
- Edward III. of England, 334.
- Edward IV. of England, the murder of his children, 335.
- Egypt, 203, 205.
- Elector Palatine, Frederic V., 163 and *n.*, 165 *n.*
- Elements, The Four, xli, lxv, 103-22. "The Interlude of the Four," old moral play, xli *n.*
- Elizabeth, Princess, daughter of James I., 163 and *n.*
- Elizabeth, Queen, xii, xvi, 162 *nn.*, 344. Poem in honor of, xlii, lii, 87 and *n.*, 357-62.
- Ellis, Mr. C. M., his history of Roxbury, and sketch of Gov. T. Dudley's life, lvii *n.*
- Emilius, 317. See *Paulus*.
- Emmanuel College, in Cambridge, xxi, xxii.
- Endicott, Gov. John, sent to America, xxx.
- England, Civil War in, xxiii, lix, lxiv, 165 and *n.*
- England, Dialogue between Old and New, xli-ii, lii, 330-43. Perhaps partly derived from Speed's History, lii.
- England under Queen Elizabeth, 359-61.
- English Fair, Mrs. Bradstreet's description of, xv.
- English Literature at the close of the Elizabethan Age, xv-xx.
- Epaminondas, 245.
- Epiphanes, Ptolemy, 318. Successor to Evergetes, 319.
- Erthogrul, 173.
- Esar-haddon, 197.
- Essex, Earl of, 341 and *n.* Takes Cadiz, 360.
- Esther, 233, 236, 266.
- Eudocia, The Empress, lxvi.
- Euergetes, Ptolemy, son of Philadelphus, 319.
- Euergetes (II.), successor of Philometor, 319.

Eumenes, 295-7, 299, 301, 306, 308.  
 Eupator, Antiochus, 318.  
 Euphrates, The, 240.  
 Euridice, 297, 302, 303.  
 Evelyn, his notice of the death of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Orange, 30 *n.*  
 Evil-merodach, 204-5.  
 Exeter, N.H., liii *n.*, lxxvii *n.*  
 Explanation as to Four Monarchies, 322.  
 Ezekiel, 200.  
 Ezra, 234.

## F.

Fabius, Q. Maximus, 137.  
 Fainting, After a Fit of, July 8, 1656, 17.  
 Fainting and Weakness, Sept. 30, 1657, 23.  
 Fainting, Deliverance from a Fit of, 15.  
 Father, To her, with some verses, 398-9.  
 Fever, Deliverance from a, 12. Same subject, 13.  
 Finland, 178.  
 Fire, xli, 104-8.  
 First Church at Boston, xv, xxxi, 5, 413 *n.*  
 First Edition of "Poems." See *Poems.*  
 First Monarchy, 181-207.  
 Flegme, xli, 141-6.  
 Flesh and the Spirit, poem, 381-5.  
 Fletcher, John, xvi.  
 Florio, John, English translator of Montaigne's Essays, xvii.  
 Foster, John, first printer in Boston, lxvi-vii. Printer of second edition of Poems, v, lxvi, 81.  
 Four Ages of Man, xli, lxxv, 147-67.  
 Four Elements, xli, lxxv, 103-22.  
 Four Humours in Man's Constitution, xli, lxxv, 123-46.  
 Four Monarchies, xli, xliii-1, lxxv, 181-328.  
 Fourth Monarchy, 323-8.  
 Four Seasons of the Year, xli, lxxv, 168-79.  
 France, 332, 333.  
 France and Holland saved, 162.  
 France, how Britain cut from, 117.  
 Frederic V., Elector Palatine, 163 and *n.*, 165 *n.*  
 Funeral Elegy, Rev. John Norton's, upon Mrs. Bradstreet, 409-13.

## G.

Gager, William, xxxi.  
 Galen, 143. Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, 1.  
 Galenists, 110.  
 Galilee, 195.  
 Gardner, Capt. Joseph, his widow marries Gov. Bradstreet, lxix.  
 Garrett, James, account of the loss of his ship, 29 *n.*  
 Genevan version of the Bible, 21 *n.*, 203 *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's familiarity with, 1.  
 Germany, 336.  
 Gibraltar, 118.  
 Gideon, the sword of God and, 340.  
 Gilboa, Mount, 363-4.  
 Gloucester, Henry, Duke of, his death, 30 and *n.*  
 Gobryas, 220-1, 224.  
 God, Verses in Praise of, 17. On Joy in, 18.  
 Goffe, Thomas, xxvi.  
 Gog, 342.  
 Gookin, Daniel, his account of the loss of James Garrett's ship, 29 *n.*  
 Graves, Mr., xxxi.  
 Great Plague, The, 334 and *n.*  
 Grecian Monarchy, xli, 251-321.  
 Greek and Latin authors, as to Mrs. Bradstreet's acquaintance with, xliii-iv.  
 Greenland, 178.  
 Grey, Lady Jane, 335.  
 Griswold, Mr., as to the publication of first edition of Poems, xli *n.*  
 Groenland, 178 and *n.*  
 Gunpowder Plot, 163 and *n.*, 165 and *n.*

