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PROSE OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

Prose of the English Renaissance

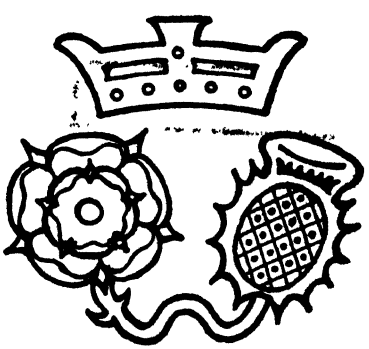
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PREFACE

THIS selection from the rich variety of prose written in England during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was from the beginning designed as a companion volume to J. William Hebel and Hoyt H. Hudson's *Poetry of the English Renaissance,* first published in 1929. Soon after that year Professors Hebel and Hudson undertook to edit a volume of the prose of the same period, and a short time later Professor A. Wigfall Green joined them, agreeing to prepare transcriptions of a large body of prose writings from which his collaborators were to make a final selection and occasional augmentation, check the text, and prepare introductions and notes. Before all of Professor Green's manuscript was ready for his fellow editors, Professor Hebel had died, and during the years before Professor Hudson's sudden death in 1944, the pressure of other tasks prevented his doing more than to complete the first drafts of the introductions and notes to three or four of the authors. The share of the editing of this volume that was to have been that of Professors Hebel and Hudson was then taken over by Professor Francis R. Johnson. The responsibility for the selections in the volume, and for the accuracy of the texts, the introductions, and the notes, therefore rests entirely with the surviving editors, and especially with Professor Johnson. They have sought to make the book worthy of its fellowship with the *Poetry of the English Renaissance,* but they assume the full responsibility for this collection of *Prose of the English Renaissance.* The contribution of Professors Hebel and Hudson to the present book consisted almost wholly in setting the plan for the volume rather than in carrying it out.

Since this volume is a companion to *Poetry of the English Renaissance,* we have followed its editorial and typographical policies. Our text is taken from original editions and manuscripts; if, in our opinion, a second or later edition, containing revisions and corrections, more nearly represents the author's final intention, we have followed that edition in preference to the first. The edition used is always indicated at the beginning of the selection; if an edition other than the first has been chosen, the reason for that choice is explained in the introductions in the Notes at the end of the volume. We have rarely found that our text required emendation, but in the few instances in which we have

preferred the reading of another edition or manuscript to that of our basic text, the change has been pointed out in the Notes. In order to identify the precise text used, we have noted, at the end of the introduction, both the number in Pollard and Redgrave's *Short-Title Catalogue* (or in Donald Wing's for books printed after 1640) of the edition chosen, and the location of the exemplar we have transcribed.

In modernizing the spelling we have followed the practice of the companion volume of poetry. To have preserved the spelling of the originals would have retained the Elizabethan flavor which is partly lost when the sixteenth century's exuberant freedom in orthography is curbed by modern standardization, and would also have saved us many an editorial decision. But we have been guided by the needs of the modern reader who is not a specialist, and who, coming to Elizabethan literature for the first time, would find himself unnecessarily confused by the carefree inconsistencies of sixteenth-century spelling, which, after all, as often reproduced the idiosyncrasies of the compositor as those of the author. Archaic forms of words which will not puzzle a reader acquainted with the King James version of the Bible we have preserved; likewise elisions (marked with an apostrophe) which, if modernized, would alter the rhythm of the sentence (e.g., "th'intent," not "the intent," for "thentent").

Punctuation we have also modernized, pointing the text in a manner which will best bring out its meaning for the present-day reader. In general, punctuation in the earlier sixteenth-century manuscripts and printed texts is chaotic; moreover, even when punctuation is careful and consistent, as it often is in later texts, the difference between Elizabethan practice and ours in the use of the colon would at first confuse the student. We have therefore frequently replaced the colon by the period, the semicolon, or the comma—whichever stop would best assist the reader in grasping the author's meaning. Furthermore, we have not observed the Renaissance custom of italicizing proper names, but have reserved italics for phrases and quotations from foreign languages. Pronouns referring to the deity we print without capitals except where there is a possibility of mistaken reference.

Our guiding principle in all the modernizing of texts has never been to introduce a rigid consistency alien to Elizabethan habits, but merely to help the student who comes for the first time to a large body of English prose of the Renaissance. If we are to introduce the student to the prose of the period in chronological order—and this is desirable—we must place the most difficult texts, from the point of view of punctuation and spelling, at the beginning, an unsound pedagogical practice. Consequently we have been constrained to modernize most extensively

in the earlier pieces, but felt free to remove these aids later when they seemed to us no longer necessary or desirable. Thus, for example, we have at first followed the twentieth-century practice in reproducing direct conversation, introducing paragraphing and quotation marks; later we have tended to keep to the punctuation of the original, which can by then be followed readily by the student and will no longer diminish his ease and pleasure in reading. Within each selection, however, we have aimed to follow a consistent practice. Indeed, we have made our atonement for impressing so much standardization upon Elizabethan freedom in spelling and punctuation by departing from consistency toward the end of the volume, including one or two carefully printed texts—notably the selection from Browne's *Religio Medici*—exactly as they appeared in the original editions. This gives the student some acquaintance with the actual appearance of the printed texts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The several introductions will make clear the practice we have adopted for each author.

Believing that a defect of many prose anthologies lies in the reprinting of numerous short extracts out of their larger contexts, we have adopted the principle of so far as possible including entire works, or unified major sections of works, at the sacrifice of the number of authors who could be represented in a single volume. Wherever we have omitted any part of the original, the fact of this omission is clearly indicated—by hiatus periods for those of a page or less, and by asterisks for those of two pages or more. In the notes we have usually recorded the subjects discussed in the longer of the omitted passages so that the student may have a clear idea of the structure of the work as a whole.

Our choice of the authors and works to be included in this volume has been determined by a desire to illustrate, in the words of writers of the time, the thought of the Tudor-Stuart period in its manifold complexity, as well as to provide examples of the artistic quality of its prose. We have intentionally allotted more space to the Tudor period than to the early seventeenth century because the latter period is more fully represented in the number of anthologies and inexpensive editions available to the student than is the prose of the sixteenth century—especially that which antedates the reign of Elizabeth. In the introduction and notes to each author at the end of the volume, our brief biographical and critical comments have been directed toward illustrating each man's place in the general course of the prose of the English Renaissance. To each introduction we have appended a selected bibliography of the best modern editions and works of critical commentary.

Our debt to the editors and authors of these books, and to the works of other scholars, will often be apparent in our notes; we can only

express the profound sense of gratitude that every scholar must have for the contributions to his own knowledge that have been made by the work of those who have preceded him. Finally, we gladly make a special acknowledgment to Professor William Ringler for his contribution to the introduction and notes on Gosson, and to Dr. Robert Hoopes for his contribution to the introductions and notes on several of the later authors in this volume.

F. R. J.
A. W. G.

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PROSE OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

SIR THOMAS MORE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 788

FROM *A fruteful and pleasaunt worke of the beste state of a publyque weale, and of the newe yle called Utopia: written in Latine by Syr Thomas More, knyght, and translated into Englyshe by Raphe Robynson,* 1551

[The first Latin edition was published in 1516]

Utopia

The first book of the communication of Raphael Hythloday concerning the best state of a commonwealth.

THE MOST victorious and triumphant king of England, Henry, the eighth of that name, in all royal virtues prince most peerless, had of late in controversy with the right high and mighty king of Castile weighty matters, and of great importance, for the debatement and final determination whereof the King's Majesty sent me ambassador into Flanders, joined in commission with Cuthbert Tunstall, a man doubtless out of comparison, and whom the King's Majesty of late, to the great rejoicing of all men, did prefer to the office of Master of the Rolls, but of this man's praises I will say nothing; not because I do fear that small credence shall be given to the testimony that cometh out of a friend's mouth; but because his virtue and learning be greater and of more excellency than that I am able to praise them: and also in all places so famous, and so perfectly well known, that they need not nor ought not of me to be praised, unless I would seem to shew and set forth the brightness of the sun with a candle, as the proverb saith.

There met us at Bruges (for thus it was before agreed) they whom their prince had for that matter appointed commissioners, excellent men all. The chief and the head of them was the margrave (as they call him) of Bruges, a right honorable man; but the wisest and the best spoken of them was George Temsice, provost of Cassel, a man not only by learning but also by nature of singular eloquence, and in the laws profoundly learned: but in reasoning, and debating of matters, what by his natural wit, and what by daily exercise, surely he had few fellows. After that we had once or twice met, and upon certain points or articles could not fully and thoroughly agree, they for a certain space took their leave of us, and

departed to Brussels, there to know their prince's pleasure. I, in the meantime (for so my business lay), went straight thence to Antwerp.

Whiles I was there abiding, oftentimes among other, but which to me was more welcome than any other, did visit me one Peter Giles, a citizen of Antwerp, a man there in his country of honest reputation, and also preferred to high promotions, worthy truly of the highest. For it is hard to say whether the young man be in learning or in honesty more excellent. For he is both of wonderful virtuous conditions, and also singularly well learned, and towards all sorts of people exceeding gentle; but towards his friends so kind-hearted, so loving, so faithful, so trusty, and of so earnest affection, that it were very hard in any place to find a man that with him in all points of friendship may be compared. No man can be more lowly or courteous. No man useth less simulation or dissimulation, in no man is more prudent simplicity. Besides this, he is in his talk and communication so merry and pleasant, yea, and that without harm, that, through his gentle entertainment and his sweet and delectable communication, in me was greatly abated and diminished the fervent desire that I had to see my native country, my wife and my children; whom then I did much long and covet to see, because that at that time I had been more than four months from them.

Upon a certain day as I was hearing the divine service in Our Lady's Church, which is the fairest, the most gorgeous and curious church of building in all the city, and also most frequented of people, and when the divine was done, was ready to go home to my lodging, I chanced to espy this foresaid Peter talking with a certain stranger, a man well stricken in age, with a black sunburned face, a long beard, and a cloak cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favor and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner. But when this Peter saw me, he cometh to me and saluteth me. And as I was about to answer him: "See you this man?" saith he (and therewith he pointed to the man that I saw him talking with before). "I was minded," quod he, "to bring him straight home to you."

"He should have been very welcome to me," said I, "for your sake."

"Nay," quod he, "for his own sake, if you knew him, for there is no man this day living that can tell you of so many strange and unknown peoples and countries as this man can. And I know well that you be very desirous to hear of such news."

"Then I conjectured not far amiss," quod I, "for even at the first sight I judged him to be a mariner."

"Nay," quod he "there ye were greatly deceived: he hath sailed indeed, not as the mariner Palynure, but as the expert and prudent prince Ulysses: Yea, rather as the ancient and sage philosopher Plato. For this same Raphael Hythloday (for this is his name) is very well learned in the

Latin tongue; but profound and excellent in the Greek tongue: wherein he ever bestowed more study than in the Latin, because he had given himself wholly to the study of philosophy. Whereof he knew that there is nothing extant in the Latin tongue that is to any purpose, saving a few of Seneca's and Cicero's doings. His patrimony that he was born unto he left to his brethren (for he is a Portugal born) and for the desire that he had to see and know the far countries of the world, he joined himself in company with Amerigo Vespucci, and in the three last voyages of those four, that be now in print and abroad in every man's hands, he continued still in his company, saving that in the last voyage he came not home again with him. For he made such means and shift, what by entreatance and what by importune suit, that he got license of Master Amerigo (though it were sore against his will) to be one of the twenty-four which in the end of the last voyage were left [in the country of Gulike] in the fort. He was therefore left behind for his mind's sake, as one that took more thought and care for traveling than dying: having customably in his mouth these sayings. He that hath no grave is covered with the sky, and, The way to heaven out of all places is of like length and distance. Which fantasy of his (if God had not been his better friend) he had surely bought full dear.

"But after the departing of Master Vespucci, when he had traveled through and about many countries, with five of his companions [Gulikians] of the fort, at the last by marvelous chance he arrived in Taprobane, from whence he went to Calicut, where he chanced to find certain of his country ships, wherein he returned again into his country, nothing less than looked for."

All this when Peter had told me: I thanked him for his gentle kindness, that he had vouchsafed to bring me to the speech of that man whose communication he thought should be to me pleasant and acceptable. And therewith I turned me to Raphael, and when we had hailsed the one the other, and had spoken these common words that be customably spoken at the first meeting and acquaintance of strangers, we went thence to my house, and there in my garden, upon a bench covered with green turves, we sat down talking together.

There he told us how that, after the departing of Vespucci, he and his fellows, that tarried behind in Gulike, began by little and little, through fair and gentle speech, to win the love and favor of the people of that country, insomuch that, within short space, they did dwell amongst them not only harmless, but also occupied with them very familiarly. He told us also that they were in high reputation and favor with a certain great man (whose name and country is now quite out of my remembrance), which of his mere liberality did bear the costs and charges of him and his

five companions, and besides that gave them a trusty guide to conduct them in their journey (which by water was in boats and by land in wagons) and to bring them to other princes with very friendly commendations. Thus after many days' journeys, he said they found towns and cities, and weal publics full of people, governed by good and wholesome laws. For under the line equinoctial and of both sides of the same, as far as the sun doth extend his course, lieth (quod he) great and wide deserts and wildernesses, parched, burned, and dried up with continual and intolerable heat. All things be hideous, terrible, loathsome, and unpleasant to behold: all things out of fashion and comeliness, inhabited with wild beasts and serpents, or at the leastwise with people that be no less savage, wild, and noisome than the very beasts themselves be. But a little farther beyond that, all things begin by little and little to wax pleasant. The air soft, temperate, and gentle. The ground covered with green grass. Less wildness in the beasts.. At the last shall ye come again to people, cities, and towns wherein is continual intercourse and occupying of merchandise and chaffer, not only among themselves and with their borders, but also with merchants of far countries both by land and water. There I had occasion (said he) to go to many countries of every side. For there was no ship ready to any voyage or journey, but I and my fellows were into it very gladly received. The ships that they found first were made plain, flat, and broad in the bottom, troughwise. The sails were made of great rushes, or of wickers, and in some places of leather. Afterward they found ships with ridged keels, and sails of canvas; yea, and shortly after, having all things like ours. The shipmen also very expert and cunning both in the sea and in the weather.

But he said that he found great favor and friendship among them for teaching them the feat and use of the loadstone, which to them before that time was unknown; and therefore they were wont to be very timorous and fearful upon the sea, nor to venture upon it, but only in the summertime. But now they have such a confidence in that stone that they fear not stormy winter; in so doing farther from care than jeopardy. Insomuch that it is greatly to be doubted lest that thing, through their own foolish hardiness, shall turn them to evil and harm, which at the first was supposed should be to them good and commodious.

But what he told us that he saw, in every country where he came, it were very long to declare. Neither is it my purpose at this time to make rehearsal thereof. But peradventure in another place, I will speak of it, chiefly such things as shall be profitable to be known; as in special be those decrees and ordinances that he marked to be well and wisely provided and enacted among such peoples as do live together in a civil policy and good order. For of such things did we busily inquire and demand of him,

and he likewise very willingly told us of the same. But as for monsters, because they be no news, of them we were nothing inquisitive. For nothing is more easy to be found than be barking Scyllas, ravening Celaenos, and Laestrygons, devourers of people, and such like great and uncredible monsters, but to find citizens ruled by good and wholesome laws, that is an exceeding rare and hard thing.

But as he marked many fond and foolish laws in those new-found lands, so he rehearsed many acts and constitutions whereby these our cities, nations, countries, and kingdoms may take example, to amend their faults, enormities, and errors, whereof in another place, as I said, I will entreat. Now at this time I am determined to rehearse only that he told us of the manners, customs, laws, and ordinances of the Utopians. But first I will repeat our former communication, by the occasion, and, as I might say, the drift whereof he was brought into the mention of that weal public.

For when Raphael had very prudently touched divers things that be amiss some here and some there, yea very many of both parts, and again had spoken of such wise and prudent laws and decrees as be established and used both here among us and also there among them, as a man so cunning and expert in the laws and customs of every several country, as though into what place soever he came guestwise, there he had led all his life: then Peter much marvelling at the man: "Surely Master Raphael," quod he, "I wonder greatly why you get you not into some king's court, for I am sure there is no prince living that would not be very glad of you, as a man not only able highly to delight him with your profound learning, and this your knowledge of countries and peoples, but also are meet to instruct him with examples and help him with counsel. And thus doing you shall bring yourself in a very good case, and also be in ability to help all your friends and kinsfolk."

"As concerning my friends and kinsfolk," quod he, "I pass not greatly for them. For I think I have sufficiently done my part towards them already. For these things that other men do not depart from until they be old and sick, yea which they be then very loath to leave when they can no longer keep, those very same things did I being not only lusty, and in good health, but also in the flower of my youth, divide among my friends and kinsfolks, which I think with this my liberality ought to hold them contented and not to require nor to look that besides this I should for their sakes give myself in bondage to kings."

"Nay God forbid," quod Peter. "It is not my mind that you should be in bondage to kings, but as a retainer to them at your pleasure, which surely I think is the nearest way that you can devise how to bestow your time fruitfully, not only for the private commodity of your friends and for the general profit of all sorts of people, but also for the advancement

of yourself to a much wealthier state and condition than you be now in."

"To a wealthier condition," quod Raphael, "by that means—that my mind standeth clean against! Now I live at liberty after mine own mind and pleasure, which I think very few of these great states and peers of realms can say. Yea, and there be enough of them that seek for great men's friendships: and therefore think it no great hurt if they have not me nor two or three such other as I am."

"Well I perceive plainly friend Raphael," quod I, "that you be desirous neither of riches, nor of power. And truly I have in no less reverence and estimation a man that is of your mind, than any of them all that be so high in power and authority. But you shall do as it becometh you, yea and according to this wisdom and this high and free courage of yours, if you can find in your heart so to appoint and dispose yourself that you may apply your wit and diligence to the profit of the weal public, though it be somewhat to your own pain and hindrance. And this shall you never so well do, nor with so great profit perform, as if you be of some great prince's counsel, and put in his head (as I doubt not but you will) honest opinions, and virtuous persuasions. For from the prince, as from a perpetual well-spring, cometh among the people the flood of all that is good or evil. But in you is so perfect learning that without any experience, and again so great experience that, without any learning, you may well be any king's counsellor."

"You be twice deceived Master More," quod he, "first in me, and again in the thing itself. For neither is in me that ability that you force upon me, and if it were never so much, yet in disquieting mine own quietness I should nothing further the weal public, for first of all the most part of all princes have more delight in warlike matters and feats of chivalry (the knowledge whereof I neither have nor desire) than in the good feats of peace, and employ much more study how by right or by wrong to enlarge their dominions, than how well and peaceably to rule and govern that they have already. Moreover they that be counsellors to kings, every one of them either is of himself so wise in deed that he need not or else he thinketh himself so wise, that he will not allow another man's counsel: saving that they do shamefully and flatteringly give assent to the fond and foolish sayings of certain great men. Whose favors, because they be in high authority with their prince, by assentation and flattering they labor to obtain. And verily it is naturally given to all men to esteem their own inventions best. So both the raven and the ape think their own young ones fairest.

"Then if a man in such a company, where some disdain and have despite at other men's inventions, and some count their own best—if among

such men, I say, a man should bring forth anything that he hath read done in times past, or that he hath seen done in other places, there the hearers fare as though the whole existimation of their wisdom were in jeopardy to be overthrown, and that ever after they should be counted for very dizzards, unless they could in other men's inventions pick out matter to reprehend and find fault at. If all other poor helps fail: then this is their extreme refuge. These things (say they) pleased our forefathers and ancestors: would God we could be so wise as they were: and as though they had wittily concluded the matter and with this answer stopped every man's mouth, they sit down again. As who should say it were very dangerous matter, if a man in any point should be found wiser than his forefathers were. And yet be we content to suffer the best and wittiest of their decrees to lie unexecuted: but if in anything a better order might have been taken, than by them was, there we take fast hold and find many faults. Many times have I chanced upon such proud, lewd, overthwart, and wayward Judgments; yea, and ones in England.

"I pray you, Sir," quod I, "have you been in our country?"

"Yea forsooth," quod he, "and there I tarried for the space of four or five months together, not long after the insurrection that the western Englishmen made against their king; which by their own miserable and pitiful slaughter was suppressed and ended. In the mean season, I was much bound and beholden to the right reverend father, John Morton, archbishop and cardinal of Canterbury, and at that time also lord chancellor of England, a man, Master Peter (for Master More knoweth already that I will say), not more honorable for his authority than for his prudence and virtue. He was of a mean stature and stricken in age, though yet bare he his body upright. In his face did shine such an amiable reverence as was pleasant to behold. Gentle in communication, yet earnest and sage. He had great delight many times with rough speech to his suitors to prove, but without harm, what prompt wit and what bold sprite were in every man. In the which, as in a virtue much agreeing with his nature, so that therewith were not joined impudency, he took great delectation. And the same person, as apt and meet to have an administration in the weal public, he did lovingly embrace. In his speech he was fine, eloquent, and pithy. In the law he had profound knowledge, in wit he was incomparable, and in memory wonderful excellent. These qualities, which in him were by nature singular, he by learning and use had made perfect.

"The king put much trust in his counsel, the weal public also in a manner leaned unto him when I was there. For even in the chief of his youth he was taken from school into the court, and there passed all his time in much trouble and business, and was continually troubled and

tossed with divers misfortunes and adversities. And so by many and great dangers he learned the experience of the world, which so being learned cannot easily be forgotten.

"It chanced on a certain day when I sat at his table, there was also a certain layman, cunning in the laws of your realm. Which, I cannot tell whereof taking occasion, began diligently and busily to praise that strait and rigorous justice which at that time was there executed upon felons, who, as he said, were for the most part twenty hanged together upon one gallows. And, seeing so few escaped punishment, he said he could not choose but greatly wonder and marvel how and by what evil luck it should so come to pass that thieves nevertheless were in every place so rife and rank.

" 'Nay, Sir,' quod I (for I durst boldly speak my mind before the cardinal), 'marvel nothing hereat, for this punishment of thieves passeth of the limits justice, and is also very hurtful to the weal public. For it is too extreme and cruel a punishment for theft, and yet not sufficient to refrain men from theft. For simple theft is not so great an offense that it ought to be punished with death. Neither there is any punishment so horrible that it can keep them from stealing which have no other craft whereby to get their living. Therefore in this point, not you only, but also the most part of the world, be like evil schoolmasters, which be readier to beat than to teach their scholars. For great and horrible punishments be appointed for thieves, whereas much rather provision should have been made that there were some means whereby they might get their living, so that no man should be driven to this extreme necessity, first to steal, and then to die.'

" 'Yes,' quod he, 'this matter is well enough provided for already. There be handicrafts, there is husbandry, to get their living by, if they would not willingly be nought.'

" 'Nay,' quod I, 'you shall not 'scape so, for, first of all, I will speak nothing of them that come home out of war maimed and lame, as not long ago out of Blackheath field, and a little before that out of the wars in France: such (I say) as put their lives in jeopardy for the weal public's or the king's sake, and by the reason of weakness and lameness be not able to occupy their old crafts, and be too aged to learn new: of them I will speak nothing, because war, like the tide, ebbeth and floweth. But let us consider those things that chance daily before our eyes.

" 'First, there is a great number of gentlemen which cannot be content to live idle themselves, like dors, of that which other have labored for: their tenants, I mean, whom they poll and shave to the quick by raising their rents (for this only point of frugality do they use, men else through their lavish and prodigal spending able to bring themselves to very beg-

gary), these gentlemen (I say) do not only live in idleness themselves, but also carry about with them at their tails a great flock or train of idle and loitering servingmen, which never learned any craft whereby to get their livings. These men, as soon as their master is dead, or be sick themselves, be incontinent thrust out of doors. For gentlemen had rather keep idle persons, than sick men, and many times the dead man's heir is not able to maintain so great a house, and keep so many servingmen as his father did. Then, in the mean season, they that be thus destitute of service other starve for hunger, or manfully play the thieves. For what would you have them to do? When they have wandered abroad so long until they have worn threadbare their apparel and also appaired their health, then gentlemen, because of their pale and sick faces and patched coats, will not take them into service. And husbandmen dare not set them a-work, knowing well enough that he is nothing meet to do true and faithful service to a poor man with a spade and a mattock, for small wages and hard fare, which, being daintily and tenderly pampered up in idleness and pleasure, was wont with a sword and a buckler by his side to jet through the street with a bragging look, and to think himself too good to be any man's mate.'

" 'Nay, by St. Mary, Sir,' quod the lawyer, 'not so, for this kind of men must we make most of. For in them, as men of stouter stomachs, bolder spirits, and manlier courages, than handicraftsmen and plowmen be, doth consist the whole power, strength, and puissance of our host, when we must fight in battle.'

" 'Forsooth, sir, as well you might say,' quod I, 'that for wars' sake you must cherish thieves. For surely you shall never lack thieves whiles you have them. No, nor thieves be not the most false and faint-hearted soldiers, nor soldiers be not the cowardliest thieves, so well these two crafts agree together. But this fault, though it be much used among you, yet is it not peculiar to you only, but common also almost to all nations. Yet France, besides this, is troubled and infected with a much sorer plague. The whole realm is filled and besieged with hired soldiers in peace time, if that be peace which be brought in under the same color and pretense that hath persuaded you to keep these idle servingmen. For these wise fools and very archdolts thought the wealth of the whole country herein to consist, if there were ever in a readiness a strong and a sure garrison, specially of old practised soldiers, for they put no trust at all in men unexercised. And therefore they must be fain to seek for war, to the end they may ever have practised soldiers and cunning manslayers: lest that (as it is prettily said of Sallust) their hands and their minds through idleness or lack of exercise should wax dull. But how pernicious and pestilent a thing it is to maintain such beasts, the Frenchmen by their own harms have learned, and

the examples of the Romans, Carthaginians, Syrians, and of many other countries, do manifestly declare. For not only the empire, but also the fields and cities of all these, by divers occasions have been overrunned and destroyed of their own armies beforehand had in a readiness. Now how unnecessary a thing this is, hereby it may appear: that the French soldiers, which from their youth have been practised and ured in feats of arms, do not crack nor advance themselves to have very often got the upper hand mastery of your new-made and unpractised soldiers. But in this point I will not use many words, lest perchance I may seem to flatter you. No, nor those same handicraftmen of yours in cities, nor yet the rude and uplandish plowmen of the country, are not supposed to be greatly afraid of your gentlemen's idle servingmen, unless it be such as be not of body or stature correspondent to their strength and courage, or else whose bold stomachs be discouraged through poverty. Thus you may see that it is not to be feared lest they should be effeminated if they were brought up in good crafts and laborsome works, whereby to get their living, whose stout and sturdy bodies (for gentlemen vouchsafe to corrupt and spill none but picked and chosen men) now, other by reason of rest and idleness be brought to weakness, or else by too easy and womanly exercises be made feeble and unable to endure hardiness. Truly, howsoever the case standeth, this me thinketh is nothing available to the weal public for war sake, which you never have but when you will yourselves, to keep and maintain an unnumerable flock of that sort of men that be so troublesome and noyous in peace, whereof you ought to have a thousand times more regard than of war.

" 'But yet this is not only the necessary cause of stealing. There is another which, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone.'

" 'What is that?' quod the cardinal.

" 'Forsooth,' quod I, 'your sheep, that were wont to be so meek and tame, and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers, and so wild, that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest, and therefore dearest, wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men, God wot, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting; yea, much noying the weal public, leave no ground for tillage: they enclose all in pastures; they throw down houses; they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing but only the church, to make of it a sheephouse. And, as though you lost no small quantity of ground by

forests, chases, lands, and parks, those good holy men turn all dwellings, places, and all glebe-land into desolation and wilderness.

" 'Therefore, that one covetous and unsatiable cormorant and very plague of his native country may compass about and enclose many thousand acres of ground together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust out of their own, or else other by covin or fraud, or by violent oppression, they be put besides it, or by wrongs and injuries they be so worried that they be compelled to sell all: by one means, therefore, or by other, other by hook or crook, they must needs depart away, poor, silly, wretched souls, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widows, woeful mothers with their young babes, and their whole household small in substance, and much in number, as husbandry requireth many hands. Away they trudge, I say, out of their known and accustomed houses, finding no places to rest in. All their household stuff, which is very little worth, though it might well abide the sale: yet, being suddenly thrust out, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of naught. And when they have, wandering about, soon spent that, what can they else do but steal, and then justly, God wot, be hanged, or else go about a-begging? And yet then also they be cast in prison as vagabonds, because they go about and work not; whom no man will set a-work, though they never so willingly offer themselves thereto. For one shepherd or herdman is enough to eat up that ground with cattle, to the occupying whereof about husbandry many hands were requisite. And this is also the cause that victuals be now in many places dearer.

" 'Yea, besides this, the price of wool is so risen that poor folks, which were wont to work it and make cloth of it, be now able to buy none at all. And, by this means, very many be fain to forsake work, and to give themselves to idleness. For, after that so much ground was enclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of sheep died of the rot, such vengeaunce God took of their inordinate and unsatiable covetousness, sending among the sheep that pestiferous murrain, which much more justly should have fallen on the sheepmasters' own heads. And though the number of sheep increase never so fast, yet the price falleth not one mite, because there be so few sellers. For they be almost all come into a few rich men's hands, whom no need driveth to sell before they lust, and they lust not before they may sell as dear as they lust. Now the same cause bringeth in like dearth of the other kinds of cattle, yea, and that so much the more, because that after farms plucked down, and husbandry decayed, there is no man that passeth for the breeding of young store. For these rich men bring not up the young ones of great cattle as they do lambs. But first they buy them abroad very cheap, and afterward, when they be fatted

in their pastures, they sell them again exceeding dear. And therefore (as I suppose) the whole incommodity hereof is not yet felt. For yet they make dearth only in those places where they sell. But when they shall fetch them away from thence where they be bred, faster than they can be brought up, then shall there also be felt great dearth, when store beginneth to fail there where the ware is bought. Thus the unreasonable covetousness of a few hath turned that thing to the utter undoing of your island, in the which thing the chief felicity of your realm did consist. For this great dearth of victuals causeth every man to keep as little houses and as small hospitality as he possibly may. And to put away their servants: whither, I pray you, but a-begging? or else, which these gentle bloods and stout stomachs will sooner set their minds unto, a-stealing?

" 'Now, to amend the matters, to this wretched beggary and miserable poverty is joined great wantonness, importunate superfluity, and excessive riot. For not only gentlemen's servants, but also handicraftmen, yea, and almost the plowmen of the country, with all other sorts of people, use much strange and proud newfangleness in their apparel, and too much prodigal riot and sumptuous fare at their table. Now bawds, queans, whores, harlots, strumpets, brothelhouses, stews, and yet another stews: wine taverns, alehouses, and tippling houses, with so many naughty, lewd, and unlawful games, as dice, cards, tables, tennis, bowls, quoits, do not all these send the haunters of them straight a-stealing when their money is gone?

" 'Cast out these pernicious abominations, make a law that they which plucked down farms and towns of husbandry shall build them up again, or else yield and uprender the possession of them to such as will go to the cost of building them anew. Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to engross and forestall, and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as please them. Let not so many be brought up in idleness, let husbandry and tillage be restored again, let cloth-working be renewed, that there may be honest labors for this idle sort to pass their time in profitably, which hitherto other poverty hath caused to be thieves, or else now be other vagabonds or idle servingmen, and shortly will be thieves. Doubtless, unless you find a remedy for these enormities, you shall be in vain advance yourselves of executing justice upon felons. For this justice is more beautiful than just or profitable. For by suffering your youth wantonly and viciously to be brought up, and to be infected even from their tender age, by little and little, with vice, then, a God's name, to be punished when they commit the same faults after they be come to man's state which from their youth they were ever like to do: in this point, I pray you, what other thing do you than make thieves and then punish them?' " '

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"Suppose that some king and his council were together, whetting their wits and devising what subtle craft they might invent to enrich the king with great treasures of money. First one counselleth to raise and enhance the valuation of money when the king must pay any: and again to call down the value of coin to less than it is worth when he must receive or gather any. For thus great sums shall be paid with a little money, and where little is due much shall be received. Another counselleth to feign war, that when, under this color and pretense, the king hath gathered great abundance of money, he may, when it shall please him, make peace with great solemnity and holy ceremonies, to blind the eyes of the poor commonalty, as taking pity and compassion, God wot, upon man's blood, like a loving and a merciful prince. Another putteth the king in remembrance of certain old and moth-eaten laws that of long time have not been put in execution, which, because no man can remember that they were made, every man hath transgressed. The fines of these laws he counselleth the king to require: for there is no way so profitable nor more honorable as the which hath a shew and color of justice. Another adviseth him to forbid many things under great penalties and fines, specially such things as is for the people's profit not be used, and afterward to dispense for money with them which by this prohibition sustain loss and damage. For, by this means, the favor of the people is won and profit riseth two ways. First by taking forfeits of them whom covetousness of gains hath brought in danger of this statute, and also by selling privileges and licenses, which the better that the prince is, forsooth, the dearer he selleth them: as one that is loath to grant to any private person anything that is against the profit of his people. And therefore may sell none but at an exceeding dear price.

"Another giveth the king counsel to endanger unto his grace the judges of the realm, that he may have them ever on his side, which must, in every matter, dispute and reason for the king's right. And they must be called into the king's palace, and be desired to argue and discuss his matters in his own presence. So there shall be no matter of his so openly wrong and unjust wherein one or other of them, either because he will have something to allege and object, or that he is ashamed to say that which is said already, or else to pick a thank with his prince, will not find some hole open to set a snare in, wherewith to take the contrary part in a trip. Thus while the judges cannot agree amongst themselves, reasoning and arguing of that which is plain enough, and bringing the manifest truth in doubt: in the mean season, the king may take a fit occasion to understand the law as shall most make for his advantage, whereunto all, other for shame or for fear, will agree. Then the judges may be bold to pronounce of the king's side. For he that giveth sentence for the king cannot be with-

out a good excuse. For it shall be sufficient for him to have equity of his part, or the bare words of the law, or a writhen and wrested understanding of the same, or else, which with good and just judges is of greater force than all laws be, the king's indisputable prerogative. To conclude, all the counsellors agree and consent together with the rich Crassus, that no abundance of gold can be sufficient for a prince, which must keep and maintain an army: furthermore, that a king, though he would, can do nothing unjustly. For all that all men have, yea, also the men themselves, be all his. And that every man hath so much of his own as the king's gentleness hath not taken from him. And that it shall be most for the king's advantage that his subjects have very little or nothing in their possession, as whose safeguard doth herein consist, that his people do not wax wanton and wealthy through riches and liberty, because where these things be, there men be not wont patiently to obey hard, unjust, and unlawful commandments. Whereas, on the other part, need and poverty doth hold down and keep under stout courages, and maketh them patient perforce, taking from them bold and rebelling stomachs.

"Here again, if I should rise up and boldly affirm that all these counsels be to the king dishonor and reproach, whose honor and safety is more and rather supported and upholden by the wealth and riches of his people than by his own treasures; and if I should declare that the commonalty chooseth their king for their own sake and not for his sake: for this intent that through his labor and study they might all live wealthily, safe from wrongs and injuries: and that, therefore, the king ought to take more care for the wealth of his people than for his own wealth, even as the office and duty of a shepherd is, in that he is a shepherd, to feed his sheep rather than himself. For, as touching this, that they think the defense and maintenance of peace to consist in the poverty of the people, the thing itself sheweth that they be far out of the way. For where shall a man find more wrangling, quarreling, brawling, and chiding than among beggars? Who be more desirous of new mutations and alterations than they that be not content with the present state of their life? Or, finally, who be bolder stomached to bring all in hurly-burly (thereby trusting to get some windfall) than they that have now nothing to lose? And if so be that there were any king that were so smally regarded or so behated of his subjects that other ways he could not keep them in awe but only by open wrongs, by polling and shaving, and by bringing them to beggary, surely it were better for him to forsake his kingdom than to hold it by this means: whereby, though the name of a king be kept, yet the majesty is lost. For it is against the dignity of a king to have rule over beggars, but rather over rich and wealthy men. Of this mind was the hardy and courageous Fabrice, when he said that he had rather be a ruler of rich men than be rich

himself. And verily one man to live in pleasure and wealth, whiles all other weep and smart for it, that is the part not of a king but of a jailer.

"To be short, as he is a foolish physician that cannot cure his patient's disease unless he cast him in another sickness, so he that cannot amend the lives of his subjects but by taking from them the wealth and commodity of life, he must needs grant that he knoweth not the feat how to govern free men. But let him rather amend his own life, renounce unhonest pleasures, and forsake pride. For these be the chief vices that cause him to run in the contempt or hatred of his people. Let him live of his own, hurting no man. Let him do cost not above his power. Let him restrain wickedness. Let him prevent vices and take away the occasions of offenses by well ordering his subjects, and not by suffering wickedness to increase, afterward to be punished. Let him not be too hasty in calling again laws which a custom hath abrogated: specially such as have been long forgotten and never lacked nor needed. And let him never, under the cloak and pretense of transgression, take such fines and forfeits as no judge will suffer a private person to take, as unjust and full of guile.

"Here, if I should bring forth before them the law of the Macariens, which be not far distant from Utopia: whose king the day of his coronation is bound by a solemn oath that he shall never at any time have in his treasure above a thousand pound of gold or silver. They say a very good king, which took more care for the wealth and commodity of his country than for the enriching of himself, made this law to be a stop and a bar to kings for heaping and hoarding up so much money as might impoverish their people. For he foresaw that this sum of treasure would suffice to support the king in battle against his own people, if they should chance to rebel: and also to maintain his wars against the invasions of his foreign enemies. Again he perceived the same stock of money to be too little and unsufficient to encourage and enable him wrongfully to take away other men's goods, which was the chief cause why the law was made. Another cause was this. He thought that by this provision his people should not lack money wherewith to maintain their daily occupying and chaffer. And, seeing the king could not choose but lay out and bestow all that came in above the prescript sum of his stock, he thought he would seek no occasions to do his subjects injury. Such a king shall be feared of evil men and loved of good men. These and such other informations if I should use among men wholly inclined and given to the contrary part, how deaf hearers, think you, should I have?"

"Deaf hearers, doubtless," quod I. "And, in good faith, no marvel. And to speak as I think, truly I cannot allow that such communication shall be used or such counsel given as you be sure shall never be regarded nor received. For how can so strange informations be profitable, or how

can they be beaten into their heads whose minds be already prevented with clean contrary persuasions? This school philosophy is not unpleasant among friends in familiar communication, but in the councils of kings, where great matters be debated and reasoned with great authority, these things have no place."

"That is it which I meant," quod he, "when I said philosophy had no place among kings."

"Indeed," quod I, "this school philosophy hath not: which thinketh all things meet for every place. But there is another philosophy more civil, which knoweth, as ye would say, her own stage, and thereafter ordering and behaving herself in the play that she hath in hand, playeth her part accordingly with comeliness, uttering nothing out of due order and fashion. And this is the philosophy that you must use. Or else, whiles a comedy of Plautus is playing and the vile bondmen scoffing and trifling among themselves, if you should suddenly come upon the stage in a philosopher's apparel and rehearse out of *Octavia* the place wherein Seneca disputeth with Nero: had it not been better for you to have played the dumb person than by rehearsing that which served neither for the time nor place to have made such a tragical comedy or gallimaufry? For, by bringing in other stuff that nothing appertaineth to the present matter, you must needs mar and pervert the play that is in hand, though the stuff that you bring be much better. What part soever you have taken upon you, play that as well as you can and make the best of it: and do not, therefore, disturb and bring out of order the whole matter, because that another which is merrier and better cometh to your remembrance.

"So the case standeth in a commonwealth, and so it is in the consultations of kings and princes. If evil opinions and naughty persuasions cannot be utterly and quite plucked out of their hearts, if you cannot even as you would, remedy vices which use and custom hath confirmed: yet, for this cause, you must not leave and forsake the commonwealth: you must not forsake the ship in a tempest because you cannot rule and keep down the winds. No, nor you must not labor to drive into their heads new and strange informations, which you know well shall be nothing regarded with them that be of clean contrary minds. But you must with a crafty wile and a subtle train, study and endeavor yourself, as much as in you lieth, to handle the matter wittily and handsomely for the purpose, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order in that it be not very bad. For it is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good. Which I think will not be yet this good many years."

"By this means," quod he, "nothing else will be brought to pass, but, whiles that I go about to remedy the madness of others, I should be even as mad as they. For if I would speak things that be true, I must needs

speak such things: but as for to speak false things, whether that be a philosopher's part or no, I cannot tell, truly it is not my part. Howbeit, this communication of mine, though peradventure it may seem unpleasant to them, yet can I not see why it should seem strange or foolishly newfangled. If so be that I should speak those things that Plato feigneth in his weal public, or that the Utopians do in theirs, these things, though they were (as they be indeed) better, yet they might seem spoken out of place. Forasmuch as here amongst us every man hath his possessions several to himself, and there all things be common.

"But what was in my communication contained that might not and ought not in any place to be spoken? Saving that to them which have thoroughly decreed and determined with themselves to roam headlong the contrary way, it cannot be acceptable and pleasant, because it calleth them back and sheweth them the jeopardies. Verily, if all things that evil and vicious manners have caused to seem inconvenient and naught should be refused, as things unmeet and reproachful, then we must among Christian people wink at the most part of all those things which Christ taught us, and so straitly forbade them to be winked at that those things also which He whispered in the ears of his disciples, He commanded to be proclaimed in open houses. And yet the most part of them is more dissident from the manners of the world nowadays than my communication was. But preachers, sly and wily men, following your counsel (as I suppose) because they saw men evil willing to frame their manners to Christ's rule, they have wrested and wried his doctrine, and, like a rule of lead, have applied it to men's manners: that, by some means, at the least way, they might agree together. Whereby I cannot see what good they have done, but that men may more sickerly be evil. And I truly should prevail even as much in kings' councils. For other I must say otherways than they say, and then I were as good to say nothing, or else I must say the same that they say, and (as Mitio saith in Terence) help to further their madness. For that crafty wile and subtle train of yours, I cannot perceive to what purpose it serveth, wherewith you would have me to study and endeavor myself, if all things cannot be made good, yet to handle them wittily and handsomely for the purpose, that, as farforth as is possible, they may not be very evil. For there is no place to dissemble in nor to wink in. Naughty counsels must be openly allowed and very pestilent decrees must be approved. He shall be counted worse than a spy, yea, almost as evil as a traitor, that with a faint heart doth praise evil and noisome decrees.

"Moreover, a man can have no occasion to do good, chancing into the company of them which will sooner make naught a good man than be made good themselves: through whose evil company he shall be marred,

or else if he remain good and innocent, yet the wickedness and foolishness of others shall be imputed to him and laid in his neck. So that it is impossible with that crafty wile and subtle train to turn anything to better. Wherefore Plato by a goodly similitude declareth why wise men refrain to meddle in the commonwealth. For when they see the people swarm into the streets, and daily wet to the skin with rain, and yet cannot persuade them to go out of the rain and take to their houses, knowing well that if they should go out to them, they should nothing prevail, nor win aught by it, but be wet also in the rain, they do keep themselves within their houses, being content that they be safe themselves, seeing they cannot remedy the folly of the people.

"Howbeit, doubtless, Master More (to speak truly as my mind giveth me) wheresoever possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke, it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal public may justly be governed and prosperously flourish. Unless you think thus: that justice is there executed where all things come into the hands of evil men, or that prosperity there flourisheth where all is divided among a few; which few, nevertheless, do not lead their lives very wealthily, and the residue live miserably, wretchedly, and beggarly. Wherefore when I consider with myself and weigh in my mind the wise and godly ordinances of the Utopians, among whom with very few laws all things be so well and wealthily ordered that virtue is had in price and estimation, and yet all things being there common, every man hath abundance of everything. Again, on the other part, when I compare with them so many nations ever making new laws, yet none of them all well and sufficiently furnished with laws: where every man calleth that he hath gotten his own proper and private goods, where so many new laws daily made be not sufficient for every man to enjoy, defend, and know from another man's that which he calleth his own: which thing the infinite controversies in the law, that daily rise never to be ended, plainly declare to be true. These things (I say) when I consider with myself, I hold well with Plato, and do nothing marvel that he would make no laws for them that refused those laws, whereby all men should have and enjoy equal portions of wealths and commodities. For the wise man did easily foresee that this is the one and only way to the wealth of a commonalty, if equality of all things should be brought in and stablished. Which I think is not possible to be observed, where every man's goods be proper and peculiar to himself. For where every man under certain titles and pretenses draweth and plucketh to himself as much as he can, and so a few divide among themselves all the riches that there is, be there never so much abundance and store, there to the residue is left lack and poverty. And, for the most part, it chanceth that this latter sort is more worthy to enjoy that state of

wealth than the other be, because the rich men be covetous, crafty, and unprofitable. On the other part, the poor be lowly, simple, and by their daily labor more profitable to the commonwealth than to themselves.

"Thus I do fully persuade myself that no equal and just distribution of things can be made, nor that perfect wealth shall ever be among men, unless this propriety be exiled and banished. But so long as it shall continue, so long shall remain among the most and best part of men the heavy and inevitable burden of poverty and wretchedness. Which, as I grant that it may be somewhat eased, so I utterly deny that it can wholly be taken away. For if there were a statute made that no man should possess above a certain measure of ground, and that no man should have in his stock above a prescript and appointed sum of money: if it were by certain laws decreed that nother the king should be of too great power, nother the people too proud and wealthy: and that offices should not be obtained by inordinate suit or by bribes and gifts: that they should nother be bought nor sold, nor that it should be needful for the officers to be at any cost or charge in their offices: for so occasion is given to the officers by fraud and ravin to gather up their money again, and by reason of gifts and bribes the offices be given to rich men, which should rather have been executed of wise men: by such laws, I say, like as sick bodies that be desperate and past cure be wont with continual good cherishing to be kept up: so these evils also might be lightened and mitigated. But that they may be perfectly cured and brought to a good and upright state, it is not to be hoped for whiles every man is master of his own to himself. Yea, and whiles you go about to do your cure of one part, you shall make bigger the sore of another part, so the help of one causeth another's harm. Forasmuch as nothing can be given to any man unless it be taken from another."

