

MARY POLITO

'This rare Poetesse': The Remains of Lady Jane Burdett

One strong witness to the existence of a literary circle that included the Newdigates of Arbury Hall is the funeral sermon with eight poetic tributes, one by John Newdigate III, for Lady Jane Burdett (d. 1637), published in 1650. *The Wearie Souls Wish, or, The Doves Wings* is held among the Gresley family papers at the Bodleian Library.¹ Links between the Gresleys and the Burdetts are well established. According to Madan Falconer, Gresley family historian, Jane Burdett's widowed mother Elizabeth Francis married Hastings Gresley, brother of George, who contributed a poem to the above volume.² Further, in 1622, Bridget Burdett, daughter of Jane and Thomas Burdett, married Thomas Gresley of Drakelowe (son of George). The Burdetts were 'near neighbours' to the Newdigates; they owned Bramcote Hall, just east of Arbury Hall and Thomas Gresley was a close friend of Richard and John Newdigate from their time together at Trinity College, Oxford (1618–20).³ Poems by close admirers and the dedication to the Burdett family chaplain Thomas Calvert's sermon proper represent Jane Burdett as the central figure of what Vivienne Larminie argues 'can only have been a literary circle'.⁴ That Burdett's sphere of influence and her reputation as a learned woman had spread beyond the circle implied by the poems is demonstrated, as Larminie shows, in the esteemed Warwickshire antiquarian William Dugdale's report to Sir Simon Archer on the death of "our good friend" and in Dugdale's comment that Burdett was "a Ladie of singular accomplishment".⁵ An examination of Calvert's text and the eight verses, however, allows Jane Burdett to stand forth for the reader not only as an admirable, well-educated woman and patron of the literary and dramatic arts and as such, as Newdigate puts it in his tribute, 'the muse herself', but also as a learned intellectual and a poet in her own right.

The Wearie Souls Wish was published by Thomas Broad at York thirteen years after Burdett's death. Like many printed sermons, this is a composite volume, providing supplementary material to the sermon proper. Calvert's

edition includes an extended dedication of the volume to Burdett's eldest son Sir Francis Burdett, which was clearly written for the publication. Calvert notes that

had not the voice of some of your friends called it out, it had staid still in the lap of the mother of it, and would not have taken so much front and boldnesse, as to have called you for a Nurse ... [it would have] still lurked in its private Cradle, and not gone forth to be dandled on publique knees.⁶

The dedication is followed by Calvert's formal sermon, a conventional reading of old testament verses (and one apt quotation from Seneca) that speaks of the consolation that can be derived from secure knowledge of the general misery of the human condition: 'we might rather dwell quiet for ever in the little dark world of our mothers womb, then come into this great world, and the great Evils of it'.⁷ The sermon proper is an entirely generic offering, making no direct mention of Burdett or her mourners. Eight verses follow and conclude the volume.⁸ Two of the poems are attributed to named persons, poem one to George Gresley, poem two to John Newdigate III. Poem three offers only the initials GT, while four and five, titled 'An Elegy' and 'An Epitaph', offer no attribution. Poem six, 'Another Epitaph' gives us TC, clearly Thomas Calvert in that the initials are preceded by the declaration '*Maerens posui*' (I have ordained the grieving). Poem seven is attributed to RB, clearly Burdett's younger son Robert, and poem eight to TB, her husband Thomas.⁹ The published versions were clearly written or revised for publication at various times. Poem one gives a date of composition for Gresley's poem, '*Friday 23. March 1647*', at least in the form we find it. Some, I will suggest, were written at the time of Jane Burdett's death and may have been contributed for the funeral itself.¹⁰ Calvert indicates that he gathered the tributes in the role of 'mother' to the project, one conceived of earlier and only going forth in 1650 at the 'urging' of Francis Burdett's 'friends'. One further element of the publication is the woodcut that precedes the dedication. The engraving presents three nude Amazonian figures, posing and placed as muses or graces (plate 4). The woodcut is quite apt as a visual prologue to the representation of Burdett as high-spirited muse and virago-like creator, although Broad had employed the image earlier for decor in disparate works.¹¹

The funeral sermon itself was not a part of the sanctioned liturgy but rather was commissioned by families who either employed a family chaplain or could afford to pay their local clergy.¹² The genre of the printed funeral

sermon is distinct from the funereal ritual and from other printed memorial texts for the dead such as funeral orations, stand-alone elegies or memorial books. While most printed sermons commemorate wealthy and noble figures, by the early seventeenth century there are examples of relatively ordinary subjects being so honoured.¹³ Some consist of only such sermons as Calvert's generic offering. Most printed sermons, however, do make mention of the virtues of the dead Christian and the sorrow of her specific family members. Many others provide eulogies for the deceased that scholars have found extremely useful for the biographical material they provide, especially about early modern women.¹⁴ Calvert does provide a rationale for not including eulogistic material in either his dedication or sermon:

There needs not attestation to you for life and manners of the deceased, for who relates the manners of the parents to the children, that have lived long with them, do but bring wood to the Forrest, and poure pails of water into the River. Nor need it be required in prose, since it is by your and her honoured friends supplied in verse, in which they have guided her name & memory, that there needs not any flying to *twice boyl'd* Coleworts. You onely the remaining Cyons of that tree, study the bringing forth of precious fruits, that you may be able to own Gods speciall blessings in the root and in the branches. You well know that large heart, that portion of good parts God bestowed upon her, that she was masculine in all save her body and sexe.¹⁵

Certainly, by the early seventeenth century, published funeral sermons had become a lucrative part of the trade in religious books. The appeal of printed sermons to a broad audience, Patrick Collinson first observed, 'satisfied a growing popular demand for "exemplary Christian biography"'.¹⁶ Women, no less than men, were offered as exemplars of piety. The polemical and sectarian nature of these works certainly increased during the civil war, as did the number of sermons published.¹⁷ Debate about the role of women in sectarian assertion continues; piety itself was a gateway to a public role in contemporary struggles for many women.¹⁸

After reviewing a wide sampling of sermons, I have come to realize that the sermon for Burdett is conventional in many ways. The collation of material does take an unusually long time to reach print but Calvert's dedication suggests that the project had been on hold. Further, Calvert was situated in York as vicar of Holy Trinity, King's Court, by 1638 and there seems to have been a dearth of publication in that city until Thomas Broad was

appointed by Cromwell after the siege of York in 1644.¹⁹ Calvert remained in his post until he was ejected at the Restoration. Two elements of the publication are particularly striking, however. The first is Calvert's overtly negative representation of the Commonwealth, despite his re-appointment to his post by Cromwell. The dedication has an apocalyptic tone: 'We are now from a Kingdom turned into Common-weale . . . and many doubt the Article of the Lands resurrection'.²⁰ *The Wearie Soules Wish* is thus doing double service as an elegy for Burdett and on the death of 'Our Nation'.²¹ Calvert recalls this lost national life and time in terms of the theatre:

This nation was full of feastings, Masks, and Comedies, the unruly Children of wanton peace, but are now stript of these *Puerilia discibula*, if we may borrow a phrase from Tertullian, and are come to act nothing but passively in sad and grave Tragedies: Our Masks and Dances are not to be found.²²

He finds himself in a troubling time of carnival inversion: 'like some of the ancient Heathens, we are ready to mourne, when our friends are born, and rejoice with songs and musick at their Funerals'.²³

I draw attention to Calvert's remarks not to make any claims about his allegiance. Rather, these reflections of a vexed mind support our developing grasp of the political ambivalence of many during the 1640s and 1650s. As Larminie points out, Richard Newdigate I, like Calvert, continued in his profession, the law, throughout the interregnum while retaining 'a credible long-term reputation as "no enemy to monarchy"'.²⁴ David Cressy argues that before the battles themselves the English were experiencing a 'revolution' in their critical capacity, their ability to view their nation and its prospects from an array of perspectives.²⁵ This change is borne out in the Newdigate archive and in particular in the plays. Though the Newdigates stood up publicly as royalists, the plays reveal complex views on the subject of authority, the law, and personal ethics. Calvert, whose writing seems to reflect the trauma of having witnessed bloody clashes, appears in his dedication as a troubled man with a conflicted soul. The inspiration for Calvert's sermon is taken from the familiar psalm: 'And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! / For then would I fly away, and be at rest.'²⁶ He reflects that 'The wish of the psalmist is now become from personall to bee almost a Nationall wish, all of us desiring our wearied soules had something of the Bird'.²⁷

The second striking element of the dedication and the poems is that they do not place a primary focus on Burdett's piety. Certainly, secondary

attention is paid to her piety (see, for example, poem 1.9–10 and 3.5, 17–18). Gresley even offers her pious last words in his tribute (1.13–14). Printed funeral sermons for women in general, however, — with their eulogies either woven into the sermon proper or added in a discrete section — do place primary attention on women’s spiritual struggles and their piety. Instead, the Burdett poems work to conjure the object of their grief as the dynamic performer of multiple roles, many of which demanded an aesthetic sense and superb intellect.

The subject of Jane Burdett’s piety, however, becomes intriguing in light of the only known document to contain her hand: a thirteenth-century illuminated manuscript that was first made known to the late Janet Backhouse in 1978 by Burdett’s descendants. Backhouse was asked not to reveal its existence to other scholars until it changed hands in the 1990s and the new owners allowed other scholars to confirm its import. It was then auctioned by Sothebys in 1998.²⁸ Backhouse prepared the entry for the Sotheby’s catalogue — *The Burdett Psalter-Hours: A Very Old Book, An Introduction by Janet Backhouse* — and contributed an article on its significance.²⁹ The three sets of owners, Backhouse relates, have at their wishes remained anonymous and the current owners have not, to my knowledge, made the psalter available to scholars. Thanks to Backhouse’s work, we do have a transcription of Jane Burdett’s inscription which appears, Backhouse reports, ‘on the second flyleaf’ of the manuscript. Burdett gives us a sense of the ritual context in which Jane Burdett’s sister Elizabeth’s husband, Anthony Hutton, makes a gift of the beautiful volume to Lady Jane, in the company of family, friends, and the family chaplain:

Sonne Franceys — This booke geven mee by my Noble Brother in Law Anthony Hutton Esquire att his House Gaile in Cumberland the 28 of June 1634, take notice that I bequeath unto you when Death Shall not Suffer mee to possess it longer. On this condition that you leave it to your Successor, with a Charge that it Still So goe on, whilst God Continues your name or Blood in posteritie, to the memory of his Frendly kindness in this High prised Gift to which Act I Subscribe by Name *Jane Burdett*. In presence to witness Christofer Dalston. Antho: Hutton. Elizabeth Hutton. Anne Bowes. I Joyn Bowes. John Dalston. Bar: Hutton. Sam: Hutton, George Hudsson. Tho: Calert [*sic*].³⁰

We are left only with questions about this gift, which had survived the iconoclasts to end up in the north of England. Why did Matthew Hutton give this

book to Jane Burdett? Had she long admired it? She recognizes the preciousness of the ‘High prized’ work and immediately marks it as her legacy to the Burdett line. Did she appreciate it as an antiquarian? It seems highly unlikely that she was a secret Catholic, though she may have found religious consolation in the work. Or did she honour this gift for the wonder of its aesthetic qualities? She is named the ‘rare Mistress of Arts’ in poem 4:33. Was she known as a woman who was a collector and student of the visual arts? In any case, Jane Burdett is thinking about her death — was she already ill? — and the inscription and occasion evoke the tone and authority of a will. She employs the power of her name and persona to command that the work would continue to be cared for through continual personal ownership, ‘that it Still So goe on’. Jane Burdett’s legacy is the continuing movement of a precious manuscript through time and from place to place among those who, if nothing else, heeded her command about its preservation. At the same time, she memorializes and writes to preserve the import of the present moment of the gift giving itself, ‘the memory of his Frendly kindness’.

Before turning to the elegiac poetry in *A Wearie Souls Wish* to see what the poems have to tell us about Jane Burdett, it should be noted that while most printed sermons do not contain elegies, many do, demonstrating how the elegy as a cultural form was increasingly a part of both the public funeral ritual and the tradition of offering condolence after the fact.³¹ As Andrea Brady observes, the rhetorical form of the condolence was a primary element of the curriculum in schools of the period. Taught by way of epistles of condolence modelled by Cicero and Seneca, scholars also employed such English works as Thomas Wilson’s *Art of Rhetorique*. Brady explains: ‘Through the *inventio* of sympathy, the speaker claims the authority of shared pain, and joins a community of loss. From there, he or she submits to an exemplary process of self-consolation which other mourners can imitate.’³² It is no wonder, then, that amateur poets, inspired by the lofty achievements of professionals like Donne and Milton, took to the genre. The poets in the Burdett circle may have been especially influenced by Wilson in that he was Thomas Burdett’s maternal grandfather.³³