## H.

Hackburne, Catherine, widow of Samuel, marries Gov. T. Dudley, liii.  
 Hall, Bishop, the "English Seneca," xx.  
 Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C., their sketch of Miss Hannah More quoted, as to the popularity of women writers half a century ago, lxii *n.*  
 Hallam's opinion of Knolles' History of the Turks, xix.  
 Haman, 234.  
 Hamlet, quotation from, 156 *n.*

- Hampton-Court Conference, xxiv.  
 Hampton, N.H., lxvii *n.*, 401 *n.*  
 Hand-writing, fac-simile of Mrs. Bradstreet's, between 46 and 47.  
 Harding, Robert, xxxi.  
 Harvard College, 29 *n.* First graduate of, 89 *n.*  
 Harvey, Dr. William, xxi.  
 Hathorne, Daniel, buys the Bradstreet tomb at Salem, lxxi *n.*  
 Haverhill, gathering of church at, xxxvi.  
 Hazor, 203.  
 Heaven, verses expressing her longing for, 42.  
 Hebrew Writings, Mrs. Bradstreet's indebtedness to, for her facts in "The Four Monarchies," xliii.  
 Hector, 261, 348.  
 Helena, 142.  
 Hellespont, bridge over, 225-6.  
 Hena, 197. Henah, 197 *n.*  
 Hengist, 331.  
 Henry V. of England, 334.  
 Henry VI. of England, anecdote of, 128.  
 Henry VII. of England, 332, 333.  
 Henry IV. of France, xii, li *n.*, 355, 359.  
 Henry, Duke of Gloucester, his death, 30 and *n.*  
 Henry, Prince of Wales, death of, 163 and *n.*  
 Henryes daughter, 333 and *n.*  
 Hephaestion, xlvi, 259-60, 276, 283, 285, 286, 290.  
 Hesiod, xliii, 199.  
 Hester, 233 *n.*, 236 *n.*, 266 *n.*  
 Hevah, 197.  
 Hezekiah, 198.  
 Higginson, Rev. Francis, his arrival in America, xxix. His company, xxx.  
 Hildersham, Rev. Arthur, xliii.  
 Hippocrates, 143. Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, l.  
 Hobart, Rev. Peter, 413 *n.*  
 Holland, 332, 334. Saved, 162.  
 Holmes, Dr. O. W., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.  
 Holyoke, Rev. Edward, 74 *n.*  
 Homer, xliii, 85, 199, 288, 347. Translated by Chapman, xvii.  
 Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," xx.  
 Hooker, Rev. Thomas, his congregation leaves Mount Wollaston for Newtown (Cambridge), xxxiv. He arrives in Boston, and goes to Newtown, *ib.*  
 Horatii, 325.  
 Horseleach, two daughters of the, 61 and *n.*  
 Hoshea, 195.  
 Hostilius, Tullus, 325-6.  
 Hottinger, lxvi.  
 House, verses on the burning of her, 40.  
 H. S., Poetical address to the author, 92.  
 Hubbard, Richard, of Ipswich, 401 *n.* Marries Sarah Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*  
 Hubbard, Rev. William, 401 *n.* His brother marries Sarah Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*  
 Hull, John, goes to England with the Commissioners, Bradstreet and Norton, lx, 32 *n.* His account of the passage and the mission of the Commissioners, 32 *n.* His account of the loss of James Garrett's ship, 29 *n.* His notice of safe return of the Commissioners, 38 *n.*  
 Hume, his account of the death of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Orange, 30 *n.* His estimate of those killed in the Insurrection in Ireland, 164 *n.*  
 Humours, The Four, xli, lxv, 123-46.  
 Humphrey, John, xxvi.  
 Husband, verses on his restoration from an Ague, 27. Verses in solitary hours during his absence, 34. Verses in acknowledgment of letters received from, 37. Verses on his safe arrival home, 38. Verses to my dear and loving, 394. Letter to her, absent on Publick Employment, 394-5. Another, 395-7. Another, 397-8.  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Lucy, her account of the treatment of the Puritans by the Stage, &c., xvii.  
 Hydaspes, The, 278, 279.  
 Hypatia (Hippatia), lxvi.
- I.
- Ince, Mr., 29 *n.*  
 Indians, xxxii, xxxiv, xxxv, lxiii, lxvii *n.*  
 In reference to her children, Poem, 400-3.  
 Insurrection in Ireland, 164 and *n.*, 165 *n.*, 336.