"But I am of a contrary opinion," quod I, "for methinketh that men shall never there live wealthily where all things be common. For how can there be abundance of goods, or of anything, where every man withdraweth his hand from labor? Whom the regard of his own gains driveth not to work? and the hope that he hath in other men's travails maketh him slothful. Then when they be pricked with poverty and yet no man can by any law or right defend that for his own which he hath gotten with the labor of his own hands, shall not there of necessity be continual sedition and bloodshed? Specially the authority and reverend of magistrates being taken away, which, what place it may have with such men among whom is no difference, I cannot devise."

"I marvel not," quod he, "that you be of this opinion. For you conceive in your mind either none at all, or else a very false image and similitude of this thing. But if you had been with me in Utopia and had presently seen their fashions and laws, as I did, which lived there five years and

more, and would never have come thence but only to make that new land known here: then doubtless you would grant that you never saw people well ordered but only there."

"Surely," quod Master Peter, "it shall be hard for you to make me believe that there is better order in that new land than is here in these countries that we know. For good wits be as well here as there; and I think our commonwealths be ancienter than theirs: wherein long use and experience hath found out many things commodious for man's life, besides that many things here among us have been found by chance, which no wit could ever have devised."

"As touching the ancientness," quod he, "of commonwealths, then you might better judge if you had read the histories and chronicles of that land, which if we may believe, cities were there before there were men here. Now what thing soever hitherto by wit hath been devised, or found by chance, that might be as well there as here. But I think verily, though it were so that we did pass them in wit, yet in study and laborsome endeavor they far pass us. For (as their chronicles testify) before our arrival there, they never heard anything of us, whom they call the ultraequinoctials; saving that once, about twelve hundred years ago, a certain ship was lost by the Isle of Utopia which was driven thither by tempest. Certain Romans and Egyptians were cast on land, which after that never went thence.

"Mark now what profit they took of this one occasion, through diligence and earnest travail. There was no craft nor science within the empery of Rome whereof any profit could rise, but they other learned it of these strangers, or else, of them taking occasion to search for it, found it out. So great profit was it to them that ever any went thither from hence. But if any like chance before this hath brought any man from thence hither, that is as quite out of remembrance as this also perchance in time to come shall be forgotten that ever I was there. And like as they quickly, almost at the first meeting, made their own whatsoever is among us wealthily devised, so I suppose it would be long before we would receive anything that among them is better instituted than among us. And this I suppose is the chief cause why their commonwealths be wiselier governed and do flourish in more wealth than ours, though we neither in wit nor in riches be their inferiors."

"Therefore, gentle Master Raphael," quod I, "I pray you and beseech you describe unto us the island. And study not to be short; but declare largely in order their grounds, their rivers, their cities, their people, their manners, their ordinances, their laws, and, to be short, all things that you shall think us desirous to know. And you shall think us desirous to know whatsoever we know not yet."

"There is nothing," quod he, "that I will do gladlier. For all these things I have fresh in mind. But the matter requireth leisure."

"Let us go in, therefore," quod I, "to dinner: afterward we will bestow the time at our pleasure."

"Content," quod he; "be it."

So we went in and dined. When dinner was done, we came into the same place again, and sat us down upon the same bench, commanding our servants that no man should trouble us. Then I and Master Peter Giles desired Master Raphael to perform his promise. He, therefore, seeing us desirous and willing to hearken to him, when he had sit still and paused a little while, musing and bethinking himself, thus he began to speak.

The end of the first book.

The second book of the communication of Raphael Hythloday, concerning the best state of a commonwealth: containing the description of Utopia, with a large declaration of the godly government, and of all the good laws and orders of the same island.

The island of Utopia containeth in breadth in the middle part of it (for there it is broadest) two hundred miles. Which breadth continueth through the most part of the land, saving that, by little and little, it cometh in, and waxeth narrower towards both the ends. Which fetching about a circuit or compass of five hundred miles, do fashion the whole island like to the new moon. Between these two corners the sea runneth in, dividing them asunder by the distance of eleven miles or thereabouts, and there surmounteth into a large and wide sea, which, by reason that the land of every side compasseth it about and sheltereth it from the winds, is not rough, nor mounteth not with great waves, but almost floweth quietly, not much unlike a great standing pool: and maketh almost all the space within the belly of the land in manner of a haven: and to the great commodity of the inhabitants receiveth in ships towards every part of the land. The forefronts or frontiers of the two corners, what with fords and shelves and what with rocks, be very jeopardous and dangerous. In the middle distance between them both standeth up above the water a great rock, which therefore is nothing perilous because it is in sight. Upon the top of this rock is a fair and a strong tower builded, which they hold with a garrison of men. Other rocks there be, that lie hid under the water, and therefor be dangerous. The channels be known only to themselves. And therefor it seldom chanceth that any stranger, unless he be guided by a Utopian, can come into this haven. Insomuch that they themselves could scarcely enter without jeopardy, but that their way is directed and ruled

by certain landmarks standing on the shore. By turning, translating, and removing these marks into other places, they may destroy their enemies' navies, be they never so many. The outside of the land is also full of havens, but the landing is so surely defensed, what by nature and what by workmanship of man's hand, that a few defenders may drive back many armies.

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Of the religions in Utopia

There be divers kinds of religion not only in sundry parts of the island but also in divers places of every city. Some worship for god the sun; some the moon; some, some other of the planets. There be that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as god but also as the chiefest and highest god. But the most and the wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness but in virtue and power. Him they call the father of all. To him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things. Nother they give divine honors to any other than to him.

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For king Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were before his coming thither at continual dissension and strife among themselves for their religions: perceiving also that this common dissension, whiles every several sect took several parts in fighting for their country, was the only occasion of his conquest over them all; as soon as he had gotten the victory, first of all he made a decree that it should be lawfull for every man to favor and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring other to his opinion; so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing against other. If he could not by fair and gentle speech induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kind of violence, and refrain from displeasant and seditious words. To him that would vehemently and fervently in this cause strive and contend, was decreed banishment or bondage. This law did king Utopus make not only for the maintenance of peace which he saw through continual contention and mortal hatred utterly extinguished, but also because he thought this decree should make for the furtherance of religion. Whereof he durst define and determine nothing unadvisedly, as doubt-

ing whether God desiring manifold and divers sorts of honor, would inspire sundry men with sundry kinds of religion. And this surely he thought a very unmeet and foolish thing, and a point of arrogant presumption to compel all other by violence and threatenings to agree to the same that thou believest to be true.

Furthermore, though there be one religion which alone is true, and all other vain and superstitious, yet did he well foresee (so that the matter were handled with reason and sober modesty), that the truth of the own power would at the last issue out and come to light. But if contention and debate in that behalf should continually be used, as the worst men be most obstinate and stubborn, and in their evil opinion most constant, he perceived that then the best and holiest religion would be trodden under foot and destroyed by most vain superstitions, even as good corn is by thorns and weeds overgrown and choked.

Therefore all this matter he left undiscussed, and gave to every man free liberty and choice to believe what he would; saving that he earnestly and straightly charged them, that no man should conceive so vile and base an opinion of the dignity of man's nature as to think that the souls do die and perish with the body; or that the world runneth at all adventures, governed by no divine providence. And therefore they believe that after this life vices be extremely punished, and virtues bountifully rewarded. Him that is of a contrary opinion they count not in the number of men, as one that hath avaled the high nature of his soul to the vileness of brute beasts' bodies; much less in the number of their citizens, whose laws and ordinances, if it were not for fear, he would nothing at all esteem. For you may be sure that he will study other with craft privily to mock, or else violently to break, the common laws of his country, in whom remaineth no further fear than of the laws, nor no further hope than of the body. Wherefore he that is thus minded is deprived of all honors, excluded from all offices, and reject from all common administrations in the weal public. And thus he is of all sort despised as of an unprofitable, and of a base and vile nature. Howbeit they put him to no punishment, because they be persuaded that it is in no man's power to believe what he list. No, nor they constrained him not with threatenings to dissemble his mind, and shew countenance contrary to his thought. For deceit, and falshood, and all manner of lies, as next unto fraud, they do marvelously detest and abhor. But they suffer him not to dispute in his opinion and that only among the common people. For else apart among the priests and men of gravity they do not only suffer but also exhort him to dispute and argue, hoping that at the last that madness will give place to reason.

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Thus when Raphael had made an end of his tale, though many things came to my mind which in the manners and laws of that people seemed to be instituted and founded of no good reason, not only in the fashion of their chivalry and in their sacrifices and religions, and in other of their laws, but also, yea, and chiefly, in that which is the principal foundation of all their ordinances, that is to say in the community of their life and living, without any occupying of money, by the which thing only all nobility, magnificence, worship, honor and majesty, the true ornaments and honors, as the common opinion is, of a commonwealth, utterly be overthrown and destroyed: yet because I knew that he was weary of talking, and was not sure whether he could abide that anything should be said against his mind: specially because I remembered that he had reprehended this fault in other, which be afraid lest they should seem not to be wise enough unless they could find some fault in other men's inventions: therefore I, praising both their institutions and his communication, took him by the hand and led him in to supper, saying that we would choose another time to weigh and examine the same matters, and to talk with him more at large therein. Which would to God it might once come to pass. In the meantime, as I cannot agree and consent to all things that he said, being else without doubt a man singularly well learned, and also in all worldly matters exactly and profoundly experienced, so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal public which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope for.

Thus endeth the afternoon's talk of Raphael Hythloday concerning the laws and institutions of the island of Utopia.

JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 792

FROM *Sir John Froyssart: of the cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne,* etc., 1523

The Chronicles of Froissart

The Preface of John Bourchier, knight, Lord Berners, translator of this present chronicle

WHAT condign graces and thanks ought men to give to the writers of histories, who with their great labors have done so much profit to the human life! They shew, open, manifest and declare to the reader, by

example of old antiquity, what we should inquire, desire, and follow. And also what we should eschew, avoid, and utterly flee. For when we (being unexpert of chances) see, behold, and read the ancient acts, gestes, and deeds, how, and with what labors, dangers, and perils they were gested and done, they right greatly admonish, ensign, and teach us how we may lead forth our lives. And farther, he that hath the perfect knowledge of others' joy, wealth, and high prosperity, and also, trouble, sorrow, and great adversity, hath the expert doctrine of all perils. And, albeit that mortal folk are marvelously separated, both by land and water, and right wondrously situate, yet are they and their acts (done peradventure by the space of a thousand years) compact together by the historiographer, as it were the deeds of one self city, and in one man's life. Wherefore I say that history may well be called a Divine Providence. For as the celestial bodies above complect all and at every time the universal world, the creatures therein contained, and all their deeds, semblably so doth history. Is it not a right noble thing for us, by the faults and errors of other, to amend and erect our life into better? We should not seek and acquire that other did, but what thing was most best, most laudable, and worthily done, we should put before our eyes to follow. Be not the sage counsels of two or three old fathers in a city, town, or country, whom long age hath made wise, discreet, and prudent, far more praised, lauded, and dearly loved than of the young men? How much more then ought histories to be commended, praised, and loved, in whom is included so many sage counsels, great reasons, and high wisdoms: of so innumerable persons, of sundry nations, and of every age: and that in so long space as four or five hundred year. The most profitable thing in this world, for the institution of the human life, is history. Once, the continual reading thereof maketh young men equal in prudence to old men: and to old fathers stricken in age, it ministereth experience of things. More, it yieldeth private persons worthy of dignity, rule, and governance. It compelleth the emperors, high rulers, and governors to do noble deeds: to the end they may obtain immortal glory. It exciteth, moveth, and stirreth the strong, hardy warriors, for the great laud that they have after they been dead, promptly to go in hand with great and hard perils in defense of their country. And it prohibiteth reprovable persons to do mischievous deeds, for fear of infamy and shame. So thus, through the monuments of writing, which is the testimony unto virtue, many men have been moved, some to build cities, some to devise and establish laws right profitable, necessary, and behoveful for the human life, some other to find new arts, crafts, and sciences, very requisite to the use of mankind. But above all things, whereby man's wealth riseth, special laud and cause ought to be given to history. It is the keeper of such things as have been virtuously done, and

the witness of evil deeds. And, by the benefit of history, all noble, high, and virtuous acts be immortal. What moved the strong and fierce Hercules to enterprise in his life so many great, incomparable labors and perils? Certainly naught else but that for his merits immortality might be given to him of all folk. In semblable wise did his imitator, noble Duke Theseus, and many other innumerable worthy princes and famous men, whose virtues been redeemed from oblivion, and shine by history. And whereas other monuments in process of time, by variable chances, are confused and lost, the virtue of history, diffused and spread through the universal world, hath to her custos and keeper it (that is to say, time) which consumeth the other writings. And albeit that those men are right worthy of great laud and praise who by their writings shew and lead us the way to virtue: yet nevertheless the poems, laws, and other arts that they found, devised, and writ been mixed with some damage. And sometime for the truth, they ensign a man to lie. But only history, truly with words representing the acts, gestes, and deeds done, complecteth all profit. It moveth, stirreth, and compelleth to honesty; detesteth, irketh, and abhorreth vices. It extolleth, enhanceth, and lifteth up such as been noble and virtuous: depresseth, poistereth, and thrusteth down such as been wicked, evil, and reprovable. What knowledge should we have of ancient things past, and history were not? Which is the testimony thereof, the light of truth, the mistress of the life human, the president of remembrance, and the messenger of antiquity. Why moved and stirred Phalerius the King Ptolemy oft and diligently to read books? Forsooth, for none other cause but that those things are found written in books that the friends dare not shew to the prince. Much more I would fain write of the incomparable profit of history, but I fear me that I should too sore torment the reader of this, my preface. And also I doubt not but that the great utility thereof is better known than I could declare; wherefore, I shall briefly come to a point. Thus, when I advertised and remembered the manifold commodities of history, how beneficial it is to mortal folk, and eke how laudable and meritorious a deed it is to write histories, fixed my mind to do something therein. And ever when this imagination came to me, I volved, turned, and read many volumes and books containing famous histories. And among all other, I read diligently the four volumes or books of Sir John Froissart of the country of Hainault, written in the French tongue: which I judged commodious, necessary, and profitable to be had in English, sith they treat of the famous acts done in our parts. That is to say: in England, France, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, Bretagne, Flanders, and other places adjoining: and specially, they redound to the honor of Englishmen. What pleasure shall it be to the noble gentlemen of England to see, behold, and read the high enterprises, famous acts,

and glorious deeds, done and achieved by their valiant ancestors! Forsooth and God: this hath moved me at the high commandment of my most redoubted sovereign lord, King Henry the Eighth, king of England and of France, and high defender of the Christian faith, etc., under his gracious supportation, to do my devoir to translate out of French into our maternal English tongue, the said volumes of Sir John Froissart, which chronicle beginneth at the reign of the most noble and valiant King Edward the Third, the year of our Lord, a thousand three hundred and sixteen, and continueth to the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Fourth, the year of our Lord God a thousand and four hundred (the space between is threescore and fourteen years), requiring all the readers and hearers thereof to take this, my rude translation, in gree. And in that I have not followed mine author word by word, yet I trust I have ensued the true report of the sentence of the matter. And as for the true naming of all manner of personages, countries, cities, towns, rivers, or fields: whereas I could not name them properly nor aptly in English, I have written them according as I found them in French. And though I have not given every lord, knight, or squire his true addition, yet I trust I have not swerved from the true sentence of the matter. And thereas I have named the distance between places by miles and leagues, they must be understood according to the custom of the countries whereas they be named, for in some place they be longer than in some other. In England a league or mile is well known, in France a league is two miles, and in some place three; and in other countries more or less; every nation hath sundry customs. And if any fault be in this my rude translation, I remit the correction thereof to them that discreetly shall find any reasonable default. And in their so doing, I shall pray God to send them the bliss of heaven. Amen.

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VOL. I, CHAP. 146

How the town of Calais was given up to the king of England.

After that the French king was thus departed from Sangate, they within Calais saw well how their succor failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain Sir John of Vienne that he went to the walls of the town and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset; then Sir John of Vienne said to them: "Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms and ye know well how the king my master hath sent me and other to this town, and commanded us to keep it to his behalf: in such wise that we take no blame nor to him no damage, and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now

our succours hath failed us and we be so sore strained that we have naught to live withal but that we must all die or else enrage for famine: without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us, the which to do we require you to desire him to have pity on us and to let us go and depart as we be and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance."

Then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: "Sir we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath shewed it unto us. Surely know for truth it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will to ransom all such as pleaseth him and to put to death such as he list, for they of Calais hath done him such contraries and dispights and hath caused him to dispend so much good and lost many of his men that he is sore grieved against them."

Then the captain said: "Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We are here within a small sort of knights and squires who hath truly served the king our master as well as ye serve yours. In like case and we have endured much pain and unease but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all. Therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the king of England: and desire him to have pity of us for we trust in him so much gentleness that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the king and declared to him all that had been said; the king said he would none otherwise but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Gaultier said: "Sir, saving your displeasure in this, ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil example; if ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go, if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded. For in like wise they will deal with us, if the case fell like." The which words diverse other lords that were there present sustained and maintained.

Then the king said: "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore, Sir Gaultier of Manny, ye shall go and say to the captain, that all the grace that he shall find now in me is, that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged, and in their shirts with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy."

Then Sir Gaultier returned and found Sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer. Then Sir Gaultier shewed him all the grace that he could get of the king. "Well," quod Sir John, "Sir, I require you

tarry here a certain space till I go in to the town and shew this to the commons of the town, who sent me hither."

Then Sir John went unto the market place and sounded the common bell. Then incontinent men and women assembled there; then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said: "Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take advice and make a short answer."

Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow that there was not so hard a heart if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them. The captain himself wept piteously. At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of St. Peters, rose up and said openly: "Sirs great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, other by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief; as for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me. Wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy."

When he had thus said, every man worshipped him, and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said: "I will keep company with my gossip Eustace." He was called John Dayre. Then rose up Jaques of Wyssant, who was rich in goods and heritage. He said also that he would hold company with his two cousins in like wise; so did Peter of Wyssant his brother; and then rose two other, they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired.

Then the captain went with them to the gate; there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing; then the gate was opened and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Gaultier of Manny: "Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais, by the whole consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they be, or were, today most honorable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais; wherefore, gentle knight, I require you, pray the king to have mercy on them that they die not."

Quod Sir Gaultier: "I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can."

Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town. When Sir Gaultier presented these burgesses to the king they kneeled down and held up their hands and said: "Gentle king, behold here we six who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants. We have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleas-

ure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high noblesse." Then all the earls and barons, and other that were there, wept for pity.

The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off; then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf; then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: "Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage. Ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown nor to give cause to some to speak of your villainy. Every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company."

Then the king wryed away from him and commanded to send for the hangman and said they of Calais hath caused many of my men to be slain; wherefore these shall die in like wise.

Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down afore weeping said: "O gentle sir, since I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you in the honor of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses."

The king beheld the queen and stood still in a study a space and then said: "O dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place. Ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them."

Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber and made the halters to be taken from their necks and caused them to be new clothed and gave them their dinner at their leisure. And then she gave each of them six nobles and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard and set at their liberty.

SIMON FISH

The Introduction and Notes are at page 793

FROM *A supplicacyon for the Beggars*, [1529]

A Supplication for the Beggars

To the King, our sovereign lord

MOST lamentably complaineth their woeful misery unto Your Highness your poor daily bedemen, the wretched, hideous monsters (on whom scarcely for horror any eye dare look), the foul, unhappy sort of lepers and other sore people, needy, impotent, blind, lame, and sick, that live only by alms, how that their number is daily so sore increased that all the alms of all the well-disposed people of this your realm is not half enough for to sustain them, but that for very constraint they die for hunger. And this most pestilent mischief is comen upon your said poor bedemen by the reason that there is, in the times of your noble predecessors past, craftily crept into this your realm another sort, not of impotent but of strong, puissant, and counterfeit-holy, and idle beggars and vagabonds, which, since the time of their first entry, by all the craft and wiliness of Satan are now increased under your sight not only into a great number, but also into a kingdom. These are (not the herds, but the ravenous wolves going in herds' clothing, devouring the flock) the bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners, and summoners.

And who is able to number this idle, ravenous sort which (setting all labor aside) have begged so importunately that they have gotten into their hands more than the third part of all your realm. The goodliest lordships, manors, lands, and territories are theirs. Besides this, they have the tenth part of all the corn, meadow, pasture, grass, wool, colts, calves, lambs, pigs, geese, and chickens. Over and besides the tenth part of every servant's wages, the tenth part of the wool, milk, honey, wax, cheese, and butter. Yea, and they look so narrowly upon their profits that the poor wives must be countable to them of every tenth egg or else she getteth not her rights at Easter, shall be taken as an heretic. Hereto have they their four offering days. What money pull they in by probates of testaments, privy tithes, and by men's offerings to their pilgrimages, and at their first masses? Every man and child that is buried must pay somewhat for masses and dirges to be sung for him, or else they will accuse the dead's friends and executors of heresy. What money get they by mortuaries, by hearing of confessions (and

yet they will keep thereof no counsel), by hallowing of churches, altars, superaltars, chapels, and bells, by cursing of men and absolving them again for money? What a multitude of money gather the pardoners in a year? How much money get the summoners by extortion in a year by acciting the people to the commissaries' court and afterward releasing th'appearance for money? Finally, the infinite number of begging friars, what get they in a year?

Here, if it please Your Grace to mark, ye shall see a thing far out of joint. There are within your realm of England fifty-two thousand parish churches. And this standing that there be but ten households in every parish, yet are there five hundred thousand and twenty thousand households. And of every of these households hath every of the five orders of friars a penny a quarter for every order, that is, for all the five orders, five pence a quarter for every house. That is, for all the five orders, twenty pence a year of every house. *Summa,* five hundred thousand and twenty thousand quarters of angels. That is, two hundred sixty thousand half angels. *Summa,* one hundred thirty thousand angels. *Summa totalis,* forty-three thousand pounds and three hundred thirty-three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence sterling, whereof not four hundred years past they had not one penny. Oh, grievous and painful exactions thus yearly to be paid! from the which the people of your noble predecessors, the kings of the ancient Britons, ever stood free. And this will they have or else they will procure him that will not give it them to be taken as an heretic.

What tyrant ever oppressed the people like this cruel and vengeable generation? What subjects shall be able to help their prince that be after this fashion yearly polled? What good Christian people can be able to succor us poor lepers, blind, sore, and lame, that be thus yearly oppressed? Is it any marvel that your people so complain of poverty? Is it any marvel that the taxes, fifteens, and subsidies that Your Grace most tenderly, of great compassion, hath taken among your people to defend them from the threatened ruin of their commonwealth have been so slothfully, yea painfully, levied? Seeing that almost the utmost penny that might have been levied hath been gathered before yearly by this ravenous, cruel, and insatiable generation. The Danes, neither the Saxons, in the time of the ancient Britons should never have been able to have brought their armies from so far hither into your land to have conquered it if they had had at that time such a sort of idle gluttons to find at home. The noble King Arthur had never been able to have carried his army to the foot of the mountains to resist the coming down of Lucius the emperor, if such yearly exactions had been taken of his people. The Greeks had never been able to have so long continued at the siege of Troy if they had had at home such an idle sort of cormorants to find. The ancient Romans had never been

able to have put all the whole world under their obeisance if their people had been thus yearly oppressed. The Turk now, in your time, should never be able to get so much ground of Christendom if he had in his empire such a sort of locusts to devour his substance. Lay then these sums to the foresaid third part of the possessions of the realm that ye may see whether it draw nigh unto the half of the whole substance of the realm or not, so shall ye find that it draweth far above. Now let us then compare the number of this unkind, idle sort unto the number of the lay people, and we shall see whether it be indifferently shifted or not that they should have half. Compare them to the number of men; so are they not the hundredth person. Compare them to men, women, and children, then are they not the four hundredth person in number. One part, therefore, in four hundred parts divided were too much for them except they did labor. What an unequal burthen is it that they have half with the multitude and are not the four hundredth person of their number? What tongue is able to tell that ever there was any commonwealth so sore oppressed since the world first began?

And what do all these greedy sort of sturdy, idle, holy thieves with these yearly exactions that they take of the people? Truly nothing but exempt themselves from th'obedience of Your Grace. Nothing but translate all rule, power, lordship, authority, obedience, and dignity from Your Grace unto them. Nothing but that all your subjects should fall into disobedience and rebellion against Your Grace and be under them. As they did unto your noble predecessor, King John: which, forbecause that he would have punished certain traitors that had conspired with the French king to have deposed him from his crown and dignity (among the which a clerk called Stephen, whom afterward, against the king's will, the pope made bishop of Canterbury, was one), interdicted his land. For the which matter your most noble realm wrongfully (alas, for shame) hath stood tributary (not unto any kind temporal prince, but unto a cruel, devilish bloodsupper, drunken in the blood of the saints and martyrs of Christ) ever since.

Here were an holy sort of prelates that thus cruelly could punish such a righteous king, all his realm, and succession, for doing right! Here were a charitable sort of holy men that could thus interdict an whole realm, and pluck away the obedience of the people from their natural liege lord and king, for none other cause but for his righteousness. Here were a blessed sort, not of meek herds but of bloodsuppers, that could set the French king upon such a righteous prince to cause him to lose his crown and dignity, to make effusion of the blood of his people, unless this good and blessed king of great compassion, more fearing and lamenting the shedding of the blood of his people than the loss of his crown and dignity, against all right and conscience had submitted himself unto them. Oh case most horrible that ever so noble a king, realm, and succession should thus be made to stoop

to such a sort of bloodsuppers! Where was his sword, power, crown, and dignity become whereby he might have done justice in this manner? Where was their obedience become that should have been subject under his high power in this matter? Yea, where was the obedience of all his subjects become that, for maintenance of the commonwealth, should have holpen him manfully to have resisted these bloodsuppers to the shedding of their blood? Was not all together by their policy translated from this good king unto them?

Yea, and what do they more? Truly, nothing but apply themselves, by all the sleights they may, to have to do with every man's wife, every man's daughter, and every man's maid, that cuckoldry and bawdry should reign over all among your subjects, that no man should know his own child, that their bastards might inherit the possessions of every man, to put the right-begotten children clear beside their inheritance in subversion of all estates and godly order. These be they that, by their abstaining from marriage, do let the generation of the people whereby all the realm at length, if it should be continued, shall be made desert and inhabitable. These be they that have made an hundred thousand idle whores in your realm, which would have gotten their living honestly, in the sweat of their faces, had not their superfluous riches illected them to unclean lust and idleness. These be they that corrupt the whole generation of mankind in your realm, that catch the pox of one woman and bear them to another, that be brent with one woman and bear it to another, that catch the lepry of one woman and bear it to another. Yea, some one of them shall boast among his fellows that he hath meddled with an hundred women. These be they that, when they have once drawn men's wives to such incontinency, spend away their husbands' goods, make the women to run away from their husbands, yea, run away themselves both with wife and goods, bring both man, wife, and children to idleness, theft, and beggary.

Yea, who is able to number the great and broad bottomless ocean-sea-ful of evils that this mischievous and sinful generation may lawfully bring upon us unpunished? Where is your sword, power, crown, and dignity become, that should punish (by punishment of death, even as other men are punished) the felonies, rapes, murders, and treasons committed by this sinful generation? Where is their obedience become that should be under your high power in this matter? Is not all together translated and exempt from Your Grace unto them? Yes, truly. What an infinite number of people might have been increased to have peopled the realm if these sort of folk had been married like other men? What breach of matrimony is there brought in by them? Such truly as was never since the world began among the whole multitude of the heathen.

Who is she that will set her hands to work to get three pence a day,

and may have at least twenty pence a day to sleep an hour with a friar, a monk, or a priest? What is he that would labor for a groat a day, and may have at least twelve pence a day to be bawd to a priest, a monk, or a friar? What a sort are there of them that marry priests' sovereign ladies but to cloak the priests' incontinency, and that they may have a living of the priest themselves for their labor? How many thousands doth such lubricity bring to beggary, theft, and idleness which should have kept their good name and have set themselves to work had not been this excess treasure of the spiritualty? What honest man dare take any man or woman in his service that hath been at such a school with a spiritual man? Oh the grievous shipwrack of the commonwealth, which in ancient time, before the coming in of these ravenous wolves, was so prosperous that then there were but few thieves; yea, theft was at that time so rare that Caesar was not compelled to make penalty of death upon felony, as Your Grace may well perceive in his *Institutes*. There was also at that time but few poor people, and yet they did not beg, but there was given them enough unasked, for there was at that time none of these ravenous wolves to ask it from them, as it appeareth in the Acts of the Apostles. Is it any marvel though there be now so many beggars, thieves, and idle people? Nay, truly.

What remedy? Make laws against them? I am in doubt whether ye be able. Are they not stronger in your own parliament house than yourself? What a number of bishops, abbots, and priors are lords of your parliament? Are not all the learned men in your realm in fee with them to speak in your parliament house for them against your crown, dignity, and commonwealth of your realm, a few of your own learned counsel only excepted? What law can be made against them that may be available? Who is he (though he be grieved never so sore), for the murder of his ancestor, ravishment of his wife, of his daughter, robbery, trespass, mayhem, debt, or any other offense, dare lay it to their charge by any way of action; and if he do, then is he, by and by, by their wiliness accused of heresy. Yea, they will so handle him or he pass that, except he will bear a faggot for their pleasure, he shall be excommunicate, and then be all his actions dashed. So captive are your laws unto them that no man that they list to excommunicate may be admitted to sue any action in any of your courts. If any man in your sessions dare be so hardy to indict a priest of any such crime, he hath, or the year go out, such a yoke of heresy laid in his neck that it maketh him wish that he had not done it. Your Grace may see what a work there is in London, how the bishop rageth for indicting of certain curates of extortion and incontinency the last year in the warmoll quest. Had not Richard Hunne commenced action of praemunire against a priest, he had been yet alive and none heretic at all, but an honest man.

Did not divers of your noble progenitors, seeing their crown and dignity run into ruin and to be thus craftily translated into the hands of this mischievous generation, make divers statutes for the reformation thereof, among which the statute of mortmain was one, to the intent that after that time they should have no more given unto them?

But what availed it? Have they not gotten into their hands more lands since than any duke in England hath, the statute notwithstanding? Yea, have they not, for all that, translated into their hands from Your Grace half your kingdom thoroughly? The whole name, as reason is, for the ancienty of your kingdom, which was before theirs and out of the which theirs is grown, only abiding with Your Grace? and of one kingdom made twain: the spiritual kingdom (as they call it) for they will be named first, and your temporal kingdom. And which of these two kingdoms, suppose ye, is like to overgrow the other, yea, to put the other clear out of memory? Truly the kingdom of the bloodsuppers, for to them is given daily out of your kingdom. And that that is once given them cometh never from them again. Such laws have they that none of them may neither give nor sell nothing.

What law can be made so strong against them that they other with money or else with other policy will not break and set at naught? What kingdom can endure that ever giveth thus from him and receiveth nothing again? O, how all the substance of your realm forthwith, your sword, power, crown, dignity, and obedience of your people, runneth headlong into the insatiable whirlpool of these greedy goulafres, to be swallowed and devoured!

Neither have they any other color to gather these yearly exactions into their hands but that they say they pray for us to God to deliver our souls out of the pains of purgatory, without whose prayer, they say, or at least without the pope's pardon, we could never be delivered thence; which, if it be true, then is it good reason that we give them all these things, all were it one hundred times as much; but there be many men of great literature and judgment that, for the love they have unto the truth and unto the commonwealth, have not feared to put themself into the greatest infamy that may be, in abjection of all the world, yea, in peril of death, to declare their opinion in this matter, which is that there is no purgatory, but that it is a thing invented by the covetousness of the spiritualty only to translate all kingdoms from other princes unto them, and that there is not one word spoken of it in all Holy Scripture. They say also that, if there were a purgatory, and also if that the pope with his pardons for money may deliver one soul thence, he may deliver him as well without money; if he may deliver one, he may deliver a thousand; if he may deliver a thousand, he may deliver them all, and so destroy purgatory. And

then is he a cruel tyrant, without all charity, if he keep them there in prison and in pain till men will give him money.

Likewise say they of all the whole sort of the spiritualty, that, if they will not pray for no man but for them that give them money, they are tyrants and lack charity, and suffer those souls to be punished and pained uncharitably for lack of their prayers. These sort of folks they call heretics, these they burn, these they rage against, put to open shame, and make them bear faggots. But whether they be heretics or no, well I wot that this purgatory and the pope's pardons is all the cause of translation of your kingdom so fast into their hands; wherefore it is manifest it cannot be of Christ, for He gave more to the temporal kingdom, He himself paid tribute to Caesar. He took nothing from him, but taught that the high powers should be always obeyed; yea, He himself (although He were most free lord of all and innocent) was obedient unto the high powers unto death. This is the great scab why they will not let the New Testament go abroad in your mother tongue lest men should espy that they, by their cloaked hypocrisy, do translate thus fast your kingdom into their hands; that they are not obedient unto your high power; that they are cruel, unclean, unmerciful, and hypocrites, that they seek not the honor of Christ but their own; that remission of sins are not given by the pope's pardon, but by Christ, for the sure faith and trust that we have in Him. Here may Your Grace well perceive that, except ye suffer their hypocrisy to be disclosed, all is like to run into their hands, and, as long as it is covered, so long shall it seem to every man to be a great impiety not to give them. For this I am sure Your Grace thinketh (as the truth is): I am as good a man as my father; why may I not as well give them as much as my father did? And of this mind I am sure are all the lords, knights, squires, gentlemen, and yeomen in England, yea, and until it be disclosed, all your people will think that your statute of mortmain was never made with no good conscience, seeing that it taketh away the liberty of your people, in that they may not as lawfully buy their souls out of purgatory by giving to the spiritualty as their predecessors did in times past.

Wherefore, if ye will eschew the ruin of your crown and dignity, let their hypocrisy be uttered, and that shall be more speedful in this matter than all the laws that may be made, be they never so strong. For to make a law for to punish any offender, except it were more for to give other men an ensample to beware to commit such like offense, what should it avail? Did not Dr. Allen most presumptuously, now in your time, against all his allegiance, all that ever he could to pull from you the knowledge of such pleas as long unto your high courts unto another court, in derogation of your crown and dignity? Did not also Dr. Horsey and his com-

plices most heinously, as all the world knoweth, murder in prison that honest merchant, Richard Hunne, for that he sued your writ of praemunire against a priest that wrongfully held him in plea in a spiritual court for a matter whereof the knowledge belonged unto your high courts? And what punishment was there done that any man may take example of to beware of like offense? Truly none, but that the one paid five hundred pounds (as it is said to the building of your Star Chamber), and, when that payment was once past, the captains of his kingdom (because he fought so manfully against your crown and dignity) have heaped to him benefice upon benefice, so that he is rewarded ten times as much. The other, as it is said, paid six hundred pounds for him and his complices, which, forbecause that he had likewise fought so manfully against your crown and dignity, was immediately (as he had obtained your most gracious pardon) promoted by the captains of his kingdom with benefice upon benefice to the value of four times as much. Who can take example of this punishment to beware of such like offense? Who is he of their kingdom that will not rather take courage to commit like offense, seeing the promotions that fell to these men for their so offending. So weak and blunt is your sword to strike at one of the offenders of this crooked and perverse generation. And this is by the reason that the chief instrument of your law, yea, the chief of your counsel, and he which hath your sword in his hand, to whom also all the other instruments are obedient, is always a spiritual man which hath ever such an inordinate love unto his own kingdom that he will maintain that, though all the temporal kingdoms and commonwealth of the world should therefor utterly be undone.

Here leave we out the greatest matter of all, lest that we, declaring such an horrible carrion of evil against the ministers of iniquity, should seem to declare the one only fault, or rather the ignorance, of our best beloved minister of righteousness, which is to be hid till he may be learned by these small enormities that we have spoken of, to know it plainly himself. But what remedy to relieve us, your poor, sick, lame, and sore bedemen? To make many hospitals for the relief of the poor people? Nay, truly. The more the worse, for ever the fat of the whole foundation hangeth on the priests' beards. Divers of your noble predecessors, kings of this realm, have given lands to monasteries to give a certain sum of money yearly to the poor people, whereof, for the ancienty of the time, they give never one penny. They have likewise given to them to have a certain masses said daily for them, whereof they say never one. If the abbot of Westminster should sing every day as many masses for his founders as he is bound to do by his foundation, one thousand monks were too few. Wherefore, if Your Grace will build a sure hospital that never shall fail to relieve us all, your poor bedemen, so take from them all these

things. Set these sturdy loobies abroad in the world to get them wives of their own, to get their living with their labor in the sweat of their faces, according to the commandment of God (Gen. iii.), to give other idle people by their example occasion to go to labor. Tie these holy, idle thieves to the carts to be whipped naked about every market town till they will fall to labor, that they, by their importunate begging, take not away the alms that the good Christian people would give unto us sore, impotent, miserable people, your bedemen.

Then shall as well the number of our foresaid monstrous sort, as of the bawds, whores, thieves, and idle people decrease. Then shall these great yearly exactions cease. Then shall not your sword, power, crown, dignity, and obedience of your people be translated from you. Then shall you have full obedience of your people. Then shall the idle people be set to work. Then shall matrimony be much better kept. Then shall the generation of your people be increased. Then shall your commons increase in riches. Then shall the Gospel be preached. Then shall none beg our alms from us. Then shall we have enough and more than shall suffice us, which shall be the best hospital that ever was founded for us. Then shall we daily pray to God for your most noble estate long to endure.

Domine salvum fac regem.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

The Introduction and Notes are at page 795

FROM *The boke named the Gouernour*, 1531

The Governour

The proem of Thomas Elyot, knight, unto the most noble and victorious prince, King Henry the Eight, king of England and France, defender of the true faith, and lord of Ireland.

I, LATE considering (most excellent Prince and mine only redoubted Sovereign Lord) my duty that I owe to my natural country, with my faith also of allegiance and oath, wherewith I am double bounden unto Your Majesty, moreover the accompt that I have to render for that one little talent delivered to me, to employ (as I suppose) to the increase of virtue, I am (as God judge me) violently stirred to divulgate or set forth some part of my study, trusting thereby t' acquit me of my duties to God, Your Highness, and this my country. Wherefore, taking com-

fort and boldness partly of Your Grace's most benevolent inclination toward the universal weal of your subjects, partly inflamed with zeal, I have now enterprised to describe in our vulgar tongue the form of a just public weal: which matter I have gathered as well of the sayings of most noble authors (Greeks and Latins) as by mine own experience: I being continually trained in some daily affairs of the public weal of this, your most noble realm, almost from my childhood. Which attemptate is not of presumption to teach any person, I myself having most need of teaching; but only to the intent that men which will be studious about the weal public may find the thing thereto expedient compendiously written. And forasmuch as this present book treateth of the education of them that hereafter may be deemed worthy to be governors of the public weal under Your Highness (which Plato affirmeth to be the first and chief part of a public weal, Solomon saying also where governors be not, the people shall fall into ruin) I therefore have named it *The Governor*, and do now dedicate it unto Your Highness as the first fruits of my study: verily trusting that your most excellent wisdom will therein esteem my loyal heart and diligent endeavor by the example of Artaxerxes, the noble king of Persia, who rejected not the poor husbandman which offered to him his homely hands full of clean water, but most graciously received it with thanks, esteeming the present not after the value but rather to the will of the giver. Semblably, King Alexander retained with him the poet Cherilus honorably for writing his history, although that the poet was but of a small estimation: which that prince did, not for lack of judgment, he being of excellent learning as disciple to Aristotle; but to th'intent that his liberality employed on Cherilus should animate or give courage to others, much better learned, to contend with him in a semblable enterprise. And if, most virtuous Prince, I may perceive Your Highness to be herewith pleased, I shall soon after (God giving me quietness) present Your Grace with the residue of my study and labors. Wherein Your Highness shall well perceive that I nothing esteem so much in this world as your royal estate (my most dear Sovereign Lord) and the public weal of my country, protesting unto Your Excellent Majesty that where I commend herein any one virtue or dispraise any one vice, I mean the general description of th'one and th'other, without any other particular meaning to the reproach of any one person: to the which protestation I am now driven through the malignity of this present time, all disposed to malicious detraction. Wherefore I most humbly beseech Your Highness to deign to be patron and defender of this little work again the assaults of malign interpreters, which fail not to rent and deface the renown of writers, they themselves being in nothing to the public weal profitable: which is

by no man sooner perceived than by Your Highness, being both in wisdom and very nobility equal to the most excellent princes, whom, I beseech God, ye may surmount in long life and perfect felicity. Amen.

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THE FIRST BOOK

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The education or form of bringing up of the child of a gentleman which is to have authority in a public weal. Cap. iiii.

Forasmuch as all noble authors do conclude, and also common experience proveth, that where the governors of realms and cities be founden adorned with virtues, and do employ their study and mind to the public weal, as well to the augmentation thereof as to the establishing and long continuance of the same: there a public weal must needs be both honorable and wealthy. To the intent that I will declare how such personages may be prepared, I will use the policy of a wise and cunning gardener, who, purposing to have in his garden a fine and precious herb, that should be to him and all other repairing thereto excellently commodious or pleasant, he will first search throughout his garden where he can find the most mellow and fertile earth, and therein will he put the seed of the herb to grow and be nourished; and in most diligent wise attend that no weed be suffered to grow or approach nigh unto it: and, to the intent it may thrive the faster, as soon as the form of an herb once appeareth, he will set a vessel of water by it in such wise that it may continually distil on the root sweet drops: and, as it springeth in stalk, underset it with something, that it break not, and alway keep it clean from weeds. Semblable order will I ensue in the forming the gentle wits of noblemen's children, who, from the wombs of their mother, shall be made propice or apt to the governance of a public weal.

First, they unto whom the bringing up of such children appertaineth ought, again the time that their mother shall be of them delivered, to be sure of a nurse, which should be of no servile condition or vice notable. For, as some ancient writers do suppose, oftentimes the child sucketh the vice of his nurse with the milk of her pap. And also observe that she be of mature or ripe age, not under twenty years or above thirty, her body also being clean from all sickness or deformity, and having her complexion most of the right and pure sanguine. Forasmuch as the milk thereof coming excelleth all other, both in sweetness and substance. Moreover, to the nurse should be appointed another woman of approved virtue, dis-

cretion, and gravity, who shall not suffer, in the child's presence, to be shewed any act or tache dishonest, or any wanton or unclean word to be spoken; and for that cause all men, except physicians only, should be excluded and kept out of the nursery. Perchance some will scorn me for that I am so serious, saying that there is no such damage to be feared in an infant, who, for tenderness of years, hath not the understanding to discern good from evil. And yet no man will deny but, in that innocency, he will discern milk from butter, and bread from pap, and, ere he can speak, he will with his hand or countenance signify which he desireth. And I verily do suppose that in the brains and hearts of children, which be members spiritual whiles they be tender, and the little slips of reason begin in them to burgeon, there may hap, by evil custom, some pestiferous dew of vice to pierce the said members and infect and corrupt the soft and tender buds, whereby the fruit may grow wild and sometime contain in it fervent and mortal poison, to the utter destruction of a realm.

And we have in daily experience that little infants assayeth to follow not only the words but also the faictes and gesture of them that be provecte in years. For we daily hear, to our great heaviness, children swear great oaths and speak lascivious and unclean words by the example of other whom they hear, whereat the lewd parents do rejoice, soon after, or in this world or elsewhere, to their great pain and torment. Contrariwise, we behold some children, kneeling in their game before images and holding up their little white hands, do move their pretty mouths as they were praying: other going and singing as it were in procession. Whereby they do express their disposition to the imitation of those things, be they good or evil, which they usually do see or hear. Wherefore not only princes, but also all other children, from their nurses' paps, are to be kept diligently from the hearing or seeing of any vice or evil tache. And incontinent as soon as they can speak, it behooveth, with most pleasant allurings, to instil in them sweet manners and virtuous custom. Also to provide for them such companions and playfellows which shall not do in his presence any reproachable act or speak any unclean word or oath, ne to advaunt him with flattery, remembering his nobility or any other like thing wherein he might glory: unless it be to persuade him to virtue: or to withdraw him from vice: in the remembering to him the danger of his evil example. For noblemen more grievously offend by their example than by their deed. Yet often remembrance to them of their estate may happen to radicate in their hearts intolerable pride, the most dangerous poison to nobleness. Wherefore there is required to be therein much cautel and soberness.

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At what age a tutor should be provided and what shall appertain to his office to do. Cap. vi.

After that a child is come to seven years of age, I hold it expedient that he be taken from the company of women: saving that he may have, one year or two at the most, an ancient and sad matron attending on him in his chamber, which shall not have any young woman in her company: for though there be no peril of offense in that tender and innocent age, yet in some children nature is more prone to vice than to virtue, and in the tender wits be sparks of voluptuosity: which, nourished by any occasion or object, increase oftentimes in so terrible a fire that therewith all virtue and reason is consumed. Wherefore, to eschew that danger, the most sure counsel is to withdraw him from all company of women, and to assign unto him a tutor, which should be an ancient and worshipful man, in whom is approved to be much gentleness mixed with gravity, and, as nigh as can be, such one as the child, by imitation following, may grow to be excellent. And if he be also learned, he is the more commendable. Peleus, the father of Achilles, committed the governance of his son to Phaenix, which was a stranger born: who, as well in speaking elegantly as in doing valiantly, was master to Achilles (as Homer saith). How much profited it to King Philip, father to the great Alexander, that he was delivered in hostage to the Thebans? where he was kept and brought up under the governance of Epaminondas, a noble and valiant captain, of whom he received such learning, as well in acts martial as in other liberal sciences, that he excelled all other kings that were before his time in Greece: and finally, as well by wisdom as prowess, subdued all that country.

