FRAGMENTS FROM FORGOTTEN FOLIOS.

No. I.

THE LESS KNOWN WORKS OF FRANCIS QUARLES.

By David Buxton, Ph.Dr., F.R.S.L.,

HON. SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THIS Society contains amongst its members many who like myself are enthusiastic lovers of Books. And if the present paper is wanting in general interest, I still hope that it may not prove unacceptable to *them*. Perhaps such an audience, "fit, though few," is insensibly present to the mind of every writer who deals with subjects of special interest to himself, and yet, I am willing to believe, that some of the topics which will come under review in this paper will not be without interest to very many more than the comparatively limited number who take an interest in what I may call *Literary Antiquarianism.*

DIVERSITIES OF DICTION.

Some Books are valuable, and are valued, for *what* they say: others, for the *manner* of saying it. We estimate one class of the Books we chiefly prize, for their subject matter; in which the results of thought, enquiry, and research are recorded. Others we value for their style or diction; in which there appears the play of fancy, or the grasp of genius;

where the thought is winged, or the fact embalmed, in language the aptest, worthiest, and best which sage or poet could command; where "thoughts that breathe" are linked, and made immortal by the union, with "words that burn." Of both these classes of Books the world has been enriched, from time to time, by thousands of notable examples, which in Milton's expressive words, it "will not willingly let die." And yet, if we come to consider the *History of Style* in writing, we shall see that though some Books, by following a prevalent but false Fashion, have seemed to gain at first a wonderful success, it was but a "bubble reputation" after all—as short lived as all mere fashions always are. The power of genius, and the life of Intellect are like that never-varying beauty of the human form, which lives on, from generation to generation: while the dress of diction, varying from age to age, sometimes enhances, sometimes disfigures, sometimes hideously and grotesquely disguises that native beauty of original thought and fancy, which is, "when unadorned, "adorned the most."

(a) The Euphuistic Style.—Of such fashions the first I shall refer to is that which is better known by the ridicule heaped upon it by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "*The "Monastery*," than in its original dress. The "*Euphuism*" which is associated with the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, distinguishes that pedantic courtier as much by foppery of language as he was by foppery of dress: and in the work just named the "Author of Waverley" has thus described the origin of the absurd fashion which he exposes:—

"It was about this period that the 'only rare poet of his time, the "'witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and quickly-facetious John Lylly,'* "(as Blount, one of his Editors, calls him)—'he that sate at Apollo's

* Such, says the author in a note, and "yet more extravagant" were the praises applied to this writer, who, he adds, "was really a man of wit and "imagination, though both were deformed by the most unnatural affectation "that ever disgraced a printed page."

"'table and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his own bays without
"'snatching'—he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcombical work
" called *Euphues and his England*, was in the very zenith of his absurdity
" and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he
" introduced by his 'Anatomy of Wit' had a fashion as rapid as it was
" momentary—all the court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler*
" *Euphuisme*, was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant as
" those of understanding how to use his rapier, or to dance a measure."

Another quotation from the *Monastery* will conclude these illustrations :--

In answer to an ironical remark from a lady professing to rejoice in the light of this "Sun of Courtesy," though, she archly adds, it blinds rather than enlightens us, Sir Piercie Shafton replies—" Ah, that I had
" with me my 'Anatomy of Wit'—that-all-to-be-unparalleled volume—
" that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—
" that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remem-
" bered manual of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines
" the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity,
" the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that
" unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no
" other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it
" by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow on it its richest panegyric."

We now see reason to be thankful that *this* literary aberration soon came to an end.

(b) Pastoral Poetry.—Of another fashion how little now remains : I allude to the "Pastorals" in which our Poetasters took so much delight. Chloe and Strephon, Daphne and Clorinda, Colin and Phœbe, Corydon and Phillis have all given place to living men and women : and the nonsense of poetical "machinery," which used to be the necessary framework of every writer who aimed at putting his thoughts into verse, has been deservedly consigned to the limbo of things wearisome, impertinent, and useless.

(c) The Metaphysical Poets.—We thus come down to a later period. But I can only name, in passing, that School of "Metaphysical Poets," of whom I said all I had to say in

a paper on "Cowley," which was one of my first contributions to the Historic Society, and which will be found in Vol. VII. of our *First Series*, Session 1854-5.

(d) Didactic Verse.—There was strength and masculine vigour in the verse of Dryden, which will always keep him at the head of the next School of writers to be alluded to—the Didactic School of Poets. After him come, in their several places and ranks, Pope, Goldsmith, and Johnson; Thomson, Young, and Cowper, a little by themselves; then Campbell, Rogers, and, in some of his writings, Byron.