Interregnum between Cambyses and Darius Hystaspes, 216-17.  
 Ipswich settled, xxxv. Church gathered there, *ib.* Precautions in, against Indians, xxxv-vi. Mrs. Bradstreet's residence at, xxxv-vi, 394.  
 Ireland, insurrection in, 164 and *n.*, 165 *n.*, 336. Quelling of the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion in, 360.  
 Isle de Rhé, Buckingham's attempt to take, 163 and *n.*  
 Israel, 197. Dispersing of the Ten Tribes of, 196.  
 Ister (Danube), bridge over the, 220.  
 Italy, how Sicily cut from, 117.  
 Ivah (Juah), 197.  
 Ivry, battle of, li *n.*  
 I. W., explanations of the initials, 88 *n.* His poetical address to the author, 86-8.

## J.

Jacoban Age of English Literature, xv-xx.  
 Jaddus, 261.  
 Jamaica, Samuel Bradstreet goes to, lxxvii *n.*  
 James I. of England, xvi, xix, xxiii, 1, 163 and *nn.* Religious character of his reign, xix-xx. Poets of the reign of, xviii.  
 Jane, Lady Jane Grey, 335.  
 Janus, Temple of, 325.  
 Jaxartes, The, 275.  
 Jehoiakim, 200-2, 204.  
 Jehu, 314.  
 Jerusalem, rebuilding of, 234.  
 "Jewell," The, xxvii.  
 Jews, Captivity of the, 211. Darius's Edict for the rebuilding of their temple, 219-20.  
 Jezreel, 314.  
 Jim, Zim and, 203 and *n.*  
 John, King of England, 333.  
 Johnson, Dr., his opinion of Knolles' History of the Turks, xix.  
 Johnson, Edward, quoted, xxxi.  
 Johnson, Isaac, xxvii. Constitutes Dudley one of the executors of his will, xiv. The Lady Arbella, his wife, xxvii, xxxi. Enters into Church covenant, xxxi.  
 Jonah, 192.  
 Jonathan, David's Lamentation for Saul and, 363-4.

Jonson, Ben, xvi.  
 Joshua commands the sun to stand still, 170 *n.*  
 Josselyn's mention of Francis Quarles, xviii.  
 Joy in God, verses on, 18.  
 Juah, 197.  
 July, named from Julius Cæsar, 174.

## K.

Keayne, Major Benjamin, marries Sarah Dudley, liii *n.*  
 Kedar, 203.  
 Knolles, Richard, his "History of the Turks," xix. Quoted, 173 *n.*  
 Korah and Dathan, destruction of, 112 *n.*

## L.

Lamb, Charles, vii.  
 Lancastrians, 333.  
 Lapland, 178.  
 Lathyrus, Ptolemy, 319.  
 Latin, authors, Mrs. Bradstreet's acquaintance with, xliii-iv. Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, *ib.* Translation of Dedication and first four "Meditations," 74.  
 Laud, Archbishop, 336 *n.* His censorship of the press, xx. His treatment of the Puritans, xxiii-iv. Imprisoned, 338 and *n.* Beheaded, 164 and *n.*  
 Lawrence, xxxix, lxiii.  
 Lee, Mrs. Eliza B., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.  
 Leonatus, 292, 293.  
 Leonidas, 226-7.  
 Leverett, Gov. John, his daughter marries Paul Dudley, liii *n.* Simon Bradstreet succeeds him as Governor, lxx.  
 Leverett, Mary, marries Paul Dudley, liii *n.*  
 Lewis. See *Louis*.  
 Lincoln, Countess of, Dudley's letter to, xxvi *n.*, xxvii *n.*, xxx, xxxiii and *n.*  
 Lincoln, Earl of, Henry de Clinton, dies in 1616, xiii. Thomas, succeeds him, xiii. Theophilus, Earl of, xiii, xxi, xxii, xxvii. Takes Dudley as his steward, xiii. His connection with Dudley, *ib.*  
 Lisbon, 359.

Lissus, 226.  
 Literature, English, at the close of the Elizabethan Age, xv-xx.  
 London, Great Fire of, 107, 108 *n.*  
 Longing for Heaven, verses expressing her, 42.  
 Louis VIII. of France, 333 *n.*  
 Lucretia, 328.  
 Lucullus, 318.  
 Lud, Put and, 203.  
 Lysimachus, 307, 310, 314-16.

## M.

Maccabees, 318.  
 Magi, 216.  
 Manasseh, 198.  
 Mandana, 208.  
 Man's Constitution, The Four Humours in, xli, lxxv, 123-46.  
 Man, The Four Ages of, xli, lxxv, 147-67.  
 Marathon, Battle of, 221.  
 Marblehead, Mass., Second Church in, 75.  
 Marcellus, 137.  
 March, Earl of, 333.  
 Marcius, Ancus, 326.  
 Mardonius, 223-4, 229-30.  
 Maro, 410, 411.  
 Martel, 355.  
 Mary, Princess of Orange, her death, 30 and *n.*  
 Mather, Cotton, lv. The verses which he attributes to Gov. T. Dudley, lvi *n.* His eulogy on Mrs. Bradstreet, lxxv-vi. His opinion of President John Rogers, 96 *n.*  
 Matilda, the Empress, 333 *n.*  
 Massachusetts Company, xvi, xxiv, xxvi. Motives of those who transferred it to America, xxv. Embarkation for New England, xxvii.  
 Massachusetts Colonists, their farewell to their brethren in and of the Church of England, xxvii-viii. Their voyage to New England, xxviii; and arrival there, xxix.  
 Massachusetts Colony, its condition in 1630, xxx, xxxii. Its course in the civil war, lix. Treatment of the Quakers, *ib.* Obligated to send agents to England, lix-lx. Success of the mission, lx. Dissolution of the charter, lxx. Establishment of the Provisional Government, *ib.* Governed by An-