Semblably he ordained for his son Alexander a noble tutor called Leonidas, unto whom, for his wisdom, humanity, and learning, he committed the rule and preëminence over all the masters and servants of Alexander. In whom, notwithstanding, was such a familiar vice which Alexander, apprehending in childhood, could never abandon, some suppose it to be fury and hastiness, other superfluous drinking of wine; which of them it were, it is a good warning for gentlemen to be the more serious, ensearching not only for the virtues but also for the vices of them unto whose tuition and governance they will commit their children.

The office of a tutor is first to know the nature of his pupil, that is to say, whereto he is most inclined or disposed, and in what thing he setteth his most delectation or appetite. If he be of nature courteous, piteous, and of a free and liberal heart, it is a principal token of grace (as it is by all Scripture determined). Then shall a wise tutor purposely commend those

virtues, extolling also his pupil for having of them: and therewith he shall declare them to be of all men most fortunate which shall happen to have such a master. And, moreover, shall declare to him what honor, what love, what commodity shall happen to him by these virtues. And if any have been of disposition contrary, then to express the enormities of their vice with as much detestation as may be. And if any danger have thereby ensued, misfortune, or punishment, to aggrieve it in such wise, with so vehement words, as the child may abhor it and fear the semblable adventure.

In what wise music may be to a nobleman necessary: and what modesty ought to be therein. Cap. vii.

The discretion of a tutor consisteth in temperance: that is to say, that he suffer not the child to be fatigate with continual study or learning, wherewith the delicate and tender wit may be dulled or oppressed; but that there may be therewith interlaced and mixed some pleasant learning and exercise, as playing on instruments of music, which, moderately used and without diminution of honor, that is to say, without wanton countenance and dissolute gesture, is not to be contemned.

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That it is commendable in a gentleman to paint and carve exactly, if nature thereto doth induce him. Cap. viii.

If the child be of nature inclined (as many have been) to paint with a pen or to form images in stone or tree: he should not be therefrom withdrawn, or nature be rebuked, which is to him benevolent: but putting one to him which is in that craft wherein he delighteth most excellent, in vacant times from other more serious learning, he should be in the most pure wise instructed in painting or carving.

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What order should be in learning, and which authors should be first read. Cap. x.

Now let us return to the order of learning apt for a gentleman. Wherein I am of the opinion of Quintilian that I would have him learn Greek and Latin authors both at one time: or else to begin with Greek, forasmuch as that it is hardest to come by, by reason of the diversity of tongues, which be five in number: and all must be known or else uneth any poet can be well understande. And if a child do begin therein at

seven years of age, he may continually learn Greek authors three years and, in the meantime, use the Latin tongue as a familiar language: which, in a nobleman's son, may well come to pass, having none other persons to serve him or keeping him company but such as can speak Latin elegantly. And what doubt is there but so may he as soon speak good Latin as he may do pure French, which now is brought into as many rules and figures and as long a grammar as is Latin or Greek? I will not contend who among them that do write grammars of Greek (which now almost be innumerable) is the best: but that I refer to the discretion of a wise master. Alway I would advise him not to detain the child too long in that tedious labors either in the Greek or Latin grammar. For a gentle wit is therewith soon fatigate.

Grammar being but an introduction to the understanding of authors, if it be made too long or exquisite to the learner, it in a manner mortifieth his corage: and by that time he cometh to the most sweet and pleasant reading of old authors, the sparks of fervent desire of learning is extinct with the burden of grammar, like as a little fire is soon quenched with a great heap of small sticks: so that it can never come to the principal logs, where it should long burn in a great, pleasant fire. Now to follow my purpose: after a few and quick rules of grammar, immediately, or interlacing it therewith, would be read to the child Æsop's fables in Greek: in which argument children much do delight. And surely it is a much pleasant lesson and also profitable, as well for that it is elegant and brief (and, notwithstanding, it hath much variety in words, and therewith much helpeth to the understanding of Greek) as also in those fables is included much moral and politic wisdom. Wherefore, in the teaching of them, the master diligently must gather together those fables which may be most accommodate to the advancement of some virtue whereto he perceiveth the child inclined: or to the rebuke of some vice whereto he findeth his nature disposed. And therein the master ought to exercise his wit as well to make the child plainly to understand the fable as also declaring the signification thereof compendiously and to the purpose. Foreseen alway that as well this lesson as all other authors which the child shall learn, either Greek or Latin, verse or prose, be perfectly had without the book: whereby he shall not only attain plenty of the tongues called Copie but also increase and nourish remembrance wonderfully. The next lesson would be some quick and merry dialogues elect out of Lucian which be without ribaldry or too much scorning, for either of them is exactly to be eschewed, specially for a nobleman, the one annoying the soul, the other his estimation concerning his gravity. The comedies of Aristophanes may be in the place of Lucian, and, by reason that they be in meter, they be the sooner learned by heart, I dare make none other

comparison between them, for offending the friends of them both: but thus much dare I say, that it were better that a child should never read any part of Lucian than all Lucian.

I could rehearse divers other poets which, for matter and eloquence, be very necessary, but I fear me to be too long from noble Homer, from whom, as from a fountain, proceeded all eloquence and learning. For in his books be contained, and most perfectly expressed, not only the documents martial and discipline of arms but also incomparable wisdoms and instructions for politic governance of people: with the worthy commendation and laud of noble princes: wherewith the readers shall be so all-inflamed that they most fervently shall desire and covet, by the imitation of their virtues, to acquire semblable glory. For the which occasion, Aristotle, most sharpest witted and excellent-learned philosopher, as soon as he had received Alexander from King Philip, his father: he, before any other thing, taught him the most noble works of Homer. Wherein Alexander found such sweetness and fruit that, ever after, he had Homer not only with him in all his journeys but also laid him under his pillow when he went to rest: and oftentimes would purposely wake some hours of the night to take, as it were, his pastime with that most noble poet. For by the reading of his work called *Iliados*, where the assembly of the most noble Greeks again Troy is recited with their affairs, he gathered courage and strength again his enemies, wisdom and eloquence for consultations and persuasions to his people and army. And by the other work called *Odissea*, which recounteth the sundry adventures of the wise Ulysses, he, by the example of Ulysses, apprehended many noble virtues; and also learned to escape the fraud and deceitful imaginations of sundry and subtle crafty wits. Also there shall he learn to ensearch and perceive the manners and conditions of them that be his familiars, sifting out (as I might say) the best from the worst, whereby he may surely commit his affairs and trust to every person after his virtues.

Therefore, I now conclude that there is no lesson for a young gentleman to be compared with Homer, if he be plainly and substantially expounded and declared by the master.

Notwithstanding forasmuch as the said works be very long and do require therefor a great time to be all learned and conned: some Latin author would be therewith mixed, and specially Virgil: which, in his work called *Eneidos*, is most like to Homer, and almost the same Homer in Latin. Also, by the joining together of those authors, the one shall be the better understande by the other. And verily (as I before said), none one author serveth to so divers wits as doth Virgil. For there is not that affect or desire, whereto any child's fantasy is disposed, but in some of Virgil's works may be founden matter thereto apt and propice.

For what thing can be more familiar than his *Bucolics*? nor no work so nigh approacheth to the common dalliance and manners of children, and the pretty controversies of the simple shepherds therein contained wonderfully rejoiceth the child that heareth it well declared, as I know by mine own experience. In his *Georgics*, Lord, what pleasant variety there is: the divers grains, herbs, and flowers that be there described, that, reading therein, it seemeth to a man to be in a delectable garden or paradise. What plowman knoweth so much of husbandry as there is expressed? who delighting in good horses shall not be thereto more inflamed, reading thereof the breeding, choosing, and keeping of them? In the declaration whereof Virgil leaveth far behind him all breeders, hackneymen, and skosers. Is there any astronomer that more exactly setteth out the order and course of the celestial bodies: or that more truly doth divine in his prognostications of the times of the year, in their qualities, with the future estate of all things provided by husbandry, than Virgil doth recite in that work?

If the child have a delight in hunting, what pleasure shall he take of the fable of Aristaeus! Semblably in the hunting of Dido and Æneas, which is described most elegantly in his book of *Eneidos*.

If he have pleasure in wrastling, running, or other like exercise, where shall he see any more pleasant esbatements than that which was done by Eurealus and other Trojans which accompanied Æneas!

If he take solace in hearing minstrels, what minstrel may be compared to Iopas, which sang before Dido and Æneas! Or to blind Demodocus, that played or sang most sweetly at the dinner that the king Alcinous made to Ulysses, whose ditties and melody excelled as far the songs of our minstrels as Homer and Virgil excel all other poets.

If he be more desirous (as the most part of children be) to hear things marvelous and exquisite which hath in it a visage of some things incredible, whereat shall he more wonder than when he shall behold Æneas follow Sibyl into hell! What shall he more dread than the terrible visages of Cerberus, Gorgon, Megaera, and other furies and monsters! How shall he abhor tyranny, fraud, and avarice when he doth see the pains of Duke Theseus, Prometheus, Sisyphus, and such other tormented for their dissolute and vicious living! How glad soon after shall he be when he shall behold in the pleasant fields of Elysius the souls of noble princes and captains, which, for their virtue and labors in advancing the public weals of their countries, do live eternally in pleasure inexplicable! And in the last books of *Eneidos* shall he find matter to minister to him audacity, valiant courage, and policy to take and sustain noble enterprises, if any shall be needful for the assailing of his enemies. Finally (as I have said) this noble Virgil, like to a good nurse, giveth to a child, if he will

take it, everything apt for his wit and capacity. Wherefore he is in the order of learning to be preferred before any other author Latin.

I would set next unto him two books of Ovid, the one called *Metamorphosios*, which is as much to say as changing of men into other figure or form; the other is entitled *De fastis*, where the ceremonies of the Gentiles, and specially the Romans, be expressed: both right necessary for the understanding of other poets. But, because there is little other learning in them, concerning either virtuous manners or policy, I suppose it were better that, as fables and ceremonies happen to come in a lesson, it were declared abundantly by the master than that in the said two books a long time should be spent and almost lost: which might be better employed on such authors that do minister both eloquence, civil policy, and exhortation to virtue. Wherefore in his place let us bring in Horace, in whom is contained much variety of learning and quickness of sentence. This poet may be interlaced with the lesson of *Odissea* of Homer, wherein is declared the wonderful prudence and fortitude of Ulisses in his passage from Troy. And if the child were induced to make verses by the imitation of Virgil and Homer, it should minister to him much delectation and courage to study: nay, the making of verses is not discommended in a noble man, since the noble Augustus and almost all the old emperors made books in verses.

The two noble poets Silius and Lucane be very expedient to be learned: for the one setteth out the emulation in qualities and prowess of two noble and valiant captains, one enemy to the other, that is to say, Silius writeth of Scipio the Roman, and Haniball duke of Cartaginensis: Lucane declareth a semblable matter, but much more lamentable, for as much as the wars were civile, and, as it were, in the bowels of the Romans, that is to say, under the standards of Julius Cesar and Pompey.

Hesiodus, in Greek, is more brief than Virgil, where he writeth of husbandry, and doth not rise so high in philosophy, but is fuller of fables: and therefore is more illecebrous.

And here I conclude to speak any more of poets necessary for the childhood of a gentleman: for as much as these, I doubt not, will suffice until he pass the age of thirteen years. In which time childhood declineth, and reason waxeth ripe, and deprehendeth things with a more constant judgment. Here I would should be remembered that I require not that all these works should be thoroughly read of a child in this time, which were almost impossible. But I only desire that they have, in every of the said books, so much instruction that they may take thereby some profit. Then the child's courage, inflamed by the frequent reading of noble poets, daily more and more desireth to have experience in those things that they so vehemently do commend in them that they write of.

Leonidas, the noble king of Spartanes, being once demanded, of what estimation in poetry Tirtæus (as he supposed) was, it is written that he answering said, that, for stirring the minds of young men he was excellent, for as much as they, being moved with his verses, do run into the battle, regarding no peril, as men all inflamed in martial courage.

And when a man is comen to mature years, and that reason in him is confirmed with serious learning and long experience, then shall he, in reading tragedies, execrate and abhor the intollerable life of tyrants: and shall condemn the folly and dotage expressed by poets lascivious.

Here will I leave to speak of the first part of a noble man's study: and now will I write of the second part, which is more serious, and containeth in it sundry manners of learning.

The most commodious and necessary studies succeeding ordinatly the lesson of poets. Cap. xi.

After that fourteen years be passed of a child's age, his master, if he can, or some other studiously exercised in the art of an orator, shall first read to him somewhat of that part of logic that is called *Topica*, either of Cicero, or else of that noble clerk of Almaine, which late flowered, called Agricola: whose work prepareth invention, telling the places from whence an argument for the proof of any matter may be taken with little study; and that lesson, with much and diligent learning, having mixed therewith none other exercise, will in the space of half a year be perfectly known.

Immediately after that, the art of Rhetoric would be semblably taught, either in Greek, out of Hermogenes, or of Quintilian in Latin, beginning at the third book, and instructing diligently the child in that part of Rhetoric, principally, which concerneth persuasion, for as much as it is most apt for consultations. There can be no shorter instruction of Rhetoric than the treatise that Tully wrote unto his son, which book is named *The Partition of Rhetoric*. And in good faith, to speak boldly that I think: for him that needeth not, or doth not desire to be an exquisite orator, the little book made by the famous Erasmus (whom all gentle wits are bounden to thank and support), which he calleth *Copiam Verborum et Rerum*, that is to say, plenty of words and matters, shall be sufficient.

Isocrates concerning the lesson of orators is everywhere wonderful profitable, having almost as many wise sentences as he hath words: and with that is so sweet and delectable to read, that, after him, almost all other seem unsavory and tedious: and in persuading as well a prince as a private person to virtue, in two very little and compendious works,

whereof he made the one to King Nicocles, the other to his friend Demonicus, would be perfectly conned, and had in continual memory.

Demosthenes and Tully, by the consent of all learned men, have preeminence and sovereignty over all orators: the one reigning in wonderful eloquence in the public weal of the Romans, who had the empire and dominion of all the world: the other of no less estimation in the city of Athens, which of long time was accounted the mother of Sapience, and the palace of muses and all liberal sciences. . . . . .

The utility that a noble man shall have by reading these orators is, that when he shall happen to reason in council, or shall speak in a great audience, or to strange ambassadors of great princes, he shall not be constrained to speak words sudden and disordered, but shall bestow them aptly and in their places. Wherefore the most noble emperor Octavius is highly commended, for that he never spake in the Senate, or to the people of Rome, but in an oration prepared and purposely made.

Also to prepare the child to understanding of histories, which, being replenished with the names of countries and towns unknown to the reader, do make the history tedious or else the less pleasant; so if they be in any wise known, it increaseth an inexplicable delectation. It shall be therefore, and also for refreshing the wit, a convenient lesson to behold the old tables of Ptolemy, where in all the world is painted, having first some introduction into the sphere, whereof now of late be made very good treatises, and more plain and easy to learn than was wont to be.

Albeit there is none so good learning as the demonstration of cosmography by material figures and instruments, having a good instructor. And surely this lesson is both pleasant and necessary. For what pleasure is it, in one hour, to behold those realms, cities, seas, rivers, and mountains, that uneth in an old man's life can not be journeyed and pursued: what incredible delight is taken in beholding the diversities of people, beasts, fowls, fishes, trees, fruits, and herbs: to know the sundry manners and conditions of people, and the variety of their natures, and that in a warm study or parlor, without peril of the sea, or danger of long and painful journeys. I can not tell what more pleasure should happen to a gentle wit, than to behold in his own house every thing that within all the world is contained. The commodity thereof knew the great king Alexander, as some writers do remember. For he caused the countries whereunto he proposed any enterprise diligently and cunningly to be described and painted, that, beholding the picture, he might perceive which places were most dangerous, and where he and his host might have most easy and covenable passage. . . . . .

Cosmography being substantially perceived, it is then time to induce a child to the reading of histories: but first to set him in a fervent courage,

the master in the most pleasant and elegant wise expressing what incomparable delectation, utility, and commodity shall happen to emperors, kings, princes, and all other gentlemen by reading of histories: showing to him that Demetrius Phalareus, a man of excellent wisdom and learning, and which in Athens had been long exercised in the public weal, exhorted Ptolemy, king of Egypt, chiefly above all other studies to haunt and embrace histories and such other books wherein were contained precepts made to kings and princes: saying that in them he should read those things which no man durst report unto his person. Also Cicero, father of the Latin eloquence, calleth an history the witness of times, mistress of life, the life of remembrance, of truth the light, and messenger of antiquity. Moreover, the sweet Isocrates exhorteth the king Nicocles, whom he instructeth to leave behind him statues and images that shall represent rather the figure and similitude of his mind than the features of his body, signifying thereby the remembrance of his acts written in histories.

By semblable advertisements shall a noble heart be trained to delight in histories. And then, according to the counsel of Quintilian, it is best that he begin with Titus Livius, not only for his elegance of writing, which floweth in him like a fountain of sweet milk; but also for as much as by reading that author he may know how the most noble city of Rome, of a small and poor beginning, by prowess and virtue, little and little came to the empire and dominion of all the world.

Also in that city he may behold the form of a public weal: which, if the insolency and pride of Tarquine had not excluded kings out of the city, it had been the most noble and perfect of all other.

Xenophon, being both a philosopher and an excellent captain, so invented and ordered his work named *Pædia Cyri*, which may be interpreted the Childhood or discipline of Cyrus, that he leaveth to the readers thereof an incomparable sweetness and example of living, specially for the conducting and well ordering of hosts or armies. And therefore the noble Scipio, who was called Africanus, as well in peace as in war was never seen without this book of Xenophon. . . . . .

Surely if a noble man do thus seriously and diligently read histories, I dare affirm there is no study or science for him of equal commodity and pleasure, having regard to every time and age.

By the time that the child do come to seventeen years of age, to the intent his courage be bridled with reason, it were needful to read unto him some works of philosophy, specially that part that may inform him unto virtuous manners, which part of philosophy is called moral. Wherefore there would be read to him, for an introduction, two the first books of the work of Aristotle called *Ethicae*, wherein is contained the definitions and proper significations of every virtue; and that to be learned in Greek;

for the translations that we yet have be but a rude and gross shadow of the eloquence and wisdom of Aristotle. Forthwith would follow the work of Cicero called in Latin *De officiis*, whereunto yet is no proper English word to be given; but to provide for it some manner of exposition, it may be said in this form: Of the duties and manners appertaining to men. But above all other, the works of Plato would be most studiously read when the judgment of a man is come to perfection, and by the other studies is instructed in the form of speaking that philosophers used. Lord God, what incomparable sweetness of words and matter shall he find in the said works of Plato and Cicero; wherein is joined gravity with delectation, excellent wisdom with divine eloquence, absolute virtue with pleasure incredible, and every place is so enforced with profitable counsel, joined with honesty, that those three books be almost sufficient to make a perfect and excellent governor.

The proverbs of Salomon with the books of *Ecclesiastes* and *Ecclesiasticus* be very good lessons. All the historial parts of the Bible be right necessary for to be read of a noble man, after that he is mature in years. And the residue (with the New Testament) is to be reverently touched, as a celestial jewell or relic, having the chief interpreter of those books true and constant faith, and dreadfully to set hands thereon, remembering that Oza, for putting his hand to the holy shrine that was called *Archa fœderis*, when it was brought by king David from the city of Gaba, though it were wavering and in danger to fall, yet was he stricken of God, and fell dead immediately. It would not be forgotten that the little book of the most excellent doctor Erasmus Roterodamus (which he wrote to Charles, now being emperor and then prince of Castile), which book is entitled the *Institution of a Christian Prince*, would be as familiar always with gentlemen, at all times, and in every age, as was Homer with the great king Alexander, or Xenophon with Scipio; for as all men may judge that have read the work of Erasmus, that there was never book written in Latin that, in so little a portion, contained of sentence, eloquence, and virtuous exhortation, a more compendious abundance. And here I make an end of the learning and study whereby noble men may attain to be worthy to have authority in a public weal. Always I shall exhort tutors and governors of noble children, that they suffer them not to use ingurgitations of meat or drink, ne to sleep much, that is to say, above eight hours at the most. For undoubtedly both repletion and superfluous sleep be capital enemies to study, as they be semblably to health of body and soul. Aulus Gellius sayeth that children, if they use of meat and sleep over much, be made therewith dull to learn, and we see that thereof slowness is taken, and the children's personages do wax uncomely, and less grow in stature. Galen will not permit that pure wine, without allay

of water, should in any wise be given to children, for as much as it humecteth the body, or maketh it moister and hotter than is convenient; also it filleth the head with fume, in them specially which be like as children, of hot and moist temperature. These be well nigh the words of the noble Galen.

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EDWARD HALLE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 799

FROM *The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre & Yorke*, 1548

To the most mighty, virtuous, and excellent prince, Edward the Sixth, by the grace of God king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the Catholic faith, and under God supreme head of the churches of England and Ireland. Your most humble subject Edward Halle wisheth health, honor, and felicity.

OBLIVION, the cankered enemy to fame and renown, the sucking serpent of ancient memory, the deadly dart to the glory of princes, and the defacer of all conquests and notable acts, so much bare rule in the first and second age of the world that nothing was set out to men's knowledge, either how the world was made, either how man and beasts were created, or how the world was destroyed by water till father Moses had, by divine inspiration in the third age, invented letters, the treasure of memory, and set forth five notable books to the great comfort of all people living at this day. Likewise Mercury in Egypt invented letters and writing, which Cadmus after brought into Greece. So every nation was desirous to enhance Lady Fame and to suppress that deadly beast Oblivion. For what diversity is between a noble prince and a poor beggar, yea, a reasonable man and a brute beast if, after their death, there be left of them no remembrance or token. So that evidently it appeareth that fame is the triumph of glory, and memory by literature is the very dilator and setter forth of fame. How much, therefore, are princes, governors, and noblemen bound to them which have so lively set forth the lives and acts of their parents that, although they be dead by mortal death, yet they, by writing and fame, live and be continually present. If no man had written the goodness of noble Augustus, nor the pity of merciful Trajan, how

should their successors have followed their steps in virtue and princely qualities: on the contrary part, if the cruelty of Nero, the ungracious life of Caligula, had not been put in remembrance, young princes and frail governors might likewise have fallen in a like pit, but, by reading their vices and seeing their mischievous end, they be compelled to leave their evil ways and embrace the good qualities of notable princes and prudent governors: thus, writing is the key to induce virtue and repress vice. Thus memory maketh men dead many a thousand year still to live as though they were present: thus fame triumpheth upon death, and renown upon oblivion, and all by reason of writing and history.

Alas, my sovereign lord, my heart lamenteth to know and remember what rule this tyrant Oblivion bare in this realm in the time of the Britons. For from the first habitation of this land, no man of the Britons either set forth history of their beginning or wrote the whole lives of their princes and kings, except Gildas, which inveighed against the evil doings of a few tyrants and evil governors. Insomuch that Caesar writeth that when he was in this realm the people could not tell their lineage nor their beginning. But one Geoffrey of Monmouth, a thousand year and more after Julius Caesar, translated a certain British or Welsh book containing the coming of Brute, with the sequel of his lineage till the time of Cadwalader, which British book, if it had slept a little longer, Brute, with all his posterity, had been buried in the poke of Oblivion for lack of writing.

The strong Saxons, after they had gained this land, set up the banner of fame, and had their lives notably written by divers and sundry famous clerks, even from their first entry into this land till the first monarchy, and so successively. In the Normans' time, many notable works hath been set forth, some of one prince particularly and some of mo: so that, in fine, all the stories of kings, from King William the First to King Edward the Third, be set forth at length by divers authors in the Latin tongue, as by Matthew of Paris, sometime religious in Saint Albans and other. After whom John Froissart wrote the lives of King Edward the Third and King Richard the Second so compendiously and so largely that, if there were not so many things spoken of in his long works, I might believe all written in his great volumes to be as true as the Gospel. But I have read an old proverb, which saith that in many words a lie or twain soon may scape. Sith the end of Froissart, which endeth at the beginning of King Henry the Fourth, no man in the English tongue hath either set forth their honors according to their deserts, nor yet declared many notable acts worthy of memory done in the time of seven kings which after King Richard succeeded, except Robert Fabyan and one without name, which wrote the common English chronicle—men worthy

to be praised for their diligence, but far shooting wide from the butt of an history.

Wherefore, most dread and benign Sovereign Lord, lest cankered Oblivion should deface the glory of these seven princes, to whom you be of all sides lineal heir and very inheritor, I have compiled and gathered (and not made) out of divers writers, as well foreign as English, this simple treatise, which I have named *The Union of the Noble Houses of Lancaster and York*, conjoined together by the godly marriage of your most noble grandfather and your virtuous grandmother. For, as King Henry the Fourth was the beginning and root of the great discord and division: so was the godly matrimony the final end of all dissensions, titles, and debates.

Beseeching Your High Majesty to take this, my simple and rude work, according to your accustomed goodness, in good part, not regarding the thing, but my good will to my native country, whose fame, for lack of writing, may much be darkened and defaced, and thus I pray to the celestial Lord to send you victory over your enemies, peace with your confederates, love of your subjects: and, in conclusion, perpetual joy and eternal felicity.

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The xxi. year [of King Henry the VIII].

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The twenty and three day of October the king came to his manor of Greenwich, and there much consulted with his council for a meet man to be his chancellor, so that in no wise he were no man of the spiritualty, and so, after long debate, the king resoluted himself upon Sir Thomas More, knight, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, a man well learned in the tongues and also in the common law, whose wit was fine and full of imaginations, by reason whereof he was too much given to mocking, which was to his gravity a great blemish. And then on the Sunday, the twenty and four day of the same month, the king made him his chancellor and delivered him the great seal, which lord chancellor, the next morrow after, was led into the chancery by the two dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and there sworn, and then the mace was borne before him.

Here is to be remembered that, at this present time, William Tyndale had newly translated and imprinted the New Testament in English, and the bishop of London, not pleased with the translation thereof, debated with himself how he might compass and devise to destroy that false and erroneous translation (as he said). And so it happened that one Augustine

Packington, a mercer and merchant of London, and of a great honesty, the same time was in Antwerp, where the bishop then was, and this Packington was a man that highly favored William Tyndale, but to the bishop utterly shewed himself to the contrary. The bishop, desirous to have his purpose brought to pass, commoned of the New Testaments, and how gladly he would buy them. Packington, then hearing that he wished for, said unto the bishop, "My Lord, if it be your pleasure, I can, in this matter, do more, I daresay, than most of the merchants of England that are here, for I know the Dutchmen and strangers that have bought them of Tyndale and have them here to sell, so that, if it be Your Lordship's pleasure to pay for them, for otherwise I cannot come by them, but I must disburse money for them, I will then assure you to have every book of them that is imprinted and is here unsold."

The bishop, thinking that he had God by the toe when, indeed, he had (as after he thought) the devil by the fist, said, "Gentle Master Packington, do your diligence and get them, and with all my heart I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you, for the books are erroneous and naughts, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's Cross."

Augustine Packington came to William Tyndale and said, "William, I know thou art a poor man, and hast a heap of New Testaments and books by thee, for the which thou hast both endangered thy friends and beggared thyself, and I have now gotten thee a merchant which, with ready money, shall dispatch thee of all that thou hast, if you think it so profitable for yourself."

"Who is the merchant?" said Tyndale.

"The bishop of London," said Packington.

"Oh, that is because he will burn them," said Tyndale.

"Yea, Mary," quoth Packington.

"I am the gladder," said Tyndale, "for these two benefits shall come thereof: I shall get money of him for these books to bring myself out of debt (and the whole world shall cry out upon the burning of God's word). And the overplus of the money that shall remain to me shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament and so newly to imprint the same once again, and I trust the second will much better like you than ever did the first."

And so forward went the bargain; the bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money.

Afterward, when mo New Testaments were imprinted, they came thick and threefold into England, the bishop of London, hearing that still there were so many New Testaments abroad, sent for Augustine Packington and said unto him: "Sir, how cometh this, that there are so

many New Testaments abroad, and you promised and assured me that you had bought all?"

Then said Packington, "I promise you I bought all that then was to be had: but I perceive they have made more since, and it will never be better as long as they have the letters and stamps; therefore it were best for Your Lordship to buy the stamps too, and then are you sure." The bishop smiled at him and said, "Well, Packington, well." And so ended this matter.

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The xxv. year.

The receiving, conveying, and coronation of Queen Anne, wife to the high and mighty prince, King Henry the Eight.

After that the King's Highness had addressed his gracious letters to the mayor and commonalty of the city, signifying to them that his pleasure was to solemnize and celebrate the coronation of his most dear and well-beloved wife, Queen Anne, at Westminster, the Whitsunday next ensuing, willing them to make preparation as well to fetch Her Grace from Greenwich to the Tower by water as to see the city ordered and garnished with pageants in places accustomed, for the honor of Her Grace. When she should be conveyed from the Tower to Westminster, there was a common council called, and commandment was given to the Haberdashers (of which craft the mayor, Sir Stephen Pecock, then was) that they should prepare a barge for the bachelors, with a wafter and a foist garnished with banners and streamers likewise as they use to do when the mayor is presented at Westminster on the morrow after Simon and Jude. Also all the other crafts were commanded to prepare barges and to garnish them not alonely with their banners accustomed, but also to deck them with targets by the sides of the barges, and so set up all such seemly banners and bannerettes as they had in their halls or could get, meet to furnish their said barges, and every barge to have minstrelsy, according to which commandments great preparation was made for all things necessary for such a noble triumph.

The coming by water from Greenwich the Thursday.

The xix. day of May, the mayor and his brethren, all in scarlet, and such as were knights had Collars of Esses (and the remnant having good chains), and the council of the city with them, assembled at St. Mary Hill, and at one of the clock descended to the Newstair to their barge, which was garnished with many goodly banners and streamers and richly covered, in which barge were shalms, shagbushes, and divers other instru-

ments which continually made a goodly [h]armony. After that the mayor and his brethren were in their barge, seeing that all the companies, to the number of fifty barges, were ready to wait upon them. They gave commandment to the companies that no barge should row nearer to another than twice the length of the barge, upon a great pain. And to see the order kept, there were three light wherries prepared, and in every one of them two officers to call on them to keep their order, after which commandment given, they set forth in order as hereafter is described.

First before the mayor's barge was a foist or wafter full of ordnance, in which foist was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the said foist stood terrible monsters and wild men casting fire and making hideous noises. Next after the foist, a good distance, came the mayor's barge, on whose right hand was the bachelors' barge, in the which were trumpets and divers other melodious instruments. The decks of the said barge and the sailyards and the topcastles were hanged with rich cloth of gold and silk. At the foreship and the stern were two great banners rich beaten with the arms of the king and the queen, and on the topcastle also was a long streamer newly beaten with the said arms. The sides of the barge was set full of flags and banners of the devices of the Company of Haberdashers and Merchants Adventurers, and the cords were hanged with innumerable pensels, having little bells at the ends, which made a goodly noise and a goodly sight wavering in the wind. On the outside of the barge were three dozen scutcheons in metal of arms of the king and the queen, which were beaten upon square buckram, divided so that the right side had the king's colors and the left side the queen's, which scutcheons were fastened on the cloths of gold and silver hanging on the decks on the left hand. On the left hand of the mayor was another foist, in the which was a mount, and on the same stood a white falcon crowned upon a root of gold environed with white roses and red, which was the queen's device: about which mount sat virgins singing and playing sweetly. Next after the mayor followed his fellowship the Haberdashers, next after them the Mercers, then the Grocers, and so every company in his order, and last of all the mayors' and sheriffs' officers, every company having melody in his barge by himself, and goodly garnished with banners and some garnished with silk and some with arras and rich carpets, which was a goodly sight to behold, and in this order they rowed to Greenwich to the point next beyond Greenwich, and there they turned backward in another order, that is to wit, the mayor and sheriffs officers first, and the meanest craft next, and so ascending to the uttermost crafts in order, and the mayor last, as they go to Paul's at Christmas, and in that order they rowed downward to Greenwich town and there cast anchor, making great melody.

At three of the clock the queen appeared in rich cloth of gold, entered into her barge accompanied with divers ladies and gentlewomen, and incontinent the citizens set forwards in their order, their minstrels continually playing, and the bachelors' barge going on the queen's right hand, which she took great pleasure to behold. About the queen's barge were many noblemen, as the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquess Dorset, the Earl of Wiltshire her father, the Earls of Arundel, Derby, Rutland, Worcester, Huntington, Sussex, Oxford, and many bishops and noblemen, every one in his barge, which was a goodly sight to behold. She, thus being accompanied, rowed toward the Tower, and, in the mean way, the ships which were commanded to lie on the shore for letting of barges, shot divers peals of guns, and, or she landed, there was a marvelous shot out of the Tower as ever was heard there. And at her landing, there met with her the lord chamberlain with the officers of arms and brought her to the king, which received her with loving countenance at the postern by the water side and kissed her, and then she turned back again and thanked the mayor and the citizens with many goodly words, and so entered into the Tower. After which entry the citizens all this while hoved before the Tower, making great melody, and went not aland, for none were assigned to land but the mayor, the recorder, and two aldermen. But for to speak of the people that stood on every shore to behold the sight, he that saw it not would not believe it.

On Friday at dinner served the king all such as were appointed by His Highness to be Knights of the Bath, which after dinner were brought to their chambers, and that night were bathed and shriven according to the old usage of England, and the next day in the morning the king dubbed them according to the ceremonies thereto belonging, whose names ensueth.

The Marquis Dorset	Sir William Windsor
The Earl of Derby	Sir Francis Weston
The Lord Clifford	Sir Thomas Arundel
The Lord Fitzwater	Sir John Hulstone
The Lord Hastings	Sir Thomas Pownings
The Lord Mounteagle	Sir Henry Savell
Sir John Mordant	Sir George Fitzwilliam
The Lord Vaux	Sir John Tyndall
Sir Henry Parker	Sir Thomas Jermey

Saturday, the xxxi. day. The receiving and conveying of the queen through London.

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Sunday being Whitsunday, the first day of June and the day of her coronation.

On Sunday the mayor, clad in crimson velvet and with his collar, and all the aldermen and sheriffs in scarlet, and the council of the city, took their barge at the Crane by seven of the clock and came to Westminster, where they were welcomed and brought into the hall by Master Treasurer and other of the king's house, and so gave their attendance till the queen should come forth. Between eight and nine she came into the hall and stood under the cloth of estate, and then came in the king's chapel and the monks of Westminster all in rich copes, and many bishops and abbots in copes and miters, which went into the midst of the hall and there stood a season.

Then was there a ray cloth spread from the queen's standing in the hall through the palace and sanctuary, which was railed on both sides to the high altar of Westminster. After that the ray cloth was cast, the officers of arms appointed the order accustomed. First went gentlemen, then esquires, then knights, then the aldermen of the city in their cloaks of scarlet; after them the judges in their mantles of scarlet and coifs. Then followed the Knights of the Bath being no lords, every man having a white lace on his left sleeve. Then followed barons and viscounts in their parliament robes of scarlet. After them came earls, marquises, and dukes in their robes of estate of crimson velvet furred with ermine, powdered according to their degrees. After them came the Lord Chancellor in a robe of scarlet, open before, bordered with lettice; after him came the king's chapel and the monks solemnly singing with procession; then came abbots and bishops mitered; then sergeants and officers of arms; then after them went the mayor of London with his mace, and garter in his coat of arms; then went the Marquis Dorset in a robe of estate which bare the scepter of gold, and the Earl of Arundel, which bare the rod of ivory with the dove, both together. Then went alone the Earl of Oxford, High Chamberlain of England, which bare the crown; after him went the Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate also, for that day being High Steward of England, having a long white rod in his hand; and the Lord William Howard with the rod of the marshalship; and every Knight of the Garter had on his collar of the order.

Then proceeded forth the queen in a surcoat and robe of purple velvet

furred with ermine; in her hair, coif and circlet as she had the Saturday; and over her was borne the canopy by four of the five Ports, all crimson with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves; and the bishops of London and Winchester bare up the laps of the queen's robe. The queen's train, which was very long, was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk; after her followed ladies, being lords' wives, which had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice with bars of borders according to their degrees. And over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice about the neck like a neckercher likewise powdered, so that, by the powderings, their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves without trains, only edged with lettice; and likewise had all the queen's gentlewomen.

When she was thus brought to the high place made in the midst of the church, between the choir and the high altar, she was set in a rich chair. And after that she had rested a while, she descended down to the high altar, and there prostrate herself while the archbishop of Canterbury said certain collects. Then she rose and the bishop anointed her on the head and on the breast, and then she was led up again, where, after divers orisons said, the archbishop set the crown of Saint Edward on her head, and then delivered her the scepter of gold in her right hand, and the rod of ivory with the dove in the left hand, and then all the choir sang *Te Deum, etc.* Which done, the bishop took off the crown of Saint Edward, being heavy, and set on the crown made for her, and so went to mass. And when the offertory was begun, she descended down and offered, being crowned, and so ascended up again and sate in her chair till *Agnus*, and then she went down and kneeled before the altar, where she received of the archbishop the holy sacrament, and then went up to her place again. After that mass was done, she went to Saint Edward's shrine and there offered, after which offering done, she withdrew her into a little place made for the nonce on the one side of the choir. Now, in the mean season, every duchess had put on their bonnets a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, and every marquess put on a demi-coronal of gold, every countess a plain circlet of gold without flowers, and every king of arms put on a crown of copper and gilt, all which were worn till night.

When the queen had a little reposed her, the company returned in the same order that they set forth, and the queen went crowned, and so did the ladies aforesaid. Her right hand was sustained by the Earl of Wiltshire her father, and her left hand by the Lord Talbot, deputy for the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Forinfall, his father. And when she was out of the sanctuary and appeared within the palace, the trumpets played marvelous freshly, and so she was brought to Westminster Hall, and so to

her withdrawing chamber, during which time the lords, judges, mayor, and aldermen put off their robes, mantles, and cloaks, and took their hoods from their necks and cast them about their shoulders; and the lords sat only in the surcoats, and the judges and aldermen in their gowns. And all the lords that served that day served in their surcoats and their hoods about their shoulders. Also divers officers of the king's house, being no lords, had surcoats and hoods of scarlet edged with miniver, as the treasurer, controller, and master of the jewel house, but their surcoats were not gilt.

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The vii. day of September, being Sunday, between three and four of the clock at afternoon, the queen was delivered of a fair lady, which day the Duke of Norfolk came home to the christening, and, for the queen's good deliverance, *Te Deum* was sung incontinently, and great preparation was made for the christening. And the mayor and his brethren and forty of the chief of the citizens were commanded to be at the christening the Wednesday following, upon which day the mayor, Sir Stephen Pecock, in a gown of crimson velvet, with his collar of *s.s.*, and all the aldermen in scarlet, with collars and chains, and all the council of the city with them, took their barge after dinner at one of the clock, and the citizens had another barge, and so rowed to Greenwich, where were many lords, knights, and gentlemen assembled. All the walls between the king's place and the Friars' were hanged with arras, and all the way strawed with green rushes: the Friars' church was also hanged with arras. The font was of silver, and stood in the midst of the church, three steps high, which was covered with a fine cloth, and divers gentlemen with aprons, and towels about their necks, gave attendance about it, that no filth should come in the font. Over it hung a square canopy of crimson satin, fringed with gold; about it was a rail covered with red say. Between the choir and the body of the church was a close place with a pan of fire, to make the child ready in. When all these things were ordered, the child was brought to the hall, and then every man set forward: first, the citizens two and two; then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains; next after them the aldermen, and the mayor alone; next the mayor the king's council; the king's chapel in copes; then barons, bishops, earls; then came the Earl of Essex bearing the covered basins gilt; after him the Marquess of Exeter with the taper of virgin wax; next him the Marquess Dorset, bearing the salt; behind him the Lady Mary of Norfolk, bearing the chrysm, which was very rich of pearl and stone. The old Duchess of Norfolk bare the child, in a mantle of purple velvet, with a long train furred with ermine. The Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal rod, went

on the right hand of the said duchess, and the Duke of Suffolk on the left hand, and before them went the officers of arms. The Countess of Kent bare the long train of the child's mantle, and between the Countess of Kent and the child went the Earl of Wiltshire on the right hand, and the Earl of Derby on the left hand, supporting the said train in the midst. Over the said child was borne a canopy by the Lord Rocheford, the Lord Husey, the Lord William Howard, and by the Lord Thomas Howard the elder; after the child followed many ladies and gentlewomen.

When the child was come to the church door, the Bishop of London met it with divers bishops and abbots mitered, and began the observances of the sacrament. The godfather was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the godmothers were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the old Marchioness of Dorset, widows. And the child was named Elizabeth. And after that all thing was done, at the church door the child was brought to the font and christened, and, this done, garter chief king of arms cried aloud, "God of His infinite goodness send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!" And then the trumpets blew.

Then the child was brought up to the altar and the Gospel said over it; and after that immediately the Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed it, the Marchioness of Exeter being godmother. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the princess a standing cup of gold; the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearl; the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced with a cover; and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls graven, all gilt, with a cover. Then was brought in wafers, comfits, and hippocras in such plenty that every man had as much as he would desire.

Then they set forwards, the trumpets going before in the same order, toward the king's place, as they did when they came thitherward, saving that the gifts that the godfather and the godmothers gave were borne before the child by four persons, that is to say: first, Sir John Dudley bare the gift of the lady of Exeter; the Lord Thomas Howard the younger bare the gift of the lady of Dorset; the Lord Fitzwater bare the gift of the lady of Norfolk; and the Earl of Worcester bare the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. And all the one side as they went was full of staff torches, to the number of five hundred, borne by the guard and other of the king's servants. And about the child were borne many other proper torches borne by gentlemen. And in this order they brought the princess to the queen's chamber, and tarried there a while with his brethren the aldermen. And at the last the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk came out from the king, thanking them heartily, and [said the king] commanded them to give them thanks in his name. And from thence they

were had to the cellar to drink, and so went to their barges.

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The xxvii year.

. . . Also the vi. day of July was Sir Thomas More beheaded for the like treason before rehearsed, which, as you have heard, was for the denying of the King's Majesty's supremacy. This man was also counted learned, and, as you have heard before, he was Lord Chancellor of England, and in that time a great persecutor of such as detested the supremacy of the bishop of Rome, which he himself so highly favored that he stood to it till he was brought to the scaffold on the Tower Hill, where on a block his head was stricken from his shoulders and had no more harm.

I cannot tell whether I should call him a foolish wise man or a wise foolish man, for undoubtedly he, beside his learning, had a great wit, but it was so mingled with taunting and mocking that it seemed to them that best knew him that he thought nothing to be well spoken except he had ministered some mock in the communication, insomuch as, at his coming to the Tower, one of the officers demanded his upper garment for his fee, meaning his gown, and he answered he should have it, and took him his cap, saying it was the uppermost garment that he had. Likewise, even going to his death, at the Tower gate a poor woman called unto him and besought him to declare that he had certain evidences of hers in the time that he was in office (which after he was apprehended she could not come by), and that he would entreat she might have them again, or else she was undone. He answered, "Good woman, have patience a little while, for the king is so good unto me that even within this half hour he will discharge me of all businesses and help thee himself."

Also when he went up the stair on the scaffold, he desired one of the sheriff's officers to give him his hand to help him up, and said, "When I come down again, let me shift for myself as well as I can." Also the hangman kneeled down to him asking him forgiveness of his death (as the manner is), to whom he said, "I forgive thee, but I promise thee that thou shalt never have honesty of the striking off my head, my neck is so short." Also, even when he should lay down his head on the block, he, having a great grey beard, striked out his beard and said to the hangman, "I pray you let me lay my beard over the block lest ye should cut it." Thus with a mock he ended his life. . . .

HUGH LATIMER

The Introduction and Notes are at page 802

FROM *The fyrste Sermon of Mayster Hughe Latimer, whiche he preached before the Kinges Maiestie*, 1549

The argument of the sermon

IN THIS first sermon is declared and taught the godly election of a king, and a rule of godly living as touching his own person. Where he proveth our most excellent King Edward to be our most lawful king, both by nativity and country, yea, and now appointed in these our days to deliver us from the danger and captivity of Egypt and wicked Pharaoh, that is, from error and ignorance and the devilish Antichrist, the pope of Rome. The form of his godly rule, also, he divided here in this sermon in three parts. First, that he should not trust too much upon his own strength and policy, but only to walk ordinately with God and to make Him his lodesman and chief guide. Secondarily, that he live not lasciviously and wantonly, following venereal affections, but to live chastely. And, when time shall require, to lead a pure life under the yoke of matrimony, admonishing both His Grace and all other magistrates to be circumspect in choosing a wife, either for themselves or for their children, having this always in mind, that she be of a faithful house, godly brought up, and of a pure life. Thirdly, he admonished the King's Grace that he should not desire gold and silver too much, proving by many arguments that kind of vice, with the other foresaid, to be destruction not only unto the King's Grace: but also unto the whole realm and people. In these things consisteth the whole sum of this sermon.

Quecunque scripta sunt: ad nostram doctrinam scripta sunt. Whatsoever things are written aforetime, are written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of scriptures might have hope. In taking this part of scripture (most noble audience) I play as a truant, which when he is at school will choose a lesson wherein he is perfect, because he is loth to take pain in studying a new lesson, or else feareth stripes for his slothfulness. In like manner, I might seem now in my old age to some men to take this part of scripture because I would wade easily away therewith, and drive my matter at my pleasure and not to be bound unto a certain theme. But ye shall consider that the foresaid words of Paul are not to be understande of all scriptures, but only of those which are of God, written in God's book, and all things which are therein are written for

our learning. The excellency of this word is so great, and of high dignity, that there is no earthly thing to be compared unto it. The author thereof is great; that is, God himself, eternal, almighty, everlasting. The scripture, because of Him, is also great, eternal, most mighty, and holy.

