The 'fugitive poetry' of Mildmay Fane

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The 'Fugitive Poetry' of Mildmay Fane

Since 1932 the Harvard College Library has had among the English manuscripts given in memory of Lionel de Jersey Harvard a folio volume of poems by Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Northumberland, one of those minor figures in seventeenth-century letters and politics who has left us a good deal of information about himself without answering our most teasing questions. A member of the nobility who wrote and produced at least eight allegorical plays at his country house in Northamptonshire, he cared enough to preserve these in manuscript but never bothered to explain their dark allusions to the contemporary upheavals that sent him into Scotland with the King in 1639 and eventually to the Tower in 1642 for attempting to put the King's Commission of Array into effect. We know that though he was one of the first to take the covenant and retire from public life until the Restoration, he emerged then to serve as Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire until his death, 12 February 1665. Confidant of his stepson, Sir Horace Townshend, and his wife's young cousins, Sir Edward and Robert Harley, he must have been aware of their steps to win over Monk and Fairfax in 1660. Patron of Herrick and admirer of Cleveland, he could probably have told what happened to each before and after Newark. Brother-in-law of Fairfax and the author of the emblematic poems in the privately printed Otia Sacra (1648), he should also have had interesting comments on the work of Andrew Marvell. Unfortunately, his autobiography in B. M. Add. MS 34,220 (fols. 6r–21r) gives, instead, from his birth in 1602 until sometime in 1662 only a discursive record of his youthful travels, two marriages, and sporadic services to the two Charleses, interleaved with the names and birthdates of his children and rounded out with a history of the times reviewed in the light of the Restoration.

The Harvard manuscript by no means answers all our questions, but it is certainly more satisfying than this autobiography since it is a

1See Alfred Harbage, 'An Unmoted Caro1ne Dramatist,' Studies in Philology, XXXI (1934), 28–36; Clifford Leech, Mildmay Fane's Regauleto D'Oceano and Candy Restored (Materials for the Study of the Old English Drama, n. s., XV; Louvain, 1938).
collection of occasional poems, largely political, written during the period of strife, not after it. With it the editor of Fane's plays in 1938 might have had much more to say about their politics, but he had to declare the volume as he found it described in 1885 untraceable. In fact, so far as I can determine, the late George Thorn-Drury is the only one to have read the collection as Fane's since it was sold out of the Westmorland family in 1887 to J. & J. Leighton. In 1921 Thorn-Drury, then owner of the manuscript, printed its two poems to John Cleveland, with a note explaining that they 'are from a folio volume containing a considerable number of English and Latin verses by Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmorland, written almost entirely in his own hand.' Since the manuscript came to Harvard through the late Edgar H. Wells, one of the largest buyers at the first of Sotheby's Thorn-Drury sales, acting almost exclusively for the library at Harvard, it seems safe to assume that it passed from the Thorn-Drury estate into the collection that Wells was assembling for the Lionel de Jersey Harvard memorial during 1931-32, even though there is no record of it in the sale catalogues. By the time it was accessioned at Harvard, 26 August 1932, it had lost its author, sinking into an oblivion from which it only now emerges with the present reidentification.

The manuscript, measuring 11 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches, preserved in a con-
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temporary vellum binding, contains 98 leaves of uniform paper, collating as follows: A\(^{15}\)(-A1)B-C-D\(^{10}\)E-F\(^{10}\)(-F16). There are no signature marks. The first extant leaf is pasted down on the verso of the front cover as an end paper. The second and third leaves are lettered in pencil A and B; leaves 4-98 are numbered accurately in ink as pages 1-189. The verso of fol. 98 is not numbered; this page and the pages numbered 2 and 189 are without text. There are no ex-libris or other marks of ownership. The spine of the vellum binding bears a 'D.' in ink at the top and lower down a nineteenth-century leather label printed 'Fugitive Poetry.' in capitals. The inside of the front cover has various modern pencillings, partially erased, descriptive of the collection or referring to the Westmorland sale of 1887. The volume is catalogued as Harvard fMS Eng 645.