dros, *ib.* Re-establishment of Charter Government in, *ib.*  
 Massachusetts Bay, Sir William Phipps made Governor of the Province of the, lxx-i. The new charter of, *ib.*  
 Massinger, Philip, xvi.  
 Maud, 331, 333 and *n.*  
 Mayhew, Mr., son of the Indian teacher at Martha's Vineyard, his loss at sea, 29 *n.*  
 MEDITATIONS DIVINE AND MORAL, 45-76. Dedication of, 47. Manuscript of, viii-x. Fac-simile of dedication of, between 46 and 47. Their composition, character, and originality, lxi. Latin Translation of the dedication and first four of, 74-75. Occasional, 11. On Spiritual Consolations, 16.  
 Melancholy, xli, 136-41.  
 Meleager, 291.  
 Memucan, 233.  
 Menahem, 193.  
 Merodach Balladan, 198.  
 Meroe, 215 and *n.*  
 Meroz, (Mero's) curse, 340 and *n.*  
 Merrimac, The river, xxxviii, lxiii.  
 Methuselah, 373.  
 Michaud's notice of Du Bartas, li *n.*  
 Midas, 254.  
 Middle Age, xli, 156-61.  
 Middleton, Thomas, xvi.  
 Milan (Millain), Charles the Fifth, his taking of, 121.  
 Miltiades, 221.  
 Milton, his "Comus" quoted, lxiii. His nephew Edward Phillips, lxxv.  
 Mnemon, Artaxerxes, 237-46.  
 Moab, 203.  
 Monarchies, The Four, xli, lxxv, 181-328. Sources from which Mrs. Bradstreet derived materials for the Poem of, xliii-1. The Assyrian, xli, 181-207. The Grecian, xli, 251-321. The Persian, xli, 208-50. The Roman, xli, 323-8.  
 Monarchist, Mrs. Bradstreet inclined to be a, lxiv.  
 Montaigne, translated into English by John Floric, xvii  
 Moore, Jacob B., quoted, xi.  
 Mordecai, 234, 266.  
 More, Miss Hannah, her popularity as a writer, lxii *n.*  
 More, Sir Thomas, his daughter, lxvi.  
 Mount Desert, its appearance from the sea, xxviii.  
 Mycale, 231.

## N.

- Nabanassar, 195-6.  
 Nanni, Giovanni, 188 *n.*  
 Napier, John, Baron of Merchiston, xxi.  
 Narragansett Fort, lxix.  
 Nebopolassar, 199-204.  
 Nebuchadnezzar, 199-204.  
 Nebulassar, 198-9.  
 Necho, Pharaoh, 200.  
 Nehemiah, 234, 246 *n.*  
 Netherlands, Archduke Albert made Governor of, 162 *n.*  
 New England, 91. Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of, lxx. T. Dudley one of founders of, xi, 366. Dialogue between Old and, xli-ii, lii, 330-43.  
 New London, Conn., Simon Bradstreet minister of, lxxvii *n.*  
 Newtown. See *Cambridge*.  
 N. H., commendatory verses by, 91.  
 Nicea, 278.  
 Nicolls, Thomas, "Judge Nichols," employs Dudley as clerk, xii.  
 Nimrod, 181-2. Same as Saturn, 182.  
 Nineveh, 183, 198. Rebuilt, 193.  
 Ninias, 187-8. Supposed to be Amraphel, 187.  
 Ninus, 183.  
 Nod, Land of, 375.  
 Noe, Flood of, 118.  
 Nonconformists, their treatment under Archbishops Bancroft and Abbot, xxii-iii.  
 Nonconformist ministers, their number in 1603, xxiv.  
 North Andover, first part of the town settled, xxxvii. Oldest house in, xxxvii-viii. Description of, xxxviii-ix.  
 North, Sir Thomas, his translation of Plutarch's Lives, xvii. Mrs. Bradstreet's indebtedness to, xlix-l.  
 Northumberland, John Dudley, Duke of, supposed ancestor of Gov. Dudley, xi-xii.  
 Norton, Rev. John, of Boston, 413 *n.* His mission to England with Simon Bradstreet, his cold reception on his return, and his death, lx-i. His mission to England, 32 *n.* Safe return from mission, 38 *n.*  
 Norton, Rev. John, of Hingham, sketch of, 413 *n.* His Funeral Elegy upon Mrs. Bradstreet, v, 409-13.