There is no king, emperor, magistrate, and ruler, of what state soever they be, but are bound to obey this God, and to give credence unto His holy word in directing their steps ordinately according unto the same word. Yea, truly, they are not only bound to obey God's book, but also the minister of the same, for the word's sake, so far as he speaketh sitting in Moses' chair; that is, if His doctrine be taken out of Moses' law. For in this world God hath two swords; the one is a temporal sword; the other a spiritual. The temporal sword resteth in the hands of kings, magistrates, and rulers under him, whereunto all subjects, as well the clergy as the laity, be subject, and punishable for any offense contrary to the same book.

The spiritual sword is in the hands of the ministers and preachers, whereunto all kings, magistrates, and rulers ought to be obedient; that is, to hear and follow so long as the ministers sit in Christ's chair—that is, speaking out of Christ's book.

The king correcteth transgressors with the temporal sword; yea, and the preacher also, if he be an offender. But the preacher can not correct the king, if he be a transgressor of God's word, with the temporal sword. But he must correct and reprove him with the spiritual sword, fearing no man, setting God only before his eyes, under whom he is a minister to supplant and root up all vice and mischief by God's word, whereunto all men ought to be obedient, as is mentioned in many places of scripture, and amongst many, this is one:

Quecunque jusserint vos servare, servate, et facite.

Whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do. Therefore let the preacher teach, improve, amend, and instruct in righteousness with the spiritual sword, fearing no man though death should ensue. Thus Moses, fearing no man, with this sword did reprove King Pharaoh at God's commandment.

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I have thought it good to intreat upon these words following which are written in the xvii. Chapter of Deuteronomy: *Cum veneris in terram quam Dominus Deus dat tibi possederisque, et cetera.* That is: when thou art come unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and enjoyest it, and dwellest therein, if thou shalt say, I will set a king over me, like unto all the nations that are about me: then thou shalt make him king over thee whom the Lord thy God shall choose.

One of thy brethren must thou make king over thee, and mayst not set a stranger over thee which is not of thy brethren. But in any wise, let him not hold too many horses, that he bring not the people again to Egypt, through the multitude of horses, for as much as the Lord hath said unto you: ye shall henceforth go no more again that way. Also he shall not have too many wives, lest his heart turn away; neither shall he gather him silver and gold too much.

As in divers other places of scriptures is meet matter for all estates, so in this foresaid place is described chiefly the doctrine fit for a king.

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God is great grandmaster of the king's house, and will take account of every one that beareth rule therein, for the executing of their offices: whether they have justly and truly served the king in their offices or no. Yea, God looketh upon the king himself if he worketh well or not. Every king is subject unto God, and all other men are subjects unto the king. In a king God requireth faith, not excess of horses. Horses for a king be good and necessary, if they be well used. But horses are not to be preferred above poor men. I was once offended with the king's horses, and therefore took occasion to speak in the presence of the King's Majesty that dead is, when abbeys stood. Abbeys were ordained for the comfort of the poor. Wherefore I said it was not decent that the king's horses should be kept in them (as many were at that time), the living of poor men thereby minished and taken away. But afterward a certain nobleman said to me, "What hast thou to do with the king's horses?"

I answered and said, "I speak my conscience as God's word directeth me."

He said: "Horses be the maintenances and part of a king's honor, and also of his realm, wherefore, in speaking against them, ye are against the king's honor."

I answered: "God teacheth what honor is decent for the king and for all other men according unto their vocations. God appointeth every king a sufficient living for his state and degree, both by lands and other customs. And it is lawful for every king to enjoy the same goods and possessions; but to extort and take away the right of the poor is against the honor of the king. And you do move the king to do after that manner; then you speak against the honor of the king. For I full certify you extortioners, violent oppressors, engrossers of tenements and lands, through whose covetousness villages decay and fall down, the king's liege people, for lack of sustenance, are famished and decayed. They be those which speak against the honor of the king. God requireth in the king and all

magistrates a good heart, to walk directly in His ways. And, in all subjects, an obedience due unto a king. Therefore, I pray God both the king and also we, his people, may endeavor diligently to walk in His ways, to His great honor and our profit."

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He shall not multiply unto himself too much gold and silver. Is there too much, think you, for a king? God doth allow much unto a king, and it is expedient that he should have much, for he hath great expenses and many occasions to spend much for the defense and surety of his realm and subjects.

And necessary it is that a king have a treasure always in a readiness for that and such other affairs as be daily in his hands. The which treasure, if it be not sufficient, he may lawfully, and with a salve conscience, take taxes of his subjects. For it were not meet the treasure should be in the subjects' purses when the money should be occupied, nor it were not best for themselves: for the lack thereof, it might cause both it and all the rest that they have should not long be theirs. And so, for a necessary and expedient occasion, it is warranted by God's word to take of the subjects. But if there be sufficient treasures and the burdening of subjects be for a vain thing, so that he will require thus much or so much of his subjects (which perchance are in great necessity and penury), then this covetous intent, and the request thereof is too much, which God forbiddeth the king, here in this place of Scripture, to have.

But who shall see this too much, or tell the king of this too much. Think you any of the king's privy chamber? No. For fear of loss of favor. Shall any of his sworn chaplains? No. They be of the closet and keep close such matters. But the king himself must see this too much, and that shall he do by no means with the corporal eyes. Wherefore, he must have a pair of spectacles, which shall have two clear sights in them; that is, that one is faith, not a seasonable faith, which shall last but a while, but a faith which is continuing in GOD. The second clear sight is charity, which is fervent towards his Christian brother. By them two must the king see ever when he hath too much. But few there be that useth these spectacles, the more is their damnation. Not without cause Chrysostom with admiration saith, *Miror si aliquis rectorum potest salvari.* I marvel if any ruler can be saved. Which words he speaketh not of an impossibility but of a great difficulty, for that their charge is marvelous great, and that none about them dare shew them the truth of the thing how it goeth.

Well, then, if God will not allow a king too much, whether will he allow a subject too much? No, that he will not. Whether hath any man here in England too much? I doubt most rich men have too much, for,

without too much, we can get nothing. As for example, the physician. If the poor man be diseased, he can have no help without too much. And of the lawyer the poor man can get no counsel, expedition, nor help in his matter except he give him too much. At merchants' hands, no kind of wares can be had except we give for it too much. You landlords, you rent-raisers, I may say you steplords, you unnatural lords, you have for your possessions yearly too much. For that herebefore went for twenty or forty pound by year, which is an honest portion to be had gratis in one lordship of another man's sweat and labor: now is it let for fifty or a hundred pound by year. Of this too much cometh this monstrous and portentous dearths made by man, notwithstanding GOD doth send us plentifully the fruits of the earth, mercifully, contrary unto our deserts. Notwithstanding, too much, which these rich men have, causeth such dearth that poor men (which live of their labor) cannot, with the sweat of their face have a living, all kind of victuals is so dear. Pigs, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, *etc.*: these things, with other, are so unreasonably enhanced. And I think verily that if yet this continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig a pound. I will tell you, my lords and masters, this is not for the king's honor.

Yet some will say, knowest thou what belongeth unto the king's honor better than we? I answer that the true honor of a king is most perfectly mentioned and painted forth in the Scriptures, of which, if ye be ignorant, for lack of time, that ye cannot read it, albeit that your counsels be never so politic, yet is it not for the king's honor. What his honor meaneth ye cannot tell. It is the king's honor that his subjects be led in the true religion. That all his prelates and clergy be set about their work in preaching and studying and not to be interrupted from their charge. Also it is the king's honor that the commonwealth be advanced, that the dearth of these foresaid things be provided for, and the commodities of this realm so employed as it may be to the setting his subjects on work and keeping them from idleness. And herein resteth the king's honor and his office. So doing, his account before God shall be allowed and rewarded.

Furthermore, if the king's honor (as some men say) standeth in the great multitude of people, then these graziers, enclosers, and rent-rearers are hinderers of the king's honor. For whereas have been a great many of householders and inhabitants, there is now but a shepherd and his dog, so they hinder the king's honor most of all. My lords and masters, I say also that all such proceedings which are against the king's honor (as I have a part declared before), and as far as I can perceive, do intend plainly to make the yeomanry slavery and the clergy shavery. For such works are all singular, private wealth and commodity. We of the clergy had too much, but that is taken away, and now we have too little. But

for mine own part, I have no cause to complain, for I thank God and the king I have sufficient, and God is my judge I came not to crave of any man anything. But I know them that have too little. There lieth a great matter by these appropriations, great reformations is to be had in them. I know where is a great market town with divers hamlets and inhabitants, where do rise yearly of their labors to the value of fifty pound, and the vicar that serveth (being so great a cure) hath but twelve or fourteen marks by year, so that, of this pension, he is not able to buy him books nor give his neighbor drink, all the great gain goeth another way.

My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound or twenty nobles apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this did he of the said farm, where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

Thus all the enhancing and rearing goeth to your private commodity and wealth. So that, where ye had a single too much, you have that; and since the same, ye have enhanced the rent, and so have increased another too much. So now ye have double too much, which is too, too much. But let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to the stomps, nothing is amended. We have good statutes made for the commonwealth as touching commoners, enclosers; many meetings and sessions; but, in the end of the matter, there cometh nothing forth.

Well, well, this is one thing I will say unto you, from whence it cometh I know—even from the devil. I know his intent in it. For if ye bring it to pass that the yeomanry be not able to put their sons to school (as indeed universities do wondrously decay already) and that they be not able to marry their daughters to the avoiding of whoredom, I say ye pluck salvation from the people and utterly destroy the realm. For by yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is, and hath been, maintained chiefly. Is this realm taught by rich men's sons? No, no, read the chronicles. Ye shall find sometime noblemen's sons which have been unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shall find none of them learned men. But, verily, they that should look to the redress of these things be the greatest against them.

In this realm are a great many of folks, and, amongst many, I know but one of tender zeal, at the motion of his poor tenants, hath let down his lands to the old rents for their relief. For God's love, let not him be a phoenix, let him not be alone, let him not be an hermit closed in a wall! Some good man follow him and do as he giveth example. Surveyors there be that greedily gorge up their covetous guts; handmakers, I mean (honest men I touch not), but all such as survey; they make up their mouths, but the commons be utterly undone by them. Whose bitter cry ascending up to the ears of the God of Sabaoth, the greedy pit of hell burning fire (without great repentance) to tarry and look for them.

A redress God grant. For surely, surely, but that two things do comfort me, I would despair of the redress in these matters. One is that the King's Majesty, when he cometh to age, will see a redress of these things so out of frame, giving example by letting down his own lands first, and then enjoin his subjects to follow him. The second hope I have is I believe that the general accounting day is at hand, the dreadful day of judgment, I mean, which shall make an end of all these calamities and miseries. For as the Scriptures be, *Cum dixerint pax pax*, When they shall say, peace, peace: *Omnia tuta*, All things are sure: then is the day at hand. A merry day, I say, for all such as do in this world study to serve and please God and continue in His faith, fear, and love; and a dreadful, horrible day for them that decline from God, walking in their own ways, to whom, as it is written in the xxv. of Matthew, is said: *Ite maledicti in ignem eternum*. Go, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment. Where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. But unto the other he shall say: *Venite benedicti*, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, possess ye the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world, of the which God make us all partakers. Amen.

ROGER ASCHAM

The Introduction and Notes are at page 803

FROM *Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge*, 1545

Toxophilus

To the most gracious and our most dread sovereign lord, King Henry the VIII, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, in earth supreme head, next under Christ, be all health, victory, and felicity.

WHAT time as, Most Gracious Prince, Your Highness this last year past took that your most honorable and victorious journey into France, accompanied with such a port of the nobility and yeomanry of England as neither hath been like known by experience, nor yet read of in history: accompanied also with the daily prayers, good hearts, and wills of all and every one Your Grace's subjects left behind you here at home in England: the same time I being at my book in Cambridge, sorry that my little ability could stretch out no better to help forward so noble an enterprise, yet with my good will, prayer, and heart, nothing behind him that was foremost of all, conceived a wonderful desire by the prayer, wishing, talking, and communication that was in every man's mouth for Your Grace's most victorious return, to offer up something at your homecoming to Your Highness which should both be a token of my love and duty toward Your Majesty and also a sign of my good mind and zeal toward my country.

This occasion given to me at that time caused me to take in hand again this little purpose of shooting, begun of me before, yet not ended then, for other studies more meet for that trade of living which God and my friends had set me unto. But when Your Grace's most joyful and happy victory prevented my daily and speedy diligency to perform this matter, I was compelled to wait another time to prepare and offer up this little book unto Your Majesty. And when it hath pleased Your Highness of your infinite goodness, and also your most honorable counsel to know and peruse over the contents and some part of this book, and so to allow it, that other men might read it, through the furtherance and setting forth of the right worshipful and my singular good master, Sir William Paget, knight, most worthy secretary to Your Highness, and most open and

ready succor to all poor, honest, learned men's suits, I most humbly beseech Your Grace to take in good worth this little treatise purposed, began and ended of me only for this intent: that labor, honest pastime, and virtue might recover again that place and right, that idleness, unthrifty gaming and vice hath put them fro.

And although to have written this book either in Latin or Greek (which thing I would be very glad yet to do if I might surely know Your Grace's pleasure therein) had been more easier and fit for my trade in study, yet nevertheless, I, supposing it no point of honesty that my commodity should stop and hinder any part either of the pleasure or profit of many, have written this English matter in the English tongue for Englishmen: wherein this I trust: that Your Grace (if it shall please Your Highness to read it) shall perceive it to be a thing honest for me to write, pleasant for some to read, and profitable for many to follow, containing a pastime honest for the mind, wholesome for the body, fit for every man, vile for no man, using the day and open place for honesty to rule it, not lurking in corners for misorder to abuse it. Therefore, I trust it shall appear to be both a sure token of my zeal to set forward shooting and some sign of my mind towards honesty and learning.

Thus I will trouble Your Grace no longer, but with my daily prayer I will beseech God to preserve Your Grace in all health and felicity, to the fear and overthrow of all your enemies; to the pleasure, joyfulness, and succor of all your subjects; to the utter destruction of papistry and heresy; to the continual setting forth of God's word and His glory.

Your Grace's most bounden scholar.

ROGER ASCHAM.

To all Gentlemen and Yeomen of England.

Bias, the wise man, came to Croesus, the rich king, on a time when he was making new ships, purposing to have subdued by water the out isles lying betwixt Greece and Asia Minor. "What news now in Greece?" saith the king to Bias.

"None other news but these," saith Bias; "that the isles of Greece have prepared a wonderful company of horsemen to overrun Lydia withal."

"There is nothing under heaven," saith the king, "that I would so soon wish as that they durst be so bold to meet us on the land with horse."

"And think you," saith Bias, "that there is anything which they would sooner wish than that you should be so fond to meet them on the water with ships?"

And so Croesus, hearing not the true news, but perceiving the wise man's mind and counsel, both gave then over making of his ships and left also behind him a wonderful example for all commonwealths to fol-

low: that is evermore to regard and set most by that thing whereunto nature hath made them most apt and use hath made them most fit.

By this matter I mean the shooting in the long-bow for Englishmen: which thing with all my heart I do wish, and if I were of authority I would counsel all the gentlemen and yeomen of England not to change it with any other thing, how good soever it seem to be: but that still, according to the old wont of England, youth should use it for the most honest pastime in peace, that men might handle it as a most sure weapon in war. Other strong weapons which both experience doth prove to be good and the wisdom of the King's Majesty and his council provides to be had, are not ordained to take away shooting: but that both, not compared together, whether should be better than the other, but so joined together that the one should be always an'aid and help for the other, might so strengthen the realm on all sides that no kind of enemy in any kind of weapon might pass and go beyond us.

For this purpose, I, partly provoked by the counsel of some gentlemen, partly moved by the love which I have always borne toward shooting, have written this little treatise, wherein if I have not satisfied any man, I trust he will the rather be content with my doing, because I am (I suppose) the first which hath said anything in this matter (and few beginnings be perfect, saith wise men), and also because if I have said amiss, I am content that any man amend it, or if I have said too little, any man that will to add what him pleaseth to it.

My mind is, in profiting and pleasing every man, to hurt or displease no man, intending none other purpose but that youth might be stirred to labor, honest pastime, and virtue, and as much as lay in me, plucked from idleness, unthrifty games, and vice; which thing I have labored only in this book, shewing how fit shooting is for all kinds of men, how honest a pastime for the mind, how wholesome an exercise for the body, not vile for great men to use, not costly for poor men to sustain, not lurking in holes and corners for ill men at their pleasure to misuse it, but abiding in the open sight and face of the world, for good men, if it fault, by their wisdom to correct it.

And here I would desire all gentlemen and yeomen to use this pastime in such a mean that the outrageousness of great gaming should not hurt the honesty of shooting, which of his own nature is always joined with honesty, yet for men's faults oftentimes blamed unworthily, as all good things have been and evermore shall be.

If any man would blame me either for taking such a matter in hand or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that when the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write. And

though to have written it in another tongue had been more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labor well bestowed if, with a little hindrance of my profit and name, may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the most part have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English, when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle: to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him. Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words as Latin, French, and Italian do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying: "Who will not praise that feast, where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer?"

"Truly," quod I, "they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put malvesy and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known nor yet wholesome for the body. Cicero, in following Isocrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, increased the Latin tongue after another sort. This way, because divers men that write do not know, they can neither follow it, because of their ignorancy, nor yet will praise it, for very arrogancy, two faults seldom the one out of the other's company.

English writers, by diversity of time, have taken divers matters in hand. In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If any man suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. For surely vain words do work no small thing in vain, ignorant, and young minds, specially if they be given anything thereunto of their own nature. These books (as I have heard say) were made the most part in abbeys and monasteries, a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living.

In our time now, when every man is given to know much rather than to live well, very many do write, but after such a fashion as very many do shoot. Some shooters take in hand stronger bows than they be able to maintain. This thing maketh them sometime to outshoot the mark, sometime to shoot far wide, and perchance hurt some that look on. Other that never learned to shoot, nor yet knoweth good shaft nor bow, will be as busy as

the best; but such one commonly plucketh down a side, and crafty archers which be against him will be both glad of him and also ever ready to lay and bet with him. It were better for such one to sit down than shoot. Other there be which have very good bow and shafts and good knowledge in shooting, but they have been brought up in such evil-favored shooting that they can neither shoot fair nor yet near. If any man will apply these things together, shall not see the one far differ from the other.

And I also, amongst all other, in writing this little treatise have followed some young shooters, which both will begin to shoot for a little money and also will use to shoot once or twice about the mark for naught afore they begin agood. And therefore did I take this little matter in hand to assay myself, and hereafter, by the grace of God, if the judgment of wise men that look on think that I can do any good, I may, perchance, cast my shaft among other for better game.

Yet in writing this book, some man will marvel, perchance, why that I, being an unperfect shooter, should take in hand to write of making a perfect archer. The same man, peradventure, will marvel how a whetstone which is blunt can make the edge of a knife sharp. I would the same man should consider also that in going about any matter there be four things to be considered: doing, saying, thinking, and perfectness. First, there is no man that doth so well but he can say better, or else some men which be now stark naught should be too good; again, no man can utter with his tongue so well as he is able to imagine with his mind; and yet perfectness itself is far above all thinking. Then seeing that saying is one step nearer perfectness than doing, let every man leave marveling why my word shall rather express, than my deed shall perform, perfect shooting.

I trust no man will be offended with this little book, except it be some fletchers and bowyers, thinking hereby that many that love shooting shall be taught to refuse such naughty wares as they would utter. Honest fletchers and bowyers do not so, and they that be unhonest ought rather to amend themselves for doing ill than be angry with me for saying well. A fletcher hath even as good a quarrel to be angry with an archer that refuseth an ill shaft as a bladesmith hath to a fletcher that forsaketh to buy of him a naughty knife. For as an archer must be content that a fletcher know a good shaft in every point for the perfecter making of it, so an honest fletcher will also be content that a shooter know a good shaft in every point for the perfecter using of it; because the one knoweth, like a fletcher, how to make it, the other knoweth, like an archer, how to use it. And seeing the knowledge is one in them both, yet the end diverse, surely that fletcher is an enemy to archers and artillery which cannot be content that an archer know a shaft as well for his use in shooting as he himself

should know a shaft for his advantage in selling. And the rather because shafts be not made so much to be sold, but chiefly to be used. And seeing that use and occupying is the end why a shaft is made, the making, as it were, a mean for occupying, surely the knowledge in every point of a good shaft is more to be required in a shooter than a fletcher.

Yet, as I said before, no honest fletcher will be angry with me, seeing I do not teach how to make a shaft, which belongeth only to a good fletcher, but to know and handle a shaft, which belongeth to an archer. And this little book, I trust, shall please and profit both parts; for good bows and shafts shall be better known to the commodity of all shooters, and good shooting may, perchance, be the more occupied to the profit of all bowyers and fletchers. And thus I pray God that all fletchers getting their living truly and all archers using shooting honestly, and all manner of men that favor artillery may live continually in health and merriness, obeying their prince as they should and loving God as they ought, to whom for all things be all honor and glory forever. Amen.

From *The Scholemaster*, 1570

The Schoolmaster

To the honorable Sir William Cecil, knight, principal secretary to the Queen's most excellent Majesty.

Sundry and reasonable be the causes why learned men have used to offer and dedicate such works as they put abroad to some such personage as they think fittest, either in respect of ability of defense, or skill for judgment, or private regard of kindness and duty. Every one of those considerations, sir, move me of right to offer this, my late husband's, Mr. Ascham's, work unto you. For well remembering how much all good learning oweth unto you for defense thereof, as the University of Cambridge, of which my said late husband was a member, have in choosing you their worthy chancellor acknowledged; and how happily you have spent your time in such studies and carried the use thereof to the right end, to the good service of the Queen's Majesty and your country, to all our benefits; thirdly, how much my said husband was many ways bound unto you, and how gladly and comfortably he used, in his life, to recognize and report your goodness toward him, leaving with me, then his poor widow, and a great sort of orphans a good comfort in the hope of your good continuance, which I have truly found to me and mine, and therefore do duly and daily pray for you and yours: I could not find any man for whose name this book was more agreeable for hope of protection, more meet for submission to judgment, nor more due for respect of worthiness of your part and thankfulness of my husband's and mine. Good I trust it shall do, as

I am put in great hope by many very well learned that can well judge thereof. Meet, therefore, I compt it that such good as my husband was able to do and leave to the commonweal, it should be received under your name, and that the world should owe thank thereof to you, to whom my husband, the author of it, was for good received of you, most dutifully bounden. And so beseeching you to take on you the defense of this book, to advance the good that may come of it by your allowance and furtherance to public use and benefit, and to accept the thankful recognition of me and my poor children, trusting of the continuance of your good memory of Mr. Ascham and his, and daily commending the prosperous estate of you and yours to God, whom you serve and whose you are, I rest to trouble you.

Your humble, MARGARET ASCHAM.

A Preface to the Reader

WHEN the great plague was at London the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her Castle of Windsor: Where, upon the 10 day of December, it fortuned that, in Sir William Cecil's chamber, Her Highness' principal secretary, there dined together these personages: Mr. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir J. Mason, D. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, treasurer of the exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Haddon, master of requests, Mr. John Astley, master of the jewel house, Mr. Bernard Hampton, Mr. Nicasius, and I. Of which number, the most part were of Her Majesty's most honorable privy council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy to be there that day, in the company of so many wise and good men together, as hardly then could have been picked out again, out of all England beside.

Mr. Secretary hath this accustomed manner: though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner time he doth seem to lay them always aside, and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters; but most gladly of some matter of learning, wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, "I have strange news brought me," saith Mr. Secretary, "this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating." Whereupon Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters in using correction than commonly there is, who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar.

Whereby many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they know what learning meaneth, and so are made willing to forsake their book and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said, "In mine opinion, the schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage; and, as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato. And therefore if a rod carry the fear of a sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling."

Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys and with the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr. Peter's opinion, and said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person. "Though," quoth I, "it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the university one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness." I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating to attain good learning, wherein I was the bolder to say my mind because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else, in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr. Astley, and the rest said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Æschines for his false dealing in his embassage to King Philip of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after; and, finding me in Her Majesty's privy chamber, he took me by the hand, and, carrying me to a window, said, "Mr. Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been this day absent from dinner, where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself; for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen year old, drave me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning

as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville, my son's son, for whose bringing up, I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age. We will deal thus together. Point you out a schoolmaster who, by your order, shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yea, though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year; and, beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have." Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

We had then farther talk together of bringing up of children: of the nature of quick and hard wits; of the right choice of a good wit; of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely gentlemen. We talked of their too much liberty to live as they lust; of their letting loose too soon, to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many good old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks; of wit gathered and good fortune gotten by some only by experience, without learning. And, lastly, he required of me very earnestly to shew what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. "But," saith he, "because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore, I pray you, at my request and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk concerning the right order of teaching and honesty of living for the good bringing up of children and young men. And surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others." I made some excuse by lack of ability and weakness of body: "Well," saith he, "I am not now to learn what you can do. Our dear friend, good Mr. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have; and I know very well myself that you did teach the queen. And therefore, seeing God did so bless you to make you the scholar of the best master and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honest your own name if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And, in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall

never lack neither matter nor manner what to write, nor how to write, in this kind of argument."

I, beginning some farther excuse, suddenly was called to come to the queen. The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk, and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend. I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New Year's gift that Christmas; but, as it chanceth to busy builders, so, in building this my poor schoolhouse (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new and differing from others), the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning.

And though it appear now, and be in very deed, but a small cottage, poor for the stuff and rude for the workmanship, yet, in going forward, I found the site so good as I was loath to give it over; but the making so costly, outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends with full purses, Sir Thomas Smith, Mr. Haddon, or Mr. Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I gat at home by good Sir John Cheke and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up as I could, and as you see. If the matter be mean and meanly handled, I pray you bear both with me and it; for never work went up in worse weather, with mo lets and stops, than this poor schoolhouse of mine. Westminster Hall can bear some witness, beside much weakness of body, but more trouble of mind, by some such sores as grieve me to touch them myself, and therefore I purpose not to open them to others. And, in midst of outward injuries and inward cares, to increase them withal good Sir Richard Sackville dieth, that worthy gentleman; that earnest favorer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, shewing spite to none, doing good to many; and, as I well found, to me so fast a friend as I never lost the like before. When he was gone, my heart was dead. There was not one that wore a black gown for him who carried a heavier heart for him than I. When he was gone, I cast this book away; I could not look upon it but with weeping eyes, in remembering him who was the only setter on to do it, and would have been not only a glad commender of it but also a sure and certain comfort to me and mine for it. Almost two years together this book lay scattered and neglected, and had been quite given over of me if the goodness of one had not given me some life and spirit again. God, the mover of goodness, prosper always him and his as he hath many times comforted me and mine, and, I trust to God,

shall comfort more and more. Of whom most justly I may say, and very oft, and always gladly, I am wont to say that sweet verse of Sophocles spoken by Oedipus to worthy Theseus:

ἔχω, γὰρ ἄχω διὰ σὲ, κοὐκ ἄλλον βροτῶν.

This hope hath helped me to end this book: which, if he allow, I shall think my labors well employed, and shall not much esteem the misliking of any others. And I trust he shall think the better of it because he shall find the best part thereof to come out of his school whom he of all men loved and liked best.

Yet some men, friendly enough of nature but of small judgment in learning, do think I take too much pains and spend too much time in setting forth these children's affairs. But those good men were never brought up in Socrates' school, who saith plainly that no man goeth about a more godly purpose than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of his own and other men's children.

Therefore, I trust good and wise men will think well of this my doing. And of other that think otherwise, I will think myself they are but men to be pardoned for their folly and pitied for their ignorance.

In writing this book, I have had earnest respect to three special points: truth of religion, honesty in living, right order in learning. In which three ways I pray God my poor children may diligently walk; for whose sake, as nature moved, and reason required, and necessity also somewhat compelled, I was the willinger to take these pains.

For, seeing at my death I am not like to leave them any great store of living, therefore in my lifetime I thought good to bequeath unto them, in this little book, as in my will and testament, the right way to good learning; which, if they follow with the fear of God, they shall very well come to sufficiency of living.

I wish also, with all my heart, that young Mr. Robert Sackville may take that fruit of this labor that his worthy grandfather purposed he should have done; and if any other do take either profit or pleasure hereby, they have cause to thank Mr. Robert Sackville, for whom specially this my schoolmaster was provided.

And one thing I would have the reader consider in reading this book, that, because no schoolmaster hath charge of any child before he enter into his school, therefore I, leaving all former care of their good bringing up to wise and good parents as a matter not belonging to the schoolmaster, I do appoint this my schoolmaster then and there to begin where his office and charge beginneth. Which charge lasteth not long, but until the scholar be made able to go to the university, to proceed in logic, rhetoric, and other kinds of learning.

Yet if my schoolmaster, for love he beareth to his scholar, shall teach

him somewhat for his furtherance and better judgment in learning that may serve him seven year after in the university, he doth his scholar no more wrong, nor deserveth no worse name thereby, than he doth in London who, selling silk or cloth unto his friend, doth give him better measure than either his promise or bargain was.

Farewell in Christ.

The first book for the youth

After the child hath learned perfectly the eight parts of speech, let him then learn the right joining together of substantives with adjectives, the noun with the verb, the relative with the antecedent. And in learning farther his syntaxis, by mine advice he shall not use the common order in common schools for making of Latins; whereby the child commonly learneth, first, an evil choice of words (and right choice of words, saith *Caesar*, is the foundation of eloquence); then, a wrong placing of words; and lastly, an ill framing of the sentence, with a perverse judgment both of words and sentences. These faults, taking once root in youth, be never, or hardly, plucked away in age. Moreover, there is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits or taken away the will of children from learning than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latins.

For the scholar is commonly beat for the making when the master were more worthy to be beat for the mending, or rather marring, of the same: the master many times being as ignorant as the child what to say properly and fitly to the matter.

Two schoolmasters have set forth in print, either of them, a book of such kind of Latins, Horman and Whittington. A child shall learn of the better of them that which another day, if he be wise and come to judgment, he must be fain to unlearn again.

There is a way, touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore*, which, wisely brought into schools, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latins, but would also with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.

The way is this. After the three concordances learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the epistles of Cicero, gathered together and chosen out by Sturmius for the capacity of children.

First, let him teach the child cheerfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then let him construe it into English so oft as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over per-

fectly. This done thus, let the child, by and by, both construe and parse it over again, so that it may appear that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book and, sitting in some place where no man shall prompt him, by himself let him translate into English his former lesson. Then, shewing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book and, pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's book and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in choosing or true placing of Tully's words, let the master praise him and say, "Here you do well." For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning as is praise.

But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering the sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him if the child have done his diligence and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of than of four things rightly hit. For then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him, "*N.*, Tully would have used such a word, not this; Tully would have placed this word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender; he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple rather than this compound, this adverb here, not there; he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle, etc."

In these few lines, I have wrapped up the most tedious part of grammar; and also the ground of almost all the rules that are so busily taught by the master and so hardly learned by the scholar in all common schools, which, after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain: the master being led by so sure a guide, and the scholar being brought into so plain and easy a way. And therefore we do not contemn rules, but we gladly teach rules; and teach them more plainly, sensibly, and orderly than they be commonly taught in common schools. For when the master shall compare Tully's book with the scholar's translation, let the master at the first lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar, by himself, be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every example: so as the grammar book be ever in the scholar's hand, and also used of him as a dictionary for every present use. This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules: where the common way, used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself

is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements ye can to encourage him to the same, lest his overmuch fearing of you drive him to seek some misorderly shift: as to seek to be helped by some other book or to be prompted by some other scholar, and so go about to beguile you much and himself more.

With this way of good understanding the matter, plain construing, diligent parsing, daily translating, cheerful admonishing, and heedful amending of faults, never leaving behind just praise for well doing, I would have the scholar brought up withal till he had read and translated over the first book of epistles chosen out by Sturmius, with a good piece of a comedy of Terence also.

All this while, by mine advice, the child shall use to speak no Latin for as Cicero saith in like matter, with like words, *Loquendo, male loqui discunt.* And that excellent learned man G. Budaeus, in his Greek commentaries, sore complaineth that when he began to learn the Latin tongue, use of speaking Latin at the table and elsewhere unadvisedly did bring him to such an evil choice of words, to such a crooked framing of sentences, that no one thing did hurt or hinder him more all the days of his life afterward, both for readiness in speaking and also good judgment in writing.

In very deed, if children were brought up in such a house or such a school, where the Latin tongue were properly and perfectly spoken, as Tiberius and Caius Gracchi were brought up in their mother Cornelia's house, surely then the daily use of speaking were the best and readiest way to learn the Latin tongue. But now commonly in the best schools in England, for words, right choice is smally regarded, true propriety wholly neglected, confusion is brought in, barbarousness is bred up so in young wits as afterward they be not only marred for speaking but also corrupted in judgment: as with much ado, or never at all, they be brought to right frame again.

Yet all men covet to have their children speak Latin; and so do I very earnestly too. We both have one purpose; we agree in desire, we wish one end; but we differ somewhat in order and way that leadeth rightly to that end. Other would have them speak at all adventures; and, so they be speaking, to speak, the master careth not, the scholar knoweth not, what. This is to seem and not to be, except it be to be bold without shame, rash without skill, full of words without wit. I wish to have them speak so as it may well appear that the brain doth govern the tongue, and that reason leadeth forth the talk. Socrates' doctrine is true in Plato, and well marked and truly uttered by Horace in *Arte Poetica*, that, wheresoever

knowledge doth accompany the wit, there best utterance doth always await upon the tongue. For good understanding must first be bred in the child, which, being nourished with skill and use of writing (as I will teach more largely hereafter), is the only way to bring him to judgment and readiness in speaking; and that in far shorter time (if he follow constantly the trade of this little lesson) than he shall do by common teaching of the common schools in England.

But to go forward, as you perceive your scholar to go better and better on away, first, with understanding his lesson more quickly, with parsing more readily, with translating more speedily and perfectly than he was wont, after, give him longer lessons to translate: and withal begin to teach him, both in nouns and verbs, what is *proprium*, and what is *translatum*; what *synonymum*, what *diversum*; which be *contraria*, and which be most notable *phrases* in all his lecture.

As:

Proprium.	*Rex sepultus est magnificè.*
Translatum.	*Cum illo principe, sepulta est et gloria et salus republicae.*
Synonyma.	*Ensis, gladius;* *Laudare, praedicare.*
Diversa.	*Diligere, amare;* *Calere, exardescere;* *Inimicus, hostis.*
Contraria.	*Acerbum et luctuosum bellum.* *Dulcis et laeta pax.*
Phrases.	*Dare verba;* *Abjicere obedientiam.*

Your scholar then must have the third paper book: in the which, after he hath done his double translation, let him write, after this sort, four of these forenamed six, diligently marked out of every lesson:

Quatuor.	*Propria.* *Translata.* *Synonyma.* *Diversa.* *Contraria.* *Phrases.*

Or else three, or two, if there be no moe: and if there be none of these at all in some lecture, yet not omit the order, but write these:

{ *Diversa nulla,*
{ *Contraria nulla, etc.*

This diligent translating, joined with his heedful marking in the foresaid epistles, and afterward in some plain oration of Tully, as, *pro lege Manilia, pro Archia Poeta,* or in those three *ad C. Caesarem,* shall work such a right choice of words, so straight a framing of sentences, such a true judgment, both to write skilfully and speak wittily, as wise men shall both praise and marvel at.

If your scholar do miss sometimes in marking rightly these foresaid six things, chide not hastily, for that shall both dull his wit and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently, which shall make him both willing to amend and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished, twice or thrice, this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster. And that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large why, in mine opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England, I will not greatly contend: which, if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the prince; although, in very deed, in the end the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our prince, and our whole country, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfectness in learning, to all honesty in manners, to have all faults rightly amended, to have every vice severely corrected; but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, moe as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar; and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure, though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These, ye will say, be fond schoolmasters, and few they be that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely overmany such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they do correct

faults. Yea, many times the better nature is sorer punished. For if one, by quickness of wit, take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, taketh it not so speedily, the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished: when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few which I will reckon.

Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot and desirous of this and that; as cold and soon weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like oversharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets but not the wisest orators; ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be, in desire, newfangle, in purpose, unconstant; light to promise anything, ready to forget everything, both benefit and injury: and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs; bold with any person; busy in every matter; soothing such as be present, nipping any that is absent; of nature also always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors; and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions; and thereby very ready of disposition to be carried overquickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young; and therefore seldom either honest of life or rich in living when they be old. For quick in wit and light in manners be either seldom troubled or very soon weary in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, overquick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, "heady" and "brainsick," be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter and termed aptly by the condition of overmuch quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever overlight and merry: in age, soon testy, very waspish, and always overmiserable. And yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their misordered life when they were young; but a great deal fewer of them come to shew any great countenance or bear any great authority

abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees that shew forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time, and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience: that, amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way; except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed of itself, and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by overmuch study and use of some sciences, namely music, arithmetic, and geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits overmuch, so they change men's manners oversore if they be not moderately mingled and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galen saith much music marreth men's manners; and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books *de Rep.*, well marked also and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter I wrote once more at large, twenty years ago, in my book of shooting; now I thought but to touch it to prove that overmuch quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not overdull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and, though somewhat staffish (as Tully wisheth, *otium quietum, non languidum:* and *negotium cum labore, non cum periculo*), such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overthwartly and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangleness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily yet deeply; and so come

to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope but do not indeed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried either to desire every new thing or else to marvel at every strange thing; and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise; not rash in uttering, but ware in considering every matter; and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become, in the end, both most happy for themselves and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wit than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning and to the commonwealth also, first, by the fond father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd schoolmaster in beating and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school, he is smally regarded, little looked unto; he lacketh teaching, he lacketh courraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is beat from his book and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or servingman, or bound prentice to a merchant, or to some handicraft, he proveth in the end wiser, happier, and many times honester, too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities, of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly as young apples be chosen by children in a fair garden about St. James's tide. A child will choose a sweeting because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a rennet because it is then green, hard, and sour; when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats. Sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never, or seldom, come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is

plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first, by the great beating, and after, by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly that lewd and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that "the greatest clerks be not the wisest men."

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men; and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangleness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well, as I know was in Sir John Cheke, and is in some that yet live, in whom all these fair qualities of wit are fully met together.

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito. That that number of men is fewest which far exceed either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number. Which he proveth true in divers other things: as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow; and therefore I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better learned, wiser, and honester man. And therefore do I the more lament that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond fathers or beat from learning by lewd schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman who is skilful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity that commonly more care is had, yea, and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one, they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loathe to offer to the other 200 shillings. God that sitteth in heaven laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning in a child, I will report not mine own opinion but the very judgment of him that was

counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of, and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes to choose a good wit in a child for learning.

1. Εὐφυής.
2. Μνήμων.
3. φιλομαθής.
4. φιλόπονος.
5. φιλήκοος.
6. Ζητητικός.
7. φιλέπαινος.

And because I write English and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. Εὐφυής.

Is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and appliable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning; not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, full, and able to do their office. As, a tongue not stammering or overhardly drawing forth words, but plain and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind; a voice not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike; a countenance not wearish and crabbed, but fair and comely; a personage not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly; for surely a comely countenance with a goodly stature giveth credit to learning and authority to the person; otherwise, commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt or hinder both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold with the best workmanship, or else it loseth much of the grace and price; even so, excellency in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift, and that is learning. But commonly the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so, and with examples herein I will not meddle; yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do, and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do. And yet I will not let openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth, wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I

have spent the most part of my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus; whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew, make great and oft complaint. A good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. Μνήμων.

Good of memory. A special part of the first note εὐφυής, and a mere benefit of nature. Yet it is so necessary for learning, as Plato maketh it a separate and perfect note of itself, and that so principal a note as, without it, all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus, *Usus me genuit, mater peperit memoria.* And though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university. But, in a child, a good memory is well known by three properties: that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. φιλομαθής.

Given to love learning. For though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassaeus writeth, and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth mo noble captains, mo wise counselors, than did out of Epeius' horse at Troy—this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written at the entry of his school in golden letters this golden sentence ἐὰν ἦς φιλομαθὴς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθής, which, excellently said in Greek, is thus rudely in English: "if thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning."

4. φιλόπονος.

Is he that hath a lust to labor and a will to take pains. For if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning and matters of the mind; and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge that if his scholar were φιλομαθής, he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for love and labor in learning is of the same opinion, uttered in these words in his rhetoric *ad Theodecten:* "Liberty kindleth love: love refuseth no labor:

and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh." And yet, nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good; perfection of memory may serve to small use; all love may be employed in vain; any labor may be soon graveled if a man trust always to his own singular wit and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another. And therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note.

5. φιλήκοος.

He that is glad to hear and learn of another. For otherwise he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others, yet, either of a fond shamefastness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not, or will not, go to learn of another. And therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is.

6. Ζητητικός.

He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt, not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfectly taught and fully satisfied. The seventh and last point is.

7. φιλέπαινος.

He that loveth to be praised for well doing at his father['s] or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of other, boldly ask any doubt. And thus, by Socrates' judgment, a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose a child to make a scholar of that hath by nature the foresaid perfect qualities and comely furniture, both of mind and body; hath memory, quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver; hath love to learning; hath lust to labor; hath desire to learn of others; hath boldness to ask any question; hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well doing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature; which, nevertheless, be well preserved and much increased by good order. But as for the five last—love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise—be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall work sooner in a child by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us when we thus wish and

reason that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love than compelled to learning by beating and fear. They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk and pass away time; but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth; as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him who they themselves shall confess was as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all. and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: which, because they be very notable, I will recite them in his own tongue, *οὐδὲν μάθημα μετὰ δουλείας χρὴ μανθάνειν: οἱ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ σώματος πόνοι βίᾳ πονούμενοι χεῖρον οὐδὲν τὸ σῶμα ἀπεργάξονται; ψυχῇ δέ, βίαιον οὐδὲν ἔμμονον μάθημα*: in English thus. "No learning ought to be learned with bondage; for bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion tarrieth not long in the mind." And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: *μὴ τοίνυν βίᾳ; ὦ ἄριστε, τοὺς παῖδας ἐν τοῖς μαθήμασιν, ἀλλὰ παίζοντας τρέφε*, that is to say, "and therefore, my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure." And you that do read Plato as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders, in their office, can and will do both. Which is the only cause that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable; for, in very deed, fond schoolmasters by fear do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables. Which causeth them utterly to abhor the one and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other; yea, I am sorry with all my heart that they be given no more to riding than they be.

For, of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians: always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well; and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo beareth witness.

Darius the king lieth buried here,
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But to our purpose. Young men by any means losing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly from the school with them a perpetual hatred of their master and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me [be] blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters. Cuspinian doth report that that noble emperor Maximilian would lament very oft his misfortune herein.

Yet some will say that children of nature love pastime and mislike learning; because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome. Which is an opinion not so true as some men ween; for the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance and glad to go to his book. Knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, and not of myself but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, that if ever the nature of man be given at any time more than other to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new, bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth. This, lewd and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young. And this is not strange, but common in all nature's

works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing, new clay fittest for working, new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing, new-fresh flesh for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit; young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak; and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely children kept up in God's fear and governed by His grace may most easily be brought well to serve God and country, both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so, instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentleman would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me: "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

"And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?"

"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which perchance ye

will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

I could be overlong, both in shewing just causes and in reciting true examples why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise which my friend John Sturmius wrote, *De Institutione Principis*, to the Duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon, and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating, rather for manners than for learning; for other places than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantonness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.

This discipline was well known and diligently used among the Grecians and old Romans, as doth appear in Aristophanes, Isocrates, and Plato, and also in the comedies of Plautus, where we see that children were under the rule of three persons: *praeceptore, paedagogo, parente.* The schoolmaster taught him learning with all gentleness; the governor corrected his manners with much sharpness; the father held the stern of his whole obedience. And so, he that used to teach did not commonly use to beat, but remitted that over to another man's charge. But what shall we say when now, in our days, the schoolmaster is used both for *praeceptor* in learning and *paedagogus* in manners? Surely I would he should not confound their offices, but discreetly use the duty of both so that neither

ill touches should be left unpunished nor gentleness in teaching any wise omitted. And he shall well do both if wisely he do appoint diversity of time and separate place for either purpose, using always such discreet moderation as the schoolhouse should be counted a sanctuary against fear, and very well learning a common pardon for ill doing, if the fault of itself be not overheinous.

And thus the children, kept up in God's fear and preserved by His grace, finding pain in ill doing and pleasure in well studying, should easily be brought to honesty of life and perfectness of learning, the only mark that good and wise fathers do wish and labor that their children should most busily and carefully shoot at.

There is another discommodity, besides cruelty in schoolmasters in beating away the love of learning from children, which hindereth learning and virtue and good bringing up of youth, and namely young gentlemen, very much in England. This fault is clean contrary to the first. I wished before to have love of learning bred up in children; I wish as much now to have young men brought up in good order of living and in some more severe discipline than commonly they be. We have lack in England of such good order as the old noble Persians so carefully used, whose children, to the age of twenty-one year, were brought up in learning and exercises of labor, and that in such place where they should neither see that was uncomely nor hear that was unhonest. Yea, a young gentleman was never free to go where he would and do what he list himself, but under the keep and by the counsel of some grave governor until he was either married or called to bear some office in the commonwealth.