A single hand appears to have written the entire manuscript (including the numbering of pages 1-189 and an index on pages 183-186), though in a variety of styles reflecting the long stretch of time covered by the volume. This hand may confidently be identified as that of Fane. Typical poems exhibiting two very different styles of handwriting are shown in Plates I and II.

Circumstantial evidence in general and internal evidence in certain particular cases, including numerous allusions to persons, places, and events, combine to attribute the poems to Fane as author, with the exception of those few signed 'S. D.' These initials, we are informed by titles and marginal notes, separate a Catholic friend's epigrams on the Interregnum from the other poems in the collection. Two of the poems, 'Upon ye Perfume Pembroke left when he was sent to bit this World good night' (p. 35) and 'A Pepper-corn or small rent

\(^{1}\) In references to the manuscript I have followed the original page numbering in ink.

\(^{2}\) Dated poems range from 1617 to 1660, though many were obviously copied into the volume long after their composition. The arrangement seems entirely haphazard. Portions of pages left blank at one time were often filled in later with short poems.

\(^{3}\) It agrees, particularly in its most frequently employed style, with the correcting hand in the British Museum manuscript of Fane's 'Ragguailo d'Oceano' (Add. MS 34,221), which in turn agrees with that of a letter of 27 February 1631(? in MS Hatl, 3783, fol. 28r. See British Museum, Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts . . . MDCCCLXXXVIII-MDCCCLX (London, 1894), p. 252; Sir Walter Greg, Dramatic Documents from the Elizabethan Playhouses . . . Commentary (Oxford, 1951), p. 369.

\(^{4}\) See also pp. 68-69 and 72-74 below.

\(^{5}\) See pp. 164, 165, 169, 175. Most of S. D.'s epigrams are parodies or imitations.
sent to my Lo: Campden for ye loan of his house at Kensington 9: February 1651 (pp. 142-147), are signed 'W,' and two others, 'My Dedicatory at ye end of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays now set out 1646' (p. 56) and 'Brook house bay trees' (p. 57), appear elsewhere as Fane's.

The latter the author printed in Otia Sacra. The manuscript version, like much of the Fugitive Poetry, is topical. Though inferior metrically to the printed poem, it provides a clue to Fane's standards for print, for it shows by comparison how he tightened his lines as he worked from the biographical to the emblematic. The two versions, manuscript and printed, are given herewith in sequence:

Brook house bay trees

Noe thunder blasts, loues planer nor Can
Misfortune warpe an honest Man
Shaken he may be by some one
or other gust valeaud by none
but though ye winter's sharpe & keen
His resolutions keep him green
And whilst Integreys he wall
His yeares all spring & hath noe fall
Comp in terme & Lon.
Dec. 13. 1643

Occasioned by seeing a Walk of Bay-trees

No Thunder blasts loves Plant, nor can
Misfortune warp an honest Man;
Shaken He may be, by some one
Or other Gust, Unleaved by none:
Though tribulation's sharp and keen;
His Resolutions keep Green;
And whilst Integrity's his wall,
His Year's all Spring, and hath no Fall!

P. 127. The Harvard copy of this work bears annotations in Fane's hand. Bound in straight-grained blue morocco of about 1800, to which the crest of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes has been added on both covers, it has been identified as the Park-Hill-Gilchrist-Longman-Sykes-Thorold copy. It now contains both folding plates, but lacks the two leaves of additional poems at the end that have been noted in two or three copies (see William C. Hazlitt, Hand-book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, London, 1867, p. 649; Bangs & Co., Catalogue of a Splendid Collection of English Literature . . . from the Library of Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts, New York, 1902, pp. 218-219; Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of the Poetical and Prose Works of English Authors from Wither to Prior, New York, 1905, II, 9).
Upon my being, day 3rd of August 53

Slate, afe or that hand
s I took the boat,

The return from North Italy,

likewise spring to life of the last warm!

light came in our dark in the present day,

but one of assurance of the long day,

and more mornings and the shadow's length;

And was already and the thought of the eye

Wishing to get there.