Brady finds accounts of early modern funerals that relate how mourners brought their own elegies to attach to the drapery over the coffin or even to toss into the grave. At Edmund Spenser’s funeral, “‘Mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them [were] thrown into [Spenser’s] Tomb’”.³⁴ Particularly instructive is the story of ‘John Friend, a gentleman commoner at St Edmund’s Hall, Oxford, [who] died of a fever’ in 1676.³⁵

His father Nathaniel produced a manuscript anthology commemorating his son's life and death, providing "a patterne fit to be imitated by any".³⁶ Friend records that the night before the funeral, he visited his son's coffin and saw "several Copies of Verses tatched to the Cloth" and that during the funeral, while John Barrow "was making his Funerall Oration, the Schollers were making Verses".³⁷ Friend writes, further, that "I shall here insert those Copies that came to my hand which at present are but few but many were made that were fixed to his hearse cloth when he was buried, and I am promised to have them", and he later reports that he received them.³⁸ Such evidence allows us to consider the possibility that some of the verses for Jane Burdett may have been written specifically for the event of her funeral in 1637. The verses themselves allow for this possibility. Newdigate offers an image of a ritual that may or may not be metaphorical:

The Lady (to whose consecrated Herse
I creep up by the humble steps of Verse,
And drop my Tears, that what was black before
Might look more duskie, when 'tis all wett o'r,
For so doth Black and Velvet,) was admir'd. (2.9–13)

Other poems seem to be caught up in newly minted grief. The only poem to be titled *An Elegy* works to reflect a kind of ontological crisis at the news of Burdett's death in the following lines as well as in several other instances:

This Soul is gone.
But O my murder; that word turns to stone,
Me, Thee, the World, or else all sense is gone. (4.40–2)

The next poem, 'An Epitaph', evokes both the burial in 1637 and the burial place, at Foremark. It opens:

Stand still, admire, hear what these stones will speak,
Forced their Marble Tongue-ties thus to break.
Here rests the woman, the Ladie and the Friend,
In whom Arts, Parts, Gifts, Graces did contend. (5.1–4)

In the final poem, I would suggest that Thomas Burdett refers to his grieving daughters and perhaps grandchildren when he relates,

But that which pierceth most, and pricks my heart,
Is that I see (me thinks) the eyes to smart,
And the sweet, damask, tender, lovely Cheeks

Of those fair, hopeful Buds, by sobs and shreeks
 To be besmear'd and chang'd, and to expresse
 Their grief and sorrow in their blacker dresse.
 They weep, they mourn, and fainting hang the Head,
 As do the Branches when the Root is dead. (8.13–20)

The poems thus memorialize both Burdett and the events that occurred at her passing.

Who is the Jane Burdett of the eight elegiac tributes? She is, firstly, portrayed as an exceptional woman in terms of her spirited persona — ‘all heat and flame’ (4.55) — her intellect and education, her literary talent and her influence. As such, she is both the best that there ever was in women: ‘the golden Cabinet of best parts / In Females Common-wealth, is stolne away’ (4.14–15) and, conventionally though not logically, also represented as masculine in her exceptionalism. As we have seen, Calvert declares that Burdett was ‘masculine in all save her body and sexe’; her son Robert likewise attributes to her ‘a spirit Masculine’ (7.10). With categories preserved, the writers are free to celebrate her virtues. The suggestion that she ‘made Poetick Cannons’ herself, as Newdigate declares (2.19), is reiterated by the anonymous writer of ‘An Elegy’ who calls Burdett

this rare Poetesse,
 Who, did she live, would blush to see such lines
 Of leaden verse paid to such golden shrines. (4.86–8)

Of this poetry, however, none is extant.

The most predominant trope employed by the verse makers is periphrasis. Newdigate, for example, calls her ‘the Muse herself’ (2.16) and the great ‘Compeer’ (29) of statesmen. I suggest that we could see these descriptions as a set of roles that Burdett, ‘In whom Arts, Parts, Gifts, Graces did contend’ (5.4), surely consciously cultivated and performed at some level. As an intellectual, for example, she is named ‘the Intelligence’ (4.104), ‘The female darling of the Aonian traine’ (4.27) and ‘A golden minde’ (7.9).

In the context of this special issue, however, I wish to pay particular attention to the celebration of Burdett’s hospitality. This evidence suggests the possibility that some of the ‘feastings, Masks, and Comedies’ of which Calvert speaks may have been held at either the Burdett estate at Bramcote in Warwickshire or Foremark in Derbyshire. In Henry Wotton’s *The Elements of Architecture* (1624) he describes a man’s ‘Mansion House and Home’ as ‘the

Theater of his Hospitality.³⁹ That Jane Burdett may have played the hostess in a setting akin to a European salon is not impossible to imagine in light of current research on women and drama in the Caroline period. Observing that Queen Henrietta Maria was the first woman known to actually speak on stage and that her ladies-in-waiting performed male as well as female roles, Julie Sanders argues that the queen's commissioning of, and performance in, such theatrics 'contributed to, and to a certain extent initiated, a widespread debate in the period about the virtues and morality of female theatrical performance'.⁴⁰ Sanders links the social activities of the queen to the politically powerful salons headed by women on the continent. More importantly, she finds other English women, such as Lucy Hay, countess of Carlisle, and Rachel Fane, hosting, writing for and/or performing in similar theatrical salons.⁴¹

The tributes make mention of Jane Burdett's 'courtesie' in this regard (3.9, 7:7). Poem five declares:

The place
Of her abode call'd her the Countries Grace.
Courtesie said, she's ours, and all that knew
What Friendship meant, on her Loves praises threw. (5.9–12)

Poem four calls her

the Mistress of all Hearts,
Who with sweet witchcraft of love, courtesie,
Inchanted all to love her. (4.34–6)

Newdigate's poem, which most pointedly draws attention to her talent as a muse and poet, notes in a kind of aside that

I'll not repeat her Oeconomicks, these
Upon her fiats were perform'd, 'twas ease. (2.23–4)

The celebration of her achievements as a conversationalist may support her persona as a practitioner of 'courtesie' as well. She is called a 'paradise of witt' (4.132), 'that Tongue, Whose speech was grave, wise, modest, sweet as song' (6.3–4), and 'a witt Divine' (7.9). Through her, we are told, the 'wilde grew tame' and 'to this she Orpheus Harpe / Danc'd with delight and love' (4.39–40). The association of Burdett with theatrics and her era with 'feastings' and 'Our Masks and Dances' suggests the kind of early modern hospitality in

which household celebrations included family members and guests in music-making, dance, and dramatic readings or performance.