And see the great obedience that was used in old time to fathers and governors. No son, were he never so old of years, never so great of birth, though he were a king's son, might not marry but by his father, and mother's also, consent. Cyrus the Great, after he had conquered Babylon and subdued rich King Croesus with whole Asia Minor, coming triumphantly home, his uncle, Cyaxeris, offered him his daughter to wife. Cyrus thanked his uncle and praised the maid, but, for marriage, he answered him with these wise and sweet words, as they be uttered by Xenophon, *ὦ κυαξάρη, τὸ τε γένος ἐπαινῶ καὶ τὴν παῖδα, καὶ τὰ δῶρα. βούλομαι δέ, ἔφη, σὺν τῇ τοῦ πατρὸς γνώμῃ καὶ [τῇ] τῆς μητρὸς ταῦτά σοι συναινέσαι, etc.;* that is to say: "Uncle Cyaxeris, I commend the stock, I like the maid, and I allow well the dowry; but," saith he, "by the counsel and consent of my father and mother, I will determine farther of these matters."

Strong Samson also, in Scripture, saw a maid that liked him, but he spake not to her but went home to his father and his mother and desired both father and mother to make the marriage for him. Doth this modesty,

doth this obedience, that was in great King Cyrus and stout Samson remain in our young men at this day? No, surely. For we live not longer after them by time than we live far different from them by good order. Our time is so far from that old discipline and obedience as now not only young gentlemen, but even very girls, dare, without all fear though not without open shame, where they list, and how they list, marry themselves in spite of father, mother, God, good order, and all. The cause of this evil is that youth is least looked unto when they stand in most need of good keep and regard. It availeth not to see them well taught in young years, and after, when they come to lust and youthful days, to give them license to live as they lust themselves. For if ye suffer the eye of a young gentleman once to be entangled with vain sights and the ear to be corrupted with fond or filthy talk, the mind shall quickly fall sick, and soon vomit and cast up all the wholesome doctrine that he received in childhood, though he were never so well brought up before. And being once englutted with vanity, he will straightway loathe all learning and all good counsel to the same. And the parents, for all their great cost and charge, reap only in the end the fruit of grief and care.

This evil is not common to poor men, as God will have it, but proper to rich and great men's children, as they deserve it. Indeed, from seven to seventeen, young gentlemen commonly be carefully enough brought up. But from seventeen to seven and twenty (the most dangerous time of all a man's life, and most slippery to stay well in), they have commonly the rein of all license in their own hand, and specially such as do live in the court. And that which is most to be marveled at, commonly the wisest and also best men be found the fondest fathers in this behalf. And if some good father will seek some remedy herein, yet the mother (if the house hold of our lady) had rather, yea and will, too, have her son cunning and bold, in making him to live trimly when he is young, than by learning and travel to be able to serve his prince and his country, both wisely in peace and stoutly in war, when he is old.

The fault is in yourselves, ye noblemen's sons, and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest counselors and greatest doers in the weighty affairs of this realm. And why? For God will have it so, of His providence; because ye will have it no other wise, by your negligence.

And God is a good God, and wisest in all His doings, that will place virtue and displace vice in those kingdoms where he doth govern. For he knoweth that nobility, without virtue and wisdom, is blood indeed, but blood truly without bones and sinews; and so of itself, without the other, very weak to bear the burden of weighty affairs.

The greatest ship, indeed, commonly carrieth the greatest burden, but

yet always with the greatest jeopardy, not only for the persons and goods committed unto it but even for the ship itself, except it be governed with the greater wisdom.

But nobility, governed by learning and wisdom, is indeed most like a fair ship having tide and wind at will, under the rule of a skilful master. When, contrariwise, a ship carried, yea, with the highest tide and greatest wind, lacking a skilful master, most commonly doth either sink itself upon sands or break itself upon rocks. And even so, how many have been either drowned in vain pleasure or overwhelmed by stout wilfulness the histories of England be able to afford overmany examples unto us. Therefore, ye great and noble men's children, if ye will have rightfully that praise, and enjoy surely that place which your fathers have, and elders had, and left unto you, ye must keep it as they gat it; and that is by the only way of virtue, wisdom, and worthiness.

For wisdom and virtue, there be many fair examples in this court for young gentlemen to follow. But they be, like fair marks in the field, out of a man's reach, too far off to shoot at well. The best and worthiest men, indeed, be sometimes seen but seldom talked withal. A young gentleman may sometime kneel to their person, smally use their company for their better instruction.

But young gentlemen are fain commonly to do in the court as young archers do in the field; that is, take such marks as be nigh them, although they be never so foul to shoot at. I mean they be driven to keep company with the worst; and what force ill company hath to corrupt good wits, the wisest men know best.

And not ill company only, but the ill opinion also of the most part, doth much harm, and namely of those which should be wise in the true deciphering of the good disposition of nature, of comeliness in courtly manners, and all right doings of men.

But error and fantasy do commonly occupy the place of truth and judgment. For, if a young gentleman be demure and still of nature, they say he is simple and lacketh wit; if he be bashful and will soon blush, they call him a babyish and ill brought up thing, when Xenophon doth precisely note in Cyrus that his bashfulness in youth was the very true sign of his virtue and stoutness after; if he be innocent and ignorant of ill, they say he is rude and hath no grace, so ungraciously do some graceless men misuse the fair and godly word GRACE.

But if ye would know what grace they mean, go and look and learn amongst them, and ye shall see that it is: first, to blush at nothing. And blushing in youth, saith Aristotle, is nothing else but fear to do ill; which fear being once lustily frayed away from youth, then followeth to dare do any mischief, to contemn stoutly any goodness, to be busy in every matter,

to be skilful in everything, to acknowledge no ignorance at all. To do thus in court is counted of some the chief and greatest grace of all, and termed by the name of a virtue called courage and boldness, when Crassus in Cicero teacheth the clean contrary, and that most wittily, saying thus: *Audere, cum bonis etiam rebus coniunctum, per seipsum est magnopere fugiendum.* Which is to say, "To be bold, yea, in a good matter, is for itself greatly to be eschewed."

Moreover, where the swing goeth, there to follow, fawn, flatter, laugh, and lie lustily at other men's liking. To face, stand foremost, shove back; and to the meaner man or unknown in the court, to seem somewhat solemn, coy, big, and dangerous of look, talk, and answer. To think well of himself, to be lusty in contemning of others, to have some trim grace in a privy mock. And, in greater presence, to bear a brave look; to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face in war; yet some warlike sign must be used, either a slovenly busking, or an overstaring frounced head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start out a good big oath when need requireth; yet, praised be God, England hath at this time many worthy captains and good soldiers which be indeed so honest of behavior, so comely of conditions, so mild of manners, as they may be examples of good order to a good sort of others which never came in war. But to return where I left. In place also to be able to raise talk and make discourse of every rishe; to have a very good will to hear himself speak; to be seen in palmistry, whereby to convey to chaste ears some fond or filthy talk.

And if some Smithfield ruffian take up some strange going, some new mowing with the mouth, some wrenching with the shoulder, some brave proverb, some fresh new oath that is not stale but will run round in the mouth, some new disguised garment or desperate hat, fond in fashion or garish in color: whatsoever it cost, how small soever his living be, by what shift soever it be gotten, gotten must it be and used with the first, or else the grace of it is stale and gone. Some part of this graceless grace was described by me in a little rude verse long ago,

> To laugh, to lie, to flatter, to face:
> Four ways in court to win men grace,
> If thou be thrall to none of these,
> Away, good Peek Goose, hence John Cheese:
> Mark well my word, and mark their deed,
> And think this verse part of thy creed.

Would to God this talk were not true, and that some men's doings were not thus. I write not to hurt any, but to profit some; to accuse none, but to monish such who, allured by ill counsel and following ill example,

contrary to their good bringing up, and against their own good nature, yield overmuch to these follies and faults. I know many servingmen of good order and well staid; and again, I hear say there be some servingmen do but ill service to their young masters. Yea, read Terence and Plautus advisedly over, and ye shall find in those two wise writers, almost in every comedy, no unthrifty young man that is not brought thereunto by the subtle enticement of some lewd servant. And even now, in our days, Getae and Davi, Gnatos and many bold, bawdy Phormios too, be pressing in to prattle on every stage, to meddle in every matter, when honest Parmenos shall not be heard, but bear small swing with their masters. Their company, their talk, their overgreat experience in mischief, doth easily corrupt the best natures and best brought up wits.

But I marvel the less that these misorders be amongst some in the court, for commonly in the country, also everywhere, innocency is gone; bashfulness is banished; much presumption in youth; small authority in age; reverence is neglected; duties be confounded; and, to be short, disobedience doth overflow the banks of good order, almost in every place, almost in every degree of man.

Mean men have eyes to see, and cause to lament, and occasion to complain of these miseries; but other have authority to remedy them, and will do so too when God shall think time fit. For all these misorders be God's just plagues, by His sufferance brought justly upon us for our sins, which be infinite in number and horrible in deed, but namely for the great abominable sin of unkindness. But what unkindness? Even such unkindness as was in the Jews in contemning God's voice, in shrinking from His word, in wishing back again for Egypt, in committing adultery and whoredom, not with the women but with the doctrine of Babylon, did bring all the plagues, destructions, and captivities that fell so oft and horribly upon Israel.

We have cause also in England to beware of unkindness, who have had, in so few years, the candle of God's word so oft lightened, so oft put out, and yet will venture by our unthankfulness in doctrine and sinful life to lose again light, candle, candlestick, and all.

God keep us in His fear, God graft in us the true knowledge of His word, with a forward will to follow it, and so to bring forth the sweet fruits of it, and then shall He preserve us by His grace from all manner of terrible days.

The remedy of this doth not stand only in making good common laws for the whole realm, but also (and perchance chiefly) in observing private discipline every man carefully in his own house; and namely if special regard be had to youth, and that not so much in teaching them what is good as in keeping them from that that is ill.

Therefore, if wise fathers be not as well ware in weeding from their children ill things and ill company as they were before in grafting in them learning and providing for them good schoolmasters, what fruit they shall reap of all their cost and care, common experience doth tell.

Here is the place, in youth is the time, when some ignorance is as necessary as much knowledge, and not in matters of our duty towards God, as some wilful wits, willingly against their own knowledge, perniciously against their own conscience, have of late openly taught. Indeed St. Chrysostom, that noble and eloquent doctor, in a sermon *contra fatum* and the curious searching of nativities, doth wisely say that ignorance therein is better than knowledge. But to wring this sentence, to wrest thereby out of men's hands the knowledge of God's doctrine is without all reason, against common sense, contrary to the judgment also of them which be the discreetest men and best learned on their own side. I know Julianus Apostata did so, but I never heard or read that any ancient father of the primitive church either thought or wrote so.

But this ignorance in youth which I spake on, or rather this simplicity, or, most truly, this innocency, is that which the noble Persians, as wise Xenophon doth testify, were so careful to breed up their youth in. But Christian fathers commonly do not so. And I will tell you a tale as much to be misliked as the Persians' example is to be followed.

This last summer I was in a gentleman's house, where a young child somewhat past four year old could in no wise frame his tongue to say a little, short grace; and yet he could roundly rap out so many ugly oaths, and those of the newest fashion, as some good man of fourscore year old hath never heard named before. And that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother would laugh at it. I much doubt what comfort another day this child shall bring unto them. This child, using much the company of servingmen and giving good ear to their talk, did easily learn which he shall hardly forget all days of his life hereafter. So likewise in the court, if a young gentleman will venture himself into the company of ruffians, it is overgreat a jeopardy lest their fashions, manners, thoughts, talk, and deeds, will very soon be ever like. The confounding of companies breedeth confusion of good manners both in the court and everywhere else.

And it may be a great wonder, but a greater shame, to us Christian men to understand what a heathen writer, Isocrates, doth leave in memory of writing concerning the care that the noble city of Athens had to bring up their youth in honest company and virtuous discipline, whose talk in Greek is to this effect in English.

"The city was not more careful to see their children well taught than to see their young men well governed, which they brought to pass not so

much by common law as by private discipline. For they had more regard that their youth, by good order, should not offend than how, by law, they might be punished. And if offense were committed, there was neither way to hide it, neither hope of pardon for it. Good natures were not so much openly praised as they were secretly marked and watchfully regarded, lest they should lose the goodness they had. Therefore, in schools of singing and dancing and other honest exercises, governors were appointed, more diligent to oversee their good manners than their masters were to teach them any learning. It was some shame to a young man to be seen in the open market; and if, for business, he passed through it, he did it with a marvelous modesty and bashful fashion. To eat or drink in a tavern was not only a shame but also punishable in a young man. To contrary or to stand in terms with an old man was more heinous than, in some place, to rebuke and scold with his own father." With many other mo good orders and fair disciplines which I refer to their reading that have lust to look upon the description of such a worthy commonwealth.

And to know what worthy fruit did spring of such worthy seed, I will tell you the most marvel of all, and yet such a truth as no man shall deny it, except such as be ignorant in knowledge of the best stories.

Athens, by this discipline and good ordering of youth, did breed up, within the circuit of that one city, within the compass of one hundred year, within the memory of one man's life, so many notable captains in war for worthiness, wisdom, and learning as be scarce matchable; no, not in the state of Rome, in the compass of those seven hundred years when it flourished most.

And because I will not only say it, but also prove it, the names of them be these. Miltiades, Themistocles, Xanthippus, Pericles, Cimon, Alcibiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Iphicrates, Xenophon, Timotheus, Theopompus, Demetrius, and divers other mo: of which every one may justly be spoken that worthy praise which was given to Scipio Africanus, who Cicero doubteth whether he were more noble captain in war or more eloquent and wise counselor in peace. And if ye believe not me, read diligently Æmilius Probus in Latin and Plutarch in Greek, which two had no cause either to flatter or lie upon any of those which I have recited.

And beside nobility in war, for excellent and matchless masters in all manner of learning in that one city, in memory of one age, were mo learned men, and that in a manner altogether, than all time doth remember, than all place doth afford, than all other tongues do contain. And I do not mean of those authors which, by injury of time, by negligence of men, by cruelty of fire and sword, be lost, but even of those which, by God's grace, are left yet unto us: of which, I thank God, even my poor study lacketh not one. As in philosophy, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon,

Euclid, and Theophrastus; in eloquence and civil law, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lycurgus, Dinarchus, Demades, Isocrates, Isaeus, Lysias, Antisthenes, Andocides; in histories, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and, which we lack to our great loss, Theopompus and Ephorus; in poetry, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and somewhat of Menander, Demosthenes' sister son.

Now let Italian, and Latin itself, Spanish, French, Dutch, and English bring forth their learning and recite their authors, Cicero only excepted and one or two more in Latin, they be all patched clouts and rags in comparison of fair woven broadcloths. And truly, if there be any good in them, it is either learned, borrowed, or stolen from some one of those worthy wits of Athens.

The remembrance of such a commonwealth, using such discipline and order for youth and thereby bringing forth to their praise and leaving to us for our example such captains for war, such counselors for peace, and matchless masters for all kinds of learning, is pleasant for me to recite, and not irksome, I trust, for other to hear, except it be such as make neither count of virtue nor learning.

And whether there be any such or no, I cannot well tell; yet I hear say some young gentlemen of ours count it their shame to be counted learned; and perchance they count it their shame to be counted honest also, for I hear say they meddle as little with the one as with the other. A marvelous case that gentlemen should so be ashamed of good learning and never a whit ashamed of ill manners. Such do say for them that the gentlemen of France do so; which is a lie, as God will have it: Langaeus, and Bellaeus, that be dead, and the noble Vidam of Chartres, that is alive, and infinite mo in France which I hear tell of prove this to be most false. And though some in France which will needs be gentlemen, whether men will or no, and have more gentleship in their hat than in their head, be at deadly feud with both learning and honesty, yet I believe, if that noble prince King Francis the First were alive, they should have neither place in his court nor pension in his wars, if he had knowledge of them. This opinion is not French, but plain Turkish; from whence some French fetch mo faults than this: which, I pray God, keep out of England, and send also those of ours better minds, which bend themselves against virtue and learning, to the contempt of God, dishonor of their country, to the hurt of many others, and at length to the greatest harm and utter destruction of themselves.

Some other, having better nature but less wit (for ill commonly have overmuch wit), do not utterly dispraise learning, but they say that, without learning, common experience, knowledge of all fashions, and haunting all companies shall work in youth both wisdom and ability to execute

any weighty affair. Surely long experience doth profit much, but most, and almost only, to him (if we mean honest affairs) that is diligently before instructed with precepts of well doing. For good precepts of learning be the eyes of the mind, to look wisely before a man which way to go right and which not.

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty. And learning teacheth safely when experience maketh mo miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvelous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest of number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

It is a notable tale that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime chief justice, would tell of himself. When he was ancient in Inn of Court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders; and one of the lustiest said: "Sir, we be young gentlemen, and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well." This they said because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely: "Indeed," saith he, "in youth I was as you are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age if ever ye think to come to this place or to these years that I am come unto, lest ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn in the way."

Thus, experience of all fashions in youth being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to overmuch knowledge, yet used commonly of such men which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life, to hazard the trial of overmany perilous adventures.

Erasmus, the honor of learning of all our time, said wisely that experience is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill men. Men of wit and

honesty be otherwise instructed. For there be that keep them out of fire, and yet was never burned; that beware of water and yet was never nigh drowning; that hate harlots and was never at the stews; that abhor falsehood and never brake promise themselves.

But will ye see a fit similitude of this adventured experience. A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd. Twenty to one, he shall fall upon a rascal and let go the fair game. Men that hunt so be either ignorant persons, privy stealers, or night walkers.

Learning, therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing up, and not blind and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest way that must lead your children, first to wisdom, and then to worthiness, if ever ye purpose they shall come there.

And to say all in short, though I lack authority to give counsel, yet I lack not good will to wish, that the youth in England, specially gentlemen, and namely nobility, should be, by good bringing up, so grounded in judgment of learning, so founded in love of honesty, as, when they should be called forth to the execution of great affairs in service of their prince and country, they might be able to use and to order all experiences, were they good, were they bad, and that according to the square, rule, and line, of wisdom, learning, and virtue.

And I do not mean by all this, my talk, that young gentlemen should always be poring on a book, and, by using good studies, should leave honest pleasure and haunt no good pastime. I mean nothing less. For it is well known that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fit for my nature and ability. And beside natural disposition, in judgment also I was never either Stoic in doctrine or Anabaptist in religion to mislike a merry, pleasant, and playful nature, if no outrage be committed against law, measure, and good order.

Therefore, I would wish that, beside some good time fitly appointed and constantly kept to increase by reading the knowledge of the tongues and learning, young gentlemen should use and delight in all courtly exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes. And good cause why; for the selfsame noble city of Athens, justly commended of me before, did wisely and upon great consideration appoint the Muses, Apollo, and Pallas, to be patrons of learning to their youth. For the Muses, besides learning, were also ladies of dancing, mirth, and minstrelsy; Apollo was god of shooting and author of cunning playing upon instruments; Pallas also was lady mistress in wars. Whereby was nothing else meant but that learning should be always mingled with honest mirth and comely exercises; and that war also should be governed by learning and moderated by wisdom,

as did well appear in those captains of Athens named by me before, and also in Scipio and Caesar, the two diamonds of Rome. And Pallas was no more feared in wearing *ægida* than she was praised for choosing *oliva;* whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus was governor and mistress in the noble city of Athens, both of war and peace.

Therefore, to ride comely; to run fair at the tilt or ring; to play at all weapons; to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun; to vault lustily; to run; to leap; to wrestle; to swim; to dance comely; to sing and play of instruments cunningly; to hawk; to hunt; to play at tennis and all pastimes generally which he joined with labor, used in open place, and on the daylight, containing either some fit exercise for war or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use.

But of all kind of pastimes fit for a gentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fully in my book of the cockpit: which I do write to satisfy some, I trust with some reason, that be more curious in marking other men's doings than careful in mending their own faults. And some also will needs busy themselves in marveling and adding thereunto unfriendly talk why I, a man of good years and of no ill place, I thank God and my prince, do make choice to spend such time in writing of trifles as the *School of shooting*, the *Cockpit*, and this book of the first principles of grammar, rather than to take some weighty matter in hand, either of religion or civil discipline.

Wise men, I know, will well allow of my choice herein; and as for such who have not wit of themselves, but must learn of others to judge right of men's doings, let them read that wise poet Horace in his *Arte Poetica*, who willeth wise men to beware of high and lofty titles. For great ships require costly tackling and also afterward dangerous government. Small boats be neither very chargeable in making nor very oft in great jeopardy; and yet they carry many times as good and costly ware as greater vessels do. A mean argument may easily bear the light burden of a small fault and have always at hand a ready excuse for ill handling; and some praise it is if it so chance to be better indeed than a man dare venture to seem. A high title doth charge a man with the heavy burden of too great a promise; and therefore saith Horace very wittily that that poet was a very fool that began his book with a goodly verse indeed but overproud a promise:

Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum.

And after, as wisely:

Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè, etc.

Meaning Homer, who, within the compass of a small argument of one harlot and of one good wife, did utter so much learning in all kind of sciences as, by the judgment of Quintilian, he deserveth so high a praise that no man yet deserved to sit in the second degree beneath him. And thus much out of my way, concerning my purpose in spending pen, and paper, and time upon trifles; and namely to answer some that have neither wit nor learning to do anything themselves, neither will nor honesty to say well of other.

To join learning with comely exercises, Conto Baldassare Castiglione, in his book *Cortegiano*, doth trimly teach; which book, advisedly read and diligently followed but one year at home in England, would do a young gentleman more good, I wis, than three years' travel abroad spent in Italy. And I marvel this book is no more read in the court than it is, seeing it is so well translated into English by a worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Hoby, who was many ways well furnished with learning and very expert in knowledge of divers tongues.

And beside good precepts in books in all kind of tongues, this court also never lacked many fair examples for young gentlemen to follow: and surely one example is more valuable, both to good and ill, than twenty precepts written in books; and so Plato, not in one or two but divers places, doth plainly teach.

If King Edward had lived a little longer, his only example had bred such a race of worthy learned gentlemen as this realm never yet did afford.

And, in the second degree, two noble primroses of nobility, the young Duke of Suffolk and Lord Henry Matrevers were such two examples to the court for learning as our time may rather wish than look for again.

At Cambridge also, in St. John's College, in my time, I do know that not so much the good statutes as two gentlemen of worthy memory, Sir John Cheke and Dr. Readman, by their only example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligence in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all thing, did breed up so many learned men in that one college of St. John's at one time as I believe the whole University of Louvain in many years was never able to afford.

Present examples of this present time I list not to touch; yet there is one example for all the gentlemen of this court to follow that may well satisfy them, or nothing will serve them, nor no example move them to goodness and learning.

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together shew not so much good will, spend

not so much time, bestow not so many hours, daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning to understand, speak, and write, both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest: that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent prince, whose only example, if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be for learning and wisdom in nobility a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men. The best examples have never such force to move to any goodness as the bad, vain, light, and fond have to all illness.

And one example, though out of the compass of learning, yet not out of the order of good manners, was notable in this court not fully twenty-four years ago, when all the acts of Parliament, many good proclamations, divers strait commandments, sore punishment openly, special regard privately, could not do so much to take away one misorder as the example of one big one of this court did, still to keep up the same: the memory whereof doth yet remain in a common proverb of Birching Lane.

Take heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court, yea, though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do, take heed how ye live. For as you great ones use to do, so all mean men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. For though God hath placed you to be chief in making of laws, to bear greatest authority, to command all others, yet God doth order that all your laws, all your authority, all your commandments do not half so much with mean men as doth your example and manner of living. And, for example even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience' sake, not coldly, and sometime for manner sake, you carry all the court with you, and the whole realm beside, earnestly and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be made cold in religion by your example that never were hurt by reading of books.

And, in meaner matters, if three or four great ones in court will needs outrage in apparel, in huge hose, in monstrous hats, in garish colors, let

the prince proclaim, make laws, order, punish, command every gate in London daily to be watched, let all good men beside do everywhere what they can; surely the misorder of apparel in mean men abroad shall never be amended except the greatest in court will order and mend themselves first. I know some great and good ones in court were authors that honest citizens of London should watch at every gate to take misordered persons in apparel. I know that honest Londoners did so. And I saw, which I saw then and report now with some grief, that some courtly men were offended with these good men of London. And that which grieved me most of all, I saw the very same time, for all these good orders commanded from the court and executed in London—I saw, I say, come out of London, even unto the presence of the prince, a great rabble of mean and light persons, in apparel, for matter, against law, for making, against order, for fashion, namely hose, so without all order as he thought himself most brave that durst do most in breaking order and was most monstrous in misorder. And for all the great commandments that came out of the court, yet this bold misorder was winked at and borne withal in the court. I thought it was not well that some great ones of the court durst declare themselves offended with good men of London for doing their duty, and the good ones of the court would not shew themselves offended with ill men of London for breaking good order. I found thereby a saying of Socrates to be most true, that ill men be more hasty than good men be forward to prosecute their purposes, even as Christ himself saith of the children of light and darkness.

Beside apparel, in all other things too, not so much good laws and strait commandments as the example and manner of living of great men doth carry all mean men everywhere to like, and love, and do as they do. For if but two or three noblemen in the court would but begin to shoot, all young gentlemen, the whole court, all London, the whole realm, would straightway exercise shooting.

What praise should they win to themselves, what commodity should they bring to their country, that would thus deserve to be pointed at: "Behold, there goeth the author of good order, the guide of good men!" I could say more, and yet not overmuch. But perchance some will say I have stepped too far out of my school into the commonwealth, from teaching a young scholar to monish great and noble men; yet I trust good and wise men will think and judge of me that my mind was not so much to be busy and bold with them that be great now as to give true advice to them that may be great hereafter. Who, if they do as I wish them to do, how great soever they be now by blood and other men's means, they shall become a great deal greater hereafter by learning, virtue, and their own deserts; which is true praise, right worthiness, and

very nobility indeed. Yet, if some will needs press me that I am too bold with great men, and stray too far from my matter, I will answer them with St. Paul, *sive per contentionem, sive quocunque modo, modò Christus praedicetur, etc.*, even so, whether in place or out of place, with my matter, or beside my matter, if I can hereby either provoke the good or stay the ill, I shall think my writing herein well employed.

But to come down from great men and higher matters to my little children and poor schoolhouse again; I will, God willing, go forward orderly, as I purposed, to instruct children and young men both for learning and manners.

Hitherto I have shewed what harm overmuch fear bringeth to children, and what hurt ill company and overmuch liberty breedeth in youth, meaning thereby that from seven year old to seventeen, love is the best allurement to learning; from seventeen to seven and twenty, that wise men should carefully see the steps of youth surely stayed by good order in that most slippery time; and specially in the court, a place most dangerous for youth to live in without great grace, good regard, and diligent looking to.

Sir Richard Sackville, that worthy gentleman of worthy memory, as I said in the beginning, in the queen's privy chamber at Windsor, after he had talked with me for the right choice of a good wit in a child for learning and of the true difference betwixt quick and hard wits, of alluring young children by gentleness to love learning, and of the special care that was to be had to keep young men from licentious living, he was most earnest with me to have me say my mind, also what I thought, concerning the fancy that many young gentlemen of England have to travel abroad, and namely to lead a long life in Italy. His request, both for his authority and good will toward me, was a sufficient commandment unto me to satisfy his pleasure with uttering plainly my opinion in that matter. "Sir," quoth I, "I take going thither and living there, for a young gentleman that doth not go under the keep and guard of such a man as both by wisdom can, and authority dare, rule him, to be marvelous dangerous."

And why I said so then I will declare at large now, which I said then privately and write now openly; not because I do contemn either the knowledge of strange and divers tongues, and namely the Italian tongue, which, next the Greek and Latin tongue, I like and love above all other, or else because I do despise the learning that is gotten or the experience that is gathered in strange countries; or for any private malice that I bear to Italy; which country, and in it namely Rome, I have always specially honored; because time was when Italy and Rome have been, to the great good of us that now live, the best breeders and bringers up of the worthiest men, not only for wise speaking, but also for well doing, in

all civil affairs, that ever was in the world. But now that time is gone; and though the place remain, yet the old and present manners do differ as far as black and white, as virtue and vice. Virtue once made that country mistress over all the world; vice now maketh that country slave to them that before were glad to serve it. All men seeth it; they themselves confess it, namely such as be best and wisest amongst them. For sin, by lust and vanity, hath and doth breed up everywhere common contempt of God's word, private contention in many families, open factions in every city; and so, making themselves bond to vanity and vice at home, they are content to bear the yoke of serving strangers abroad. Italy now is not that Italy that it was wont to be; and therefore now not so fit a place as some do count it, for young men to fetch either wisdom or honesty from thence. For surely they will make others but bad scholars that be so ill masters to themselves. Yet, if a gentleman will needs travel into Italy, he shall do well to look on the life of the wisest traveler that ever traveled thither, set out by the wisest writer that ever spake with tongue, God's doctrine only excepted; and that is Ulysses in Homer.

Ulysses and his travel I wish our travelers to look upon, not so much to fear them with the great dangers that he many times suffered, as to instruct them with his excellent wisdom, which he always and everywhere used. Yea, even those that be learned and witty travelers, when they be disposed to praise traveling, as a great commendation, and the best scripture they have for it, they gladly recite the third verse of Homer, in his first book of *Odyssea*, containing a great praise of Ulysses for the wit he gathered and wisdom he used in his traveling.

Which verse, because in mine opinion it was not made at the first more naturally in Greek by Homer, nor after turned more aptly into Latin by Horace, than it was a good while ago in Cambridge translated into English, both plainly for the sense and roundly for the verse, by one of the best scholars that ever St. John's College bred, Mr. Watson, mine old friend, sometime Bishop of Lincoln. Therefore for their sake that have lust to see how our English tongue in avoiding barbarous rhyming may as well receive rich quantity of syllables and true order of versifying (of which matter more at large hereafter) as either Greek or Latin, if a cunning man have it in handling, I will set forth that one verse in all three tongues, for an example to good wits that shall delight in like learned exercise.

HOMERUS.—πολλῶν δ'ανθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω
HORATIUS.—*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.*
MR. WATSON:
All travelers do gladly report great praise of Ulysses,
For that he knew many men's manners, and saw many cities.

And yet is not Ulysses commended so much, nor so oft in Homer, because he was πολύτροπος, that is, skillful in many men's manners and fashions; as because he was πολύμητις, that is, wise in all purposes, and ware in all places. Which wisdom and wareness will not serve neither a traveler, except Pallas be always at his elbow, that is, God's special grace from heaven, to keep him in God's fear in all his doings, in all his journey. For he shall not always, in his absence out of England, light upon a gentle Alcinous, and walk in his fair gardens full of all harmless pleasures; but he shall sometimes fall either into the hands of some cruel Cyclops, or into the lap of some wanton and dallying dame Calypso; and so suffer the danger of many a deadly den, not so full of perils to destroy the body as full of vain pleasures to poison the mind. Some Siren shall sing him a song, sweet in tune, but sounding in the end to his utter destruction. If Scylla drown him not, Charybdis may fortune to swallow him. Some Circe shall make him of a plain Englishman a right Italian. And at length to hell, or to some hellish place, is he likely to go, from whence is hard returning, although one Ulysses, and that by Pallas's aid, and good counsel of Tiresias, once escaped that horrible den of deadly darkness.

Therefore, if wise men will needs send their sons into Italy, let them do it wisely, under the keep and guard of him who, by his wisdom and honesty, by his example and authority, may be able to keep them safe and sound in the fear of God, in Christ's true religion, in good order and honesty of living; except they will have them run headlong into over-many jeopardies, as Ulysses had done many times if Pallas had not always governed him; if he had not used to stop his ears with wax, to bind himself to the mast of his ship, to feed daily upon that sweet herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, given unto him by Mercury to avoid all the enchantments of Circe. Whereby the divine poet Homer meant covertly (as wise and godly men do judge) that love of honesty and hatred of ill which David more plainly doth call the fear of God, the only remedy against all enchantments of sin.

I know divers noble personages, and many worthy gentlemen of England, whom all the siren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's Word, nor no enchantment of vanity overturn them from the fear of God and love of honesty.

But I know as many, or more, and some sometime my dear friends, for whose sake I hate going into that country the more, who, parting out of England fervent in the love of Christ's doctrine and well furnished with the fear of God, returned out of Italy worse transformed than ever was any in Circe's court. I know divers that went out of England men of innocent life, men of excellent learning, who returned out of Italy not only with worse manners but also with less learning; neither so willing to live orderly, nor yet so able to speak learnedly, as they were at home, before.

they went abroad. And why? Plato, that wise writer, and worthy traveler himself, telleth the cause why. He went into Sicilia, a country no nigher Italy by site of place than Italy that is now is like Sicilia that was then in all corrupt manners and licentiousness of life. Plato found in Sicilia every city full of vanity, full of factions, even as Italy is now. And as Homer, like a learned poet, doth feign that Circe by pleasant enchantments did turn men into beasts, some into swine, some into asses, some into foxes, some into wolves, etc., even so Plato, like a wise philosopher, doth plainly declare that pleasure, by licentious vanity, that sweet and perilous poison of all youth, doth engender in all those that yield themselves to her, four notorious properties,

1. λήθην
2. δυσμαθίαν
3. ἀφροσύνην
4. ὕβριν.

The first, forgetfulness of all good things learned before; the second, dullness to receive either learning or honesty ever after; the third, a mind embracing lightly the worse opinion, and barren of discretion to make true difference betwixt good and ill, betwixt truth and vanity; the fourth, a proud disdainfulness of other good men in all honest matters.

Homer and Plato have both one meaning, look both to one end. For if a man inglut himself with vanity, or welter in filthiness like a swine, all learning, all goodness, is soon forgotten. Then quickly shall he become a dull ass to understand either learning or honesty; and yet shall he be as subtle as a fox in breeding of mischief, in bringing in misorder, with a busy head, a discoursing tongue, and a factious heart, in every private affair, in all matters of state; with this pretty property, always glad to commend the worse party, and ever ready to defend the falser opinion. And why? For where will is given from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon carried from right judgment to any fond opinion in religion, in philosophy, or any other kind of learning. The fourth fruit of vain pleasure, by Homer and Plato's judgment, is pride in themselves, contempt of others, the very badge of all those that serve in Circe's court. The true meaning of both Homer and Plato is plainly declared in one short sentence of the holy prophet of God, Hieremy, crying out of the vain and vicious life of the Israelites: "This people," saith he, "be fools and dull-heads to all goodness, but subtle, cunning, and bold in any mischief," etc.

The true medicine against the enchantments of Circe, the vanity of licentious pleasure, the enticements of all sin, is in Homer the herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, sour at first, but sweet in the end; which Hesiodus termeth the study of virtue, hard and irksome in the

beginning, but in the end easy and pleasant. And that which is most to be marvelled at, the divine poet Homer saith plainly that this medicine against sin and vanity is not found out by man, but given and taught by God. And for someone's sake that will delight to read that sweet and godly verse, I will recite the very words of Homer, and also turn them into rude English meter:

χαλεπὸν δέ τ' ὀρύσσειν
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι, θεοὶ δέ τε πάντα δύνανται.

In English thus:

No mortal man, with sweat of brow or toil of mind,
But only God, who can do all, that herb doth find.

Plato also, that divine philosopher, hath many godly medicines against the poison of vain pleasure, in many places, but specially in his epistles to Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Yet against those that will needs become beasts with serving of Circe, the prophet David crieth most loud: *Nolite fieri sicut equus et mulus;* and by and by giveth the right medicine, the true herb Moly, *In camo et freno maxillas eorum constringe;* that is to say, let God's grace be the bit, let God's fear be the bridle, to stay them from running headlong into vice, and to turn them into the right way again. David, in the second psalm after, giveth the same medicine, but in these plainer words, *Diverte a malo, et fac bonum.*

But I am afraid that overmany of our travelers into Italy do not eschew the way to Circe's court, but go, and ride, and run, and fly thither; they make great haste to come to her; they make great suit to serve her; yea, I could point out some with my finger that never had gone out of England but only to serve Circe in Italy. Vanity and vice and any license to ill living in England was counted stale and rude unto them. And so, being mules and horses before they went, returned very swine and asses home again; yet everywhere very foxes with subtle and busy heads; and, where they may, very wolves with cruel, malicious hearts. A marvelous monster which, for filthiness of living, for dulness to learning himself, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carry at once in one body the belly of a swine, the head of an ass, the brain of a fox, the womb of a wolf. If you think we judge amiss and write too sore against you, hear what the Italian saith of the Englishman, what the master reporteth of the scholar, who uttereth plainly what is taught by him and what is learned by you, saying, *Englese Italianato, e un diabolo incarnato;* that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion but become devils in life and condition.

This is not the opinion of one for some private spite, but the judgment

of all, in a common proverb which riseth of that learning and those manners which you gather in Italy. A good schoolhouse of wholesome doctrine, and worthy masters of commendable scholars, where the master had rather defame himself for his teaching than not shame his scholar for his learning! A good nature of the master and fair conditions of the scholars! And now choose you, you Italian Englishmen, whether you will be angry with us for calling you monsters, or with the Italians for calling you devils, or else with your own selves that take so much pains and go so far to make yourselves both. If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him: he that by living and traveling in Italy bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion, papistry or worse: for learning, less, commonly, than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities, and change of filthy living.

These be the enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England; much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London; commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt honest manners; dedicated overboldly to virtuous and honorable personages, the easilier to beguile simple and innocent wits. It is pity that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. Mo papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain. And because our great physicians do wink at the matter and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journeymen therein all days of my life for the duty I owe and love I bear both to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good will to discover the sore to others.

St. Paul saith that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin. This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensibly for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings. And of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to truth; where will is carried from goodness to vanity,

the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion. And so the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not, by their contentious books, turn men in England fast enough from truth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby overmany young wills and wits allured to wantonness do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness. In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons. As one, for example, *Morte Arthure;* the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts; as Sir Launcelot with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram with the wife of King Mark, his uncle; Sir Lamerock with the wife of King Lot, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court and *Morte Arthure* received into the prince's chamber.

What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman or a young maid that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge, and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte Arthures* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and divers shifts to carry young wills to vanity and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions and false judgment in doctrine; first, to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God Himself, one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be mo of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score year before. And because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

And thus you see how will enticed to wantonness doth easily allure the mind to false opinions; and how corrupt manners in living breed false judgment in doctrine; how sin and fleshliness bring forth sects and heresies: and therefore suffer not vain books to breed vanity in men's wills if you would have God's truth take root in men's minds.

That Italian that first invented the Italian proverb against our Englishmen Italianated meant no more their vanity in living than their lewd opinion in religion; for, in calling them devils, he carrieth them clean from God; and yet he carrieth them no farther than they willingly go themselves; that is, where they may freely say their minds to the open contempt of God and all godliness, both in living and doctrine.

And how? I will express how: not by a fable of Homer nor by the philosophy of Plato, but by a plain truth of God's word, sensibly uttered by David thus: these men, *abhominabiles facti in studiis suis*, think verily and sing gladly the verse before, *Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus;* that is to say, they, giving themselves up to vanity, shaking off the motions of grace, driving from them the fear of God, and running headlong into all sin, first lustily contemn God, then scornfully mock His word, and also spitefully hate and hurt all wellwillers thereof. Then they have in more reverence the *Triumphs* of Petrarch than the *Genesis* of Moses. They make more account of Tully's *Offices* than St. Paul's *Epistles;* of a tale in Bocace than a story of the Bible. Then they count as fables the holy mysteries of Christian religion. They make Christ and His Gospel only serve civil policy. Then neither religion cometh amiss to them; in time they be promoters of both openly; in place again mockers of both privily, as I wrote once in a rude rhyme.

> Now new, now old, now both, now neither,
> To serve the world's course, they care not with whether.

For where they dare, in company where they like, they boldly laugh to scorn both Protestant and papist. They care for no Scripture. They make no count of general councils; they contemn the consent of the church. They pass for no doctors. They mock the Pope; they rail on Luther. They allow neither side; they like none, but only themselves. The mark they shoot at, the end they look for, the heaven they desire is only their own present pleasure and private profit; whereby they plainly declare of whose school, of what religion, they be; that is, epicures in living and ἄθεοι in doctrine. This last word is no more unknown now to plain Englishmen than the person was unknown some time in England, until some Englishman took pains to fetch that devilish opinion out of Italy. These men, thus Italianated abroad, cannot abide our godly Italian church at home; they be not of that parish, they be not of that fellowship;

they like not that preacher; they hear not his sermons, except sometimes for company they come thither to hear the Italian tongue naturally spoken, not to hear God's doctrine truly preached.

And yet these men, in matters of divinity, openly pretend a great knowledge, and have privately to themselves a very compendious understanding of all; which nevertheless they will utter when and where they list. And that is this: all the mysteries of Moses, the whole law and ceremonies, the Psalms and prophets, Christ and His Gospel, GOD and the devil, heaven and hell, faith, conscience, sin, death, and all, they shortly wrap up, they quickly expound, with this one-half verse of Horace: *Credat Iudaeus Appella.*

Yet though in Italy they may freely be of no religion, as they are in England in very deed too; nevertheless, returning home into England, they must countenance the profession of the one or the other, howsoever inwardly they laugh to scorn both. And though, for their private matters, they can follow, fawn, and flatter noble personages contrary to them in all respects; yet commonly they ally themselves with the worst papists, to whom they be wedded, and do well agree together in three proper opinions: in open contempt of God's word; in a secret security of sin; and in a bloody desire to have all taken away, by sword or burning, that be not of their faction. They that do read with indifferent judgment Pygius and Machiavelli, two indifferent patriarchs of these two religions, do know full well that I say true.

Ye see what manners and doctrine our Englishmen fetch out of Italy; for finding no other there, they can bring no other hither. And therefore many godly and excellent learned Englishmen, not many years ago, did make a better choice, when open cruelty drave them out of this country, to place themselves there where Christ's doctrine, the fear of God, punishment of sin, and discipline of honesty were had in special regard.

I was once in Italy myself; but, I thank God, my abode there was but nine days. And yet I saw, in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine year. I saw it was there as free to sin, not only without all punishment but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London to choose, without all blame, whether a man lust to wear shoe or pantocle. And good cause why; for, being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For, blessed be Christ, in our city of London commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches; where masking ceremonies to delight the eye and vain sounds to please the ear do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and

truth. Yea, the lord mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly for his time more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven year. For their care and charge is not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the pope hath any jurisdiction. I learned, when I was at Venice, that there it is counted good policy, when there be four or five brethren of one family, one only to marry: and all the rest to welter with as little shame in open lechery as swine do here in the common mire. Yea, there be as fair houses of religion, as great provision, as diligent officers to keep up this misorder, as Bridewell is, and all the masters there, to keep down misorder. And therefore if the pope himself do not only grant pardons to further these wicked purposes abroad in Italy, but also (although this present pope in the beginning made some shew of misliking thereof) assign both meed and merit to the maintenance of stews and brothel houses at home in Rome, then let wise men think Italy a safe place for wholesome doctrine and godly manners, and a fit school for young gentlemen of England to be brought up in.

Our Italians bring home with them other faults from Italy, though not so great as this of religion, yet a great deal greater than many good men can well bear. For commonly they come home common contemners of marriage and ready persuaders of all other to the same; not because they love virginity, nor yet because they hate pretty young virgins, but, being free in Italy to go whithersoever lust will carry them, they do not like that law and honesty should be such a bar to their like liberty at home in England. And yet they be the greatest makers of love, the daily dalliers, with such pleasant words, with such smiling and secret countenances, with such signs, tokens, wagers, purposed to be lost before they were purposed to be made, with bargains of wearing colors, flowers, and herbs to breed occasion of ofter meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I have seen some, innocent of all ill and staid in all honesty, that have used these things without all harm, without all suspicion of harm, yet these knacks were brought first into England by them that learned them before in Italy in Circe's court; and how courtly courtesies soever they be counted now, yet if the meaning and manners of some that do use them were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt, neither to themselves nor to others.

Another property of this our English Italians is to be marvelous singular in all their matters: singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their own opinion) as scarce they count the best counselor the prince hath comparable with them; common discoursers of all matters; busy searchers of most secret affairs; open flatterers of great men; privy mislikers of good men; fair speakers with smiling counte-

nances, and much courtesy openly to all men; ready backbiters, sore nippers, and spiteful reporters privily of good men. And being brought up in Italy in some free city, as all cities be there, where a man may freely discourse against what he will, against whom he lust, against any prince, against any government, yea, against God himself and his whole religion; where he must be either Guelph or Ghibelline, either French or Spanish; and always compelled to be of some party, of some faction, he shall never be compelled to be of any religion. And if he meddle not overmuch with Christ's true religion, he shall have free liberty to embrace all religions, and become, if he lust, at once, without any let or punishment, Jewish, Turkish, papish, and devilish.

A young gentleman thus bred up in this goodly school to learn the next and ready way to sin, to have a busy head, a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with discoursing of factions, led to contemn God and His religion, shall come home into England but very ill taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God under the obedience of true doctrine or within the order of honest living.

I know none will be offended with this my general writing, but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein; who shall have good leave to be offended with me until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good, and I say too little of them that be naught. And so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time, and more else when if occasion so require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk hath tended to the only advancement of truth in religion and honesty of living, and hath been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging in the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter. As I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school and placed him in the university, to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric; and so after to physic, law, or divinity, as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.

The end of the first book.

The second book

* * * * *

Imitatio

Imitation is a faculty to express lively and perfectly that example which ye go about to follow. And of itself, it is large and wide; for all the works of nature, in a manner, be examples for art to follow.

But to our purpose. All languages, both learned and mother tongues, be gotten, and gotten only, by Imitation. For as ye use to hear, so ye learn to speak; if ye hear no other, ye speak not yourself; and whom ye only hear, of them ye only learn.