- Nothus, Darius, 235-7.  
 Nov-Anglia, 91.  
 Nowell, Increase, enters into church covenant, xxxi. Remains in Charlestown, xxxii.  
 Numa Pompilius, 325.  
 Nysa, built by Bacchus, 276.

## O.

- Oakes, Rev. Urian, 96 *n.*  
 Occasional Meditations, 11.  
 Ochus, Darius, 247 and *n.*  
 Ochus, 249 *n.*, 263.  
 Ocrazapes, 189.  
 Ohim, 203 *n.*  
 Old Age, xli, 161-7.  
 Old England and New, Dialogue between, xli-ii, lii, 330-43.  
 Old Testament, Greek version of, 319 and *n.*  
 Oliver, James, 408 *n.*  
 Olympias, 251, 286, 300, 302-6, 310, 311.  
 Omphis, 276.  
 Orange, Mary, Princess of, her death, 30 and *n.* Reception of the news in Boston of the landing of the Prince of, in England, lxx.  
 Orthobulus, 173 and *n.*  
 Ostia, building of, 326.  
 Ovid, xliii, 199.  
 Oxus, 273.

## P.

- Pacye, —, marries Sarah Dudley, liii *n.*  
 Palatinate, 163, 165 *n.*  
 Papists, Mrs. Bradstreet's hatred of, lxiv.  
 Paracelsians, 105.  
 Parker, Mr. Thomas, xxxix.  
 Parliament, 337, 343 *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's sympathy with, at the time of the civil war, lxiv.  
 Parliament and Charles I., xxv.  
 Parmenio, xlvi, 254, 258-60, 264, 267. Murder of, 282-3.  
 Pasargadæ, xlvi, 211.  
 Paul's, St., Sir P. Sidney buried in, 351.  
 Paulus, L. Æmilius, 317.  
 Pausanias, 251.  
 Peele, Mr. Robert, lxxi *n.*  
 Pelham, Mr., 29 *n.*

- Pemble, William, 249 *n.* Notice of, xliii *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's acquaintance with his "Period of the Persian Monarchie," xliii.
- Pepin, 355.
- Percy Society, its reprint of the old moral play, "The Interlude of the Four Elements," xli *n.*
- Perdiccas, 290-8, 309-10.
- Perkins, Sarah, marries John Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*
- Perkins, Rev. Wm., his daughter marries John Bradstreet, *ib.*
- Perseus, 317.
- Persian Monarchy, xli, 208-350.
- Peucestas, 306.
- Pharaohs, 203.
- Pharaoh Necho, 200.
- Phila, 294.
- Philadelphus, Ptolemy, 315, 318.
- Philip II., Father of Alexander the Great, 251, 252, 292.
- Philip, son of Antipater, 287.
- Philip, 307, 311, 313-14.
- Philip, son of Demetrius, 317.
- Philip II. of Spain, xii, 162 and *n.*, 359.
- Phillips, Edward, his notice of Mrs. Bradstreet in his "Theatrum Poetarum," lxv.
- Phillips, Mr. Wendell, a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.
- Philometor, Ptolemy, 319.
- Philopator, Ptolemy, *ib.*
- Philotas, 259. Murder of, 281-2.
- Phipps, Sir Wm., made Governor of Massachusetts Bay, lxx-i.
- Phlegm. See *Flegme*.
- Pickman, Ben., sells the Bradstreet tomb at Salem, lxxi *n.*
- Pickman, Col. B., *ib.*
- Pierse, John, 29 *n.*
- Pistyrus, Lake, 226.
- Plague, The Great, in London, 334 and *n.*
- Pliny, xliii, 107 and *n.*, 115.
- Plot, Gunpowder, 165 *n.*
- Plutarch, 246.
- Plutarch's Lives, 297. Translated by Sir Thomas North, xvii. Mrs. Bradstreet's indebtedness to, xlix-l.
- POEMS, 77-413, lxvi. Their merit, xlii, lxiii. Character considered, lxi. Their originality, xlii-l. Their revision, lxiv. Plan of first four longer, xli. First edition of, v, 79. First edition of when published, xl and xli *n.* Fac-simile of titlepage of first edition of, v, 79. Second edition of, v, vii-viii, lxvi, 81. Fac-simile of titlepage of second edition of, v, 81. The alterations in, v, vii-viii, lxiv. Third edition of, v-vii. Posthumous, 391-408. Present edition of, plan pursued, vii.
- Poetical Address of I. W. to the Author, 86. Of H. S., 92.
- Polyphemus, xlix, 289.
- Polysperchon, 299-302, 304, 310.
- Polystratus, 270.
- Pompilius, Numa, 325.
- Popelings, 340-1.
- Porus, 276-8
- Prague, Battle of, 163 *n.*
- Praise of God, verses on, 17.
- Praxaspes, 214.
- Prayers, hearing of, 7.
- Preston, Rev. Dr., xxi, xxii.
- Price, Theodore, his widow marries Dudley Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*
- Priscus, Tarquinius, 326-7.
- Prologue, lxii, 100.
- Provisional Government, establishment of, in Massachusetts, lxx.
- Prynne, William, has the letters "S. L." branded on his cheeks, 336 *n.*
- Ptolemy, Soter, 277, 295, 296, 300, 307-12, 315, 316, 318.
- Ptolemy, Philadelphus, 315, 318-19.
- Ptolemy, Ceraunus, 316.
- Ptolemy, Euergetes, 319.
- Ptolemy, Philopator, *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Epiphanes, *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Philometor, *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Euergetes II., *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Lathyrus, *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Alexander, *ib.*
- Ptolemy, Auletes, *ib.*
- Pul, 193.
- Puritans, and the Stage, xvii. Mrs. Bradstreet's sympathy with, at the time of the civil war, lxiv.
- Put and Lud, 203.
- Pyraustes, 106.
- Pyrrhus, 316.
- Pythias, 224-5.
- Python, 296-8.