With the sun in the tree

Of God's ear of the day was

Into a warm of the sun's company was

While the light of the seen was

And it of the moon that more than bright

In point of the wind as I undertake a lot.

Yet the words must go far

But how I know at must be

And something you do on

With a black kid on your sette

Can show may away my complete tone

For to go and listen

The bacon fine

This must be the question:

Must all our reason be a round;

As I have to it to some, in the words must you not be a sense

But every one in the in manner come.

And escape to be back to loose any lack anymore.
At some time Fane apparently became aware of the fact that the
thunder, not the bay, was sacred to Jove, for the manuscript has an
'c' inserted in plant. Though it sacrifices rhythm for accuracy, only
this version reveals that one of Fane's best poems was written eight
months after his release from the Tower, while he was still honor
bound to stay within five miles of London and his house at Bartholomew
Close. On 15 August 1643 he reminded the House of Lords that
he had

now been in confinement for 10 months, to the danger of his health for want of
fresh country air which custom hath naturalized to him. Would not have trou-
bled their Lordships amongst their most weighty affairs, were not the conse-
quence of more concernment than his own life, but having a wife and a house
full of small children his fears for them increase daily as the church bells tell
him the sickness increases near his house. Whilst, what through taxation, seque-
strations, and often plunderings he hath not wherewithal to procure them bread
here, where without money 'tis not to be had. Prays the House so far to com-
passionate his distressed condition as to give leave that he may with his family
retire to one of his houses in the country, where his honor shall be as dear to
him as it hath hitherto been. 17

Yet on October 11 the parolee's estates were still sequestered, and he
estimated his losses from imprisonment and plundering at over £3,304. 18

If no winter blasted the man who had lived through such a spring
and fall, the first part of Otia Sacra suggests that he drew resolution
from his religious meditations. The 'Fugitive Poetry,' however, assures
us that Fane's subsequent retirement from public life was anything but
ascetic. Tribulation strengthened friendship. Once he had returned
to his country house at Apethorpe, he sought to create 'a genuine sum-
er' with friends who would defy 'the cold time and frozen fate.'
The only allusion to theatrical entertainments is a Horatian lament
for the times — 'Rogatus quare Inde ara anteas non praeparsi's
(p. 64), but other Horatian odes and many 'Ballads' celebrate the
hunting, fishing, racing, and drinking exploits of his own immediate
circle and the local county families. Although these are too ephemeral
to remind us of Lovelace's grasshopper poem to Charles Cotton,
'Friendships Salamander to x.x.x.' (p. 128) expounds a similar philos-
ophy with conviction if not felicity:

(House of Lords, Calendar).
Whist all ye world is on a flame
And each bethinks him where to wander
True Friendship should remain ye same
Turn Nature into Salamander
And from those fiers of spleen & hate
Grow fast & more incorporate

Thys my good Lo: when friends once are
Knit in affections bond together
Noe hot alarum from ye warr
Should he of power to startle either
But by much such discords rise
The more t'make Neighbours Sympathise

Arrows soon break when they vanquished
For Strength unite is of more force
When smaller streams meet in a rieu
Then add they glory to their source
And not before whilsts bankes of moss
Their liquid interucnings cross

Such lealosies & fears appear
Still whispering some disastrous fate
To make a man his shadow t'fear
And deem misfortune at ye gate
When nothing can ye soule offend
Is constant to himself & friend

T'was when ye blustering storms awoke
Not blest beneath a sunshine skye
The Trauler lapt him in his cloak
For the other had caused him t'throw it bye
See tis Afflictions prize alone
To siment faster Union

Then though ye Thundring Cannons roar
The Trumpetts sound & Coulers fly
I am stll when I was before
Much more in love with amity
Whose Trophy I would raise as soon
As Others horse doe & Dragoon

A wittier statement of this same thought opens 'An Invitation to R. H:
to change ye City life for this in ye Country Apr - 8. 1651' (p. 114):

Robin if thou but kiss or sip
In a Good-fellowes fello-ship
Me thinks it might such spirits rayse
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Not to be layd ye common wayes
Truth is when Conjuring comes in fashion
Figures are vst & Circulation
T'amuse & confidence supplant
Possessing of ye Ignorant
But w't ye times & Age puts on
Ripens to more perfection
Than any Cube or witchcrafts spell
Can alter in a Sillable