If there is any hint that Burdett may have been patron or advisor to Newdigate in the area of playwriting, I think it is to be found in Newdigate's observation that 'Her notions did descend to lower sense, / And lightned strong lines by experience'. As Stockden demonstrates in this issue, Newdigate appears to have debated with his dear friend Gilbert Sheldon about the relative merits of 'plain style' and what they refer to as 'strong lines', presumably full of figures and learned allusion. As well, Newdigate appears to comprehend the need for him to work to make his dramas accessible, even to those without training in rhetoric or the classics. He admits this in his prologue to *The Twice Chang'd Friar*, in which he relates that out of service to this element in the audience he has worked to 'Enfeeble powerfull lines that their low skill [his audience's] / May haue some feeling of 'hem'.⁴² Burdett, Newdigate suggests in his tribute, was not averse to 'descending' to the arena of 'lower sense'; even, it may be, to comment on some of the bawdy scenes that appear in plays like *The Humorous Magistrate* in order to 'lighten' his too strong lines with her 'experience'.

Jane Burdett was certainly an exceptional seventeenth-century woman, if only in terms of her access to a broad, humanist education and the apparent centrality she held in her community. Other women tied to the Newdigate circle also played central roles as hostess and/or guardian of the country house. Anne Newdigate (née Fitton, 1574–1618), mother to Mary, John, Richard, Lettice, and Anne, managed the estate at Arbury Hall in her widowhood with capability, fought and won the right to retain John's wardship, and, as Larminie observes, she 'oversaw her children's academic and musical education with care [and] took them to associate with the Egerton circle at the Newdigates' former home at Harefield Place'.⁴³ Alice Egerton, countess of Derby, in her widowhood, 'lived at Harefield House as a 'rural queen': 'Harefield House became a cultural community. Preparing her grandchildren for social and public life, she employed schoolteachers and musicians, and provided for lavish masques in which the grandchildren acted'.⁴⁴ The tributes suggest that Jane Burdett was another such 'rural queen', but there may have been many more women patrons of the literary arts, including drama, in the Midlands. Larminie reminds us of just how many Midlands women are the dedicatees for volumes of poetry and plays in the period and she draws attention to poet/playwright William Sampson's *Virtus Post Funera Viuit or, Honour Tryumphing Over Death Being True Epitomes of Honorable, Noble,*

Learned, and Hospitable Personages, published in 1636 because Sampson writes elegies about twenty-two Derbyshire figures, including several women, from families or country estates about which further research about patronage could be pursued.⁴⁵ While Larminie does not mention it, one poem is in fact for Jane Burdett on the passing of her mother: ‘On The Worshipfull Mrs Eliz. *Mary* Gresley Mother Of The Lady Bvrdeavt Of Formarke’.⁴⁶ This poem is, as far as we have been able to determine, then, one of three extant textual ‘remains’ of Lady Jane Burdett. In the poem, Sampson offers us one useful piece of information about Burdett’s mother: ‘Thy Birth was noble, thy education such / As had from Vertue Vertues sacred touch’.⁴⁷ If Elizabeth Francis/Gresley was well educated herself, she no doubt supported the education of her daughters as well.

Further, William Sampson brings us back to the ‘near neighbours’ sketched for us first by Margaret Jane Kidnie and more recently examined by Julie Sanders in *The Cultural Geography of Early Modern Drama 1620–1650*.⁴⁸ By 1628, David Kathman relates, William Sampson ‘was a retainer in the household of Sir Henry Willoughby of Risley, Derbyshire’.⁴⁹ Two other Willoughby estates, Middleton and Wollaton, were located very close to the homes where the two manuscript versions of *The Humorous Magistrate* have their provenance. Middleton Hall was located close to Arbury Hall and in the 1580s the Willoughby family built Wollaton Hall in Nottinghamshire, on property situated close to Watnall Hall. Kidnie provides evidence linking the Willoughbys and Rollestons in 1592 by way of the sale of land by Sir Francis Willoughby that would add to the marriage settlement for Edward Ballard and Valentyne Rolleston made between the couple’s fathers, Edward Ballard and Lancelot Rolleston. We find a link between the next generation of the Willoughby family and John Newdigate III in the latter’s Commonplace Book.⁵⁰ In Newdigate’s hand, we find a poem titled ‘Mr. Clifton to my Cousin An Willoughby’,⁵¹ the assignation ‘cousin’ suggesting a neighbourly closeness. William Sampson’s play *The Vow Breaker. Or, The Faire Maide Of Clifton*, also published in 1636, was dedicated to this same Anne Willoughby.⁵² As Sanders has shown, the Willoughbys of Wollaton retained professional players to perform at both Wollaton and Middleton Halls.⁵³

Sampson adds the following to the title of his play: ‘In Notinghamshire as it hath beene diuers times Acted by severall Companies with great applause.’ Sanders speculates that the ‘Companies’ may have been professional, in light of our knowledge about the Willoughby’s entertainment practices. Even if *The Vow Breaker* was performed solely in Nottinghamshire, we might wonder

how many members of the 'Burdett circle' and other '*Hospitable Personages*' mentioned by Sampson in *Virtus Post Funera Viuit* were among those who enjoyed the play 'diverse times'. The printed playbook itself, as well as Sampson's book of elegies, is listed in an inventory of the books of George Gresley, located among the Gresley family papers with *The Wearie Souls Wish*.⁵⁴ Further, Sampson's report about the popularity of his play in the countryside, suggests Sanders, 'adds weight' to the notion that the 'Osborne and Arbury manuscript play versions ... may have enjoyed a peripatetic existence travelling between different, even neighbouring, households'.⁵⁵

Poems Transcribed from *The Wearie Souls Wish, or, The Doves Wings*

1. *Upon the death of the Ladie Jane Burdett, who dyed March 21. 1637.*

He and his Muse, who long since silence vow'd,
 Are forc'd to break it, and to strive and crowd
 To do this service to so true a friend,
 Which made so blessed, and so good an end.
 What though her Body be inclos'd in lead, 5
 Yet never will her Memory be dead.
 So strong a Brain, ripe Wit, and well fraught Head
 Her matchlesse vertues through the world did spread:
 So Noble, High, and such a Divine Spirit,
 Earths joyes she sleighted, Heavens to inherit, 10
 As witness well these words which she spake,
There's none from me my Interest can take
In Jesus Christ, my sinns sole sacrifice.
 And So to rest with Dove-like wings she flies.