And therefore, if ye would speak as the best and wisest do, ye must be conversant where the best and wisest are; but if you be born or brought up in a rude country, you shall not chose but speak rudely: the rudest man of all knoweth this to be true.

Yet nevertheless, the rudeness of common and mother tongues is no bar for wise speaking. For in the rudest country, and most barbarous mother language, many be found can speak very wisely; but in the Greek and Latin tongue, the two only learned tongues, which be kept, not in common talk, but in private books, we find always wisdom and eloquence, good matter and good utterance never or seldom asunder. For all such authors as be fullest of good matter and right judgment in doctrine, be likewise always most proper in words, most apt in sentence, most plain and pure in uttering the same.

And contrariwise, in those two tongues all writers, either in Religion or any sect of Philosophy, who so ever be found fond in judgment of matter, be commonly found as rude in uttering their mind. For Stoics, Anabaptists, and Friars, with Epicures, Libertines and Monks, being most like in learning and life, are no fonder and pernicious in their opinions than they be rude and barbarous in their writings. They be not wise, therefore, that say, "What care I for a man's words and utterance, if his matter and reasons be good?" Such men say so, not so much of ignorance as either of some singular pride in themselves, or some special malice of other, or for some private or partial matter either in Religion or other kind of learning. For good and choice meats be no more requisite for healthy bodies than proper and apt words be for good matters, and also plain and sensible utterance for the best and deepest reasons; in which two points standeth perfect eloquence, one of the fairest and rarest gifts that God doth give to man.

You know not what hurt you do to learning that care not for words but for matter, and so make a divorce betwixt the tongue and the heart. For mark all ages, look upon the whole course of both the Greek and Latin tongue, and you shall surely find that when apt and good words began to be neglected, and properties of those two tongues to be confounded, then also began ill deeds to spring; strange manners to oppress good orders; new and fond opinions to strive with old and true doctrine, first in Philosophy, and after in Religion: right judgment of all things to be perverted; and so virtue with learning is condemned, and study left off; of ill thoughts cometh perverse judgment; of ill deeds spring-

eth lewd talk. Which four misorders, as they mar man's life, so destroy they good learning withal.

But behold the goodness of God's providence for learning: all old authors and sects of Philosophy which were fondest in opinion and rudest in utterance, as Stoics and Epicures, first condemned of wise men and after forgotten of all men, be so consumed by times as they be now not only out of use, but also out of memory of man; which thing, I surely think, will shortly chance to the whole doctrine and all the books of phantastical Anabaptists and Friars, and of the beastly Libertines and Monks.

Again behold, on the other side, how God's wisdom hath wrought that of *Academici* and *Peripatetici,* those that were wisest in judgment of matters and purest in uttering their minds, the first and chiefest that wrote most and best in either tongue, as Plato and Aristotle in Greek, Tully in Latin, be so either wholly or sufficiently left on to us as I never knew yet scholar that gave himself to like, and love, and follow chiefly those three authors but he proved both learned, wise, and also an honest man, if he joined with all the true doctrine of God's holy Bible, without the which the other three be but fine edge tools in a fool or mad-man's hand.

But to return to Imitation again. There be three kinds of it in matters of learning.

The whole doctrine of Comedies and Tragedies is a perfect imitation, or fair lively painted picture of the life of every degree of man. Of this Imitation writeth Plato at large in 3. *de Rep.*, but it doth not much belong at this time to our purpose.

The second kind of Imitation is to follow for learning of tongues and sciences the best authors. Here riseth among proud and envious wits a great controversy, whether one or many are to be followed; and if one, who is that one: Seneca, or Cicero; Sallust or Caesar; and so forth in Greek and Latin.

The third kind of Imitation belongeth to the second, as when you be determined whether you will follow one or mo, to know perfectly, and which way, to follow that one; in what place; by what means and order; by what tools and instruments you shall do it; by what skill and judgment you shall truly discern whether you follow rightly or no.

This *Imitatio* is *dissimilis materei similis tractatio:* and also, *similis materei dissimilis tractatio.* As Virgil followed Homer, but the Argument to the one was Ulysses, to the other Aeneas; Tully persecuted Antony with the same weapons of eloquence that Demosthenes used before against Philip.

Horace followeth Pindar, but either of them his own Argument and

Person; as the one, Hiero king of Sicily, the other Augustus the Emperor; and yet both for like respects, that is for their courageous stoutness in war and just government in peace.

One of the best examples for right Imitation we lack, and that is Menander, whom our Terence (as the matter required), in like argument, in the same Persons, with equal eloquence, foot by foot did follow. Some pieces remain, like broken Jewels, whereby men may rightly esteem, and justly lament, the loss of the whole.

Erasmus, the ornament of learning in our time, doth wish that some man of learning and diligence would take the like pains in Demosthenes and Tully that Macrobius hath done in Homer and Virgil; that is, to write out and join together where the one doth imitate the other. Erasmus' wish is good, but surely it is not good enough; for Macrobius' gatherings for the *Æneidos* out of Homer, and Eobanus Hessus' more diligent gatherings for the *Bucolics* out of Theocritus, as they be not fully taken out of the whole heap, as they should be, but even as though they had not sought for them of purpose but found them scattered here and there by chance in their way; even so, only to point out and nakedly to join together their sentences, with no farther declaring the manner and way how the one doth follow the other were but a cold help to the increase of learning.

But if a man would take this pain also, when he hath laid two places of Homer and Virgil, or of Demosthenes and Tully together, to teach plainly withal after this sort.

1. Tully retaineth thus much of the matter, these sentences, these words.

2. This and that he leaveth out, which he doth wittily to this end and purpose.

3. This he addeth here.

4. This he diminisheth there.

5. This he ordereth thus, with placing that here, not there.

6. This he altereth and changeth, either in property of words, in form of sentence, in substance of the matter, or in one or other convenient circumstance of the author's present purpose. In these few rude English wordes are wrapt up all the necessary tools and instruments wherewith true Imitation is rightly wrought withal in any tongue. Which tools, I openly confess, be not of mine own forging, but partly left unto me by the cunningest Master and one of the worthiest Gentlemen that ever England bred, Sir John Cheke: partly borrowed by me out of the shop of the dearest friend I have out of England, Joannes Sturmius. And therefore I am the bolder to borrow of him, and here to leave them to other, and namely, to my Children. Which tools, if it please God that another

day they may be able to use rightly, as I do wish and daily pray they may do, I shall be more glad than if I were able to leave them a great quantity of land.

This foresaid order and doctrine of Imitation would bring forth more learning, and breed by truer judgment, than any other exercise that can be used; but not for young beginners, because they shall not be able to consider duly thereof. And truly, it may be a shame to good students who, having so fair examples to follow as Plato and Tully, do not use so wise ways in following them for the obtaining of wisdom and learning as rude ignorant Artificers do for gaining a small commodity. For surely the meanest painter useth more wit, better art, greater diligence in his shop, in following the picture of any mean man's face, than commonly the best students do, even in the university, for the attaining of learning itself.

Some ignorant, unlearned, and idle students, or some busy looker upon this little poor book, that hath neither will to do good himself nor skill to judge right of others, but can lustily condemn by pride and ignorance all painful diligence and right order in study, will perchance say that I am too precise, too curious, in marking and piddling thus about the imitation of others; and that the old worthy authors did never busy their heads and wits in following so precisely either the matter what other men wrote, or else the manner how other men wrote. They will say, it were a plain slavery, and injury too, to shackle and tie a good wit, and hinder the course of a man's good nature with such bonds of servitude in following other.

Except such men think themselves wiser than Cicero for teaching of eloquence, they must be content to turn a new leaf.

The best book that ever Tully wrote, by all men's judgment, and by his own testimony too, in writing whereof he employed most care, study, learning and judgment, is his book *de Oratore ad Q.F.* Now let us see what he did for the matter and also for the manner of writing thereof. For the whole book consisteth in these two points only: in good matter, and good handling of the matter. And first for the matter, it is whole Aristotle's, whatsoever Antony in the second, and Crassus in the third doth teach. Trust not me, but believe Tully himself, who writeth so, first, in that goodly long *Epistle ad P. Lentulum*, and after in diverse places *ad Atticum*. And in the very book itself Tully will not have it hidden, but both Catullus and Crassus do oft and pleasantly lay that stealth to Antony's charge. Now, for the handling of the matter, was Tully so precise and curious rather to follow another man's pattern than to invent some new shape himself, namely in that book wherein he purposed to leave to posterity the glory of his wit? Yea forsooth, that he did. And this is not my guessing and gathering, nor only performed by Tully in very deed, but

uttered also by Tully in plain words, to teach other men, thereby, what they should do in taking like matter in hand.

And that which is specially to be marked, Tully doth utter plainly his conceit and purpose therein by the mouth of the wisest man in all that company: for saith Scaevola himself, *Cur non imitamur, Crasse, Socratem illum, quis est in Phaedro Platonis, etc.*

And further to understand that Tully did not *obiter* and by chance, but purposely and mindfully bend himself to a precise and curious Imitation of Plato concerning the shape and form of those books, mark, I pray you, how curious Tully is to utter his purpose and doing therein, writing thus to Atticus:

"While praising those books, you miss the character of Scaevola from the scene. It was not without good reason that I removed him. Our god Plato did the same in his *Republic*. When Socrates called on that wealthy and cheery old soul Cephalus in the Piraeus, the old man takes part in the discussion during the introductory conversation; but after a very neat speech, he pleads that he wants to go to a divine service, and does not come back again. I fancy Plato thought it would have been inartistic to keep a man of that age any longer in so lengthy a discussion. I thought there was still more reason to be careful in the case of Scaevola, who was at the age and in the state of health in which you must remember he was, and was crowned with such honours that it would hardly have been proper for him to spend several days with Crassus at his villa at Tusculum. Besides, the talk in the first book was not unconnected with Scaevola's pursuits: while the remaining books contained a technical discussion, as you know. In such I did not like the merry old man, you remember, to take a part."

If Cicero had not opened himself and declared his own thought and doings herein, men that be idle, and ignorant, and envious of other men's diligence and well doings would have sworn that Tully had never minded any such things, but that of a precise curiosity, we fain and forge and father such things of Tully as he never meant in deed. I write this, not for nought; for I have heard some both well learned and otherways very wise, that by their lusty misliking of such diligence have drawen back the forwardness of very good wits. But even as such men themselves do sometimes stumble upon doing well by chance and benefit of good wit, so would I have our scholar always able to do well by order of learning and right skill of judgment.

Concerning Imitation, many learned men have written, with much diversity for the matter, and therefore with great contrariety and some stomach amongst themselves. I have read as many as I could get diligently, and what I think of everyone of them I will freely say my mind. With

which freedom I trust good men will bear, because it shall tend to neither spiteful nor harmful controversy. . . .

Others have written also, as Cortesius to Politian, and that very well; Bembus *ad Picum* a great deal better, but Joan. Sturmius *de Nobilitate literata* and *de Amissa dicendi ratione* far best of all, in mine opinion, that ever took this matter in hand. For all the rest declare chiefly this point: whether one, or many, or all, are to be followed; but Sturmius only hath most learnedly declared who is to be followed, what is to be followed, and, the best point of all, by what way and order true Imitation is rightly to be exercised. And although Sturmius herein doth far pass all other, yet hath he not so fully and perfectly done it as I do wish he had and as I know he could. For though he hath done it perfectly for precept, yet hath he not done it perfectly enough for example; which he did neither for lack of skill nor by negligence, but of purpose, contented with one or two examples, because he was minded in those two books to write of it both shortly and also had to touch other matters.

Barthol. Riccius Ferrariensis also hath written learnedly diligently and very largely of this matter even as he did before very well *de Apparatu linguae Latinae*. He writeth the better in mine opinion because his whole doctrine, judgment, and order, seemeth to be borrowed out of Joannes Sturmius' books. He addeth also examples, the best kind of teaching, wherein he doth well, but not well enough; indeed, he commiteth no fault, but yet deserveth small praise. He is content with the mean, and followeth not the best: as a man that would feed upon acorns, when he may eat as good cheap the finest wheat bread. He teacheth, for example, where and how two or three late Italian poets do follow Virgil; and how Virgil himself in the story of Dido doth wholly imitate Catullus in the like matter of Ariadne. Wherein I like better his diligence and order of teaching than his judgment in choice of examples for Imitation. But, if he had done thus: if he had declared where and how, how oft and how many ways, Virgil doth follow Homer; as for example the coming of Ulysses to Alcinous and Calypso, with the coming of Aeneas to Carthage and Dido; likewise the games, running, wrestling, and shooting that Achilles maketh in Homer, with the selfsame games that Aeneas maketh in Virgil; the harness of Achilles, with the harness of Aeneas, and the manner of making of them both by Vulcan; the notable combat betwixt Achilles and Hector, with as notable a combat betwixt Aeneas and Turnus; the going down to hell of Ulysses in Homer, with the going down to hell of Aeneas in Virgil; and other places infinite more, as similitudes, narrations, messages, descriptions of persons, places, battles, tempests, shipwrecks, and commonplaces for diverse purposes, which be as precisely

taken out of Homer, as ever did painter in London follow the picture of any fair personage. And when these places had been gathered together by this way of diligence, then to have conferred them together by this order of teaching: as, diligently to mark what is kept and used in either author, in words, in sentences, in matter; what is added; what is left out; what ordered otherwise, either *praeponendo, interponendo,* or *postponendo;* and what is altered for any respect, in word, phrase, sentence, figure, reasons, argument, or by any way of circumstance. If Riccius had done this, he had not only been well liked for his diligence in teaching, but also justly commended for his right judgment in right choice of examples for the best Imitation.

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ROBERT RECORDE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 807

FROM *The Castle of Knowledge,* 1556

SCHOLAR: Since my last talk with you about the knowledge of the world and the parts of it, I have read divers books that entreat of that matter, as namely Proclus' *Sphere,* Joannes de Sacrobosco, Orontius' *Cosmography,* and divers other, whose words in many things I remember, but of the matter I have sundry doubts, and therefore desire much your help therein. For, although I have consulted with divers men therein, yet methinketh they tell me but the same words in like sort as I read them before, or little other ways altered, but light of understanding I have gotten little yet.

MASTER: Then prove again; peradventure your chance may be better; that which at the first seemeth hard may at length become easy, for use maketh mastery, all men confess. And the best things are not most easiest to attain. Begin in that order as your authors do.

SCHOLAR: Their orders be as divers as their names be, so that I know not whose order is best. For Proclus in treating of the sphere, defineth first the Axe tree of the world, before he had shewed other what the world is, or what he calleth a sphere, or what need the world hath of any Axe tree. Therefore I turned to Joannes de Sacrobosco our countryman, which beginneth first with the definition of a sphere, but nothing like to that sphere which I before had bought as an apt instrument to learn by. Then see I Orontius disagree from them both, and generally everyone from other, so that I know not where to begin.

MASTER: As touching those writers, I will say no more now, but although everyone of them have some things that exactly scanned may be misliked, yet he that hath done worst is worthy of thanks for his studious pains in furthering of knowledge. And seeing you doubt of their order, let the thing itself minister order. What is it that you desire to know?

SCHOLAR: I see in the heaven marvelous motions, and in the rest of the world strange transmutations, and therefore desire much to know what the world is, and what are the principal parts of it, and also how all these strange sights do come.

MASTER: Then is the world the thing that you would know first, since all these other things are incident to it. What do your authors call the world?

SCHOLAR: Orontius defineth the world to be the perfect and entire composition of all things, a divine work, infinite and wonderful, adorned with all kinds and forms of bodies that nature could make.

MASTER: This definition doth much agree with those that be written by ancient authors, and namely Aristotle which defineth it thus: . . . The world is an apt frame of heaven and earth and all other natural things contained in them. The like words hath Cleomedes and others. So that the world is that entire body, which containeth all things that ever God made and man can see; nothing excepted but God himself only, which is not comprehensible by any worldly means. This work is so pure and wonderful in beauty, that it beareth the name of cleanness both in Greek and Latin; that is κόσμος in Greek, and *Mundus* in Latin, and thereto alludeth Sibyll in her verses, speaking of the dissolution of the world, saying: . . . The world shall be unclean, or lose his beauty, when all men shall perish.

SCHOLAR: And so doth that sentence lose his beauty by the translation, for there can be no such allusion of words in the English of that sentence as there is in the other tongues.

MASTER: You say truth, except a man would rather allude at the words than express the sentence, for so might it be translated thus: It shall be an unworldly world, when all men shall perish. But here the sense is lost; for this name world, hath not the like derivation of cleanness in English, as the Latin and Greek names have in their tongues. Neither can I well tell whereof this English name is derived, although I remember some other significations of this word, as first it is used in Scripture for a name of long continuance of time, when we say: "world without end," and, "through world of worlds," which signifieth forever. Also this name doth signify sometimes a great wonder, as when we say: "It is a world to see the craft that some men use under color of simplicity." Now if any man will contend that this word world doth principally betoken a wonder,

and that the world for the wonderful shape of it took that name, as the chief wonder of all wonders, I will not greatly repine, but then must I needs wonder to see the chief worldly men to wonder so little at this wonderful wonder, and to bend all their study to the center of the world, I mean the Earth, which in comparison to the whole world is not only a part without all notable quantity but also least adorned with marvelous works, and most subject to all frail transmutation and change, still replenished with continuall corruption. And yet on it only doth the greatest number set all their study. For it they sustain great travail and toil; for it they chide, quarrel and fight; to get it they venture life and limb; and when they think most assuredly that they have gotten the Earth, then indeed the earth hath gotten them, and most commonly then doth the earth consume them, when they think themselves full masters of it.

SCHOLAR: By these men's travail (I think) it came to pass that the Earth doth usurp the name of the World, as though it were all, and that besides it were nothing.

MASTER: Thereof cometh that common proverb of a covetous man: "All the world is too little for him, where he indeed seeketh nothing but the earth." Which earth in comparison to the whole World beareth no greater view than a mustard corn on Malborne hills, or a drop of water in the ocean sea; for of all the parts of the World, the Earth is the least, and that without comparison, as hereafter I shall not only tell you but also prove it by invincible reason. And therefore to proceed in our matter, I think it best not only to make discourse lightly of the principal parts of the world, but to do it in such a brief sort, as the mind may conceive it soonest, and the memory also retain it longest. And therefore will I omit all proofs till we have once generally drawn the image of the whole World, so shall not your memory be troubled with sundry things at once, as in learning a science which seemeth something strange, and in conceiving the reasons of it, which in declaring, seem much more strange.

SCHOLAR: Indeed I have felt the discommodity of such hasty desires, for where I have sought reason before I understood whereto that reason tended, I have troubled my mind and hindered my knowledge. Wherefore it may please you in your order to proceed.

MASTER: I have already said that of all the parts of the World the Earth is the least; whereby you may conceive that within it is nothing, for so should that (whatsoever it were) be lesser than the Earth. But without the Earth, doth the Water lie, which covereth a great part of the same; about them both doth the Air run, and occupieth (as we may easily consider) much more room than both the sea and the land; above the Air and round about it (after the agreement of most wise men), doth the Fire occupy his place. And these four, that is, Earth, Water, Air and

Fire, are named the four elements, that is to say, the first simple and original matters, whereof all mixt and compound bodies be made, and into which all shall turn again.

SCHOLAR: Oftentimes have I heard it, that both man and beasts are made of earth, and into earth shall return again; but I thought not that they had been made of water, and much less of air or fire.

MASTER: Of earth only, nothing is made but earth; for an herb or tree can not grow (as all men confess) except it be helped and nourished with air convenient, and due watering, and also have the heat of the sun. And generally, since all thing is maintained by his like, and is destroyed by his contrary, then if man cannot be maintained without fire, air, and water, it must needs appear, that he is made of them, as well as of earth, and so likewise all other things that be compound.

SCHOLAR: This talk delighteth me marvelously, so that I cannot be weary of it, as long as it shall please you to continue it.

MASTER: This talk is not for this place, partly for that it is more physical than astronomical, and partly because I determined, in this first part, to omit the causes and reasons of all things, and briefly to declare the parts of the World, whereof these four elements, being uncompound of themselves, that is simple and unmixt, are accounted as one part of the World, which therefore is called the Elementary part. And because those elements do daily increase and decrease in some parts of them (though not in all parts at once) and are subject to continual corruption, they are distinct from the rest of the World, which hath no such alteration nor corruption. Which part is above all the four elements, and compasseth them about, and is called the Sky, or Welkin, & also the Heavens. This part hath in it divers lesser or special parts, named commonly Spheres: as the sphere of the Moon which is lowest, and next unto the elements; then above it, the sphere of Mercury; and next to it the sphere of Venus; then followeth the Sun with his sphere; and then Mars in his order; above him is Jupiter; and above him is Saturn. These seven, are named the seven planets, every one having his sphere by himself severally, and his motion also several, and unlike in time to any other. But above these seven planets is there another heaven or sky, which commonly is named the Firmament, and hath in it an infinite number of stars, whereof it is called the starry sky. And because it is the eighth in order of the heavens or spheres, it is named also the Eighth Sphere. This heaven is manifest enough to all men's eyes, so that no man needeth to doubt of it; for it is that sky wherein are all those stars that we see, except the five lesser planets, which I did name before; that is Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury.

SCHOLAR: The Sun and Moon also must be except out of that number, for they have their spheres by themselves, as well as the other planets.

MASTER: Truth it is, but because no man doth account them as stars, therefore they need none exception where mention is made of stars only; whereas the other five smaller planets (which I named before) are so like to other stars that no man, but such as are of good experience in astronomy, can discern them from the other stars, although many men do make a difference of them by twinkling, affirming that the fixed stars do twinkle and not the planets, with other differences difficult to observe and scarce certain in distinction. But this is their most certain difference: that all those stars which be in the firmament do stand and continue in one form of distance each from other, and change not their places in their sphere. And therefore be they called fixed stars; for although they go around about the world in 24 hours, that is every day once, yet they keep their places in their sphere, and turn only with their sphere, or (as Aratus saith) they be drawn with their heaven; whereas the seven planets are not only carried round about the earth with the like motion of heaven every day, but they do move of themselves, and do change their places in their own spheres; and for that cause are they called planets, that is to say, wandering stars.

SCHOLAR: Oftentimes have I heard this, but yet can I not tell how to perceive it.

MASTER: That shall be referred to the fourth treatise, where I will shew you the proof of all that you shall think doubtful.

SCHOLAR: Yet I beseech you let me know this: Why are those heavens called Spheres? For (in my phantasy) they are nothing like that instrument of sundry circles which is commonly called the sphere, since neither can I see in them such circles as are in that material sphere; neither is there in the material sphere any such representation of such divers heavens; neither of such variety of stars.

MASTER: This doubt was moved before now by Joachim Ringelbergh in a treatise that he wrote of the sphere, but it shall be answered easily by yourself, after a little declaration of the celestial spheres. And for that cause I will omit it till anon, and will first declare certain other accidents of the heavens, and of the other parts of the world.

Hitherto you have heard only the names of the parts of the world, and of their situation, how they be placed in order. Now for the form and shape of them, you shall understand that the whole world is round exactly as any ball or globe, and so are all the principal parts of it, every sphere severally and jointly, as well of the planets as of the fixed stars, and so are all the four elements. And they are aptly placed together, not as a number of round balls in a net, but every sphere includeth other as they be in order of greatness, beginning at the eighth sphere or firmament, and so descending to the last and lowest sphere, is the Sphere of the Moon, under

which the four elements succeed: first the fire, then the air; next followeth the water, which with the earth jointly annexed, maketh, as it were, one sphere only.

SCHOLAR: This I do well understand in words, and the easier by this picture which I find in every book of the sphere; but that I see there more spheres than you speak of; for in some books mention is made of nine spheres, and in other are ten spheres named, where you set forth but eight.

MASTER: The cause of this diversity will I in the fourth treatise declare. In the mean season, I think it best to tell you of no more spheres than are perceptible by sight, for so many are we certain of. And therefore understand you thus: that as the Eighth Sphere is the greatest, and hath none other without him that may be seen, so the Earth is the least, and hath none other within him, but it standeth in the middle and in the center of the whole world, and of every one of these spheres, and therefore it is called the center of the world. So that although the Earth in itself have a great and notable quantity, yet in comparison to the firmament it is to be esteemed but as a center or little prick, yea indeed much less than any notable star that you see. And if I shall speak boldly that which I intend hereafter to prove certainly, the earth is lesser than the least star in the firmament which is commonly seen, but yet is it greater than Venus or Mercury, yea greater than the Moon.

SCHOLAR: This affirmation seemeth to me impossible, or at the least contrary to sense, for the Moon seemeth bigger much than any star, yea somewhat bigger than the Sun.

MASTER: Content yourself to credit me till time serve for the proof of my words; and in the mean season, to proceed as I began. You must think that the earth and the water annexed together in one globe are of no notable quantity in comparison to the firmament, and that it standeth as the center of the world and hath no motion out of his place, nor yet circular moving about his own center, but resteth (as we may say) quiet without all such moving. Like ways must you think of the other elements, which of their own nature have none other motion than a stone or a light feather, so that they may be accounted all four to be without natural motion.

SCHOLAR: Yet in the water and in the air we see every day notable moving. And sometime I have heard of moving of the earth, by earthquakes; and as for the fire that we see, it always moveth and flickereth in burning.

MASTER: And so you have seen a stone move swiftly when it fell from any high place, but these motions have an end quickly, except they be continued with violence, as hereafter I will sufficiently declare. But as the stone, although it will move in falling, yet in his place lieth quiet without

motion, so the earth of itself, and the other elements, must be accounted quiet by nature, and without motion.

The heavens contrariwise have such a natural motion that never resteth night nor day, neither can be stayed by any violence. This motion we see in the heavens daily by their moving from the east to the west, and from the west to the east again, about the earth once every 24 hours; and therefore is this motion named the daily motion, for it is the measure of a natural day, commonly accounted. And this motion is likewise called of ancient writers the motion of the first firmament, according to which motion you see the Sun in the daytime, and the stars in the night time, and the Moon both in the day and the night, to pass from the east into the south, and so into the west, and at the end of 24 hours to come again into the east. Whereby you may easily understand that this motion is common to all the spheres of heaven.

SCHOLAR: This may all men see that can see anything. Yet have I heard of some so grossly witted that they doubted which way the Sun and the Moon did come into the east again, as though they did not think that the sky did move about the earth.

MASTER: Such gross ignorance happened sometimes to famous men for lack of due consideration of that which all men may see, as I will in place convenient more largely note.

SCHOLAR: Yet one doubt I have of which I would gladly be rid, and that is of the Moon; for as you say, and by sight we perceive, all the stars with the Sun and Moon go round about the earth in 24 hours, save that the Moon is slacker than all the rest, for she is every day later in rising by an hour than she was the day before; but how that cometh to pass I do not understand.

MASTER: This doubt is well moved, and in good time; for by it will I take occasion to instruct you not only in the true knowledge of it, but also of other sundry motions in all the heavens; for in every one of them doth there appear a like motion, contrary to the daily moving of the firmament, which in the Moon is most swiftest, and therefore may be perceived daily of all men; but in the Sun it is not so swift, and therefore not so easily perceived; yet all men see a great alteration in the moving of the Sun in one year. For sometimes he is higher and nearer over our heads, and sometime farther from our heads, and lower in the south; yea sometime he shineth with us almost 18 hours (as in the middle of the summer), and in the middle of winter he shineth but 6 hours or little more. This every child doth see, although they know not the reason thereof.

SCHOLAR: Yet the reason of that is easy enough to be conceived, for when the day is at the longest, the Sun must needs shine the more time,

and so must it needs shine the lesser time when the day is at the shortest; this reason I have heard many men declare.

MASTER: That may well be called a crabbed reason, for it goeth backward like a crab. The day maketh not the sun to shine, but the Sun shining maketh the day. And so the length of the day maketh not the Sun to shine long, nor the shortness of the day causeth not the Sun to shine the lesser time, but contrariwise the long shining of the Sun maketh the long day, and the short shining of the Sun maketh the lesser day; else answer me, what maketh the days long or short?

SCHOLAR: I have heard wise men say, that summer maketh the long days, and winter maketh the long nights.

MASTER: They might have said more wisely, that long days make summer, and short days make winter.

SCHOLAR: Why all that seemeth one thing to me.

MASTER: Is it all one to say: God made the Earth, and the Earth made God? Covetousness overcometh all men, and all men overcome covetousness?

SCHOLAR: No not so, for here the effect is turned to be the cause, and the agent is made the patient.

MASTER: So is it to say, summer maketh long days, where you should say, long days make summer.

SCHOLAR: I perceive it now, but I was so blinded with the vulgar error that if you had demanded of me farther what did make the summer, I had been like to have answered that green leaves do make summer; and the sooner by remembrance of an old saying: that a year should come in which the summer should not be known but by the green leaves.

MASTER: Yet this saying doth not import that green leaves do make summer, but they betoken summer; so are they the sign and not the cause of summer.

SCHOLAR: So I perceive now that the long shining of the Sun doth make the days long. But now can I not tell what causeth the Sun to shine longer one time of the year than another.

MASTER: That is it that drove wise men to search and mark the motions of the Sun, whereby at length they found that the Sun hath another course, contrary to the daily motion of the sky. And as the Moon doth accomplish her proper course (which is from the west into the east, contrary to the daily motion) every month in the year, so the Sun doth end his course, in his proper motion, but once in the year. And to express it aptly, I must say that the true term of a year is nothing else but the very time of the course of the Sun from a certain point in heaven till his return to the same point again. And a month is the just time of the proper course

of the Moon, from change to change; and every quarter of the Moon maketh a week; of which I will speak more in the next treatise, with the declaration of the diversity for the beginning of months and years. But now to continue our principal matter the more orderly, I would have you repeat the chief articles of our talk hitherto.

SCHOLAR: This is the sum of all your doctrine hitherto.

1. That the world is that entire body which containeth in it all the heavens and the elements, with all that in them is.

2. The parts of the world are two especial, the heavens which are eight in number, and the elements which are 4 in kind.

3. The order and situation of all these parts, as well elements as heavenly spheres, beginning at the highest, and proceeding to the lowest, is this: the Firmament, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS

Fire, Air, Water, and Earth and ever the higher encloseth all that is under it.

4. The world and all his principal parts are round in form and shape, as a globe or ball.

5. The earth is in the middle of the world, as the center of it, and beareth no view of quantity in comparison to the world.

6. The earth hath no motion of itself, no more than a stone, but restest quietly; and so the other elements do, except they be forceably moved.

7. The heavens do move continually from the east to the west, and that motion is called the daily motion, and is the measure of the common day.

8. The Moon hath a several motion from the west toward the east, contrary to that moving of the daily course, and that motion is the just measure of a month, and every quarter doth make a week.

9. The Sun also hath a peculiar motion from the west toward the east, which he accomplisheth in a year, and of that course the year taketh his measure and quantity.

GEORGE CAVENDISH

The Introduction and Notes are at page 808

FROM *Egerton Ms. 2402*

The Life of Cardinal Wolsey

Prologue

. . . Forsooth this cardinal was my lord and master, whom in his life I served, and so remained with him, after his fall, continually, during the term of all his trouble, until he died; as well in the south as in the north parts, and noted all his demeanor and usage in all that time; as also in his wealthy triumph and glorious estate. And since his death I have heard diverse sundry surmises and imagined tales made of his proceedings and doings, which I myself have perfectly known to be most untrue; unto the which I could have sufficiently answered according to the truth, but, as me seemeth, then it was much better for me to suffer and dissemble the matter, and the same to remain still as lies, than to reply against their untruth, of whom I might, for my boldness, sooner have kindled a great flame of displeasure than to quench one spark of their malicious untruth. Therefore I commit the truth to Him that knoweth all truth. For, whatsoever any man hath conceived in him when he lived, or since his death, thus much I dare be bold to say without displeasure to any person, or of affection, that in my judgment I never saw this realm in better order, quietness, and obedience than it was in the time of his authority and rule, nor justice better ministered with indifferency; as I could evidently prove if I should not be accused of too much affection, or else that I set forth more than truth. I will therefore here desist to speak any more in his commendation, and proceed first to his original beginning, ascending by fortune's favour to high honours, dignities, promotions, and riches.

Truth it is, Cardinal Wolsey, sometime Archbishop of York, was an honest poor man's son, born in Ipswich, within the county of Suffolk; and being but a child, was very apt to learning; by means whereof his parents, or his good friends and masters, conveyed him to the University of Oxford, where he prospered so in learning that, as he told me [in] his own person, he was called the boy-bachelor, forasmuch as he was made Bachelor of Arts at fifteen years of age, which was a rare thing, and seldom seen.

Thus prospering and increasing in learning, [he] was made Fellow of Magdalen College, and after appointed, for his learning, to be schoolmaster there; at which time the Lord Marquess Dorset had three of his sons at school there with him, committing as well unto him their virtuous education as their instruction and learning. It pleased the said marquess against a Christmas season, to send as well for the schoolmaster as for his children home to his house for their recreation in that pleasant and honourable feast. They being then there, my lord their father perceived them to be right well employed in learning for their time, which contented him so well that he, having a benefice in his gift being at that time void, gave the same to the schoolmaster, in reward for his diligence, at his departing after Christmas upon his return to the University. And having the presentation thereof, [he] repaired to the ordinary for his institution and induction; then being fully furnished of all necessary instruments at the ordinary's hands for his preferment, made speed without any farther delay to the said benefice to take thereof possession. And being there for that intent, one Sir Amyas Pawlet, knight, dwelling in the country thereabout, took an occasion of displeasure against him, upon what ground I know not: but, sir, by your leave, he was so bold to set the schoolmaster by the feet during his pleasure; the which was afterward neither forgotten nor forgiven. For when the schoolmaster mounted the dignity to be Chancellor of England, he was not oblivious of the old displeasure ministered unto him by master Pawlet, but sent for him, and after many sharp and heinous words, enjoined him to attend upon the council until he were by them dismissed, and not to depart without license, upon an urgent pain and forfeiture: so that he continued within the Middle Temple, the space of five or six years, or more; whose lodging there was in the gate-house next the street, which he reedified very sumptuously, garnishing the same, on the outside thereof, with cardinals' hats and arms, badges and cognisances of the cardinal's, with divers other devices, in so glorious a sort that he thought thereby to appease his old unkind displeasure.

Now may this be a good example and precedent to men in authority, which will sometimes work their will without wit, to remember in their authority, how authority may decay; and [those] whom they punish of will more than of justice may after be advanced in the public weal to high dignities and governance, and they based as low, who will then seek the means to be revenged of old wrongs sustained wrongfully before. Who would have thought then, that when Sir Amyas Pawlet punished this poor scholar, that ever he should have attained to be Chancellor of England, considering his baseness in every condition. These be wonderful works of God, and fortune. Therefore I would wish all men in authority and

dignity to know and fear God in all their triumphs and glory; considering in all their doings that authorities be not permanent, but may slide and vanish, as princes' pleasures do alter and change.

Then as all living things must of very necessity pay the due debt of nature, which no earthly creature can resist, it chanced the Lord Marquess to depart out of this present life. After whose death this schoolmaster, considering then with himself to be but a small beneficed man, and to have lost his fellowship in the College (for, as I understand, if a fellow of that college be once promoted to a benefice he shall by the rules of the house be dismissed of his fellowship), and perceiving himself also to be destitute of his singular good lord, thought not to be long unprovided of some other succour or staff to defend him from all such harms as he lately sustained.

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And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one and sometime with another. At night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker; and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey, and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night ere we came to the abbey aforesaid, where at his coming in at the gates the abbot of the place with all his convent met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you"; whom they brought on his mule to the stair's foot of his chamber, and there lighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceived my shadow upon the wall by his bedside; asked who was there?

"Sir, I am here," quoth I.

"How do you?" quoth he to me.

"Very well, sir," quoth I, "if I might see your grace well."

"What is it of the clock?" quoth he to me.

"Forsooth, sir," quoth I, "it is past eight of the clock in the morning."

"Eight of the clock?" quoth he, "that cannot be," rehearsing divers times, "eight of the clock, eight of the clock, nay, nay," quoth he at the last, "it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master; for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world."

With that Master Doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chaplain and ghostly father, standing by, bade me secretly to demand of him if he would be shriven, and to be in a readiness towards God, whatsoever should chance. At whose desire I asked him that question.

"What have you to do," quoth he, "to ask me any such question?" and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; until at the last Master Doctor took my part, and talked with him in Latin, and so pacified him.

* * * * *

Howbeit my lord waxed very sick, most likeliest to die that night, and often swooned, and as me thought drew fast toward his end, until it was four of the clock in the morning, at which time I asked him how he did.

"Well," quoth he, "if I had any meat; I pray you give me some."

"Sir, there is none ready."

"I wis, ye be the more to blame, for you should have always some meat for me in a readiness, to eat when my stomach serveth me; therefore I pray you get me some; for I intend this day, God willing, to make me strong, to the intent I may occupy myself in confession, and make me ready to God."

"Then, sir," quoth I, "I will call up the cook to provide some meat for you; and will also, if it be your pleasure, call for Master Palmes, that ye may commune with him until your meat be ready."

"With a good will," quoth he.

And therewith I went first, and called up the cook, commanding him to prepare some meat for my lord; and then I went to Master Palmes and told him what case my lord was in, willing him to rise, and to resort to him with speed. And then I went to Master Kingston, and gave him warning that, as I thought, he would not live; advertising him that if he had anything to say to him, that he should make haste, for he was in great danger.

"In good faith," quoth Master Kingston, "ye be to blame; for ye make him believe that he is sicker, and in more danger than he is."

"Well, sir," quoth I, "ye shall not say another day but that I gave you

warning, as I am bound to do, in discharge of my duty. Therefore, I pray you, whatsoever shall chance, let no negligence be ascribed to me herein; for I assure you his life is very short. Do therefore now as ye think best."

Yet nevertheless he arose, and made him ready, and came to him. After he had eaten of a cullis made of a chicken, a spoonful or two, at the last quoth he, "Whereof was this cullis made?"

"Forsooth, sir," quoth I, "of a chicken."

"Why," quoth he, "it is fasting day, and St. Andrew's Eve."

"What though [it be], sir?" quoth Doctor Palmes. "Ye be excused by reason of your sickness."

"Yea," quoth he, "what though? I will eat no more."

Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good-morrow (for it was about seven of the clock in the morning), and asked him how he did.

"Sir," quoth he, "I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hands."

"Not yet so, sir," quoth Master Kingston. "With the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer."

"Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux with a continual fever, the nature whereof is this: that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoriation of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day; and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy (although I may live a day or twaine) but death, which is the best remedy of the three."

"Nay, sir, in good faith," quoth Master Kingston, "you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be."

"Well, well, Master Kingston," quoth he, "I see the matter against me, how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasures, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty, beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same; and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending (meaning the matter newly begun between him and good Queen Katherine); then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of a royal courage, and

hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chance hereafter you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again.

"And say furthermore, that I require his grace, in God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new pernicious sect of the Lutherans, that it do not increase within his dominions through his negligence, in such a sort as that he shall be fain at length to put harness upon his back to subdue them; as the king of Bohemia did, who had good game to see his rude commons (then infected with Wycliffe's heresies) to spoil and murder the spiritual men and religious persons of his realm; the which fled to the king and his nobles for succour against their frantic rage; of whom they could get no help of defence or refuge, but [they] laughed them to scorn, having good game at their spoil and consumption, not regarding their duties nor their own defence. And when these erroneous heretics had subdued all the clergy and spiritual persons, taking the spoil of their riches, both of churches, monasteries, and all other spiritual things, having no more to spoil, [they] caught such a courage of their former liberty that then they disdained their prince and sovereign lord with all other noble personages, and the head governors of the country, and began to fall in hand with the temporal lords to slay and spoil them, without pity or mercy, most cruelly. Insomuch that the king and other his nobles were constrained to put harness upon their backs, to resist the ungodly powers of those traitorous heretics, and to defend their lives and liberties, who pitched a field royal against them; in which field these traitors so stoutly encountered, that the party of them was so cruel and vehement, that in fine they were victors, and slew the king, the lords, and all the gentlemen of the realm, leaving not one person that bare the name or port of a gentleman alive, or of any person that had any rule or authority in the common weal. By means of which slaughter they have lived ever since in great misery and poverty without a head or governor, but lived all in common like wild beasts abhorred of all Christian nations. Let this be to him an evident example to avoid the like danger, I pray you, good Master Kingston. There is no trust in routs, or unlawful assemblies of the common people; for when the riotous multitude be assembled, there is among them no mercy or consideration of their bounden duty; as in the history of King Richard the Second, one of his noble progenitors, which

[lived] in that same time of Wycliffe's seditious opinions, did not the commons, I pray you, rise against the king and the nobles of the realm of England; whereof some they apprehended, whom they without mercy or justice put to death? And did they not fall to spoiling and robbery, to th'intent they might bring all things in common; and at the last, without discretion or reverence, spared not in their rage to take the king's most royal person out of the Tower of London, and carried him about the city most presumptuously, causing him, for the preservation of his life, to be agreeable to their lewd proclamations? Did not also that traitorous heretic, Sir John Oldcastle, pitch a field against King Harry the Fifth, against whom the king was constrained to encounter in his royal person, to whom God gave the victory? Alas! Master Kingston, if these be not plain precedents, and sufficient persuasions to admonish a prince to be circumspect against the semblable mischief; and if he be negligent, then will God strike and take from him his power, and diminish his regality, taking from him his prudent counsellors and valiant captains, and leave us in our own hands without his help and aid; and then will ensue mischief upon mischief, inconvenience upon inconvenience, barrenness and scarcity of all things for lack of good order in the commonwealth, to the utter destruction and desolation of this noble realm; from the which mischief God of his tender mercy defend us.

"Master Kingston, farewell, I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better."

And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anele him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to be witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words, the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure.

Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of such men, exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities: for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humil-

ity, and charity; the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws.

SIR JOHN CHEKE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 810

FROM SIR THOMAS HOBY'S translation of CASTIGLIONE'S *The Courtyer*, 1561; the letter was printed at the end of the volume

A Letter of syr J. Cheekes.

To his loving frind Mayster Thomas Hoby

FOR YOUR opinion of my gud will unto you as you wriit, you can not be deceived: for submitting your doinges to mi judgement, I thanke you: for taking this pain of your translation, you worthilie deserv great thankes of all sortes. I have taken sum pain at your request cheflie in your preface, not in the reading of it for that was pleasaunt unto me boath for the roundnes of your saienges and welspeakinges of the saam, but in changing certein wordes which might verie well be let aloan, but that I am verie curious in mi freendes matters, not to determiin, but to debaat what is best. Whearin, I seek not the bestnes haplie bi truth, but bi miin own phansie, and shew of goodnes.

I am of this opinion that our own tung shold be written cleane and pure, unmixt and unmangeled with borowing of other tunges, wherin if we take not heed by tiim, ever borowing and never payeng, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt. For then doth our tung naturallie and praisablie utter her meaning, when she bouroweth no counterfeitness of other tunges to attire her self withall, but useth plainlie her own, with such shift, as nature, craft, experiens and folowing of other excellent doth lead her unto, and if she want at ani tiim (as being unperfight she must) yet let her borow with suche bashfulnes, that it mai appeer, that if either the mould of our own tung could serve us to fascion a woord of our own, or if the old denisoned wordes could content and ease this neede, we wold not boldly venture of unknowen wordes. This I say not for reproof of you, who have scarslie and necessarily used whear occasion serveth a strange word so, as it seemeth to grow out of the matter and not to be sought for: but for miin own defens, who might be counted overstraight a deemer of thinges, if I gave not thys accompt to you, mi freend and wiis, of mi marring this your handiwork. But I am called awai, I prai you

pardon mi shortnes, the rest of mi saienges should be but praise and exhortacion in this your doinges, which at moar leisor I shold do better. From my house in Woodstreete the 16. of July, 1557.

Yours assured
JOAN. CHEEK.

SIR THOMAS HOBY

The Introduction and Notes are at page 811

FROM *The Courtyer*, 1561, HOBY'S translation of *Il Cortegiano* by COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE, first published in 1528

The Courtier

The First Book of the Courtier of Count Baldassare Castiglione, unto Master Alphonsus Ariosto.

I HAVE a long time doubted with myself (most loving M Alphonsus) which of the two were harder for me, either to deny you the thing that you have with such instance many times required of me, or to take it in hand; because, on the one side, methought it a very hard matter to deny anything, especially, the request being honest, to the person whom I love dearly, and of whom I perceive myself dearly beloved. Again, on the other side, to undertake an enterprise which I do not know myself able to bring to an end, I judged it uncomely for him that weigheth due reproofs so much as they ought to be weighed. At length, after much debating, I have determined to prove in this behalf what aid that affection and great desire to please can bring unto my diligence, which, in other things, is wont to increase the labor of men. You then require me to write what is (to my thinking) the trade and manner of courtiers which is most fitting for a gentleman that liveth in the court of princes, by the which he may have the knowledge how to serve them perfectly in every reasonable matter, and obtain thereby favor of them and praise of other men. Finally, of what sort he ought to be that deserveth to be called so perfect a courtier that there be no want in him?

Wherefore I, considering this kind of request, say that, in case it should not appear to myself a greater blame to have you esteem me to be of small friendship than all other men of little wisdom, I would have rid my hands of this labor, for fear lest I should be counted rash of all such as know what a hard matter it is, among such diversity of manners that are used in the

courts of Christendom, to pick out the perfectest trade and way, and (as it were) the flower of this courtiership. Because use maketh us many times to delight in, and to set little by, the self-same things: whereby sometime it proceedeth that manners, garments, customs, and fashions which at some time have been in price become not regarded, and, contrariwise, the not regarded, become of price. Therefore, it is manifestly to be discerned that use hath greater force than reason to bring up new inventions among us, and to abolish the old, of the which whoso goeth about to judge the perfection is oftentimes deceived. For which consideration, perceiving this and many other lets in the matter propounded for me to write upon, I am constrained to make a piece of an excuse, and to open plainly that this error (if it may be termed an error) is common to us both, that if any blame happen to me about it, it may be also partened with you. For it ought to be reckoned a no less offense in you to lay upon me a burden that passeth my strength than in me to take it upon me.