A long list of London's pleasurable dissipations follows, but finally the Earl declares (p. 115):

You'r but Irradiated half
Whilst trading at ye Sun w't Ralph
Nor (wert at full) could ye halfe moon
Prevaile to make of midnight noon
The puer Elixar Iuyce divine
Needs not ye Content of a signe
But when its Vertue's understood
Without a Bush Ile call it good

True pleasure dwells at Apethorpe (pp. 115-116):

The Ecchoing wood in ho-mul ho-
All other Gamuths quite out goe
And when we are from hunting come
Heer's a resounding Musick Room
To solace in; wher for content
Hangs This & T'other Instrument
As ye Theorbo, Viall, Lute
W't Harpsicon to these a Flute
Whose rich Concauery contains
The Precious Treasure for ye vaynes
Wher with sublime our thoughts aspire
And carry vs bove Ela higher
Then Heer's a Pond too & a Boat
A shedd therby to wash ye throat
From any fish-bones harm or worse
Carre-killing-Care, or any curse
The hardenes of ye Fates or Times
Create to Cancell merth & times
Ther in a Counsail whilst: we sit

"The Sun and Moon Taverns were near Fane's London house.
29 A flute was a tall, slender wine-glass used especially for sparkling wines. The only illustration in the NED is taken from Lovelace.
To propagate noe state but wilt
Like Court of Justice we dispence
High verdict censure'thout offence
And all malignant humors drine
Out of contents prerogative
That noe disastrous breath impayre
By dialect y' wholsom ayre
Wherein we breath & are as free
In mutuall Society
Thus wth one Frend & two, noe more
Then makes vp just y' Comt & Skoor
To freedom & to merch belongs
You may rest happy out of Thronges.

To any one searching for literary associations and allusions it is
disappointing to find the Robin H. of this poem identified in Fane's
index as 'R. Harl.' 26 Although there are two poems evoking and
replying to the extravagant letter in Cleveland's Poems (1656), the
manuscript makes no acknowledgment of the three pieces dedicated
to Fane in Hesperides. A strong hint of Herrick does lurk, nevertheless,
in the poem on pp. 53–54 dated 'ye 28th of August 1647' 27 and
indexed as 'My Hock-Cart or Reaping day.' Here is a likely com-
panion piece for 'The Hock-cart or Harvest home' that Herrick
addressed 'To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of Westmor-
land.' 28 Though Fane's has less of Herrick's feeling for fruition and
the illumination of social duties by seasonal ones, it opens such a day
as Herrick's concludes and tells us even more about harvest customs:

Hayle to y' syluer hand
at whose Comand
The orient Pearle of Dawne
Like lilies sprung vp under whitest lawne
Appears t'inrich our hopes y' soe wee may
Put on y' assurance of a fayer Day
And praise noe more raine to Dash our plenty
sine tis already august th'eight & twenty
Vp then & Ceres bless
With full encrease

26 That is, Robert Harley, son of Sir Robert, the Presbyterian Master of the Mint,
and Lady Brilliance, the letter-writer and defender of Brampton Bryan Castle, a
cousin of Fane's wife. It shall have more to say about Fane's circle in a second paper.
27 The reading 'ye' is conjectural; the figure in question is like no other numeral in
the manuscript. The first 52 lines of the poem appear in Plate 1.
Of Goulden eares or well sild Corne
Till every sheafe at once bee borne
Into y e barne & their o Comforts raise
Whilst they fill vp y e empty bayes
And rel vs y eir shall noe more be want
In winter whilst wee Imitate y e Ant

Yet their will more goe to t'
Words will not do t'
But hands employd must bee
And sickles usd with rakes & furmery
And binders too be gott
With y e black Jack & flagon pott
That whilst with working each doe sweate
Those may alay & temper heate

And for to add to thes
the bacon peass
The sith & pitchin forke
Must all in season too be set a worke
Nor y e browne Lusty lass
In her straw hat must here unmentiond pas
But every one in their Compartm e Come
And reap & bind & loade my Hock Cart home