(e) Johnson's style.—But I must go back to remark on fashions in Prose writing. Dr. Johnson was said to have formed his style on that of Sir Thomas Browne, the Knight-Physician of Norwich, whose *Religio Medici*, and *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* have almost, if not entirely, passed from popular notice into the catalogue of Forgotten Folios. Now, it cannot be denied that along with the mannerism of Johnson's diction, there was a magnitude in the thoughts he would express, which was not disproportionate to the majesty of language in which he clothed them. The robe of the giant enfolded a gigantic form, but in the hands of his imitators it only made more ridiculous the petty conceit of the pigmy. Macaulay gives an interesting sketch of digression into "Johnsonese" (as he calls it) in his review of the works of Madame D'Arblay :—

"In an evil hour the author of *Evelina* took the *Rambler* for her "model. This would not have been wise even if she could have imi-"tated her pattern as well as Hawkesworth did. But such imitation "was beyond her power. She had her own style. It was a tolerably "good one, and might, without any violent change, have been improved "into a very good one. She determined to throw it away, and to adopt "a style in which she could attain excellence only by achieving an "almost miraculous victory over nature and over habit. She could "cease to be Fanny Burney, it was not so easy to become Samuel "Johnson."—*Essays* II, 314.

"The consequence was," as the Essayist says a little further on, "that every passage which she meant to be fine "was detestable," and he shews by various examples the lamentable degradation of style produced by *servile* imitation. Yet the formation of style by the study of high models is itself a kind of imitation: and this has been recommended in a well-known passage by Johnson himself, on—

(f) The style of Addison.

"His Prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not "formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scruplosity, "and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable and always "easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never devi-"ates from his track to snatch a grace: he seeks no ambitious ornaments "and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, "but never blazes in unexpected splendour. . . . . What he attempted "he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; "he is never rapid and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither "studied amplitude nor affected brevity: his periods, though not dili-"gently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an "English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostenta-"tious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."—*Lives of the Poets*, III, 292-3.

And why is the *Spectator* read now? Perhaps, among lesser reasons, for its intimations of the state of society, and for its collateral illustrations of personal and national history, but chiefly, almost exclusively, for its admirable style. There were many other publications formed upon the same model; and even written by the very same Writers, but how few of the many who have read the *Spectator* and the *Rambler* so as to know them well, know anything more than the cover or the title-page of the *Freeholder* (of Addison himself), the *Guardian* and the *Tatler* (of himself and his friend and coadjutor Sir Richard Steele), the *Idler* (of Johnson), or the *Adventurer* (by Hawkesworth), not to speak of others of lesser note!

(g) Advantages of a pure Style.—Thus has immortality of authorship been secured by STYLE. It may sound like a heresy to say so, but my own opinion is, that if the Prose writings of Milton himself contained more of the charming diction of *Comus* and his shorter poems, they would be read far more extensively and with far greater pleasure than they ever have been or certainly ever will be.* Then again, contrast the effect of style, in the manner in which similar subjects are treated by different authors. Among writers on Philosophical subjects, who more delightful than Paley and Bishop Berkeley:—who more dry and repellant than the great Bishop Butler, though he had every attribute for dealing with his great subject, except that of a fluent and lucid diction? The "*Analogy*" is an immortal work: it has many conspicuous merits: it is read for profit, for improvement, as a duty, and from necessity: but never for the pleasure of reading, and that solely on account of the dryness and dulness of its style. Even when discoveries are superseded, and theories exploded, it is delightful to meet with such a writer as Berkeley, and read as follows—in the concluding sentences of *Hylas and Philonous*:—

"You see, Hylas, the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced up- "wards, in a round column, to a certain height; at which it breaks, "and falls back into the basin from whence it rose; its ascent as well "as its descent proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of "gravitation. Just so, the same principles which at first view lead to "scepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to Common "Sense."