George Gresley Baronet

Friday 23. March 1647.

2. *To the Memory of Lady Jane Burdett.*

The Poets double fancy, that commends
 His Mistris face, and bountie of his friends,
 Is rais'd by meer propriety, because
 Love speaks for one, need pleads the others Cause
 Relations of self-love (in equitie) 5
 Are sleighted by impartiall Judges, we
 Disclaim corruption, and wholly do depend

Upon our Cause, not make the Judge our friend.
 The Lady (to whose consecrated Herse
 I creep up by the humble steps of Verse, 10
 And drop my Tears, that what was black before
 Might look more duskie, when 'tis all wett o'r,
 For so doth Black and Velvet,) was admir'd
 For more than common Fancies are inspir'd,
 By their so oft invoc't Melpomene. 15
 She was the Muse her self, Philosophie
 Fell from her in high raptures, every line
 Was the prediction of a great Designe.
 She made Poetick Canons, that from them
 You might draw more, then from an Enthymem: 20
 Her notions did descend to lower sense,
 And lightned strong lines by experience.
 I'll not repeat her Oeconomicks, these
 Upon her fiats were perform'd, 'twas ease.
 I accept her Rules, and never then to erre, 25
 As Schollers of the great Philosopher.
 Where she was summon'd into other Lifts,
 She was the Schoolmans strong Antagonist,
 The States-mans great Compeer; the Traveller
 Came to learn somewhat (he ne'r knew) from her. 30
 Resolve me then, if clear discerning hearts
 Ought not to offer to her curious parts,
 Their choicest Vows, since women have been stor'd
 With fewer Virtues, and yet much ador'd.

The humble Presentation of
J. Newdigate.

3. *Upon the death of the Lady Jane Burdett, who dyed March 21. 1637*
 She whose late death life to my Muse hath gain'd,
 To sing with sighs this subjects worth unstain'd.
 Her famous life, doom'd to oblivion,
 Hath now stirr'd up my wits devotion.
 Humble she was, Matchlesse for reverence, 5
 Her Countries joy, and Vertues quintessence:

Her faith, her knowledge, and her judgement sage
 Out-stripping time, scarce extant in our age.

In gestures courtesie, in presence comelinesse, 9
 In seasoned speech appeared lowly meeknesse.
 Pattern and Patronesse to each pious act,
 Her Heart till death of pitie was compact.

Pleasing she was, of affability 13
 Wholly compos'd, and ingenuitie.
 She was as near as Art or Wit could find,
 Agreed with every humour in each mind.

Though Heavens decreed her death, yet she could spie 17
 A life in Christ fear'd no mortalitie.
 Then let our joyes on such sure hopes depend,
 Which, though we die, do live, and know no end.

G.T.

4. *An Elegy.* (Augustae Animae

To the Memory of the Lady Jane Burdett (Angustus Orbis.

So flie aethereall Spirits unto the Skies,
 As their primordially source, whence first they rise,
 Whiles we Claves heavier lumps are left behinde,
 Drownd in our terrene drosse and unrefin'd.
 Like to that farr-fam'd Tree 'mongst th' Orcades, 5
 Where Fruits turn Worms, Worms Birds, Birds Barnacles.
 And Straight do use their feathered sailes to flee,
 Forgetting they e're sprung from Bud or Tree.
 We are those greener fruits, that have no more
 But vegetation, whiles the riper store 10
 First drops, then moves, and takes an heavenly flight:
 Such was this ripened soul gone from our sight,
 In whom, Reason, Judgment, combined Arts
 Vow, that the golden Cabinet of best parts
 In Females Common-wealth, is stolne away 15
 Ah we unhappy in this worlds decay!
 When all our Gemms and Pearles are culled forth,
 What are this Earths Check-stones and Pebbles worth?
 If any aske who, what, and where's the cause,

That murdereth joy with such a fatall pause, 20
 And fearfull period? Oh, I cannot speake,
 Left uttering, mine, hearing, his heart may break.
 Yet if I may like an Ænigma tell,
 Or with sacred and secret characters spell
 In the Ægyptian guise, Earths prodigie, 25
 Thus would I vent, and vaile our misery.
 The female darling of the Aonian traine,
 To gracious Three, learn'd Nine the chamberlaine
 Their Inmate, in-most friend, and since Eves fall
 One that did study to be most rationally, 30
 And measured woman to so faire a span
 Of gifts and braines, as parallell to Man:
 The Feminine Atlas, rare Mistris of Arts,
 But more than that, the Mistris of all Hearts,
 Who with sweet witchcraft of love, courtesie, 35
 Incharmed all to love her: (Stone and Tree,
 Woods, Mountains, Rocks, Souls vowd to hate and carpe,
 Of wilde grew tame, to this she Orpheus Harpe
 Danc'd with delight and love.) This Soul is gone. 40
 But O my murder; that word turns to stone,
 Me, Thee, the World, or else all sense is gone.
 Awake thou sluggish Earth, crie wo, Alas,
 One Element is lost, whiles she doth passe.
 Prometheus at first celestial fire 45
 Stole, and so cozened the Heavenly Sire
 To enrich Earth, but we are now bereft
 Of this rare fire. A new and noted Theft
 This daughter of Prometheus hath made,
 Carrying to Heaven what thence was once convey'd. 50
 It was Philosophers fiction, and a lie,
 To lodge the Fire in the concavity
 Of changing Phoebe. Sure they did erre,
 This was the proper Orbe, it dwelt in her.
 An active vigorous spirit, all heat and flame, 55
 Like fire aspiring, restless till it came
 From these moist Damps, and muddy sloughs of earth,
 Ascended to its high and heavenly birth.