Thus have I seene a streame before
all Count or e
With swane as now each one
His Doublet ofe did seeme y e field vpon
And Like to poppy in a lilly bed
White was Coates mixt with petty Coates of read
Soo ye to plantyes store it might appeare
Beauty had beene Contributary heere

The Mare & fillyes & ye rest
That must be drest
As Puppet Tack & Gill
With Serimonies mirth to fill
And as rewards ynto ye swaines
To mak them sport after their toyle & paines
I must alone (by business Calld away)
Leane to ye Gierles & Children to defray

"Compartm e" may refer to the allotting of sections of meadows to teams of mowers, a practice cited for Northamptonshire in John Brand, *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, Ellis ed. rev. by Bohn (London, 1849), II, 31. This edition of Brand quotes (p. 12) lines on the harvest from "To Retirednesse" in *Otia Sacra* (p. 173), but does not know the present poem.
For partial reproduction see Plate I. Brand, Popular Antiquities, II, 24, records a harvest sport in Hertfordshire and Shropshire called 'Crying the Mare,' described as follows: 'The reapers tie together the tops of the last blades of corn, which is Mare, and standing at some distance, throw their sickles at it, and he who cuts the knot has the prize. . . . After the knot is cut, then they cry with a loud voice, three times, 'I have her!' Others answer, as many times, 'What have you?' — 'A mare! a mare! a mare!' — 'Whose is she?' thrice also. — J. B. (naming the owner three times.) — 'Whether will you send her?' — 'To J. a Nick!' (naming some neighbour who has not all his corn reaped); then they all shout three times, and so the ceremony ends with good cheer. In Yorkshire, upon the like occasion, they have a Harvest Dane, in Bedfordshire, a Jack and a Gill.'

On 17 October 1655. In this copy, now in the Harry Elkins Widener Collection at Harvard, Fane has written his motto: 'Solus Deus pector Mens — W'.

Fane's second wife, Mary Vere, was a younger sister of Anne Vere, wife of the third Baron Fairfax.

See DNB: Fairfax, Thomas, first Baron Fairfax.

like a *libertin* town-house version of Marvell's lines 'Upon Appleton House' and though 'A Dialogue between a Hunting Swayn & a Shephardes weeping ye loss of Pan' (pp. 138-139) may prove that 'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn' could have political implications, Fane's work is too loosely knit and his second poem too patent a piece of special royalist pleading to owe or offer any inspiration to Mary Fairfax's tutor.

Silent on Milton and Marvell, the manuscript does consider many literary works and figures of lesser interest today. Two allusions to Howell's *Dendrologia* attest once more the contemporary popularity of that allegory. Punning verses 'To S* A. W. Cler* of ye Citt to K. J. Vpon his well cookt Dish — now in print call'd ye ct of K. James' (p. 7) and 'Vpon ye History of Great Britan by Willson' (p. 178) seem to express a preference for Arthur Wilson's *History* (1653) over Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James* (1650), but since Fane confesses that he has 'not read my Willson ore' there is no reason to think he intended to do more than ridicule one popular backstairs history and express general approval of the other's prefatory promise to avoid partisan malice. The lines 'Upon ye Death of Mr. Ilon Selden ye great Antiquary — 1654' (p. 179), printed in the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, are hardly more serious in coupling Selden with Sir Simonds D'Ewes, and the Latin and English epigrams (p. 181) on the impudence of 'Mon': de Miliiter,' who dedicated a book to Charles II hoping thereby to convert him to Rome, only emasculate the indignation in their titles. Just about the best of these minor allusions is the tongue-in-check tribute to the 'contrivement' of the Duchess of Newcastle (p. 173):

Vpon ye La: Margaret Marchioness of Newcastle her Rare Poems new come forth — 1652.