(h) Faults of Style: Mannerism.—At the same time it must not be overlooked that too great addiction to a manner, may lead a writer far astray, and have results nothing less than mischievous. The temptation to balance a period, to follow out an analogy, or point an antithesis, may sometimes

* Macaulay, I find, had noticed the same characteristic. He says, the style of Milton is "stiff with gorgeous embroidery."

be too strong; and if, yielding to the temptation, he attempts to "catch a grace" of diction, at the expense of exactness and precision of statement, strict and severe truth in fact, or judgment, or opinion, the result is a moral offence for which nothing can atone. And it is nothing less than a misfortune when *Party* History is written, with all the graces of a splendid diction. By "Party History" I mean—not the history of a political party: to that there can be no possible objection:—but national History written with a party bias. If Lord Macaulay, for example, had given us a History of England in which *all* the facts of History were presented with the matchless power with which he has set forth *some* of them;—if he had permitted us to believe that a patriot *could* exist on one side—the one not his own—*as well as* on the other; in office, as well as in opposition, and *vice versâ;* and had boldly taught that honour and probity and high principle are not the exclusive attributes of a single party in the State—that being, of course, his own party,—he would then have done a far greater service than he has done. But for any author to bend and make the facts of history all point one way, is neither natural nor fair,—moreover, it is not true, for it can only be done by a *suppressio veri* of facts which cannot be otherwise regarded than as an offence against the strict, immutable rules of morality and religion. Whatever may change, *they* cannot change, and it is impossible to justify any act on *party* grounds which cannot be justified on the higher grounds of strict morality. I am aware that this is unpalatable teaching, for it is directed against a common fault: it being within the experience of every one amongst us that men with strong party preferences will do that, in the interests of their party, which they would not do under any other circumstances on any consideration whatever.

The most permanent form of this vice is doubtless to be found in such party histories as I have glanced at. But those

readers who possess knowledge of the subject, or are equally strongly wedded to the other side, refuse the conclusions of the party writer altogether. Those who *do* accept them are either partisans, with whom they are already foregone conclusions; or ignorant persons, whom they mislead. Party Historians are like the Counsel in a suit at law. Their office is to extol one party at the expense of another. The true Historian, as I understand his duty, cannot so pervert his office;—he surveys all the facts, weighs all the circumstances, judges all the actors in the living Drama "without favour or "affection," or the reverse; and then his "true verdict gives, "according to the evidence." A party historian,—that is, a *partial* historian,—appears to me to be as bad as a partial Judge: for the office of the Historian *is* to judge, and not to advocate:—not to dress up evidence, but to decide upon it. I cannot therefore withhold the wish that there were more real Historians, and fewer of those who, in the name of History, write to exalt "Heroes," to vindicate favourite characters, to promote party ascendancy, or advocate a "cause." These things are, in their place, most useful and necessary. For such purposes the literary field is open. Essay and Treatise, Pamphlet and Review are, all, available and appropriate means to such an end: nor would I grudge the zealous partisan the heightened colouring of Historical Romance, wherewith to set forth the merits of his hero or his cause; only let him not in such a work usurp the name and place of HISTORY.

I have just now hinted at one name,—that of an illustrious living Author who certainly in his "*Cromwell*" worships a Hero while professing to write History. But I shall not dwell upon that point. If I did so, I could not stop there. There are other conspicuous offenders in the same way among living authors, whom it would be defective to omit from any general notice. I quote the name of Carlyle to recall myself and you to the subject of mannerism in diction. The style

of Carlyle is unique. It has no parallel, and few, very few—imitators. A word here, a phrase there, a characteristic expression of his own, or one coined, after his manner, may occasionally be met with,—and some of these have even come into common use: but he has practically no imitators: and it is well that it is so. And yet it is singular, too. Dickens has had his imitators among writers of Fiction, Bishop Wilberforce his among Preachers, Newman his among Theologians, and the same is true among Poets and Painters: it is therefore at first sight strange that Carlyle should form an exception to a rule so general in its ordinary application. I ascribe it to the peculiarity—the distinctive manner—of his style. Strong and nervous as it is, and fraught, in his hands, with the life and energy of vivid thought and meaning, it would in other weaker hands only be grotesque and ridiculous. And here, there is a notable warning. If you will examine closely into the relation between a writer and his peculiar manner, you will find that not unfrequently he is as much its slave as its master. Unless I am much mistaken, Ruskin and Browning would give us ample proofs of this, so would Macaulay and Tennyson, and so undoubtedly would Mr. Carlyle. It is true that sometimes the startling novelty of his thoughts is aided by the quaintness and originality of his language—and that "moving accidents by flood and "field," gain in interest by being narrated with all the accessories of a highly-wrought and skilfully-adapted diction, yet we cannot fail to see that there is sometimes a tendency, which is not always successfully resisted, to dress out things which are trite and commonplace in an array of pompous words. The matter of his speakers sometimes exemplifies a happy phrase of his own—"aggregates of bewildered jottings." (*Cromwell,* I, 28.) In the midst of solemn scenes, something grotesque peeps forth, and in the noble swell of some grand harmony, a jarring dissonance intrudes. But it must in

justice be added that if he sometimes seems to rank a little thing as a great one, making more flourish about it than it is worth, he seldom mistakes the importance of things really great. It is here that he is seen to most advantage; his genius rises to the height of the subject, and then his diction becomes appropriate. He can dress his kingly thoughts in regal language: but he has no rags for the beggar.