Let us, therefore, at length settle ourselves to begin that is our purpose and drift, and (if it be possible) let us fashion such a courtier as the prince that shall be worthy to have him in his service, although his state be but small, may, notwithstanding, be called a mighty lord. We will not in these books follow any certain order or rule of appointed precepts, the which, for the most part, is wont to be observed in the teaching of anything, whatsoever it be: but, after the manner of men of old time, renewing a grateful memory, we will repeat certain reasonings that were debated in times past between men very excellent for that purpose. And although I was not there present, but, at the time when they were debated, it was my chance to be in England, yet soon after my return I heard them of a person that faithfully reported them unto me. And I will endeavor myself, for so much as my memory will serve me, to call them particularly to remembrance, that you may see what men worthy great commendation, and unto whose judgment a man may in every point give an undoubted credit, have judged and believed in this matter. Neither shall we swerve from the purpose to arrive in good order at the end unto the which all our communication is directed, if we disclose the cause of the reasonings that hereafter follow.

As every man knoweth, the little city of Urbin is situated upon the side of the Apennine (in a manner) in the midst of Italy, towards the Gulf of Venice. The which for all it is placed among hills, and those not so pleasant as perhaps some other that we behold in many places, yet, in this point, the element hath been favorable unto it, that, all about, the country is very plentiful and full of fruits; so that beside the wholesomeness of air, it is very abundant and stored with all things necessary for the life of man. But among the greatest felicities that men can reckon it to have, I count

this the chief: that now a long time it hath always been governed with very good princes, although, in the common calamities of the wars of Italy, it remained also a season without any at all. But, without searching further of this, we may make a good proof with the famous memory of Duke Frederick, who in his days was the light of Italy. Neither do we want true and very large testimonies yet remaining of his wisdom, courtesy, justice, liberality, of his invincible courage and policy of war. And of this, do his so many victories make proof, chiefly his conquering of places impregnable, his sudden readiness in setting forward to give battle, his putting to flight sundry times, with a small number, very great and puissant armies, and never sustained loss in any conflict; so that we may, not without cause, compare him to many famous men of old time. This man, among his other deeds praiseworthy, in the hard and sharp situation of Urbin built a palace, to the opinion of many men the fairest that was to be found in all Italy, and so furnished it with every necessary implement belonging thereto that it appeared not a palace but a city in form of a palace, and that not only with ordinary matters, as silver plate, hangings for chambers of very rich cloth of gold, of silk, and other like, but also for sightliness; and, to deck it out withal, placed there a wondrous number of ancient images of marble and metal, very excellent paintings and instruments of music of all sorts, and nothing would he have there but what was most rare and excellent. To this, with very great charges, he gathered together a great number of most excellent and rare books, in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, the which all he garnished with gold and silver, esteeming this to be the chiefest ornament of his great palace. This duke then, following the course of nature when he was sixty-five years of age, as he had lived so did he end his life with glory. And left duke after him a child of ten years, having no more male, and without mother, who hight Guidubaldo.

This child, as of the state, so did it appear also that he was heir of all his father's virtues; and suddenly, with a marvelous towardness, began to promise so much of himself as a man would not have thought possible to be hoped of a man mortal. So that the opinion of men was that, of all Duke Frederick's notable deeds, there was none greater than that he begat such a son. But fortune, envying this so great virtue, with all her might gainstood this so glorious a beginning, in such wise that before Duke Guidubaldo was twenty years of age, he fell sick of the gout, the which increasing upon him with most bitter pains, in a short time so numbed him of all his members that he could neither stand on foot nor move himself. And in this manner was one of the best favored and towardliest personages in the world deformed and marred in his green age. And beside, not satisfied with this, fortune was so contrary to him in all his purposes that

very seldom he brought to pass anything to his mind. And for all he had in him most wise counsel and an invincible courage, yet it seemed that whatsoever he took in hand, both in feats of arms and in every other thing, small or great, it came always to ill success. And of this make proof his many and divers calamities, which he always bore out with such stoutness of courage that virtue never yielded to fortune. But, with a bold stomach despising her storms, lived with great dignity and estimation among all men: in sickness, as one that was sound, and in adversity, as one that was most fortunate. So that, for all he was thus diseased in his body, he served in time of war with most honorable entertainment under the most famous kings of Naples, Alphonsus and Ferdinand the younger; afterward with Pope Alexander the VI. with the lords of Venice and Florence. And when Julius the II. was created pope, he was then made general captain of the church; at which time, proceeding in his accustomed usage, he set his delight above all things to have his house furnished with most noble and valiant gentlemen, with whom he lived very familiarly, enjoying their conversation; wherein the pleasure which he gave unto other men was no less than that he received of other, because he was very well seen in both tongues, and, together with a loving behavior and pleasantness, he had also accompanied the knowledge of infinite things. And beside this, the greatness of his courage so quickened him that where he was not in case with his person to practise the feats of chivalry as he had done long before, yet did he take very great delight to behold them in other men; and with his words sometime correcting, and other while praising, every man according to his deserts, he declared evidently how great a judgment he had in those matters. And upon this, at tilt, at tourney, in riding, in playing at all sorts of weapon, also in inventing devices, in pastimes, in music, finally in all exercises meet for noble gentlemen, every man strived to show himself such a one as might deserve to be judged worthy of so noble an assembly. Therefore were all the hours of the day divided into honorable and pleasant exercises, as well of the body as of the mind.

But because the duke used continually, by reason of his infirmity, soon after supper to go to his rest, every man ordinarily at that hour drew where the duchess was, the Lady Elizabeth Gonzaga. Where also continually was the Lady Emilia Pia, who, for that she was endowed with so lively a wit and judgment, as you know, seemed the mistress and ringleader of all the company, and that every man at her received understanding and courage. There was then to be heard pleasant communication and merry conceits, and in every man's countenance a man might perceive painted a loving jocundness. So that this house truly might well be called the very mansion place of mirth and joy. And I believe it was never so tasted in other place, what manner a thing the sweet conversation [is]

that is occasioned of an amiable and loving company, as it was once there. For, leaving apart what honor it was to all us to serve such a lord as he whom I declared unto you right now, every man conceived in his mind an high contentation every time we came into the duchess' sight. And it appeared that this was a chain that kept all linked together in love, in such wise that there was never agreement of will or hearty love greater between brethren than was there between us all. The like was between the women, with whom we had such free and honest conversation that every man might commune, sit, dally, and laugh with whom he had lusted. But such was the respect which we bore to the duchess' will that the self-same liberty was a very great bridle. Neither was there any that thought it not the greatest pleasure he could have in the world to please her, and the greatest grief to offend her. For this respect were there most honest conditions coupled with wondrous great liberty, and devices of pastimes and laughing matters tempered in her sight, beside most witty jests with so comely and grave a majesty, that the very sober mood and greatness that did knit together all the acts, words, and gestures of the duchess in jesting and laughing made them also, that had never seen her in their life before, to count her a very great lady. And all that came in her presence having this respect fixed in their breast, it seemed she had made them to her beck; so that every man enforced himself to follow this trade, taking (as it were) a rule and example of fair conditions at the presence of so great and so virtuous a lady. Whose most excellent qualities I intend not now to express, for it is neither my purpose, and again they are well enough known to the world, and much better than I am able, either with tongue or with pen, to indite. And such as would perhaps have lien hid a space, fortune, as she that wondereth at so rare virtues, hath thought good, with many adversities and temptations of miseries, to disclose them, to make trial thereby that in the tender breast of a woman, in company with singular beauty, there can dwell wisdom, and stoutness of courage, and all other virtues that in grave men themselves are most seldom.

But leaving this apart, I say that the manner of all the gentlemen in the house was immediately after supper to assemble together where the duchess was. Where, among other recreations, music and dancing, which they used continually, sometime they propounded feat questions, other while they invented certain witty sports and pastimes, at the device sometime of one, sometime of another, in the which, under sundry coverts, oftentimes the standers-by opened subtlely their imaginations unto whom they thought best. At other times there arose other disputations of divers matters, or else jestings with prompt inventions. Many times they fell into purposes, as we nowadays term them, where, in this kind of talk and debating of matters, there was wondrous great pleasure on all sides, because

(as I have said) the house was replenished with most noble wits. Among which (as you know) were most famous the Lord Octavian Fregoso, Sir Frederick, his brother, the Lord Julian de Medici, M. Peter Bembo, the Lord Cesare Gonzaga, Count Lewis of Canossa, the Lord Gaspar Pallavicin, the Lord Lodovicus Pius, M. Morello of Ortona, Peter of Naples, M. Robert of Bari, and infinite other most worthy knights and gentlemen. Beside these there were many that for all ordinarily they dwelled not there, yet spent they most of their time there, as M. Bernard Bibiena, Unico Aretino, Johnchristopher Romano, Peter Mount, Therpander, M. Nicholas Phrisio, so that thither ran continually poets, musicians, and all kind of men of skill, and the excellentest in every faculty that were in all Italy.

After Pope Julius the II. had with his own presence, by the aid of the Frenchmen, brought Bologna to the obedience of the apostolic see again, in the year 1506, in his return toward Rome, he took Urbin in his way, where he was received as honorably as was possible, and with as sumptuous and costly preparation as could have been in any other city of Italy, whatsoever it be. So that, beside the pope, all the cardinals and other courtiers thought themselves thoroughly satisfied. And some there were that, provoked with the sweetness of this company, after the pope and the court was departed, continued many days together in Urbin. At which time they did not only proceed in their accustomed trade of disporting and ordinary recreations, but also every man set to his helping hand to augment them somewhat, and especially in pastimes, which they had up almost every night. And the order thereof was such that, as soon as they were assembled where the duchess was, every man sat him down at his will or as it fell to his lot, in a circle together, and, in sitting, were divided a man and a woman, as long as there were women, for always (lightly) the number of men was far the greater. Then were they governed as the duchess thought best, which many times gave this charge unto the Lady Emilia.

So the day after the pope was departed, the company being gathered to the accustomed place, after much pleasant talk, the duchess' pleasure was that the Lady Emilia should begin these pastimes. And she, after a little refusing of that charge, said in this manner: "Sith it is your pleasure (madam), I shall be she that must give the onset in our pastimes this night, because I ought not of reason disobey you, I think meet to propound a pastime whereof I suppose shall ensue little blame and less travail. And that shall be to have every man, as nigh as he can, propound a device not yet heard of, then shall we choose out such a one as shall be thought meet to be taken in hand in this company."

And after she had thus spoken, she turned her unto the Lord Gaspar

Pallavicin, willing him to propound his; who immediately made answer: "But first (madam) you must begin to propound yours."

Then said the Lady Emilia: "I have already done. But Your Grace must command him (madam) to be obedient."

Then the duchess laughing, "To the intent," quoth she, "every man shall obey you, I make you my deputy, and give unto you all mine authority."

"It is surely a great matter," answered the Lord Gaspar, "that it is always lawful for women to have this privilege, to be exempt and free from painstaking, and truly reason would we should in any wise know why. But because I will not be he that shall give example to disobey, I shall leave this until another time, and will speak of that I am now charged withal, and thus I begin. Mine opinion is that our minds, as in other things, so also in loving, are diverse in judgment, and therefore it chanceth oftentimes that the thing which is most acceptable unto one is most abhorred of another. Yet, for all that, they always agree in that every man counteth most dear the wight beloved. So that many times the overmuch affection in lovers doth so deceive their judgment that they ween the person whom they love to be so garnished with all excellent virtues and without fault that he hath no peer in the world. But because the nature of man doth not admit such full perfections, and there is no man that hath not some default or want in him, it cannot be said that such as these be are not deceived, and that the lover doth not become blind as touching the beloved. I would, therefore, our pastime should be this night to have every man open what virtues he would principally the person he loveth should be endowed withal. And seeing it is so necessarily that we all have some spot, what vice he would also have in him: to see who can find out most praiseworthy and manly virtues and most tolerable vices that should be least hurtful both to him that loveth and to the wight beloved."

After the Lord Gaspar had thus spoken, the Lady Emilia made a sign unto the Lady Constance Fregosa, because she was next in order to follow; who was now about to speak, when the duchess suddenly said: "Seeing the Lady Emilia will not take the pain to find out some pastime, reason willeth that the other ladies should be partakers of the same privilege, and be also free from this burden for this night, especially seeing there are so many men in place; for assure yourself we shall want no pastimes."

"So shall we do," answered the Lady Emilia, and, putting the Lady Constance to silence, turned her to the Lord Cesare Gonzaga, that sat next her, commanding him to speak, and thus he began: "Whoso will diligently consider all our doings, he shall find always in them sundry imperfections. And that happeneth because nature doth vary as well in this

as in all other things. Unto one she hath given the light of reason in one thing, and unto another in another thing. Therefore it cometh to pass where one man knoweth that another knoweth not, and is ignorant in the thing that the other hath understanding in; each man doth easily perceive the error of his fellow, and not his own, and we all think ourselves to be very wise, and peradventure in that point most wherein we are most foolish. So that we have seen by experience in this house many men which at the beginning were counted most wise, in process of time were known to be most foolish. Which hath proceeded of no other thing but of our own diligence, like as it is said to be in Pulia of them that are bitten with a tarantula, about whom men occupy many instruments of music, and with sundry sounds go searching out, until the humor that maketh this disease, by a certain concordance it hath with some of those sounds, feeling it, doth suddenly move, and so stirreth the patient, that, by that stirring, he recovereth his health again. In like manner, we, when we have felt some privy operation of folly, we provoke it so subtlely and with such sundry persuasions, and so divers ways that at length we understand whither it tended. Afterward, the humor known, we so stir it that always it is brought to the perfection of open folly. And some is waxed foolish in verses, some in music, some in love, some in dancing, some in making antiques, some in riding, some in playing at fence, every man according to the moine of his metal; whereby hath ensued (as you know) marvelous great pastime. I hold therefore for certain that in every one of us there is some seed of folly, the which being stirred may multiply (in a manner) infinite. Therefore, I would this night our pastime were to dispute upon this matter: and that every man might say his mind, seeing I must be openly foolish in what sort of folly I am foolish, and over what matter, judging it the issue for the sparkles of folly that are daily seen to proceed from me. And let the like be said of all the rest, keeping the order of our devices, and let every man do his best to ground his opinion upon some sure sign and argument, and so, by this our pastime, shall every one of us get profit, in that we shall know our defaults and then shall we the better take heed. And in case the vein of folly which we shall discover be so rank that it shall appear to us past remedy, we will set thereto our helping hand, and, according to the doctrine of Friar Marion, we shall gain a soul, which shall be no small gain."

At this device there was much laughing, and none could refrain from speaking. One said, I should be found foolish in imagining; another, in viewing; another said he was already become foolish for love; and such like matters. . . .

Every man looked what the Lady Emilia would make answer to this, but, without any word speaking to Bembo, she turned her and made a sign

to Sir Frederick Fregoso to shew his device. And he incontinently began thus: "Madam, I would it were lawful for me, as the manner is many times, to remit me to the judgment of another, for I, for my part, would, with all my heart, allow some of the pastimes that have been already propounded by these lords, because, indeed, methink they would be worth the hearing. Yet, lest I should break the order, this I say: whoso would take in hand to praise our court, leaving apart the deserts of the duchess, which ghostly spirit, with her influence, is sufficient to draw from the earth up into heaven the simplest wits in the world, he might well do it without suspicion of flattery. For peradventure in all Italy a man shall have much ado to find out so many gentlemen and noble personages that are so worthy and, beside the principal profession of chivalry, so excellent in sundry things, as are presently here. Therefore, if, in any place, men may be found that deserve the name of good courtiers and can judge what belongeth to the perfection of courtiership, by reason a man may believe them to be here. To disgrace, therefore, many untowardly assheads that through malapertness think to purchase them the name of a good courtier, I would have such a pastime for this night that one of the company might be picked out who should take in hand to shape in words a good courtier, specifying all such conditions and particular qualities as of necessity must be in him that deserveth this name. And in such things as shall not appear necessary, that it may be lawful for every man to reply against them, as the manner of philosophers' schools is against him that keepeth disputations."

Sir Frederick proceeded still forward in his talk when the Lady Emilia, interrupting him, said: "If it be My Lady the Duchess pleases, this shall be our pastime for this once."

The duchess answered: "I am well pleased."

Then (in manner) all the company began to say both to the Duchess and among themselves that this was the trimmest pastime they could have, and, without looking for answer the one of the other, they craved upon the Lady Emilia to appoint who should first begin. Who, turning her toward the duchess, said: "Command you (madam) whom shall please you to take this enterprise in hand, for I will not, by choosing more one than another, declare myself to judge in this behalf, whom I think to be better skilled than the rest, and so do wrong to some."

The Duchess answered: "Make you this choice yourself, and take heed that in disobeying you be not a precedent to the rest to be disobedient."

Then the Lady Emilia said, laughing, unto Lewis, Count of Canossa: "Therefore, for losing any more time, you (Count) shall be he that shall take this enterprise upon him in form and manner as Sir Frederick hath declared. Not for that we know ye are so good a courtier that you have at

your fingers' ends that belongeth thereto; but because, in repeating everything arsyversy, as we hope ye will, we shall have so much the more pastime, and every one shall be able to answer you, where, if another more skilful than you should take it in hand, there should be nothing said against him for telling the truth, and so should we have but a cold pastime."

The count answered by and by: "We need not fear (madam) that we shall want contrarying in words against him that telleth the truth as long as you be here." And after they had laughed a while at this answer, he proceeded on: "But truly I would, with all my heart, be rid of this burden, for it is too hard for me. And I know that to be most true in me which you have spoken in jest; namely, that I have no understanding in that belongeth to a good courtier. And this do I not seek to prove with any other trial, for, seeing I do not the deeds, a man may judge I understand it not, and I believe I am the less to be blamed. For out of doubt it is a worse matter not to do well than not to understand how to do it. Yet, seeing your pleasure is that I shall take this charge upon me, I cannot, nor will, refuse it, for withstanding your order and judgment, the which I know is much better than mine."

Then the Lord Cesare Gonzaga: "Because it is now," quoth he, "well forward in night and have here ready for us other sorts of pastimes, peradventure it should not be amiss to defer this reasoning until to-morrow, and the count shall have leisure to think better upon that he hath to say: for, in very deed, to entreat upon such a matter at the first sight, it is a hard thing."

Then answered the count: "I will not do as he did that stripped himself into his doublet and leaped less ground than he did before in his coat. And methink my luck is good that it is late, because the shortness of time shall make me use few words, and the suddenness of the matter shall so excuse me that it shall be lawful for me to speak without blame whatsoever cometh first to mind. Because I will not, therefore, carry this burden of duty any longer upon my shoulders, this I say: in everything it is so hard a matter to know the true perfection that it is almost unpossible, and that by reason of the variety of judgments. Therefore, many there are that delight in a man of much talk, and him they call a pleasant fellow. Some will delight more in modesty, some other will fancy a man that is active and always doing; other, one that sheweth a quietness and a respect in everything. And thus doth every man praise or dispraise according to his fancy, always covering a vice with the name of the next virtue to it, and a virtue with the name of the next vice: as in calling him that is saucy, bold; him that is sober, dry; him that is seely, good; him that is unhappy, witty; and likewise in the rest. Yet do I think that each thing hath his perfection, although it be hid, and, with reasonable discourses, might be

judged of him that hath knowledge in the matter. And forasmuch as the truth (as I have said) is oftentimes hid, and I take not upon me to have this knowledge, I cannot praise but that kind of courtiers which I set most by, and allow that which seemeth unto me most nigh the truth, in my small judgment. The which you shall follow if ye think it good, or else stick to your own, if it shall vary from mine. Neither will I (for all that) stand stiff that mine is better than yours, for not only one thing may seem unto you and another to me, but also unto myself it may appear sometime one thing, sometime another.

"I will have this, our courtier, therefore, to be a gentleman born and of a good house. For it is a great deal less dispraise for him that is not born a gentleman to fail in the acts of virtue than for a gentleman. If he swerve from the steps of his ancestors, he staineth the name of his family, and doth not only not get, but loseth, that is already gotten. For nobleness of birth is (as it were) a clear lamp that sheweth forth and bringeth into light works both good and bad, and inflameth and provoketh unto virtue, as well with the fear of slander as also with the hope of praise. And whereas this brightness of nobleness doth not discover the works of the unnoble, they have a want of provocation and of fear of slander, and they reckon not themselves bound to wade any further than their ancestors did before them, whereas the noble of birth count it a shame not to arrive, at the least, at the bounds of their predecessors set forth unto them. Therefore, it chanceth always (in a manner), both in arms and in all other virtuous acts, that the most famous men are gentlemen. Because nature in everything hath deeply sowed that privy seed which giveth a certain force and property of her beginning unto whatsoever springeth of it and maketh it like unto herself. As we see by example not only in the race of horses and other beasts, but also in trees, whose slips and grafts always, for the most part, are like unto the stock of the tree they came from; and if at any time they grow out of kind, the fault is in the husbandman. And the like is in men, if they be trained up in good nurture, most commonly they resemble them from whom they come and oftentimes pass them, but if they have not one that can well train them up, they grow (as it were) wild, and never come to their ripeness. Truth it is, whether it be through the favor of the stars or of nature, some there are born endowed with such graces that they seem not to have been born, but rather fashioned with the very hand of some god, and abound in all goodness both of body and mind. As again we see some so unapt and dull that a man will not believe but nature hath brought them into the world for a spite and mockery. And like as these, with continual diligence and good bringing up, for the most part can bring small fruit; even so, the other, with little attendance, climb to the full perfection of all excellency. Mark me, the Lord Hippolitus da

Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, he hath had so happy a birth that his person, his countenance, his words, and all his gestures are so fashioned and compact with this grace that, among the most ancient prelates (for all he is but young), he doth represent so grave an authority that a man would ween he were more meet to teach than needful to learn. Likewise, in company with men and women of all degrees, in sporting, in laughing, and in jesting he hath in him a certain sweetness and so comely demeanors that whoso speaketh with him or yet beholdeth him must needs bear him an affection forever.

"But, returning to our purpose, I say that, between this excellent grace and that fond foolishness, there is yet a mean, and they that are not by nature so perfectly furnished, with study and diligence may polish and correct a great part of the defaults of nature. The courtier, therefore, beside nobleness of birth, I will have him to be fortunate in this behalf, and by nature to have not only a wit and a comely shape of person and countenance, but also a certain grace, and (as they say) a hue that shall make him, at the first sight, acceptable and loving unto whoso beholdeth him. And let this be an ornament to frame and accompany all his acts, and to assure men in his look such a one to be worthy the company and favor of every great man."

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[*From the Fourth Book*]

Then the Lord Gaspar: "I remember," quoth he, "that these lords yesternight, reasoning of the Courtier's qualities, did allow him to be a lover, and in making rehearsal of as much as hitherto hath been spoken, a man may pick out a conclusion that the Courtier (which with his worthiness and credit must incline his Prince to virtue) must in manner of necessity be aged, for knowledge cometh very seldom times before years, and specially in matters that be learned with experience. I cannot see, when he is well drawn in years, how it will stand well with him to be a lover, considering (as it hath been said the other night) love frameth not with old men, and the tricks that in young men be gallantness, courtesy and preciseness so acceptable to women, in them are mere follies and fondness to be laughed at, and purchase him that useth them hatred of women and mocks of others. Therefore in case this your Aristotle (an old Courtier) were a lover, and practiced the feats that young lovers do (as some that we have seen in our days), I fear me he would forget to teach his Prince; and paraventure boys would mock him behind his back, and women would have none other delight in him but to make him a jesting stock."

Then said the Lord Octavian: "Since all the other qualities appointed to the Courtier are meet for him, although he be old, me think we should not then bar him from this happiness to love."

"Nay rather," quoth the Lord Gaspar, "to take this love from him, is a perfection over and above, and a making him to live happily out of misery and wretchedness."

M[aster]. Peter Bembo said: "Remember you not (my Lord Gaspar) that the Lord Octavian declared the other night in his device of pastimes, although he be not skilful in love, to know yet that there be some lovers which reckon the disdains, the angers, the debates and torments which they receive of their ladies, sweet? Whereupon he required to be taught the cause of this sweetness. Therefore in case our Courtier (though he be old) were kindled with those loves that be sweet without any bitter smack, he should feel no misery nor wretchedness at all. And being wise, as we set case he is, he should not be deceived in thinking to be meet for him whatsoever were meet for young men, but in loving should perhaps love after a sort that might not only not bring him in slander but to much praise and great happiness, without any loathsomeness at all, the which very seldom or (in manner) never happeneth to young men; so should he neither lay aside the teaching of his Prince, nor yet commit anything that should deserve the mocking of boys."

Then spake the Duchess: "I am glad (M. Peter) that you have not been much troubled, in our reasonings this night, for now we may be the bolder to give you in charge to speak, and to teach the Courtier this so happy a love, which bringeth with it neither slander, nor any inconvenience; for perhaps it shall be one of the necessariest and profitablest qualities that hitherto hath been given him; therefore speak of good fellowship as much as you know therein."

M. Peter laughed and said: "I would be loath (madam) where I say that it is lawful for old men to love, it should be an occasion for these ladies to think me old; therefore hardly give you this enterprise to another."

The Duchess answered: "You ought not to refuse to be counted old in knowledge, though ye be young in years. Therefore say on, and excuse yourself no more."

M. Peter said: "Surely (madam) if I must entreat upon this matter, I must first go ask counsel of my hermit Lavinello."

The Lady Emilia said then, half in anger: "There is never a one in all the company so disobedient as you be (M. Peter); therefore should the Duchess do well to chastise you somewhat for it."

M. Peter said smiling: "For love of God (madam) be not angry with me, for I will say whatever you will have me."

"Go to, say on then," answered the Lady Emilia.

Then M. Peter, after a while's silence, somewhat settling himself as though he should entreat upon a weighty matter, said thus: "My Lords, to show that old men may love not only without slander, but otherwhile more happily than young men, I must be enforced to make a little discourse to declare what love is, and wherein consisteth the happiness that lovers may have. Therefore I beseech ye give the hearing with heedfulness, for I hope to make you understand that it were not unfitting for any man here to be a lover, in case he were fifteen or twenty years older than M. Morello."

And here, after they had laughed a while, M. Peter proceeded: "I say therefore that according as it is defined of the wise men of old time, Love is nothing else but a certain coveting to enjoy beauty; and forsomuch as coveting longeth for nothing but for things known, it is requisite that knowledge go evermore before coveting, which of his own nature willeth the good, but of himself is blind and knoweth it not. Therefore hath nature so ordained that to every virtue of knowledge there is annexed a virtue of longing. And because in our soul there be three manner ways to know; namely, by sense, reason, and understanding: of sense, there ariseth appetite or longing, which is common to us with brute beasts; of reason ariseth election or choice, which is proper to man; of understanding, by the which man may be partner with angels, ariseth will. Even as therefore the sense knoweth not but sensible matters and that which may be felt, so the appetite or coveting only desireth the same; and even as the understanding is bent but to behold things that may be understood, so is that will only fed with spiritual goods.

"Man of nature endowed with reason, placed (as it were) in the middle between these two extremities, may through his choice inclining to sense, or reaching to understanding, come nigh to the coveting sometime of the one sometime of the other part. In these sorts therefore may beauty be coveted, the general name whereof may be applied to all things, either natural or artificial, that are framed in good proportion, and due temper, as their nature beareth.

"But speaking of the beauty that we mean, which is only it that appeareth in bodies, and especially in the face of man, and moveth this fervent coveting which we call love, we will term it an influence of the heavenly bountifulness, the which for all it stretcheth over all things that be created (like the light of the sun) yet when it findeth out a face well proportioned, and framed with a certain lively agreement of several colors, and set forth with lights and shadows, and with an orderly distance and limits of lines, thereinto it distilleth itself and appeareth most well favored, and decketh out and lighteneth the subject where it shineth with a marvelous

grace and glistering (like the sunbeams that strike against beautiful plate of fine gold wrought and set with precious jewels) so that it draweth unto it men's eyes with pleasure, and piercing through them imprinteth himself in the soul, and with an unwonted sweetness all to stirreth her and delighteth, and, setting her on fire, maketh her to covet him. When the soul then is taken with coveting to enjoy this beauty as a good thing, in case she suffer herself to be guided with the judgment of sense, she falleth into most deep errors, and judgeth the body in which beauty is discerned to be the principal cause thereof; whereupon, to enjoy it, she reckoneth it necessary to join as inwardly as she can with that body, which is false; and therefore whoso thinketh in possessing the body to enjoy beauty, he is far deceived, and is moved to it, not with true knowledge by the choice of reason, but with false opinion by the longing of sense. Whereupon the pleasure that followeth it, is also false and of necessity full of errors.

"And therefore into one of the two vices run all those lovers that satisfy their unhonest lusts with the women whom they love; for either as soon as they be come to the coveted end, they not only feel a fullness and loathsomeness, but also conceive a hatred against the wight beloved, as though longing repented him of his offense and acknowledged the deceit wrought him by the false judgment of sense, that made him believe the ill to be good; or else they continue in the very same coveting and greediness, as though they were not indeed come to the end which they sought for. And albeit through the blind opinion that hath made them drunken (to their seeming) in that instant they feel a contentment, as the diseased otherwhile, that dream they drink of some clear spring; yet be they not satisfied, nor leave off so. And because of possessing coveted goodness there ariseth always quietness and satisfaction in the possessor's mind, in case this were the true and right end of their coveting, when they possess it they would be at quietness and thoroughly satisfied. Which they be not; but rather deceived through that likeness, they forthwith return again to unbridled coveting, and with the very same trouble which they felt at the first they fall again into the raging and most burning thirst of the thing that they hope in vain to possess perfectly.

"These kind of lovers therefore love most unluckily, for either they never come by their covetings, which is a great unluckiness, or else if they do come by them, they find they come by their hurt, and end their miseries with other greater miseries; for both in the beginning and middle of this love there is never other thing felt but afflictions, torments, griefs, pining, travail, so that to be wan, vexed with continual tears and sighs, to live with a discontented mind, to be always dumb, or to lament, to covet death, in conclusion to be most unlucky, are the properties which (they say) be-

long to lovers. The cause therefore of this wretchedness in men's minds, is principally sense, which in youthful age beareth most sway, because the lustiness of the flesh and of the blood, in that season addeth unto him even so much force as it withdraweth from reason. Therefore doth it easily train the soul to follow appetite or longing, for when she seeth herself drowned in the earthly prison, because she is set in the office to govern the body, she cannot of herself understand plainly at the first the truth of spiritual beholding. Wherefore, to compass the understanding of things, she must go beg the beginning at the senses, and therefore she believeth them, and giveth ear to them, and is contented to be led by them, especially when they have so much courage, that (in a manner) they enforce her and because they be deceitful they fill her with errors and false opinions. Whereupon most commonly it happeneth that young men be wrapped in this sensual love, which is a very rebel against reason; and therefore they make themselves unworthy to enjoy the favors and benefits which love bestoweth upon his true subjects; neither in love feel they any other pleasures than what beasts without reason do, but much more grievous afflictions.

"Setting case therefore this to be so, which is most true, I say that the contrary chanceth to them of a more ripe age. For in case they, when the soul is not now so much weighed down with the bodily burden, and when the natural burning assuageth and draweth to a warmth, if they be inflamed with beauty and to it bend their coveting guided by reasonable choice, they be not deceived, and possess beauty perfectly, and therefore through the possessing of it, always goodness ensueth to them. Because beauty is good, and consequently the true love of it is most good and holy, and evermore bringeth forth good fruites in the souls of them that with the bridle of reason restrain the ill disposition of sense, the which old men can much sooner do than young. It is not therefore out of reason to say that old men may also love without slander and more happily than young men, taking notwithstanding this name old not for the age at the pit's brink, nor when the canals of the body be so feeble that the soul cannot through them work her feats, but when knowledge in us is in his right strength.

"And I will not also hide this from you; namely, that I suppose where sensual love in every age is naught, yet in young men it deserveth excuse, and perhaps in some case lawfull. For although it putteth them in afflictions, dangers, travails, and the unfortunateness that is said, yet are there many that to win them the good will of their ladies practice virtuous things, which for all they be not bent to a good end, yet are they good of themselves; and so of that much bitterness they pick out a little sweetness,

and through the adversities which they sustain, in the end they acknowledge their error. As I judge therefore those young men that bridle their appetites, and love with reason, to be godly; so do I hold excused such as yield to sensual love, whereunto they be so inclined through the weakness and frailty of man, so they show therein meekness, courtesy, and prowess, and the other worthy conditions that these Lords have spoken of, and when those youthful years be gone and past, leave it off clean, keeping aloof from this sensual coveting as from the lowermost step of the stairs by the which a man may ascend to true love. But in case after they draw in years once, they reserve still in their cold heart the fire of appetites, and bring stout reason in subjection to feeble sense, it cannot be said how much they are to be blamed; for like men without sense they deserve with an everlasting shame to be put in the number of unreasonable living creatures, because the thoughts and ways of sensual love be far unfitting for ripe age."

Here Bembo paused a while as though he would breathe him, and when all things were whist M. Morello of Ortona said: "And in case there were some old man more fresh and lusty and of a better complexion than many young men, why would you not have it lawful for him to love with the love that young men love?"

The Duchess laughed and said: "If the love of young men be so unlucky, why would you (M. Morello) that old men should also love with this unluckiness? But in case you were old (as these men say you be) you would not thus procure the hurt of old men."

M. Morello answered: "The hurt of old men (meseemeth) M. Peter Bembo procureth, who will have them to love after a sort that I for my part understand not; and (methink) the possessing of this beauty, which he praiseth so much, without the body, is a dream."

"Do you believe, M. Morello," quoth then Count Lewis, "that beauty is always so good a thing as M. Peter Bembo speaketh of?"

"Not I in good sooth," answered M. Morello. "But I remember rather that I have seen many beautiful women of a most ill inclination, cruel, and spiteful, and it seemeth that (in a manner) it happeneth always so, for beauty maketh them proud; and pride, cruel."

Count Lewis said smiling: "To you perhaps they seem cruel, because they content you not with it that you would have. But cause M. Peter Bembo to teach you in what sort old men ought to covet beauty, and what to seek at their ladies' hands, and what to content themselves withal; and in not passing out of these bounds, you shall see that they shall be neither proud nor cruel, and will satisfy you with what you shall require."

M. Morello seemed then somewhat out of patience, and said: "I will

not know the thing that toucheth me not. But cause you to be taught how the young men ought to covet this beauty, that are not so fresh and lusty as old men be."

Here Sir Frederick, to pacify M. Morello and to break their talk, would not suffer Count Lewis to make answer, but interrupting him said: "Perhaps M. Morello is not altogether out of the way in saying that beauty is not always good, for the beauty of women is many times cause of infinite evils in the world: hatred, war, mortality, and destruction, whereof the razing of Troy can be a good witness. And beautiful women for the most part be either proud and cruel (as is said) or unchaste, but M. Morello would find no fault with that. There be also many wicked men that have the comeliness of a beautiful countenance, and it seemeth that nature hath so shaped them, because they may be the readier to deceive, and that this amiable look were like a bait that covereth the hook."

Then M. Peter Bembo: "Believe not," quoth he, "but beauty is always good."

Here Count Lewis, because he would return again to his former purpose, interrupted him and said: "Since M. Morello passeth not to understand that which is so necessary for him, teach it me, and show me how old men may come by this happiness of love, for I will not care to be counted old, so it may profit me."

M. Peter Bembo laughed and said: "First will I take the error out of these gentlemen's minds, and afterward will I satisfy you also." So, beginning afresh, "My Lords," quoth he, "I would not that with speaking ill of beauty, which is a holy thing, any of us, as profane and wicked, should purchase him the wrath of God. Therefore to give M. Morello and Sir Frederick warning that they lose not their sight, as Stesichorus did, a pain most meet for whoso dispraiseth beauty, I say that beauty cometh of God, and is like a circle, the goodness whereof is the center. And therefore, as there can be no circle without a center, no more can beauty be without goodness. Whereupon doth very seldom an ill soul dwell in a beautiful body. And therefore is the outward beauty a true sign of the inward goodness, and in bodies this comeliness is imprinted more or less (as it were) for a mark of the soul, whereby she is outwardly known; as in trees, in which the beauty of the buds giveth a testimony of the goodness of the fruit. And the very same happeneth in bodies, as it is seen that palmisters by the visage know many times the conditions, and otherwhile the thoughts of men. And which is more, in beasts also a man may discern by the face the quality of the courage which in the body declareth itself as much as it can. Judge you how plainly in the face of a lion, a horse, and an eagle, a man shall discern anger, fierceness, and stoutness; in lambs and doves simpleness and very innocence; the crafty subtlety in foxes and

wolves, and the like (in a manner) in all other living creatures. The foul therefore for the most part be also evil, and the beautiful, good. Therefore it may be said that beauty is a face pleasant, merry, comely, and to be desired for goodness; and foulness a face dark, uglysome, unpleasant and to be shunned for ill. And in case you will consider all things, ye shall find that whatsoever is good and profitable hath also evermore the comeliness of beauty.

"Behold the state of this great engine of the world, which God created for the health and preservation of everything that was made. The heaven round beset with so many heavenly lights; and in the middle, the Earth environed with the Elements, and upheld with the very weight of itself. The sun that, compassing about, giveth light to the whole, and in winter season draweth to the lowermost sign; afterward by little and little climbeth again to the other part. The moon, that of him taketh her light, according as she draweth nigh, or goeth farther from him. And the other five stars, that diversely keep the very same course. These things among themselves have such force by the knitting together of an order so necessarily framed that, with altering them any one jot, they should be all loosed, and the world would decay. They have also such beauty and comeliness, that all the wits men have can not imagine a more beautiful matter.

"Think now of the shape of man, which may be called a little world; in whom every parcel of his body is seen to be necessarily framed by art and not by hap, and then the form all together most beautiful, so that it were a hard matter to judge whether the members, as the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the ears, the arms, the breast, and in like manner the other parts give either more profit to the countenance and the rest of the body, or comeliness. The like may be said of all other living creatures. Behold the feathers of fowls, the leaves and boughs of trees, which be given them of nature to keep them in their being, and yet have they withal a very great sightliness. Leave nature, and come to art. What thing is so necessary in sailing vessels as the forepart, the sides, the main yards, the mast, the sails, the stern, oars, anchors, and tacklings; all these things notwithstanding are so well-favored in the eye that unto whoso beholdeth them they seem to have been found out as well for pleasure as for profit. Pillars and great beams uphold high buildings and palaces, and yet are they no less pleasureful unto the eyes of the beholders than profitable to the buildings. When men began first to build, in the middle of temples and houses they reared the ridge of the roof, not to make the works to have a better show, but because the water might the more commodiously avoid on both sides; yet unto profit there was forthwith adjoined a fair sightliness, so that if under the sky where there falleth neither hail nor rain a man should build a

temple, without a reared ridge, it is to be thought that it could have neither a sightly show nor any beauty. Beside other things, therefore, it giveth a great praise to the world in saying that it is beautiful. It is praised in saying the beautiful heaven, beautiful earth, beautiful sea, beautiful rivers, beautiful woods, trees, gardens, beautiful cities, beautiful churches, houses, armies. In conclusion this comely and holy beauty is a wonderous setting out of everything.

"And it may be said that good and beautiful be after a sort one self thing, especially in the bodies of men; of the beauty whereof the highest cause (I suppose) is the beauty of the soul, the which, as a partner of the right and heavenly beauty, maketh sightly and beautiful whatever she toucheth; and most of all, if the body where she dwelleth, be not of so vile a matter that she cannot imprint in it her property. Therefore beauty is the true monument and spoil of the victory of the soul, when she with heavenly influence beareth rule over material and gross nature, and with her light overcometh the darkness of the body. It is not then to be spoken that beauty maketh women proud or cruel, although it seems so to M. Morello. Neither yet ought beautiful women to bear the blame of that hatred, mortality, and destruction which the unbridled appetites of men are the cause of. I will not now deny but it is possible also to find in the world beautiful women unchaste, yet not because beauty inclineth them to unchaste living; for it rather plucketh them from it, and leadeth them into the way of vertuous conditions, through the affinity that beauty hath with goodness. But otherwhile ill bringing up, the continual provocations of lovers, tokens, poverty, hope, deceits, fear, and a thousand other matters overcome the steadfastness, yea of beautiful and good women, and for these and like causes may also beautiful men become wicked."

Then said the Lord Cesare: "In case the Lord Gaspar's saying be true of yesternight, there is no doubt but the fair women be more chaste than the foul."

"And what was my saying?" quoth the Lord Gaspar.

The Lord Cesare answered: "If I do well bear in mind, your saying was that 'The women that are sued to, always refuse to satisfy him that sueth to them, but those that are not sued to, sue to others.' There is no doubt but the beautiful women have always more suitors, and be more instantly laid at in love than the foul. Therefore the beautiful always deny and consequently be more chaste than the foul, which, not being sued to, sue unto others."

M. Peter Bembo laughed and said: "This argument cannot be answered to." Afterward he proceeded: "It chanceth also oftentimes that as the other senses, so the sight is deceived, and judgeth a face beautiful which indeed is not beautiful. And because in the eyes and in the whole

countenance of some women a man beholdeth otherwhile a certain lavish wantonness painted with dishonest flickerings, many—whom that manner delighteth because it promiseth them an easiness to come by the thing that they covet—call it beauty, but indeed it is a cloaked unshamefastness, unworthy of so honorable and holy a name."

M. Peter Bembo held his peace, and those lords still were earnest upon him to speak somewhat of this love and of the way to enjoy beauty aright, and at the last: "Methink," quoth he, "I have showed plainly enough that old men may love more happily than young, which was my drift; therefore it belongeth not me to enter any farther."

Count Lewis answered: "You have better declared the unluckiness of young men than the happiness of old men, whom you have not as yet taught what way they must follow in this love of theirs; only you have said that they must suffer themselves to be guided by reason, and the opinion of many is that it is impossible for love to stand with reason."

Bembo notwithstanding sought to make an end of reasoning, but the Duchess desired him to say on, and he began thus afresh: "Too unlucky were the nature of man, if our soul (in the which this so fervent coveting may lightly arise) should be driven to nourish it with that only which is common to her with beasts, and could not turn it to the other noble part which is proper to her. Therefore, since it is to your pleasure, I will not refuse to reason upon this noble matter. And because I know myself unworthy to talk of the most holy mysteries of love, I beseech him to lead my thought and my tongue so that I may show this excellent Courtier how to love contrary to the wonted manner of the common ignorant sort. And even as from my childhood I have dedicated all my whole life unto him, so also now that my words may be answerable to the same intent and to the praise of him, I say therefore that since the nature of man in youthful age is so much inclined to sense, it may be granted the Courtier, while he is young, to love sensually. But in case afterward also in his riper years, he chance to be set on fire with this coveting of love, he ought to be good and circumspect, and heedful that he beguile not himself to be led willfully into the wretchedness that in young men deserveth more to be pitied than blamed, and contrarywise in old men, more to be blamed than pitied. Therefore, when an amiable countenance of a beautiful woman cometh in his sight, that is accompanied with noble conditions and honest behaviors, so that, as one practiced in love, he wotteth well that his hue hath an agreement with hers, as soon as he is aware that his eyes snatch that image and carry it to the heart, and that the soul beginneth to behold it with pleasure and feeleth within herself the influence that stirreth her and by little and little setteth her in heat, and that those lively spirits that twinkle out through the eyes put continually fresh nourishment

to the fire: he ought in this beginning to seek a speedy remedy and to raise up reason, and with her to fence the fortress of his heart, and to shut in such wise the passages against sense and appetites that they may enter neither with force nor subtle practice. Thus if the flame be quenched, the jeopardy is also quenched.

"But in case it continue or increase, then must the courtier determine (when he preceiveth he is taken) to shun throughly all filthiness of common love, and so enter into the holy way of love with the guide of reason, and first consider that the body, where that beauty shineth, is not the fountain from whence beauty springeth, but rather because beauty is bodiless and (as we have said) an heavenly shining beam, she loseth much of her honor when she is coupled with that vile subject and full of corruption, because the less she is partner thereof, the more perfect she is, and clean sundered from it, is most perfect. And as a man heareth not with his mouth, nor smelleth with his ears, no more can he also in any manner wise enjoy beauty, nor satisfy the desire that she stirreth up in our minds with feeling, but with the sense unto whom beauty is the very butt to level at; namely, the virtue of seeing. Let him lay aside therefore the blind judgment of the sense, and enjoy with his eyes the brightness, the comeliness, the loving sparkles, laughters, gestures, and all the other pleasant furnitures of beauty; especially with hearing the sweetness of her voice, the tunableness of her words, the melody of her singing and playing on instruments (in case the woman beloved be a musician); and so shall he with most dainty food feed the soul through the means of these two senses which have little bodily substance in them, and be the ministers of reason, without entering farther toward the body with coveting unto any longing otherwise than honest.

"Afterward let him obey, please, and honor with all reverence his woman, and reckon her more dear to him than his own life, and prefer all her commodities and pleasures before his own, and love no less in her the beauty of the mind, than of the body. Therefore let him have a care not to suffer her to run into any error, but with lessons and good exhortations seek always to frame her to modesty, to temperance, to true honesty, and so to work that there may never take place in her other than pure thoughts and far wide from all filthiness of vices. And thus in sowing of virtue in the garden of that mind, he shall also gather the fruits of most beautiful conditions, and savor them with a marvelous good relish. And this shall be the right engendering and imprinting of beauty in beauty, the which some hold opinion to be the end of love. In this manner shall our courtier be most acceptable to his lady, and she will always show herself toward him tractable, lowly, and sweet in language, and as willing to please him as to be beloved of him; and the wills of them both shall be

most honest and agreeable, and they consequently shall be most happy."