No wonder t'wer though Schooles went down
Now Learning shifts from Goun to Goun
Whilst Peticoat & Kertle may
The Banners of ye Nine display
And Atomize w're y Quill

*In marginal note 6 to 'Ob Cuius ex Exilio reditum gaudio exultat' (p. 70) Fane refers to Howell's association of the long-lived oak with kingship, and in 'To ye' name (Phil. Wood) after return vpon receipt of a second taken of Toba.' (p. 121) he puns on the title of Howell's allegory.*
More famous writers do not necessarily inspire Fane to greater heights. The lines 'Upon Ben Jonson's Plays call'd his workes' (p. 56) are an even sorrier effort than Otia Sacra's 'In Obitum Ben. Johns. Poetae eximii' (p. 169) and belabor an equally venerable quip:

Why do we stile Those workes w'h were but Playes
But y's to Fancy their goe securall wayas
Some born to Raptures fluently distill
Their sacred Numbers to adorn y's quill
Others ther are bring forth w'h pains & sweat
So Head & Braines into an Anuile beat
Of Those, was This, whose deep Conceptions Lurke
Therfore we'll turn His Playes into a worke —

Like many writers of the period Fane speaks respectfully of Jonson's labors but gives his heart to Beaumont and Fletcher and to the raptures of Cleveland 'flowing like a Torrent after rayne.' The two pieces on the meeting with Cleveland at Stephen Anderson's at Marby throw light, as Thorn-Drury noted, on an obscure period after the fall of Newark when the poet must have been dependent upon the hospitality of various Royalists. In the first (p. 106) a marginal note again identifies poetry 'got w'h anvil pain' with 'Jonson,' and in the second (p. 107) there is word play on the title of Hobbes' Leviathan.

'My Dedication at ye end of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays' now sett out 1646' (p. 56) manfully confesses that Fane's own

... poore vaine wch: never could produce
Of ye Inspiring fountaines Nectar Ince
Nor yet entitle to ye power or skill
There is more truth than poetry here; the poems in which Fane seeks to rise above the churling times are never exalted. They find more inspiration in Horace and a few warm friendships than in any contemporary genius. Yet for all their looseness, they are occasionally musical, and may sound for a moment like an ungrumbling Herrick or a more sociable Marvell. In Otia Sacra's poems on solitude Miss Bradbrook finds a 'paradoxical union of the ascetic and the epicure' that brings them very close to Marvell, but in the 'Fugitive Poetry,' though Fane never shares Herrick's discontentment with country life, there is no longing or capacity for asceticism. In good company Fane is able to put aside bitterness and satire. For his friends he dedicates a new music room (p. 110); with them he promises to build 'Castles in ye ayre' in the island bower on the fish pond (p. 125). Away from home he finds the gardens at Lord Campden's house at Kensington 'Happy Retirements' for courting, not contemplation (p. 146). Campden's art collection seems to provide him with a kind of retreat, but the gallery is really a larger, more civilized world, not a hermitage—a world at home with its past superstitions and its new discoveries. This lengthy tribute to Lord Campden (pp. 142-147) may stand as an exemplar of Fane's modest achievement:

A Pepper-corn or small rent sent to my Lo;
Campden for ye loan of his house at Kensington
9: February 1651.

Ingratitude's ye worst of ill
Wherefore I shall not dip my quill
In its black Inke, but timely owne
Your fauring Obligation
That wth such Freedom now haue Lent
Me this ye Princely Tenement:
Wherin I may suruivre at ease
What Travellers by Land & Seas

*Another version of this poem, written by Fane in a copy of Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedies and Tragedies, was printed by Robert Herring in Life and Letters, LI (1946), 126. No location for the copy was given.