And now why heare I not the Poles to cracke,
 Cloudes spue forth lightnings, and the Earth to quake? 60
 Lightnings as Canons shott, to welcome this
 So good a Soul, to her appointed Blisse.
 Earths quaking for the want of such a Spirit,
 As was the Epitome of Womans Merit.
 But yet 'tis well Earth rests in ignorance, 65
 For this report divulg'd might cast in trance
 This and that other world, and raise a shout
 Unto the Antipodes, and the Globe about.
 As when the Æthiopian Prince doth vent
 By sneeing his braines humid excrement, 70
 His present Princes worshiping do crie
 Aloud, God save your Princelie Majesty,
 Exalting so their voice that next roomes heare,
 They cry with them, the noise then passeth cleare
 Through all the Pallace, these excite the rest, 75
 Till all the Citie, Markets, Streets have prest
 Their voice to this office; thus his sneese
 Provoketh all salutes of all degrees.
 So loud, so universall would grieffe be,
 Acting in all the world a Tragedie, 80
 Unless we smother our sighes, and spake our feares
 In Mutes of silence, and Liquids of Teares:
 Else one shall stirre up many, many All,
 And Burdets losse prove Oecumenicall
 But St my Muse: you want a perfect dresse; 85
 To tend the Corps of this rare Poetresse,
 Who, did she live, would blush to see such lines
 Of leaden verse paid to such golden shrines.
 Knew I the way of the Ephesian Round,
 Or Magique Circle drawn upon the ground, 90
 To fetch the Ghost of Homer, and command
 Some exact Poet with a Mystique wand,
 Raised from Deaths abysses, I would invite
 Him to this Theame of Glory and Delight:
 To give some taste of his Nectarean sups, 95
 Power'd out from the most rich Castalian Cups,

Blazoning out in most embellisht phrase,
 Our deadly losse in her aye-living praise.
 Directions would I give: her Character
 For knowledge of Mentall Cosmographer, 100
 Great Reasons Quintessence, a capacious spirit,
 Which Parnasse and the inhabitants did inherit.
 Then would I tell she was the womans sense,
 They were the Orbe, but she the Intelligence.
 Their Verse should call her Friendships Soul, no lesse 105
 Then Diamond of love and faithfullnesse:
 A Mother whose blest wombs of body and minde
 Brought children, gifts of perfect number and kinde.
 Then should they teare with verse distaffe and threed
 Of the three spinning Sisters, that agreed 110
 To break her yarne, and throw the spindle by,
 Calling for tribute to Mortalitie
 So hastily, and all their spirits straine
 'Gainst Critique reckonings, till they burst a vaine,
 And with the strength of verse a quarrel pick 115
 Against all numbers and Arithmetique,
 Especially that year our sorrowes call
 For seven times seven too Climactericall.
 This, and much more then this, should they set forth,
 To eternize her Memory and worth, 120
 For substance being gone, her shadow might
 Prove to her darkned Sexe a starre of light.
 But here I stay my grief-enraged Muse,
 Turning my thoughts this base world to accuse,
 From which each Noble spirit hastes away, 125
 Wondring at us who hugge and kisse this clay.
 Onely this clause to you of Woman Kinde
 I'le adde, who on the Earth are left behinde.
 When Paradise was shutt up, your feebled Nature
 'Gained the Name of more imperfect Creature: 130
 Now double imperfect is your Sexe become,
 This Paradise of witt being shut in Tombe.

5. *An Epitaph*

Stand still, admire, hear what these stones will speak,
 Forced their Marble Tongue-ties thus to break.
 Here rests the Woman, the Ladie and the Friend,
 In whom Arts, Parts, Gifts, Graces did contend.
 Which should advance her most. For whom even Death 5
 Growes leane with Penance that he should unsheath
 His Blade against this glory of her Sexe,
 Whom all lament, save those whom Vertues vexe.
 Learning and Muses cry'd, She's ours. The place
 Of her abode call'd her the Countries Grace. 10
 Courtesie said, she's ours, and all that knew
 What Friendship meant, on her Loves praises threw.
 The Ladies cry'd, She's ours, and setteth forth
 Our Honour with fairest Pyramid of worth.
 But, O Alas, she's ours, the grave out cries. 15
 Which word entombes with her a Thousand eyes,
 Dropt out to follow her. Yet collect your powers
 Sad Relicts to some joy, Heavens cry, she's ours:
 And Glories Calender promiseth her Name
 Shall consecrate her Tombe th' Temple of Fame 20
 Where Women as She-priests shall dayly strive,
 By sacrifice to keep her Name alive,
 Telling it to all that pass this short staff,
 Here lies she lends to Women an Epitaph.

6. *Another Epitaph*

If henceforth Women dippe in foolishnesse
 Their Tongues, and cloath them with ungovern'd dresse
 No marvell: for they now have lost that Tongue,
 Whose speech was grave, wise, modest, sweet as song.
 If Womens Councils prove weak, shallow, vaine, 5
 No marvell: they have lost sound Head, deep Brain.
 If base, strait, sluggish thoughts Women inherit,
 No marvell, wanting this Noble Heart, Active Spirit.
 Pardon Female defect in any part,
 For here shee lies was Woman's Tongue, Head, Heart. 10

Maerens posui T.C.

7. *Upon the death of the virtuous, and truly noble Lady, the Lady Jane Burdett.*

Who writes a Verse, that knew her worth, as I,
 Needs not invention but his memory.
 Her numerous praises, he who should rehearse,
 Must farr exceed an Iliad in his verse.
 And yet without one fiction, her true worth 5
 Needs not a poets foyle to sett it forth.
 Birth, Beauty, Learning noble Courtesie,
 Whil'st she on earth did live, these could not die.
 A golden minde, rich soul, a witt Divine,
 In female Sexe a spirit Masculine. 10
 Happy in Friends, in Children, wealth, in all
 Each Grace was hers, and in her Cardinall.
 What more have blessed souls above the Skie,
 She had not here save Immortality? 15
 Who truly knows, may justly make her story,
 The subject of another Female Glory.

R.B.

8. *To the Memory of the Lady Jane Burdett.*
 What means this dolefull dittie in mine ears?
 Me thinks I hear the cries, and see the tears
 Of the whole Universe now rapt in one,
 Thus breathing out this mournfull, throbbing tone.
 What means this change? What means this mournfull weed? 5
 What means this Cloudie black? Is't true indeed,
 That Flora hath put off her sweetest Flower,
 Scarce half worn out with Time? O deadly hour!
 To take the beautie of the new born Spring:
 'Tis against Nature, in the March to ring 10
 Its passing-peal, unless't be good to say
 The Spring began and ended in one day.
 But that which pierceth most, and pricks my heart,
 Is that I see (me thinks) the eyes to smart,
 And the sweet, damask, tender, lovely Cheeks 15
 Of those fair, hopeful Buds, by sobs and shreeks
 To be besmear'd and chang'd, and to expresse

Their grief and sorrow in their blacker dresse.
 They weep, they mourn, and fainting hang the Head,
 As do the Branches when the Root is dead. 20
 Me thinks I hear the Poor say they want Work,
 Both Food, and Clothes, as in the streets they lurk,
 Our Lady-Feeder's gone: Nay more they say,
 Our Spring ne'r had the glory of the May.
 Our hopes are done alas, alas, and we, 25
 Since she is dead, nor help, nor hope can see.
 But stay, she is not dead, she's laid to sleep.
 Then cease your mourning, henceforth cease to weep.
 She follow'd but her Head, he went before,
 There's but a dayes time 'twixt them, and no more. 30
 He on Good-Friday, she on Easters Eve,
 She forthwith follow'd him, and did believe
 The Sabbath would come after, and the Rest,
 When she should rise with him, and with the Blest.
 Then once more cease to mourn, rejoice, and say, 35
 She went to Bed o'th Eve to rise o'th Day.