## Q.

Quakers, their treatment in Massachusetts, lix. Success of their exertions against Massachusetts at the court of Charles II., lix-lx.



Quarles, Francis, his "Emblems," xviii. A friend of the New-England men, *ib.*  
 Queen Elizabeth, Poem in honor of, 87 and *n.*, 357-62. See *Elizabeth*.  
 Quintius, Titus, 317.  
 Quintus Curtius, 265.

## R.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, writes his "History of the World," xix. His "History of the World," 188 *n.*, 245, 249 *n.* Concerning the spurious works of Berosus, 188 *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's indebtedness to, xliii-ix.  
 Reader, Address to, xl, 83-4.  
 Recovery from Sickness, Verses on, 26.  
 Ree, 163, 165 *n.* See *Rhé*.  
 RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES, 1-44. Manuscript of, viii-x.  
 Religious Experiences, 2, 3. Writing of, lvii.  
 Remus, 323.  
 Respite from Sickness, May 11, 1661, 25.  
 Rhea, Silvia, 323.  
 Rhé, Isle de, Buckingham's attempt to take, 163 and *n.*  
 Rich, Lord, xxii.  
 Richard II. of England, 332, 333.  
 Richard III. of England, *ib.* Origin of his appellation of "boar," 332 *n.*  
 Richmond, Earl of, 332, 333.  
 Right, the Petition of, xxv.  
 Rochelle (Rochel), 163 and *n.*, 336.  
 Rogers, Rev. Ezekiel, his epitaph on Gov. T. Dudley, lv.  
 Rogers, President John, sketch of, 96 *n.* His commendatory verses on Mrs. Bradstreet's Poems, v, xlii, 93-6.  
 Rogers, Rev. Nathaniel, of Ipswich, 96 *n.* Succeeds Rev. N. Ward as pastor, xxxv.  
 Roman Monarchy, xli, 323-8. Reason of its non-completion, lxi.  
 Romans, the last King of the, 328.  
 Romanists, xxiii.  
 Rome, 342.  
 Romulus, 323-4.  
 Rosweide (Rosuida), lxvi.  
 Roxana, 290, 309.

Roxbury, easy circumstances of the people there, lvi. Free school founded there, lvi-vii. Mrs. Bradstreet probably buried there, lxv.  
 R. Q., commendatory verses by, 90 *n.*

## S.

Safety, Council of, in Massachusetts, lxvii *n.*, lxx.  
 St. Louis, 355.  
 St. Paul, his idea of the strife between the Flesh and the Spirit, 381 *n.*  
 Salamis, Battle of, 228.  
 Salem, Massachusetts, settlement of, xxx. Charter-street burying-ground in, lxxi *n.*  
 Salmanassar, 195-6.  
 Sardanapalus, 189-92.  
 Sardes, 209.  
 Sarocchia, lxvi.  
 Satrapes, The, 216, 217.  
 Saturn, same as Nimrod, 182.  
 Saul and Jonathan, 363-4. David's Lamentation for, *ib.*  
 Savage, Mr. James, his opinion as to the passengers on the "Arbella," xxvii.  
 Saye and Sele, Lord, recommends Dudley to the Earl of Lincoln as steward, xiii.  
 Schurmann (Schurnian), Anna Maria de, lxvi.  
 Scipio, 318.  
 Scotland, 334.  
 Scots, 332.  
 Seasons, The Four, xli, lxv, 168-79.  
 Sebastia, 173 and *n.*  
 Second edition of "Poems." See *Poems*.  
 Second Monarchy, 208-50.  
 Seleucus, 291, 307, 308, 312-17.  
 Seleucus II., 317.  
 Seleucus III., 318.  
 Seleucus IV. (Philopator), *ib.*  
 Seleucus, Epiphanes, *ib.*  
 Semiramis, 184-6, 265-360. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of the legend concerning her death taken from Raleigh's "History of the World," xlvi-viii.  
 Sempringham, Castle of the Earl of Lincoln, xxi, liii *n.*  
 Seneca, xliii. Quoted, 284-5. Mrs. Bradstreet's apparent quotation from, taken from Raleigh, xliv-v.