**Review of English Studies, XVII, 41.

*For Baptist Noel (1611-1682), second Viscount Campden, see DNB, where the present poem, known from the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, is alluded to. The first 36 lines of the poem are reproduced in Plate II.
With toyle & trouble seek to gain
All though at home I still remain.
Campden y't wrote his Countrys praise
Most worthily deserves ye Bayes
But Frindship must Intitle you
To ye' true Laurell as ye' due
Who have not only plac't me here
But makes me Emulate ye' Sphire
Become Compagnion with ye' Sun
Soe round about ye' Glob to run
In sevall Pictures ye' declare
How it is framed Circulair.
Nothing wet in its Compass falls
But either on ye' straights or walls
Hang Trophe-like to represent
The Figure of each Continent
That one may freely say or swear
Drake, Forbish, All had been ther
Who to discou'rjes bent their minds
And Courted had, both seas, & winds
Heer larger pleasure on me wayes
Than Magelans, found out ye' straights
Making all vaine & false ye' WHILE
I'm reading Str. I hon. Mandecull
For These with story more engage
Than Purcas in his Pilgrimage
Or what was either sayd or wrot
By Sands or by Tom Coriick.
Heer ye four seasons Mustred are
And what's. to Each peculiar
With eury Nations seural dress
Suting them to their Provinces
 Ther Other Landskips are display
Thout Clock ye's parts of Night & day
 This Room's defence. are Men in Arms
That Other's blest with Sybells Charms
And ye Fam'd Poets did devise
Stories of owld now held for lies
Adorn ye' Entry doth invite
To th' Place can conquer Appetite
And as their Raptures held divine
Soe doe they seem to guard ye' wine
That was Ralphs once but now is mine.
Thus eury corner soc compleat
As if each were a Flora's seat
Tablets of Potts & Flowers rare
Present a Guardian on ye stair
Wher sits Tom Piper whose stil Layes
Not to ye ear but fancy plays
And such a hand & Lute Him by
As might ye Lesbian out vie
Whist ye heads posture speaks as much
As keeping time with every touch
Ther for to notify ye Roonce
The pretty Mayd stands with her broome
And Sempster somewhat above
Both shew w Postures They approve.
An Ovld nat Father th'ont a Coole
Heer puts Devotion to Schoole
Whilst on a Crucifix ther lies
Only a Painted Sacrifice
A Maidlen too ye fain would crye
But ye Coulers now are drie
Ther farther fetcht soe more admir'd
See how a Turkish Bride's attir'd
And if it be not held a crime
To cherish order in this time
Cast but ye eye a little farther
And you may see yt of ye Quarter
From ye first Infancy & since
How it hath come from Prince to Prince
As sourains of It & those Peers
Admitted been their Partners —
Now ere I haue with staircase don
A Frier ther doth shrift a Nunn
Or in probation at Least
Casts a Sheeps eye & streaks her brest:
Whilst in a ston bow one doth shoot
The wench houlds vp ye he may do't.
Now ye Flesh may not begett
A surfeet heer's a Fish market:
An Emblem Picture tells you how
Ovld Age w th 1o's made a Cow
You'd judg ye Equity's nor far
Wher's one & t'other Chancellor
Yet in a Proverb I was tould
Each thing ye Glisters prous not gould:

   . . . . . . . . .

Whilst All w th in dore I comend
I'de not forgett as you ascend
Vnto this structure to display
That Cludian like or Appian way
Sce due Proportioned noe Feet
That ever Tract'd out Watterling Street
Of Antient Romans Cost & Pride
Fram'd any one more qualeside.
To shew y'e Souranty at Gate
A Lion & a Lion's Mate
In silence stand, nor Roar to fear
Th'approach of any Passenger
Orchards on Either side of these
Not yeilding to th'Hesperides
Gardens & walks y' seem to me
Bestreved w'th Curiosity
Whist Nature's not of Arts help nice
But Both conclud it Paradise
Which y' I might see more beleev
Heer's Picture'd too Adam & Eve
Beasts Birds & Fishes making one
Sampler of y' Creation
A wilderness too but in name
Less fit for wild things than for tame
And for to add to all this Treasure
A little Park wal'd in for pleasure
These & a thousand more delights
Ranish my sense & Pen y't writes
And would (as t'w'er) bewitch & bring
Me 'thin a Circle & a Ring
Not to depart but hear to dwell
Enchanted through such Magick Spell
Such stately Mausolean flore
Tarass'd & Ballkon'd o'er
With Pergola's claims wonder
Whilst to Each Guarden ther lies under
Grottos & Pauements y' discover
Happy Retirements for y' lover
His fires in secret to express
Vnto his backward Mistress
All y' ascrib'd to Fortunes wheel
In reference to our weak keele
Discovered is w'th curious art
And y' nine sisters scurall part
Yet ere I can conclude this story
A Virgin hand adds soe much Glory
The ‘Fugitive Poetry’ of Mildmay Fane