T.B.

FINIS

Notes

I wish to thank the Bodleian Library for providing me with digital images of Calvert's work and for permission to transcribe and publish the poetic tributes to Jane Burdett.

- 1 Thomas Calvert, *The Wearie Souls Wish: Or, The Doves Wings: Being Some Meditations On Psalm. 55.6. Preached At The Funeral Of The Honoured And Vertuous Ladie, Ladie Jane Burdett, Wife To Sir Thomas Burdett, Baronet, Of Formark In Derby-Shire, March 24. 1637* (York, 1650), Bodleian Eng. Hist. ms b. 159.
- 2 Madan Falconer, *The Gresleys of Drakelowe: An Account of the Family, and Notes of its Connexions by Marriage and Descent from the Norman Conquest to the Present Day* http://www.archive.org/details/The_Gresleys_of_Drakelowe.

- 3 See Margaret Jane Kidnie, 'Near Neighbours: Another Early Seventeenth-Century Manuscript Copy of The Humorous Magistrate', *English Manuscript Drama, 1100–1700* (London, 2007), 205.
- 4 V.M. Larminie, *Wealth, Kinship, and Culture: the Seventeenth-Century Newdigates of Arbury and their World* (Suffolk, 1995), 122.
- 5 Vivienne Larminie, 'Burdett, Jane, Lady Burdett (d. 1637)', in *DNB*, doi:10.1093/ref:odnb/67232.
- 6 Calvert, *The Wearie Souls Wish*, 3.
- 7 *Ibid*, 7.
- 8 I have numbered the poems 1–8 and provide poem number and line numbers for quotations.
- 9 The identity of GT remains unknown.
- 10 At least two of the contributors were dead by 1650: Burdett's husband Thomas and John Newdigate.
- 11 For works published by Broad with the Amazon woodcut, see the king's attempt to avoid personal defeat as well as the fall of York in *Charles Rex. His Majesties Answer, To The Parliaments Propositions For Peace, Presented To The Lords And Commons Assembled at Westminster* (York, 1644) and another funeral sermon for a woman, Elizabeth Hoyle, preached by John Birchall, *The Non-Pareil, Or, The Vertuous Daughter Surmounting All Her Sisters* (York, 1644). In 1650, besides *The Wearie Souls Wishe*, Broad also published news for distribution by Oliver Cromwell. See *Severall Letters And Passages Between His Excellency, The Lord Generall Cromwell, And William Dundas, Governour Of Edinburgh Castle, And The Ministers Therein, Since His Excellencies Entrance Into Edinburgh* (York, 1650). This item does not contain the Amazon woodcut.
- 12 Eric Joseph Carlson, 'English Funeral Sermons as Sources: The Example of Female Piety in Pre-1640 Sermons', *Albion: A Quarterly Journal Concerned with British Studies* 32.4 (2000), 574. Carlson provides an excellent overview of the funeral sermon from the late fifteenth century to the civil war.
- 13 See for example, *From Death's Alarum: or, Security's VVarning-Piece. A sermon preached in S. Dionis Back-Church, at the funerall of Mrs. Mary Smith (daughter of Mr. Isaac Colfe, formerly minister of Gods Word at Chadwell in Essex, and late wife of Mr. Richard Smith of London, draper)* (London, 1653).
- 14 Carlson, 'English Funeral Sermons as Sources', 593.
- 15 Calvert, *The Wearie Souls Wish*, 3–4. It seems to me that Calvert protests too much. His poem for Burdett is really a platform for enumerating the weaknesses of women. He was perhaps ambivalent about the plays, masks and dances with which he associates Burdett.

- 16 Patrick Collinson, "A Magazine of Religious Patterns": an Erasmian Topic Transposed in English Protestantism', *Studies in Church History* 14 (1977), 245, quoted in Debra L. Parish, 'The Power of Female Pietism: Women as Spiritual Authorities and Religious Role Models in Seventeenth-Century England', *The Journal of Religious History* 17.1 (1992), 3.
- 17 For the increase in publication during and after the Long Parliament, see David Cressy, *England on Edge: Crisis and Revolution, 1640–1642*. (Oxford, 2006), 292, 294. Carlson finds evidence that during the Personal Rule licenses to publish funeral sermons had been denied, 'even for doctrinally orthodox works', 576.
- 18 See Parish on funeral sermons for devote Anglican women during the war. She explores 'the potential power of female piety while also aiming to elucidate conflicting contemporary representations of, and responses to, female religious power within their wider political and religious context', 36.
- 19 See Calvert's *DNB* entry by Claire Cross, doi:10.1093/ref:odnb/4427. On publication at York during the first half of the seventeenth century, see Henry R. Plomer, *The Project Gutenberg EBook, A Short History of English Printing, 1476–1898*, <http://www.gutenberg.org>; Robert Davies, *A Memoir Of The York Press, With Notices Of Authors, Printers, And Stationers, In The Sixteenth, Seventeenth, And Eighteenth Centuries* (Westminster, 1868); William K. and E. Margaret Sessions, revised edition, *Printing In York From The 1490s To The Present Day* (York, 1976).
- 20 Calvert, *The Wearie Souls Wish*, 4.
- 21 *Ibid*, 4.
- 22 *Ibid*. By contrast, in the section 'The roots of elegy in epideictic' Brady gives as an example of sermons that worked to 'condemn the degeneracy of the age' in the case of the sermon preached for Elizabeth Savage, Countess of Rivers, whose death in 1651 served 'to "upbrade our masking age"' (quoted in Brady, 13).
- 23 *Ibid*, 4.
- 24 Larminie, *Wealth, Kinship, and Culture*, 182.
- 25 Cressy, *England on Edge*, 151–2.
- 26 *The Holy Bible, King James Version* (New York, 1999), Psalms 55. Bartleby.com, 2000. <http://www.bartleby.com/108/>.
- 27 Calvert, *The Wearie Souls Wish*, 4. Despite his apparently excellent service and impressive program of theological publications, he would be forced to vacate his post at the Restoration (unlike Richard Newdigate I).
- 28 On 24 June 1998, Guy Jackson reported in *The Independent* that the manuscript sold for 'a record 2.7 million pounds', <http://www.highbeam.com/doc/1P2-4905882.html>.