- Sennacherib, 197.  
 Separatists, xxiii. Colonized Plymouth, xxv.  
 Sepharvaim (Sperharvaim), 197 *n.*  
 Septuagint, 319 and *n.*  
 Serjeant Death, 156 *nn.*  
 Servius Tullius, 327.  
 Sewel, William, the Quaker historian, his account of the conduct and danger of Bradstreet and Norton, when commissioners in England, lx-i.  
 Sextus, son of Tarquinius Superbus, 328.  
 Shakespeare, xvi. Quoted, 156 *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet appears to have read, xvi-vii.  
 Sharpe, Thomas, xxxi.  
 Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote," xvi.  
 Shushan or Sushan, 256, 266 and *n.*, 267, 280, 306, 308.  
 Sibbs, Dr. Richard, xx.  
 Sicily, how cut from Italy, 117.  
 Sickness, and Weakness, after much, Aug. 28, 1656, 20. After a sore fit of, May 11, 1657, 21. Respite from, May 11, 1661, 25. Verses on recovery from, 26. Poem upon a fit of, *Anno* 1632, lii, 391-2.  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, xvi. A literary favorite of Mrs. Bradstreet, lii. Her criticisms on, *ib.* His "Arcadia," 345. "Tragick Comedies," 345. Mrs. Bradstreet's idea of her family connection with him, xi-xii. Her Elegy upon him, xlii, lii, 344-52. His widow, 348 and *n.*  
 Sidon, 259.  
 Simple Cobbler of Agawam, 85 *n.*  
 Sisygambis, 256.  
 Smerdis, 213 *n.*, 216.  
 "Society," The ship, the Commissioners Bradstreet and Norton return in, lx.  
 Socrates, one of the officers of Alexander the Great, 259.  
 Sodom and Gomorrah's King, 187.  
 Solon, 209-10, 210 *n.*  
 Soter, Antiochus, 317.  
 Spain's Americans, 116. Monarch, 359.  
 Spanish Armada, 332, 333, 359. Destruction of, 162 *n.*  
 Speed, John, xix. His "Historie of Great Britaine," 358 and *n.* Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of, lii.  
 Spelman, Sir Henry, xix.  
 Spenser, Edmund, xvi, 348 and *n.*, 358. Mrs. Bradstreet's knowledge of his works, lii.  
 Spirit, The Flesh and the, 381-5.  
 Spring, xli, 168-72.  
 Stateira, 280.  
 Staurobates, xlvi-viii, 186.  
 Stephen, King of England, 331, 333 and *n.*  
 Stephen of Blois, 333 *n.*  
 Stoics, 387.  
 Strafford, the Earl of, beheaded, 164 and *n.*, 165 *n.*, 338.  
 Stratonice, 313.  
 Summer, xli, 172-6.  
 Superbus, Tarquinius, 328.  
 Sylvester, Joshua, his translation of Du Bartas, xvii. Mrs. Bradstreet's fondness for this book, li. Milton's obligations to, *ib.* Editions of, li *n.* Concerning Sir P. Sidney, 349 and *n.*, 350.  
 Symonds, Samuel, Simon Bradstreet succeeds him as Deputy Governor, lxx.  
 Syria, 200. Subdued, 194-5.
- T.
- "Talbot," The, xxvii.  
 Tamerlane, 173 *n.*  
 Tanaquil, 327.  
 Tarquinius Priscus, 326-7.  
 Tarquinius Superbus, 328.  
 Tarquins, Expulsion of the, 328.  
 Thalestris, 271.  
 Thebes, 252, 306, 308.  
 Themistocles, 228, 234-5.  
 Theos, Antiochus, 317.  
 Thermopylæ, Battle of, 226-7.  
 Thessalonica, 307.  
 Third Monarchy, 251-321.  
 Thornton, Mrs. Eliza G., a descendant of Mrs. Bradstreet, lxix.  
 Thucydides, xliii, 199.  
 Tiglath-Pileser, 194-5.  
 Tigranes, 318.  
 Tilbury, Queen Elizabeth's camp at, 360.  
 Tissaphernes, 243-5.  
 Tithraustes, 245.  
 Titlepages of "Poems." See *Poems.*  
 Titus Quintius, 317.  
 To her Father with some verses, 398-9.  
 Tomris, 211, 360.  
 Topsfield, lxvii *n.*  
 Trabezond, 244.

Troy, 107, 142, 188, 253, 348.

Tudor, 333.

Tullius, Servius, 327.

Tullus Hostilius, 325-6.

Tully, 411.

Turkey, 342.

Twiss, Rev. Wm., D.D., 89 *n.*

Tyburn, 341.