To all ye rest in Liming touch
Apelles skirche could doe soe much
In my opinion t’doth out goe
Rubin & Michel-Angelo
These Traits & Lineaments are truer
Than Van-Dike drew or Albert Dure
And Gelthrop (alas) is Poorer
Fitter to hang than draw before her
Only my fears increase in this
Least Pallas should take it amiss
To see Her self too overcome
Soe dam Her to Arachnes doom.
Now as a Merchant Factor that
Trades to Bantam, Ormus, Surat
Such Ports as of Greatest Riches are
Makes some return to shew his care
Soe heer my Lo: think it noe skorn
I send you this poor Pepper-corn
Leases are held soe & doe bind
Cheerly when seruice rests behind
And ye You may of this be surer
None shall obey & serve you truer

Unlike the fine arts, the literature of his own period seems to offer Fane no retreat from discord and variance. The topical Cleveland is his idol, and the ‘complete’ Beaumont and Fletcher of 1647 occasions, instead of nostalgia, one of Fane’s best satires (pp. 32–33), in which he sees the land that had banned all plays re-enacting one of its most famous—A King and No King. A possible echo of Jonson occurs in a scurrilous parody (p. 35) satirizing the Earl of Pembroke:

Upon ye Perfume Pembroke left when
he was sent to hit this World good night
The Second of May
1649

Hau ye obsrud ye poysoning breath
Of a Corps sequesterd by Death
Or beene made happy with ye sent
Of a Draught full of extrem?
Smelt ye e’re sauroy fumes arise
From ye gold finding [?] mis’ries
The unpolished work of the country gentleman rather than of the cavalier, at least two thirds of Fane's manuscript deals in some such fashion with public figures and public affairs. Although such writing displays little of the learning and quotable facetiousness that Fane admired in Cleveland, it is complex enough to merit further study, for the 'Fugitive Poetry' affords valuable insight into the shifting sentiments and fundamental loyalties of one who made his peace with Parliament in 1644 without losing the favor of Charles II in 1660. Fane was not born to be a satirist, but events made him one for a time; a second paper, it is hoped, will show the manuscript to be a document of some importance in the history of English political satire.

ELEANOR WITHINGTON

"Fane has a closer imitation of the same stanza from 'Her Triumph' in Underwoods, this time in the spirit of the original, in his play 'Don Phoebo's Triumph'; see Leech, Mildmay Fane's Ragmilla, p. 51. The image of the candle may have been borrowed from Francis Quarles's emblem for the hypocrite in Divine Fancies, II, 96 (London, 1642, p. 109):

He's like a Christmas Candle, whose good name
Crown'd his faire actions with a glorious flame;
Burnes clear, and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To question, but he stirs at going out;
When Death puffs out his flame, the snuff will tell
If he were Wax, or Tallow, by the smell."
List of Contributors

ROMAN JAKOBSON, Samuel Hazzard Cross Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures, Harvard University
WILLIAM A. JACKSON, Professor of Bibliography and Assistant Librarian of the College Library in charge of the Houghton Library, Harvard University
FERNANDO ZOREL DE AYALA, Manila, Philippine Islands
ELEANOR WITTING, Instructor in English, Queens College
WILLIAM H. BOND, Curator of Manuscripts in the Houghton Library, Harvard University
HERBERT DIECKMANN, Professor of Romance Languages and Literatures, Harvard University
PHILIP KOCH, Teaching Fellow in French, Harvard University
DAVID C. WEBER, Senior Assistant in the Harvard College Library
CHARLES SNYDER, Librarian of the Lucien Howe Library of Ophthalmology, Harvard University and Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary
CHARLTON FINNMAN, Research Fellow, Folger Shakespeare Library
MABEL A. E. STEELE, Custodian of the Keats Memorial Collection, Harvard College Library