- 29 See 'The Burdett Psalter-Hours: A Very Old Book, An Introduction by Janet Backhouse', in the Sotheby's auction catalogue for the sale at London, 23 May 1998, sale number 8333. I was able to access Backhouse's catalogue entry on the Sothebys site in 2007 but there is no longer access. The entire catalogue for the auction on that date, however, is available from various online book stores. Backhouse also published "'A Very Old Book": The Burdett Psalter-Hours, Made for a Thirteenth-Century Hospitaller', *Studies In The Illustration Of The Psalter*, ed. Brendan Cassidy and Rosemary Muir (Stamford Lincolnshire, 2000). Backhouse takes her title from the inscription on the cardboard box that was presented to her by the Burdett descendants. In both publications, Backhouse provides the original, though erroneous, inscription: 'Very Old Book bequeathed by Jane Burdett 1694'. The date given by Jane Burdett is 1634.
- 30 The full text of Burdett's inscription is provided by Backhouse in the Sotheby's catalogue description of the document, though not in the subsequent article.
- 31 For a funeral sermon that contains an elegy by the husband of the deceased, see *Ezekiel's Prophecie Parallel'd: Or, The Desire Of The Eyes Taken Away Delivered In A Sermon, Preach'd At The Funerals Of The Most Virtuous Mrs Elizabeth Cole, Wife To Robert Cole Esquire* (London, 1652).
- 32 Andrea Brady, *English Funerary Elegy in the Seventeenth Century, Early Modern Literature in History* (New York, 2006), 19.
- 33 Larminie, 'Burdett, Jane, Lady Burdett', *DNB*.
- 34 Brady, *English Funerary Elegy*, 68.
- 35 *Ibid*, 32.
- 36 *Ibid*, 33.
- 37 *Ibid*, 65, 64.
- 38 *Ibid*, 65.
- 39 Henry Wotton, *The Elements of Architecture* (London, 1624) *EEBO*. The seminal work on hospitality in the period is Felicity Heal's *Hospitality in Early Modern England*, (Oxford, 1990).
- 40 Julie Sanders, 'Caroline Salon Culture and Female Agency: The Countess of Carlisle, Henrietta Maria, and Public Theatre', *Theatre Journal* 52.4 (2000), 1.
- 41 Other key works on women and drama in the period include: Alison Findlay, *Playing Spaces in Early Women's Drama* (Cambridge, 2006); Karen Britland, *Drama at the Courts of Queen Henrietta Maria* (Cambridge, 2006); and Pamela Allen and Peter Parolin (eds) *Women Players in England, 1500–1650: Beyond the All-Male Stage* (Burlington, VT, 2005).
- 42 Arbury 414 f 196b, Prologue, 6–7.
- 43 Larminie, 'Newdigate, Anne, Lady Newdigate (1574–1618)', in *DNB*.

- 44 Louis A. Knafla, 'Spencer, Alice, countess of Derby (1559–1637)', in *DNB*.
- 45 Vivienne Larminie, 'Gentry Culture in the Seventeenth Century', Christopher Dyer and Catherine Richardson (eds), *William Dugdale, Historian, 1605-1686: His Life, His Writings and His Country* (Woodbridge: 2009), 119.
- 46 William Sampson, *Virtus Post Funera Viuit or, Honour Tryumphing Over Death Being True Epitomes of Honorable, Noble, Learned, and Hospitable Personages* (London, 1636), 41–2. In the British Library copy that was filmed by University Microfilms International, the name 'Mary' is printed, but struck out. 'Eliz' is inserted by hand. As we have seen, Jane Burdett's mother was named Elizabeth and in her widowhood she married Hastings Gresley. The confusion may have been with Mary Burdett, Jane's mother-in-law and daughter of Thomas Wilson.
- 47 Sampson, 'On The Worshipfull Mrs Eliz. Mary Gresley Mother Of The Lady Bvrdeavt Of Formarke', 7–8.
- 48 See Julie Sanders, *The Cultural Geography of Early Modern Drama 1620–1650* (Cambridge, 2011).
- 49 David Kathman, 'Sampson, William (b 1599/1600, d. in or after 1655)', *DNB*.
- 50 Bodleian Library, Oxford, Eng. Poet ms e.112, ff 1–73.
- 51 'An Willoughby' was the daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby of the Risley, Derbyshire, branch of the family.
- 52 In a section of her stunning chapter in *The Cultural Geography*, Liquid Landscapes — Part I: staging the river: from Thames to Trent — Sanders demonstrates how Sampson's play represents the specificities of Nottinghamshire geography, history and politics. In this period of inland canal expansion, the play, set in Elizabethan Nottinghamshire, 'shows Elizabeth I responding positively to the Nottingham Mayor's request [for support to expand the Trent river through canal construction] and may in the process have offered a model of good practice to the monarch of the day' (44–5). Sanders provides an extensive discussion of the play through the lens of 'geospecificity' on 115–19.
- 53 *Ibid*, 116.
- 54 See Bodleian Eng. Hist. ms b.159. Thanks to Louis Knafla for his notes on the Gresley archive.
- 55 Sanders, *The Cultural Geography*, 116.



To the Right Worshipfull Sir Francis Burdet, Baronet,
High-Sheriff for the Countie of Derby, Honour,
and Happinesse in Christ.

HONOURED SIR,

YOurs is this by strict relation, being the worthy Heir to the honour and vertues of this Name. Nor doth the Writer of this and the ensuing meditation strive to guild his name, more then to publish yours: had not the voice of some of your friends called it out, it had staid still in the lap of the mother of it, and would not have taken so much front and boldnesse, as to have called you for a Nurse. It is true often what he said, *Nemo vult latere quod didicit, gaudet enim quisquis provocatur ad doctrinam suam in medium proferendam.* But had not this been more to shew gratitude and obligations to your Name, then to seeke any credit to the Authors name, it had still lurked in its private Cradle, and not gone forth to be dandled on publique knees. The wish of the Psalmist is now become from per-

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Plate 4. First page from *The Wearie Souls Wish, or, The Doves Wings* (Funeral sermon for Lady Jane Burdett). Courtesy of the Bodleian Library.