Tygris, 191.

Tyng, Edward, his daughter marries Joseph Dudley, liii *n.*

Tyng, Mercy, wife of Samuel Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*, 407-8.

Tyng, Rebecca, marries Joseph Dudley, liii *n.*

Tyng, William, 407 *n.* His daughter marries Samuel Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*

Tyre, 200, 258-9.

Tyrone, Earl of, suppression of his rebellion in Ireland, 360.

## U.

Ulysses, xlix, 289.

Usher, Archbishop, xix, xx, 188. Mrs. Bradstreet's acquaintance with his "Annals of the World," xliii-iv.

Usher, Hezekiah, senior, 29 *n.*

## V.

Valley of Baca, 21 and *n.*, 23.

Vanity of all Worldly Things, Poem, 386-8, 363 *n.*

Vashti, 233.

Verses, May 13, 1657, 22.

Virgil, xliii, 199, 410, 411.

Voetius, lxvi.

## W.

Wade, Major Nathaniel, marries Mercy Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*

Ward, Mr. Geo. A., editor of Curwen's Journal and Letters, lxxi, *n.*

Ward, Rev. Nathaniel, mention of, 85 *n.* Made Pastor of Church in Ipswich, xxxv. His Commendatory verses on Mrs. Bradstreet's Poems, xl-i, 85.

Ward, Major Samuel, marries Sarah Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*

Warwick, the Countess of, Bradstreet steward of, xxii.

Warwick, the Earl of, *ib.*

Water, xli, 114-18.

Watt's notice of the works of Helkiah Crooke, M.D., 1 *n.*

Weakness and Sickness, After much, Aug. 28, 1656, 20. After sore, May 11, 1657, 21.

Weakness and Fainting, Sept. 30, 1657, 23.

Webster, John, xvi.

Wiggin, Andrew, marries Hannah Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*, 28 *n.*

Wiggin, Hannah, verses on her recovery from a fever, 28.

Wight, Yarmouth on the Isle of, xxvii.

Williams, Bishop, xxiii.

William the Conqueror, 331.

Wilson, Rev. John, enters into church covenant, xxxi.

Winter, xli, 178-9.

Winthrop, Gov. John, xviii, xxvi, xxvii, xxix, xxxi, liii *n.*, 35 *n.*

Enters into church covenant, xxxi.

Moves to Boston, xxxii. Moves to Cambridge, xxxiii.

Returns to Boston, xxxiv. Alienation from Dudley, *ib.*

Chosen Councillor for life, liv.

Winthrop, John, Jr., xxxvii. Begins a settlement at Agawam (Ipswich), xxxv.

Winthrop, Mary, daughter of Gov. John, marries Samuel Dudley, liii *n.*

Witchcraft Delusion, Dudley Bradstreet's connection with, lxvii *n.*

Wither, George, xviii.

Women as writers of books, lxii, 83-92.

Wood, Ann, marries Dudley Bradstreet, lxvii *n.*

Wood, William, his description of Cambridge, xxxiv.

Woodbridge, Rev. Benjamin, sketch of, 89 *n.* His commendatory verses upon Mrs. Bradstreet, xli, 89.

Woodbridge, Rev. John, 88 *n.*, 89 *n.* Sketch of, xxxix. Marries Mercy Dudley, xxxix, liii *n.*, 88.

One of the first settlers at Andover, xxxvi. Buys the land on which the town was founded, xxxvii. Goes to England, 88 *n.*, xxxix. Concerned in publishing Mrs. Bradstreet's poems, xl. His commendation of Mrs. Bradstreet and her poems, xl. His Poetical Address to her, 86-8. His Address to the Reader, 83-4.

Woodbridge, Lucy, daughter of the Rev. John, marries her cousin, the Rev. Simon Bradstreet, lxvii *n*.  
 World, Gov. Dudley's poem on the Four Parts of the, lv, 97.  
 World, The Four Monarchies of the, lxv, 181-329. Sources from which it was taken, xli-1.  
 Worldly Creatures, poem on the vanity of all, xlii.  
 Worldly Things, The Vanity of all, Poem, 386-8, and 363 *n*.

## X.

Xenophon, xliii, 211, 237. Leads home the Greeks, 243. Mrs. Bradstreet's apparent quotation from, taken from Raleigh, xlvi.  
 Xerxes, 222-32, 274. Mrs. Bradstreet's account of his accession

to the throne, taken from Raleigh, xlvi.

## Y.

Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight, xxvii.  
 Year, The Four Seasons of the, xli, lxv, 168-79.  
 York, Duke of, 30 *n*., 333.  
 Youth, xli, 152-6.

## Z.

Zamies, 187-8.  
 Zenobia, 361.  
 Zidon, or Sidon, 259.  
 Zim and Jim, 203 and *n*.  
 Zion, 196, 202, 203.  
 Zutphen, xvi. Sir Philip Sidney slain at the siege of, 344 and *n*.







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