Use of Criticism.

And whatever may be said to the disparagement of the art of criticism, there can be no doubt that it may truly be credited with *this* effect:—it educates and forms the taste, by which diction is tried, and literary style is acquired. Through this we are taught to observe, and distinguish, and are led to our selections and preferences. We acknowledge and admire the wonderful union of lofty thought with stately diction in the Paradise Lost: but the poor Shepherd whose highest standard of poetic merit was perhaps the Scottish paraphrase of the Psalms, could only convey *his* opinion of the same great work by the answer—"please your Lordship, this is a "very odd sort of an author: he would fain rhyme, but "cannot *get at it*." (Willmott's *Pleasures of Literature.*)

The Lesser works of Francis Quarles.

The title which has been given to my paper (and to which I must return after this long introduction,) is one which might very well form a general heading to a large number of articles. Many of the names I have now mentioned would direct us where to find ample materials for such fragments as I propose to bring before you now, from one author alone—Francis Quarles. He is best known to the literary antiquary by his "Divine Emblems:" once very popular:—a favourite Book in the same class of society in which Bunyan was always to be found; where symbol was aided by picture, and the latter,

addressing the eye, helped to form the impression which the author sought to make through language woven into verse. Philips, the relative of Milton, spoke of Quarles as "the "darling of our plebeian judgements,"—a phrase of which the meaning would be better expressed in our time by its true equivalent—a popular favourite. He was the contemporary of the pious George Herbert: was born a year before him—1592,—and survived him twelve years, until 1644. It was a year after his death, that the *Divine Emblems* were published. Like Chaucer, and Sir Henry Wotton, and others, Quarles spent a portion of his early life at Court. He was cup-bearer to James the first's daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to whom Sir Henry Wotton, (whose biography by Izaak Walton has made his name familiar,) addressed one of his best known poems, beginning

"Ye meaner beauties of the night."

In some respects Quarles resembles the School of Metaphysical Poets, but is far less addicted to the use of mere conceits than they are. While these are found plentifully enough, there is a great deal of humour and quaintness, better worthy of preservation. The copy of his works which I am about to refer to, is no "folio" at all, in the Bookseller's sense, but a small 16*mo*, from which the date is lost. It contains most of his smaller Sacred Poems, or as he called them *Divine* Poems; of which the following are the Titles:—1. *A Feast for Worms.* 2. *A Hymn to* God. 3. *Eleven Pious Meditatations.** 4. *Pentelogia.*† 5. The *History of Queen Esther.* 6. *Job Militant,* of which my copy is imperfect at the end:

* These consist of eighteen lines each, illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, the poem leading up to one of the invocations or petitions in that prayer, and concluding with it.

† These are a set of poems of sixteen lines each, containing two separate groups of five, there being two under each of the following heads:—*Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cæli, Dolor Inferni.*

as is also (7) the "*History of Sampson*," both at the beginning and the end.

The first work in the collection, so singularly entitled a *Feast for Worms*, is, in fact, the History of the Prophet Jonah, and of his mission to the City of Nineveh. The opening Section, which contains what purports to be the charge to the Prophet, presents us with some quaint and characteristic lines :—

> What then? *Arise, begone, stay not to think:*
> Bad is the cloth that will in wetting shrink.
>
> . . . .
>
> Make Heaven and *Earth* resound, when thou discharges,
> Plead not (like Paul) but roar (like Boanerges).

Perhaps the parentheses in the last line are intended as a delicate admission of the anachronism of quoting New Testament names in addressing an Old Testament Prophet.

The Title is first introduced in the following Passage in Meditation I :—

> Why? What are men, but quickened lumps of earth?
> *A Feast for worms:* A bubble full of breath,
> A looking-glass for grief, a flash, a minute,
> A painted Tomb, with putrefaction in it,
> A map for death, A burthen of a song,
> A winter's dust, A worm of five foot long;
> Begot in sin, in darkness nourisht, born
> In sorrow; naked, shiftless, and forlorn:
> His first voice (heard) is crying for relief;
> Alas! He comes into a world of grief;
> His Age is sinful, and his Youth is vain,
> His life's a punishment, his Death's a pain;
> His life's an hour of joy, a World of Sorrow,
> His death's a winter's night, that finds no morrow:
> Man's life's an hour-glass, which being run,
> Concludes that hour of joy, and so is done.

