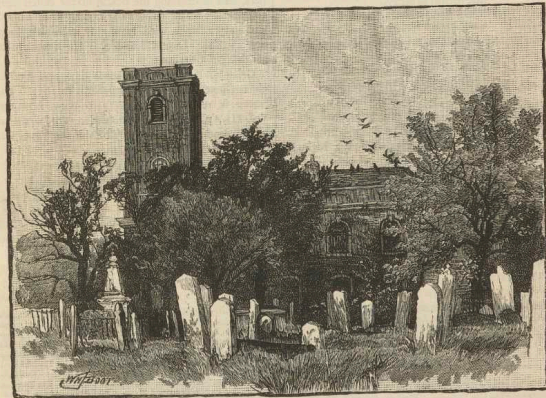


occupy the site of the old workhouse. When that establishment was broken up, on the creation of the Greenwich Union, in 1844, these houses were built principally through the liberality of Mr. Thomas Clark, a former resident of this town, and Miss Reed, of Woolwich Common.

Among the noted residents of Woolwich in former times, besides those already mentioned, were Lovelace, the "cavalier poet" of the seventeenth century, and Grimaldi, the "prince of stage

of one. He was as fearlessly brave as a knight-errant; so handsome in person, that he could not appear without inspiring admiration; a polished courtier; an elegant scholar; and, to crown all, a lover and a poet. He wrote a volume of poems, dedicated to the praises of Lucy Sacheverel, with whom he had exchanged vows of everlasting love. Her poetical appellation, according to the affected taste of the day, was *Lucasta*. When the civil wars broke out, Lovelace devoted his life and



THE PARISH CHURCH, WOOLWICH. (See page 11.)

clowns." The former was the son of Sir William Lovelace, and was born here in 1618. His chequered "life" has been often written: how he espoused the cause of the king on the breaking out of the Civil War, and beggared himself in the service; how he agitated the famous Kentish petition, which he himself presented to Parliament, and was met, in return, with an immediate commitment to prison; how he subsequently fought at Dunkirk, and later on was again imprisoned, and ultimately became the object of charity. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Romance of Biography," writes thus of Lovelace:—"His fate and history would form the groundwork of a romance, and in his person and character he was formed to be the hero

fortune to the service of the king, and on joining the army, he wrote that beautiful song to his mistress which has been so often quoted:—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

'True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

'Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'