The poem throughout consists of what I may describe as double Sections. After four lines in Rhyme, styled *The Argument*, in which the subject matter of what follows is described in the very prosiest verse, a description of the facts is given under the head of Section 1, 2, &c., and each is

followed by a "*Meditation*" of a corresponding number. It is in these *Meditations* that the most characteristic and interesting portions of the work are to be found. In Meditation IV there occurs, in the last quoted lines of the passage, a thought which every reader must have often met with, both in prose and verse.

In allusion to the flight of Jonah, and in answer to the enquiry—

> Can he be said to fear the Lord, that flies him?
> Can word confess Him when as deed denies Him?

the author goes on to describe different kinds of fear: first a "servile fear" like that of Adam, and Cain; then a "filial "fear":—

> A fear whose ground would just remain, and level,
> Were [there] neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil.
> Such was the fear that Princely *David* made;
> And thus our wretched *Jonah* feared and fled:
> He fled ashamed because his sins were such;
> He fled ashamed because his fear was much.
> He fear'd Jehovah, other feared he none:
> Him he acknowledged: Him he feared alone.

Of the Pentelogia I will give two specimens. The first is headed "*Fraus Mundi.*" The abundance of witty conceits, with an occasional dash of poetic allusion, (as near the end of the passage,) will accurately describe the literary *status* of the author:—

> What is the world? A great Exchange of ware,
> Wherein all sorts, and sexes, cheapning are:
> The flesh, the Devil sit, and cry, What lack ye?
> When most they fawn, they most intend to rack ye:
> The wares are cups of Joy, and beds of Pleasure,
> There's goodly choice, down weight, and flowing measure;
> A soul's the price, but they give time to pay,
> Upon the Death-bed, on the dying day.
> Hard is the bargain, and unjust the measure,
> When as the price so much outlasts the pleasure;
> The joys that are on earth are counterfeits;
> If ought be true, 'tis this, Th' are true deceits:

They flatter, fawn, and (like the crocodile)
Kill where they laugh, and murther where they smile.*
They daily dip within thy dish, and cry,
Who hath betrayed thee? Master, Is it I?

The next quotation is headed *Mors Tua*, and in it the play upon words is managed with great skill :—

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is Man.
So fair is man, that Death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flow'r, and makes him Earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to Death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live,
So rich is man, that (all his debts b'ing paid)
His wealth's the winding sheet wherein he's laid,
So young is man that (broke with care and sorrow)
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five-foot long?
Th' art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

This is a style of composition which seems to have been in considerable favour in the time of the Stuarts. There is a poem by Dr. Henry King, Chaplain to James I, entitled *Sic Vita,* of a similar type: as is the following Epitaph, which I have never seen in print, and which I copied from the monument of John Hayman, Merchant Tailor, obit. 1646, in the Ladye Chapel of St. Saviour's Church (formerly St. Mary Overies) Southwark, at the foot of London Bridge.

Like to the Damask Rose you see;
Or like the blossom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flower of May;
Or like the morning of the day;
Or like the sun; or like the shade;
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;—

* Henry Neele (1798-1828) has a passage in his Sonnet on the Love of Fame closely resembling this :—

For thine
Is that mysterious witchery that beguiles
The Soul it stabs, and murders while it smiles.

Even so is man. whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done;
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

The *Meditation* III in our author's History of Queen Esther is such that I must give it entire :—

When God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth, with quick, and holy fire,
He (well advising what a goodly creature
He builded had, so like Himself in feature)
Forthwith concluded by his preservation
T' eternize that great stork of Man's creation;
Into a sleep he cast this living clay,
Lockt up his sense with drouzy Morpheus key,
Opened his fruitful flank, and from his side
He drew the substance of his helpful Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone,
He framed woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two. he did anew ordain
That these same Two, should be made one again,
Till singling Death this sacred knot undo,
And part this new-made one Once more in two.
Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be *Hi'roglyphicks of their life:*
Ribs coast the heart, and guard it round about,
And like a tender Watch keep danger out:
So tender Wives should loyally impart
Their watchful care, to fence their Spouse's heart:
All members else from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldom move:
Women (like Ribs) must keep their wonted home,
And not (like Dinah that was ravisht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They break, If let alone, they bend enough;
Women must (*unconstrained*) be pliant still,
And gently bending to their Husband's will:
The sacred Academy of man's life,
Is holy wedlock in a happy wife.
It was a wise man's speech, could never they
Know to command, that knew not first t' obey:
Where's then that high command? that ample fame,
Your sex, to glorify their honor'd name,
Your noble sex in former days achieved?
Whose sounding praise no after times outlived.
What brave exploits, what well-deserving glory,
The subject of an everlasting story,
Their hands atchieved? they thrust their sceptres then
As well in Kingdoms, as in hearts of men:

And sweet obedience was the lowly stair,
Mounted their steps to that commanding chair.
 A Woman's rule should be in such a fashion,
Only to guide her household, and her passion:
And her obedience never's out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason:
Ill thrives the hapless Family, that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows:
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying Husbands or commanding Wives.

There is another passage which I am unwilling to omit:—

Beasts only breathe: 'tis man alone doth live:
One end of man's creation was Society,
Mutual Communion and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himself alone
Subsists and breaths, but lives not . . . .

. . . .

He husbands best his life that freely gives
It for the publicke good: he rightly lives
That nobly dies: 'tis greatest mastery
Not to be fond to live nor fear to die.

The length of these extracts warns me that I must hasten to a close. Here are one or two happy illustrations, from *Job Militant*, "on *Friendship*."

Friendship's like Musick, two strings tun'd alike,
Will both stir, though but only one you strike.

. . . .

. . . . It is a Mine
Whose nature is not rich, unless in making
The state of others wealthy by partaking.

In the *History of Sampson* are to be found some of the best and most characteristic passages of the writer. Time and space however forbid the quotation of more than one, which will be the last I shall give:—

By Him we live and move, from Him we have
What blessings He can give or we can crave:
Food for our hunger, Dainties for our pleasure;
Trades, for our business, Pastimes, for our leisure;
In grief, He is our Joy, in want, our Wealth;
In bondage, Freedom, and in sickness, Health;
In peace, our Council, and in war, our Leader;
At sea, our Pilot, and in suits, our Pleader;

In pain, our Help, in triumph, our Renown;
In life, our Comfort, and in death, our Crown;
Yet man, O most ungrateful man, can ever
Enjoy the gift, but never mind the Giver;
And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the Trough:
We still receive, our hearts we seldom lift
To heaven, but drown the Giver with the gift;
We taste the Scollops, and return the Shells:
Our sweet Pomegranates want their silver Bells:
We take the Gift: the hand that did present it
We oft reward, forget the Friend that sent it.

The utmost which can be done in such extracts as I have been able to give on an occasion like this, is to afford an opportunity of seeing what were the characteristics of the works, and what were the merits, of a writer who at one time held an important and influential place in our country's literature. It was his misfortune to have his lot cast in troublous times. Every man who took a side in the great Civil War, inevitably made bitter enemies; and as times, and the political tide, changed, it sometimes happened that enemies were more strong to punish than friends to help. Generosity to an opponent was not *practised* as a virtue, if it was even accounted to be one. If one party slighted and neglected Milton, (and would have done more, if it had dared:) the other hunted poor Quarles to his grave. On account of a pamphlet which he wrote, his property, (even to his Books and rare manuscripts) was confiscated by the Parliament: and he was "denounced," in terms which broke his heart. He died in 1644, at the age of 52, leaving a widow and eighteen children, one of whom, John Quarles, inherited some of his father's faculty of verse-making, but his life was not a long one, for he died of the plague, in London, in 1666.

I have thus introduced a subject which it is quite open to others to follow up. It will be found, by those who study our national literature, that many authors have been pushed aside into undeserved obscurity, by subsequent writers greatly

inferior to them in real merit. Many Books have fallen into the category of "forgotten folios," which would very well reward resuscitation, and a re-introduction into common knowledge. What I have now endeavoured to do for Quarles, I once attempted for Cowley, and I invite others to follow my example, and to "better the instruction" I fain would give them. The field is large enough: and it both requires, and will amply reward, many an earnest labourer. So, to bid them welcome, and to retire from my present task, I will conclude with some words with which Quarles himself supplies me:—

"Reader; Be more than my hasty pen stiles thee. Read me with
"advice, and thereafter judge me; and in that judgement censure me.
"If I jangle, think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in.
"Farewel."*

* *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to *Queen Esther*.