Here M. Morello: "The engendering," quoth he, "of beauty in beauty aright were the engendering of a beautiful child in a beautiful woman. And I would think it a more manifest token a great deal that she loved her lover, if she pleased him with this than with the sweetness of language that you speak of."

Peter Bembo laughed and said: "You must not, M. Morello, pass your bounds. I may tell you, it is not a small token that a woman loveth when she giveth unto her lover her beauty, which is so precious a matter, and by the ways that be a passage to the soul (that is to say, the sight and the hearing) sendeth the looks of her eyes, the image of her countenance, and the voice of her words, that pierce into the lover's heart, and give a witness of her love."

M. Morello said: "Looks and words may be, and oftentimes are, false witnesses. Therefore whoso hath not a better pledge of love (in my judgment) he is in an ill assurance. And surely I looked still that you would have made this woman of yours somewhat more courteous and free toward the courtier than my Lord Julian hath made his; but (meseemeth) ye be both of the property of those judges that (to appear wise) give sentence against their own."

Bembo said: "I am well pleased to have this woman much more courteous toward my Courtier not young than the Lord Julian's is to the young, and that with good reason, because mine coveteth but honest matters; and therefore may the woman grant him them all without blame. But my Lord Julian's woman, that is not so assured of the modesty of the young man, ought to grant him the honest matters only and deny him the dishonest. Therefore more happy is mine, that hath granted him whatsoever he requireth, than the other, that hath part granted and part denied.

"And because you may, moreover, the better understand that reasonable love is more happy than sensual, I say unto you that selfsame things in sensual ought to be denied otherwhile, and in reasonable, granted; because in the one, they be honest, and in the other dishonest. Therefore the woman to please her good lover, beside the granting him merry countenances, familiar and secret talk, jesting, dallying, hand in hand, may also lawfully and without blame come to kissing, which in sensual love, according to Lord Julian's rules, is not lawful. For since a kiss is a knitting together both of body and soul, it is to be feared lest the sensual lover will be more inclined to the part of the body than of the soul; but the reasonable lover woteth well that although the mouth be a parcel of the body, yet is it an issue for the words that be the interpreters of the soul, and for the inward breath which is also called the soul; and therefore hath a de-

light to join his mouth with the woman's beloved with a kiss, not to stir him to any unhonest desire, but because he feeleth that that bond is the opening of an entry to the souls which, drawn with a coveting the one of the other, pour themselves by turn, the one into the other's body, and be so mingled together that each of them hath two souls, and one alone so framed of them both ruleth (in a manner) two bodies.

"Whereupon a kiss may be said to be rather a coupling together of the soul than of the body, because it hath such force in her that it draweth her unto it, and (as it were) separateth her from the body. For this do all chaste lovers covet a kiss as a coupling of souls together. And therefore Plato the divine lover saith that in kissing his soul came as far as his lips to depart out of the body. And because the separating of the soul from the matters of the sense and the thorough coupling her with matters of understanding may be betokened by a kiss, Solomon saith in his heavenly book of ballads: 'Oh that he would kiss me with a kiss of his mouth,' to express the desire he had that his soul might be ravished through heavenly love to the beholding of heavenly beauty in such manner that coupling herself inwardly with it, she might forsake the body."

They stood all hearkening heedfully to Bembo's reasoning, and after he had stayed a while and saw that none spake, he said: "Since you have made me to begin to show our not young Courtier this happy love, I will lead him yet somewhat farther forward, because to stand still at this stay were somewhat perilous for him, considering (as we have oftentimes said) the soul is most inclined to the senses, and for all reason with discourse chooseth well, and knoweth that beauty not to spring of the body, and therefore setteth a bridle to the unhonest desires, yet to behold it always in that body doth oftentimes corrupt the right judgment. And where no other inconvenience ensueth upon it, one's absence from the wight beloved carryeth a great passion with it, because the influence of that beauty when it is present giveth a wondrous delight to the lover, and setting his heart on fire, quickeneth and melteth certain virtues in a trance and congealed in the soul, the which, nourished with the heat of love, flow about and go bubbling nigh the heart and thrust out through the eyes those spirits which be most fine vapors made of the purest and clearest part of the blood, which receive the image of beauty and deck it with a thousand sundry furnitures. Whereupon the soul taketh a delight, and with a certain wonder is aghast, and yet enjoyeth she it, and (as it were) astonied together with the pleasure, feeleth the fear and reverence that men accustomably have toward holy matters and thinketh herself to be in paradise.

"The lover therefore that considereth only the beauty in the body loseth this treasure and happiness as soon as the woman beloved with her

departure leaveth the eyes without their brightness, and consequently the soul, as a widow, without her joy. For since beauty is far off, that influence of love setteth not the heart on fire, as it did in presence. Whereupon the pores be dried up and withered, and yet doth the remembrance of beauty somewhat stir those virtues of the soul in such wise that they seek to scatter abroad the spirits, and they, finding the ways closed up, have no issue, and still they seek to get out and so, with those shootings inclosed, prick the soul and torment her bitterly, as young children when in their tender gums they begin to breed teeth. And hence come the tears, sighs, vexations, and torments of lovers, because the soul is always in affliction and travail and (in a manner) waxeth wode, until the beloved beauty cometh before her once again; and then is she immediately pacified and taketh breath, and throughly bent to it, is nourished with most dainty food, and by her will would never depart from so sweet a sight. To avoid, therefore, the torment of this absence, and to enjoy beauty without passion, the Courtier, by the help of reason, must full and wholly call back again the coveting of the body to beauty alone, and (in what he can) behold it in itself simple and pure, and frame it within in his imagination sundered from all matter, and so make it friendly and loving to his soul, and there enjoy it, and have it with him day and night, in every time and place, without mistrust ever to lose it, keeping always fast in mind that the body is a most diverse thing from beauty, and not only not increaseth, but diminisheth the perfection of it. In this wise shall our not young Courtier be out of all bitterness and wretchedness that young men feel (in a manner) continually, as jealousies, suspicions, disdains, angers, desperations, and certain rages full of madness; whereby many times they be led into so great error that some do not only beat the women whom they love but rid themselves out of their life. He shall do no wrong to the husband, father, brethren or kinsfolk of the woman beloved. He shall not bring her in slander. He shall not be in case with much ado otherwhile to refrain his eyes and tongue from discovering his desires to others. He shall not take thought at departure or in absence, because he shall evermore carry his precious treasure about with him shut fast within his heart. And beside, through the virtue of imagination he shall fashion within himself that beauty much more fair than it is indeed.

"But among these commodities the lover shall find another yet far greater, in case he will take this love for a stair (as it were) to climb up to another part higher than it. The which he shall bring to pass, if he will go and consider with himself what a strict bond it is to be always in the trouble to behold the beauty of one body alone. And therefore, to come out of this so narrow a room, he shall gather in his thought by little and little so many ornaments that, meddling all beauties together, he

shall make an universal concept and bring the multitude of them to the unity of one alone, that is generally spread over all the nature of man. And thus shall he behold no more the particular beauty of one woman, but an universal that decketh out all bodies. Whereupon, being made dim with this greater light, he shall not pass upon the lesser, and burning in a more excellent flame, he shall little esteem it that he set great store by at the first. This stair of love, though it be very noble and such as few arrive at it, yet is it not in this sort to be called perfect, for so much as where the imagination is of force to make conveyance and hath no knowledge but through those beginnings that the senses help her withal, she is not clean purged from gross darkness: and therefore, though she do consider that universal beauty in sunder and in itself alone, yet doth she not well and clearly discern it, nor without some doubtfulness, by reason of the agreement that the fancies have with the body. Wherefore such as come to this love are like young birds almost flush, which for all they flutter a little their tender wings, yet dare not stray far from the nest, nor commit themselves to the wind and open weather.

"When our Courtier therefore shall be come to this point, although he may be called a good and happy lover in respect of them that be drowned in the misery of sensual love, yet will I not have him to set his heart at rest, but boldly proceed farther, following the high way after his guide, that leadeth him to the point of true happiness. And thus instead of going out of his wit with thought, as he must do that will consider the bodily beauty, he may come into his wit, to behold the beauty that is seen with the eyes of the mind, which then begin to be sharp and through-seeing when the eyes of the body lose the flower of their sightliness. Therefore the soul rid of vices, purged with the studies of true philosophy, occupied in spiritual, and exercised in matters of understanding, turning her to the beholding of her own substance, as it were raised out of a most deep sleep, openeth the eyes that all men have, and few occupy, and seeth in herself a shining beam of that light which is the true image of the angelic beauty partened with her, whereof she also partneth with the body a feeble shadow. Therefore waxed blind about earthly matters, [she] is made most quick of sight about heavenly. And otherwhile when the stirring virtues of the body are withdrawn alone through earnest beholding, either fast bound through sleep, when she is not hindered by them, she feeleth a certain privy smell of the right angelic beauty; and, ravished with the shining of that light, beginneth to be inflamed, and so greedily followeth after, that (in a manner) she waxeth drunken and beside herself for coveting to couple herself with it, having found (to her weening) the footsteps of God, in the beholding of whom (as in her happy end) she seeketh to settle herself. And therefore, burning in this most happy flame,

she ariseth to the noblest part of her (which is the understanding) and there, no more shadowed with the dark night of earthly matters, seeth the heavenly beauty.

"But yet doth she not for all that enjoy it altogether perfectly, because she beholdeth it only in her particular understanding, which cannot conceive the passing great universal beauty; whereupon, not throughly satisfied with this benefit, love giveth unto the soul a greater happiness. For like as through the particular beauty of one body he guideth her to the universal beauty of all bodies, even so in the last degree of perfection, through particular understanding he guideth her to the universal understanding. Thus the soul, kindled in the most holy fire of true heavenly love, fleeth to couple herself with the nature of angels, and not only clean forsaketh sense, but hath no more need of the discourse of reason; for, being changed into an angel, she understandeth all things that may be understood; and without any veil or cloud, she seeth the main sea of the pure heavenly beauty and receiveth it into her, and enjoyeth that sovereign happiness that cannot be comprehended of the senses.

"Since, therefore, the beauties which we daily see with these our dim eyes in bodies subject to corruption, that nevertheless be nothing else but dreams and most thin shadows of beauty, seem unto us so well favored and comely that oftentimes they kindle in us a most burning fire, and with such delight that we reckon no happiness may be compared to it that we feel otherwhile through the only look which the beloved countenance of a woman casteth at us; what happy wonder, what blessed abashment may we reckon that to be that taketh the souls which come to have a sight of the heavenly beauty? What sweet flame? What sweet incense may a man believe that to be which ariseth of the fountain of the sovereign and right beauty? Which is the origin of all other beauty; which never increaseth nor diminisheth, always beautiful, and of itself, as well on the one part as on the other, most simple, only like itself, and partner of none other, but in such wise beautiful that all other beautiful things be beautiful because they be partners of the beauty of it.

"This is the beauty inseparable from the high bounty which with her voice calleth and draweth to her all things; and not only to the endowed with understanding giveth understanding; to the reasonable reason, to the sensual sense and appetite to live, but also partaketh with plants and stones (as a print of herself) stirring, and the natural provocation of their properties. So much therefore is this love greater and happier than others as the cause that stirreth it is more excellent. And therefore, as common fire trieth gold and maketh it fine, so this most holy fire in souls destroyeth and consumeth whatsoever there is mortal in them, and relieveth and maketh beautiful the heavenly part, which at the first by reason of the

sense was dead and buried in them. This is the great fire in the which (the poets write) that Hercules was burned on the top of the mountain Oeta, and through that consuming with fire, after his death was holy and immortal. This is the fiery bush of Moses; the divided tongues of fire; the inflamed chariot of Helias, which doubleth grace and happiness in their souls that be worthy to see it when they forsake this earthly baseness and flee up unto heaven. Let us therefore bend all our force and thoughts of soul to this most holy light that showeth us the way which leadeth to heaven; and after it, putting off the affections we were clad withal at our coming down, let us climb up the stairs, which at the lowermost step have the shadow of sensual beauty, to the high mansion place where the heavenly, amiable, and right beauty dwelleth, which lieth hid in the innermost secrets of God, lest unhallowed eyes should come to the sight of it; and there shall we find a most happy end for our desires, true rest for our travails, certain remedy for miseries, a most healthful medicine for sickness, a most sure haven in the troublesome storms of the tempestuous sea of this life.

"What tongue mortal is there then (O most holy love), that can sufficiently praise thy worthiness? Thou most beautiful, most good, most wise, art derived of the unity of heavenly beauty, goodness and wisdom, and therein dost thou abide, and unto it, through it (as in a circle) turnest about. Thou the most sweet bond of the world, a mean betwixt heavenly and earthly things, with a bountiful temper bindest the high virtues to the government of the lower, and turning back the minds of mortal men to their beginning, couplest them with it. Thou with agreement bringest the Elements in one, stirrest nature to bring forth, and that which ariseth and is born for the succession of the life. Thou bringest severed matters into one, to the imperfect givest perfection, to the unlike likeness, to enmity amity, to the earth fruits, to the sea calmness, to the heaven lively light. Thou art the father of true pleasures, of grace, peace, lowliness, and good will; enemy to rude wildness and sluggishness—to be short, the beginning and end of all goodness. And forsomuch as thou delightest to dwell in the flower of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, I suppose that thy abiding place is now here among us, and from above otherwhile showest thyself a little to the eyes and minds of them that be worthy to see thee.

"Therefore vouchsafe (Lord) to harken to our prayers, pour thyself into our hearts, and with the brightness of thy most holy fire lighten our darkness, and like a trusty guide in this blind maze, show us the right way; reform the falsehood of the senses, and after long wandering in vanity give us the right and sound joy. Make us to smell those spiritual

savors that relieve the virtues of the understanding, and to hear the heavenly harmony so tunable that no discord of passion take place any more in us. Make us drunken with the bottomless fountain of contentation that always doth delight, and never giveth fill, and that giveth a smack of the right bliss unto whoso drinketh of the running and clear water thereof. Purge with the shining beams of thy light our eyes from misty ignorance, that they may no more set by mortal beauty, and well perceive that the things which at the first they thought themselves to see, be not indeed, and those that they saw not, to be in effect. Accept our souls that be offered unto thee for a sacrifice. Burn them in the lively flame that wasteth all gross filthiness, that, after they be clean sundered from the body, they may be coupled with an everlasting and most sweet bond to the heavenly beauty. And we, severed from ourselves, may be changed like right lovers into the beloved, and after we be drawn from the earth, admitted to the feast of the angels; where fed with immortal ambrosia and nectar, in the end we may die a most happy and lively death, as in times past died the fathers of old time, whose souls with most fervent zeal of beholding thou didst hale from the body and coupledst them with God."

When Bembo had hitherto spoken with such vehemency that a man would have thought him (as it were) ravished and beside himself, he stood still without once moving, holding his eyes toward heaven as astonied, when the Lady Emilia, which together with the rest gave most diligent ear to this talk, took him by the pleat of his garment and plucking him a little, said: "Take heed (M. Peter) that these thoughts make not your soul also to forsake the body."

"Madam," answered M. Peter, "it should not be the first miracle that love hath wrought in me."

Then the Duchess and all the rest began afresh to be instant upon M. Bembo that he would proceed once more in his talk, and everyone thought he felt in his mind (as it were) a certain sparkle of that godly love that pricked him, and they all coveted to hear further; but M. Bembo: "My Lords," quoth he, "I have spoken what the holy fury of love hath (unsought for) indited to me. Now that (it seemeth) he inspireth me no more, I wot not what to say. And I think verily that love will not have his secrets discovered any farther, nor that the Courtier should pass the degree that his pleasure is I should show him, and therefore it is not perhaps lawful to speak any more in this matter."

"Surely," quoth the Duchess, "if the not young Courtier be such a one that he can follow this way which you have showed him, of right he ought to be satisfied with so great a happiness, and not to envy the younger."

Then the Lord Cesare Gonzaga: "The way," quoth he, "that leadeth to this happiness is so steep (in my mind) that I believe it will be much ado to get to it."

The Lord Gaspar said: "I believe it be hard to get up for men, but impossible for women."

The Lady Emilia laughed and said: "If ye fall so often to offend us, I promise you ye shall be no more forgiven."

The Lord Gaspar answered: "It is no offence to you in saying that women's souls be not so purged from passions as men's be, nor accustomed in beholdings, as M. Peter hath said is necessary for them to be that will taste of the heavenly love. Therefore it is not read that ever woman hath had this grace; but many men have had it, as Plato, Socrates, Plotinus, and many other; and a number of our holy fathers, as Saint Francis, in whom a fervent spirit of love imprinted the most holy seal of the five wounds. And nothing but the virtue of love could hale up Saint Paul the Apostle to the sight of those secrets which is not lawful for man to speak of, nor show Saint Stephen the heavens open."

Here answered the Lord Julian: "In this point men shall nothing pass women, for Socrates himself doth confess that all the mysteries of love which he knew were opened unto him by a woman, which was Diotima. And the Angel that with the fire of love imprinted the five wounds in Saint Francis hath also made some women worthy of the same print in our age. You must remember, moreover, that Saint Mary Magdalen had many faults forgiven her because she loved much, and perhaps with no less grace than Saint Paul was she many times through angelic love haled up to the third heaven. And many other (as I showed you yesterday more at large) that for love of the name of Christ have not passed upon life, nor feared torments, nor any other kind of death how terrible and cruel ever it were. And they were not (as M. Peter will have his Courtier to be) aged, but soft and tender maidens, and in the age when he saith that sensual love ought to be borne withal in men."

The Lord Gaspar began to prepare himself to speak, but the Duchess: "Of this," quoth she, "let M. Peter be judge, and the matter shall stand to his verdict, whether women be not as meet for heavenly love as men. But because the plead between you may happen be too long, it shall not be amiss to defer it until tomorrow."

"Nay, tonight," quoth the Lord Cesare Gonzaga.

"And how can it be tonight?" quoth the Duchess.

The Lord Cesare answered: "Because it is day already"; and showed her the light that began to enter in at the clefts of the windows.

Then every man arose upon his feet with much wonder, because they had not thought that the reasonings had lasted longer than the accustomed

wont, saving only that they were begun much later, and with their pleasantness had deceived so the Lords' minds that they wist not of the going away of the hours. And not one of them felt any heaviness of sleep in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is up after his accustomed hour to go to bed. When the windows then were opened on the side of the palace that hath his prospect toward the high top of Mount Catri, they saw already risen in the east a fair morning like unto the color of roses, and all stars voided, saving only the sweet governess of the heaven, Venus, which keepeth the bounds of the night and the day; from which appeared to blow a sweet blast, that, filling the air with a biting cold, began to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birds among the hushing woods of the hills at hand. Whereupon they all, taking their leave with reverence of the Duchess, departed toward their lodgings without torch, the light of the day sufficing. And as they were now passing out at the great chamber door, the Lord General turned him to the Duchess, and said: "Madam, to take up the variance between the Lord Gaspar and the Lord Julian, we will assemble this night with the judge sooner than we did yesterday."

The Lady Emilia answered, "Upon condition that in case my Lord Gaspar will accuse women, and give them (as his wont is) some false report, he will also put us in surety to stand to trial, for I reckon him a wavering starter."

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A brief rehearsal of the chief conditions and qualities in a Courtier.

To be well born and of a good stock.

To be of a mean stature, rather with the least than too high, and well made to his proportion.

To be portly and amiable in countenance unto whoso beholdeth him.

Not to be womanish in his sayings or doings.

Not to praise himself unshamefully and out of reason.

Not to crake and boast of his acts and good qualities.

To shun affectation or curiosity about all thing in all things.

To do his feats with a slight, as though they were rather naturally in him than learned with study; and use a recklessness to cover art, without minding greatly what he hath in hand, to a man's seeming.

Not to carry about tales and trifling news.

Not to be overseen in speaking words otherwhile that may offend where he meant it not.

Not to be stubborn, willfull nor full of contention; nor to contrary and overthwart men after a spiteful sort.

Not to be a babbler, brawler or chatter, nor lavish of his tongue.
Not to be given to vanity and lightness, nor to have a fantastical head.
No liar.
No fond flatterer.
To be well spoken and fair languaged.
To be wise and well seen in discourses upon states.
To have a judgment to frame himself to the manners of the country wherever he cometh.
To be able to allege good and probable reasons upon every matter.
To be seen in tongues, and especially in Italian, French, and Spanish.
To direct all things to a good end.
To procure wherever he goeth that men may first conceive a good opinion of him before he cometh there.
To fellowship himself for the most part with men of the best sort and of most estimation, and with his equals, so he be also beloved of his inferiors.
To play for his pastime at dice and cards, not wholly for money's sake, nor fume and chafe in his loss.
To be meanly seen in the play at chess, and not overcunning.
To be pleasantly disposed in common matters and in good company.
To speak and write the language that is most in use among the common people, without inventing new words, inkhorn terms, or strange phrases, and such as be grown out of use by long time.
To be handsome and cleanly in his apparel.
To make his garments after the fashion of the most, and those to be black, or of some darkish and sad color, not garish.
To get him an especial and hearty friend to company withal.
Not to be ill tongued, especially against his betters.
Not to use any fond sauciness or presumption.
To be no envious or malicious person.
To be an honest, a fair conditioned man, and of an upright conscience.
To have the virtues of the mind, as justice, manliness, wisdom, temperance, staidness, noble courage, sober mood, etc.
To be more than indifferently well seen in learning, in the Latin and Greek tongues.
Not to be rash, nor persuade himself to know the thing that he knoweth not.
To confess his ignorance, when he seeth time and place thereto, in such qualities as he knoweth himself to have no manner skill in.
To be brought to show his feats and qualities at the desire and request of others, and not rashly press to it of himself.
To speak always of matters likely, lest he be counted a liar in reporting of wonders and strange miracles.

To have the feat of drawing and painting.
To dance well without over nimble footings or too busy tricks.
To sing well upon the book.
To play upon the lute, and sing to it with the ditty.
To play upon the viol, and all other instruments with frets.
To delight and refresh the hearers' minds in being pleasant, feat conceited, and a merry talker, applied to time and place.
Not to use sluttish and ruffianlike pranks with any man.
Not to become a jester or scoffer to put any man out of countenance.
To consider whom he doth taunt and where, for he ought not to mock poor silly souls, nor men of authority, nor common ribalds and persons given to mischief, which deserve punishment.
To be skilful in all kind of martial feats both on horseback and afoot, and well practised in them; which is his chief profession, though his understanding be the less in all other things.
To play well at fence upon all kind of weapons.
To be nimble and quick at the play at tennis.
To hunt and hawk.
To ride and manage well his horse.
To be a good horseman for every saddle.

To swim well.
To leap well.
To run well.
To vault well.
To wrestle well.
To cast the stone well.
To cast the bar well.

Seldom in open sight of the people but privily with himself alone, or among his friends and familiars.

To run well at tilt, and at ring.
To tourney.
To fight at barriers.
To keep a passage or straight.
To play at *jogo di canne*.
To run at bull.
To fling a spear or dart.

These things in open sight to delight the common people withal.

Not to run, wrestle, leap, nor cast the stone or bar with men of the country, except he be sure to get the victory.
To set out himself in feats of chivalry in open shows well provided of horse and harness, well trapped and armed, so that he may show himself nimble on horseback.

Never to be of the last that appear in the lists at jousts, or in any open shows.

To have in triumphs comely armor, bases, scarves, trappings, liveries, and such other things of sightly and merry colors, and rich to behold, with witty poesies and pleasant devices to allure unto him chiefly the eyes of the people.

To disguise himself in maskery either on horseback or afoot, and to take the shape upon him that shall be contrary to the feat that he mindeth to work.

To undertake his bold feats and courageous enterprises in war out of company, and in the sight of the most noble personages in the camp, and (if it be possible) before his Prince's eyes.

Not to hazard himself in foraging and spoiling or in enterprises of great danger and small estimation, though he be sure to gain by it.

Not to wait upon or serve a wicked and naughty person.

Not to seek to come up by any naughty or subtle practise.

Not to commit any mischievous or wicked fact at the will and commandment of his Lord or Prince.

Not to follow his own fancy, or alter the express words in any point of his commission from his Prince or Lord, unless he be assured that the profit will be more, in case it have good success, than the damage, if it succeed ill.

To use evermore toward his Prince or Lord the respect that becometh the servant toward his master.

To endeavor himself to love, please, and obey his Prince in honesty.

Not to covet to press into the Chamber or other secret part where his Prince is withdrawn at any time.

Never to be sad, melancholy, or sullen before his Prince.

Seldom or never to sue to his Lord for anything for himself.

His suit to be honest and reasonable when he sueth for others.

To reason of pleasant and merry matters when he is withdrawn with him into private and secret places, always doing him to understand the truth without dissimulation or flattery.

Not to love promotions so, that a man should think he could not live without them; nor unshamefastly to beg any office.

To refuse them after such a comely sort, that the Prince offering him them may have a cause to offer them with a more instance.

Not to press to his Prince wherever he be, to hold him with a vain tale, that others should think him in favor with him.

To consider well what it is that he doeth or speaketh, where, in presence of whom, what time, why, his age, his profession, the end, and the means.

The final end of a courtier, whereto all his good conditions and honest qualities tend, is to become an instructor and teacher of his Prince or Lord, inclining him to virtuous practises; and to be frank and free with him, after he is once in favor, in matters touching his honor and estimation, always putting him in mind to follow virtue and to flee vice, opening unto him the commodities of the one and inconveniences of the other; and to shut his ear against flatterers, which are the first beginning of self-seeking and all ignorance.

His conversation with women to be always gentle, sober, meek, lowly, modest, serviceable, comely, merry; not biting or slandering with jests, nips, frumps, or railings, the honesty of any.

His love toward women not to be sensual or fleshly, but honest and godly, and more ruled with reason than appetite; and to love better the beauty of the mind than of the body.

Not to withdraw his mistress' good will from his fellow lover with reviling or railing at him, but with virtuous deeds, and honest conditions, and with deserving more than he at her hands for honest affection's sake.

Of the chief conditions and qualities in a waiting gentlewoman.

To be well born and of a good house.

To flee affectation or curiosity.

To have a good grace in all her doings.

To be of good conditions and well brought up.

To be witty and foreseeing, not heady and of a running wit.

Not to be haughty, envious, ill-tongued, light, contentious, nor untowardly.

To win and keep her in her Lady's favor and all others'.

To do the exercises meet for women, comely and with a good grace.

To take heed that she give none occasion to be ill reported of.

To commit no vice, nor yet to be had in suspicion of any vice.

To have the virtues of the mind, as wisdom, justice, nobleness of courage, temperance, strength of the mind, continency, sober mood, etc.

To be good and discreet.

To have the understanding, being married, how to order her husband's substance, her house and children, and to play the good housewife.

To have a sweetness in language and a good utterance to entertain all kind of men with communication worth the hearing, honest, applied to time and place, and to the degree and disposition of the person which is her principal profession.

To accompany sober and quiet manners and honesty with a lively quickness of wit.

To be esteemed no less chaste, wise and courteous, than pleasant, feat conceited, and sober.

Not to make wise to abhor company and talk, though somewhat of the wantonest, to arise and forsake them for it.

To give the hearing of such kind of talk with blushing and bashfulness.

Not to speak words of dishonesty and bawdry to show herself pleasant, free, and a good fellow.

Not to use over much familiarity without measure and bridle.

Not willingly to give ear to such as report ill of other women.

To be heedful in her talk that she offend not where she meant it not.

To beware of praising herself indiscreetly, and of being too tedious and noisome in her talk.

Not to mingle with grave and sad matters, merry jests and laughing matters; nor with mirth, matters of gravity.

To be circumspect that she offend no man in her jesting and taunting, to appear thereby of a ready wit.

Not to make wise to know the thing that she knoweth not, but with soberness get her estimation with that she knoweth.

Not to come on loft nor use too swift measures in her dancing.

Not to use in singing or playing upon instruments too much division and busy points, that declare more cunning than sweetness.

To come to dance, or to show her music, with suffering herself to be first prayed somewhat and drawn to it.

To apparel herself so that she seem not fond and fantastical.

To set out her beauty and disposition of person with meet garments that shall best become her, but as feigningly as she can, making semblant to bestow no labor about it, nor yet to mind it.

To have an understanding in all things belonging to the Courtier, that she may give her judgment to commend and to make of gentlemen according to their worthiness and deserts.

To be learned.

To be seen in the most necessary languages.

To draw and paint.

To dance.

To devise sports and pastimes.

Not to be light of credit that she is beloved, though a man commune familiarly with her of love.

To shape him that is oversaucy with her, or that hath small respect in his talk, such an answer that he may well understand she is offended with him.

To take the loving communication of a sober gentleman in an other signification, seeking to stray from that purpose.

To acknowledge the praises which he giveth her as the gentleman's courtesy, in case she cannot dissemble the understanding of them, debasing her own deserts.

To be heedful and remember that men may with less jeopardy show to be in love than women.

To give her lover nothing but her mind, when either the hatred of her husband or the love that he beareth to others inclineth her to love.

To love one that she may marry withal, being a maiden and minding to love.

To show such a one all signs and tokens of love, saving such as may put him in any dishonest hope.

To use a somewhat more familiar conversation with men well grown in years than with young men.

To make herself beloved for her deserts, amiableness, and good grace, not with any uncomely or dishonest behavior, or flickering enticement with wanton looks, but with virtue and honest conditions.

The final end whereto the Courtier applieth all his good conditions, properties, feats and qualities, serveth also for a waiting gentlewoman to grow in favor with her Lady, and by that means so to instruct her and train her to virtue, that she may both refrain from vice and from committing any dishonest matter, and also abhor flatterers and give herself to understand the full troth in every thing, without entering into self-seeking and ignorance, either of other outward things, or yet of her own self.

JOHN FOXE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 814

FROM *Actes and Monuments*, 1563

The history of Master John Rogers, most constantly suffering for the testimony of the truth.

. . .

JOHN ROGERS, brought up in the University of Cambridge, where he profitably travailed in good learning, at the length was chosen and called by the Merchants Adventurers to be their chaplain at Antwerp in Brabant, where he served them to their good contentation many years. It chanced

him there to fall in company with that worthy martyr of God, William Tyndale, and with Miles Coverdale (which both for the hatred they bare to popish idolatry and for the love they bare toward true religion had forsaken their native country). In conferring with them on the Scriptures, he came to great knowledge in the Gospel of God, in so much that he cast off the heavy yoke of popery, perceiving it to be impure and filthy idolatry, and joined himself with them two in that painful and most profitable labor of translating the Bible into the English tongue, which is entitled *The Translation of Thomas Matthew.*

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After that John Rogers, as ye have heard, had been long and straitly imprisoned, lodged in Newgate amongst thieves, often examined and very uncharitably entreated, and at the length unjustly and most cruelly, by wicked Winchester, condemned the fourth of February, in the year of Our Lord 1554, being Monday, in the morning he was warned suddenly by the wife of Newgate to prepare himself to the fire: who, then being sound asleep, scarce with much shogging could be awaked. At length being raised and awaked and bid to make haste, then saith he, "If it be so, I need not tie my points." And so was had down, first to Bonner to be disgraded. That done, he craved of Bonner but one petition. Bonner asking what that should be, Nothing, saith he, but that he might talk a few words with his wife before his burning. What, that could not be obtained of him? Then saith he, "You declare your charity, what it is." And so he was brought into Smithfield by Master Chester and Master Wodrose, then sheriffs of London, there to be burnt, where he shewed most constant patiency, not using many words, for he could not be permitted, but only exhorting the people constantly to remain in that faith and true doctrine which he before had taught and they had learned, and, for the confirmation whereof, he was not only content patiently to suffer and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been shewed him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and to give his flesh to the consuming fire for the testimony of the same.

After these few words, the fire was put unto him, and when it had taken hold both upon his legs and shoulders, he, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. And after lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing the same until such time as the devouring fire had consumed them, most mildly this happy martyr yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father.

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The life, condemnation, and death of the reverend father in Christ, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, which was burned at Oxford for the confession of true doctrine, under Queen Mary. Anno Domini 1556, the 21 of March.

THOMAS CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury, born in Nottinghamshire in the year of Our Lord 1489, the second day of July, had to his father Thomas Cranmer, being of the same name, descended of a worshipful stock whose ancestors were worthy esquires. His mother also was a gentle- 10
woman named Agnes Hatfield, descending of like family and flourishing in like virtue. In his childhood, so soon as by the capacity of his age he was ready to take learning, he had the parish clerk of Aslocton town for his first teacher. Under whom, not being very well instructed, when he had spent some time in the first rudiments of grammar and seemed to be well entered, being fourteen year old he was sent of his mother to Cambridge to be further instructed in high learning.

It was in that time when all good authors and fine writers being neglected, filthy barbarousness was embraced in all schools and universities. The names and numbers of liberal arts did only remain; the arts them- 20
selves were clean lost. Logic was gone out of kind into sophistical trifles. Philosophy, both moral and natural, was miserably defaced with infinite questions and subtleties. The use of tongues and eloquent learning was either small or none at all. Yea, and divinity itself was fallen into the state that, being laden with articles and distinctions, it served rather for the gain of a few than for the edification of many. Unluckily, therefore, so good a wit, falling into these unhappy times, is constrained to spend a great part of his youth (worthy of better instruction) in the peevish questions of Duns, and other masters of the same sort, until he was 20 year old. At the length, after so long darkness of barbarism, the tongues and 30
other good learning began by little and little to spring up again, and the books of Faber and Erasmus began to be much occupied and had in good estimation with a number of good authors beside. In whom the same Cranmer, taking no small pleasure, did daily rub away his old rustiness on them, as upon a whetstone, until at the length, when Martin Luther was risen up, the more bright and happy day of God's knowledge did waken men's minds to the clear light of the truth.

At which time, when he was about 30 year old, omitting all other studies, he gave his whole mind to discuss matters of religion on both parts. And because he saw that he could not judge of these matters unless he 40
first considered and beheld the very fountains thereof, before he would

addict his mind to any opinion he spent whole three years in overreading the books of Holy Scriptures. After he had laid this foundation, no less wisely than happily, when he thought himself sufficiently prepared, and being now instructed with more ripeness of judgment, like a greedy merchant of all good things, he gave his mind to read all kind of authors. In the meanwhile, being addict to no part or age, but as a considering beholder or scholar of Pythagoras, he weighed all men's opinions with secret judgment. He read the old writers, so as he despised not the new, and all this while, in handling and conferring writers' judgments, he was a slow reader but an earnest marker. He never came to any writer's book without pen and ink, but yet so that he exercised his memory no less than his pen. Whatsoever controversy came, he gathered every author's sentence briefly and the diversity of their judgments into commonplaces, which he had prepared for that purpose. Or else, if the matter were too long to write out, he noted the place of the author and the number of the leaf, whereby he might have the more help for his memory. And thus with great diligence he followeth this order of study until he was 35 year old, and then he obtained that degree which in the school of divinity is highest, and maketh of scholars teachers, and so was made Doctor of Divinity.

About this time, the controversy of King Henry the Eighth's marriage with Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand, king of Spain, was in question, which, when she had been first married to Arthur, his brother, the question arose in the schools of divines and universities whether she that had married the one brother and had been carnally known of him might lawfully marry with the other. Concerning which matter we have at large discoursed before in the time and history of King Henry the Eighth, page 455, column 2. Therefore, when the king was persuaded by Longland, bishop of Lincoln, that the marriage was unlawful and contrary to the laws of God, it was decreed that six of the best learned should be chosen out of either the universities of Cambridge and Oxford to decise this matter, whether they thought it lawful that he might be married with her that had been before his brother's wife. Among these twelve was Cranmer one: but because at that time he was abroad from the university, another was put in his stead which should supply his room while he was absent. After long debating to and fro, the twelve agreed on this sentence, that, though the marriage were unlawful of itself, yet, by dispensation of the pope, it might be permitted. Not long after, when Dr. Cranmer, returning to the university, was demanded his sentence of that matter, he so contended in arguments, disputing with the doctors, and prevailing in the cause, that by good learning he pervinced and turned five of them to his side and sentence; so that by and by upon that, through all Cam-

bridge, in meetings, in talkings, in drinkings, in the schools, and in private houses, this was a common matter and question in every man's mouth, whether the pope had authority to release God's law that one brother might marry another brother's wife. And it came to this point, that most judged against the pope's authority.

. . . Wherefore Cranmer, being sent for home by the king, was not long after sent to Rome, ambassador to the pope: where he behaved himself with no less diligence than before, and contended a long time, till the pope's chief divines in his university of rota, compelled by arguments, did of necessity grant that this marriage was against the law of God, but yet, by the dispensation of the bishop of Rome, it might be made lawful. On the contrary side, Cranmer contended that it could not be so. In the meantime, William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, departed; in whose place Cranmer succeeded. And not long after, as one occasion bringeth in another, so upon this question of the marriage riseth another question of the pope's authority, in so much that in the Parliament it was doubted of the primacy of the Church of Rome. And here the new archbishop was not a little helped by his old collections and notes which he used in studying. For all the weight of the business was chiefly laid on his shoulders; he therefore alone received, answered, and confuted all the objections of all the papists. And where the saying is: not Hercules against two, he alone encountered with so many ensigns and armies of divines, he alone sustained all the force of all his adversaries. He opened from the very foundations abundantly and readily what was to be judged and determined of the bishop of Rome and all his authority. He shewed that the pope's lordship was brought in by no authority of the Scripture, but by affected and ambitious tyranny of men, and that the chiefest power in earth belonged to the emperor, to kings, and other potentates, to whom the bishops, priests, popes, and cardinals, by God's commandment were no less subject than other men of the commonwealth. And therefore there was no cause why the bishop of Rome should excel other bishops in authority, who should be subject to their own magistrates, and of them be kept in order.

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. . . To be short, a little before the day that the queen had appointed for Cranmer's death, she called for D[r]. Cole, and gave him secretly in commandment that against the 21 of March he should prepare a funeral sermon for Cranmer, that should be burned, and, being instructed orderly and diligently of her will and pleasure in that sermon, sendeth him away. Soon after, the Lord Williams of Tame, and the Lord Chandois, Sir Thomas Bridges, and Sir John Brown were sent for, with other worship-

ful men and justices, and commanded in the queen's name to be at Oxford at the same day, with their servants and retinue, lest Cranmer's death should raise any tumult. Cole the Doctor, having his lesson given him before, and charged by her commandment, returned ready to play his part, which, when the day of execution drew near at hand, even the day before, came into the prison to Cranmer, to try whether he abode in the catholic faith that he left him in or not. To whom, when Cranmer had answered, that by God's grace he would daily be more confirmed in the catholic faith: Cole prepared his colter's sermon against the next day, worthy to be noted with a black coal (as the proverb saith), giving no signification to him of his death that was prepared.

And therefore the next day, which was the 21 of March, appointed for Cranmer's execution, the said Cole came to him in the morning, asking him if he had any money; to whom when he answered that he had none, he delivered him 15 crowns, to give to poor men to whom he would. And then Cole, exhorting him as much as he could to constancy in faith, departed thence about his business, as to his sermon appertained. By this partly and other like arguments, the Archbishop began more and more to surmise what they went about. Then, because the day was not far past, and the lords and knights that were looked for were not yet come, there came to him the Spanish friar, witness of his recantation, bringing a paper with articles which Cranmer should openly profess in his recantation before the people, earnestly desiring that he would write the said instrument with the articles with his own hand, and sign it with his name; which, when he had done, the said friar desired him that he would write another copy thereof, which should remain with him, and that he did also. But yet the Archb[ishop], being not ignorant whereunto the secret causes of their devises tended, and thinking that time was at hand in which he could no longer dissemble the profession of his faith with Christ's people, he put secretly in his bosom his paper with his exhortation, written on another paper, which he meant to recite to the people before he should make the last profession of his faith, fearing lest if they had heard that confession of his faith first, they would not afterward have suffered him to exhort the people.

Soon after about 9 of the clock the Lord Williams, Sir Thomas Bridges, Sir John Brown, and the other justices with certain other noblemen that were sent of the queen's council, came to Oxford with a great train of waiting men. Also of the other multitude on every side (as is wont in such a matter) was made a great concourse and greater expectation. For first of all, they that were of the pope's side were in great hope that day to hear something of Cranmer that should stablish the vanity of their opinion; the other side, which were endued with a better mind, could not

yet doubt that he which by continual study and labor for so many years had set forth the doctrine of the gospel, other would or could now in the last act of his life forsake his part. Briefly, as every man's will inclined, either to this part or to that, so, according to the diversity of their desires, every man wished and hoped for. And yet because in an uncertain thing the certainty could be known of none, what would be the end, all their minds were waiting and hanging between hope and doubt. So that the greater the expectation was in so doubtful a matter, the more was the multitude that were gathered thither to hear and behold.

In this so great frequence and expectation, Cranmer at length cometh from the prison Bocardo unto St. Mary's church (because it was a foul and a rainy day), the chief church in the university, in this order. The Mayor went before; next him the Aldermen, in their place and degree; after them was Cranmer brought, between two friars, which, mumbling to and fro certain psalms in the streets, answered one another until they came to the church door; and there they began the song of Symeon *Nunc dimittis*, and entering into the church, the psalmsaying friars brought him to his standing, and there left him.

There was a stage set up over against the pulpit, of a mean height from the ground, where Cranmer had his standing, waiting until Cole made him ready to his sermon. The lamentable case and sight of that man gave a sorrowful spectacle to all Christian eyes that beheld him. He that of late was archbishop, metropolitan, primate of all England, and the king's privy counselor, being now in a bare and ragged gown, and ill-favoredly clothed with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men, did not seem so much to admonish men of his calamity as of their own state and fortune. For who would not pity his case, and bewail his fortune, and fear his own chance, to see so noble a prelate, so grave a counselor, of so long-continued honor, after so many dignities, in his old years to be deprived of his estate, adjudged to die, and in so painful a death to end his life, and now presently from such fresh ornaments to descend to such vile and ragged a gown and despicable apparel. And yet with a Christian judgment if we behold the matter, we shall see the said archbishop never before more gloriously, or more like a true archbishop invested in all his pontifical array, as now he standeth in this seely poor weed. For then true humility (as is wont to be in that state), sincere patience, ardent crying to God, deep sighing in spirit, joined with perfect contempt of things present (which as I think are the truest ornaments of bishops) did worthily furnish and adorn his mind, erected unto Christ.

In this habit when he had stood a good while upon the stage, turning to a pillar next unto the stage, and kneeling, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he prayed unto God once or twice. And then Cole not long after,

coming into the pulpit, began his sermon, taking his argument of Tobias and Zachary, whom after he had praised in the beginning of his oration for their perseverance in that true worshipping of God, he divided his whole sermon into three parts (according to the solemn customs of the schools), intending to speak first of the mercy of God, secondly of his justice to be shewed, and last of all how the prince's secrets are not to be opened. And proceeding a little from the beginning, he took occasion by and by to turn his tale to Cranmer, and with many hot words reproved him, that once he being endued with the favor and feeling of wholesome and catholic doctrine, he fell into the contrary opinion of pernicious error, which he had not only defended by writings and all his power, but also allured other men to do the like, with great liberality of gifts, as it were, appointing rewards for error; and after he had allured them, by all means did cherish them. It were too long to repeat all things, that in long order were then pronounced. The sum of this tripartite declamation was that he said, God's mercy was so tempered with his justice, that he did not altogether require punishment according to the merits of offenders, nor yet sometimes suffered the same altogether to go unpunished, yea though they had repented.

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But Cranmer, in the meantime, with how great sorrow and perturbation of mind he was affected all the sermon while, the outward signs of his body and his countenance did better express than any man could declare. One while lifting up his hands and eyes unto heaven, and then again, for shame, letting them down to the earth, a man might have seen in him the very image and shape of sorrow and sadness lively expressed. More than twenty several times the tears, being shed abundantly, dropped down marvelously from his fatherly face. They which were present do testify that they never saw in any child more tears than brast out from him at that time, all the sermon while; but specially when he recited his prayer before the people. It is marvelous how great commiseration and pity moved all men's hearts that beheld so heavy a countenance and such abundance of tears in an old man of so reverend dignity.

Cole, after he had ended his sermon, called back the people that were ready to depart, to prayers. "Brethren," saith he, "lest any man should doubt of this man's earnest conversion and repentance, you shall hear him speak before you. And therefore I pray you, Mr. Cranmer, that you will now perform that you promised not long ago; namely, that you would openly express the true and undoubted profession of your faith, that you may take away all suspicion from men, and that all men may understand that you are a Catholic indeed."

"I will do it," said the archbishop, "and with a good will." Which by

and by rising up and putting off his cap, began to speak thus to the people: "I desire you, well-beloved brethren in the Lord, that you will pray to God for me to forgive me my sins which, above all men both in number and greatness, I have committed. But, among all the rest, there is one offense which of all at this time doth vex and trouble me, whereof, in process of my talk, you shall hear more in his proper place and then, putting his hand into his bosom, he drew forth his prayer, which he recited to the people in this sense. . . .

"And now, for as much as I am come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past and all my life to come, either to live with my master Christ forever in joy, or else to be in pain forever with wicked devils in hell, and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven ready to receive me or else hell ready to swallow me up, I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith: how I believe, without any color or dissimulation; for now is no time to dissemble whatsoever I have said or written in time past.

"First, I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, etc. And I believe every article of the Catholic faith, every word and sentence taught by Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, His apostles and prophets, in the New and Old Testament. And now I come to the great thing that so much troubled my conscience, more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life, and that is the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth, which now here I renounce and refuse as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death and to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers which I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor. For, may I come to the fire, it shall be first burned. And as for the pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine. And as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester, the which my book teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God, where the papistical doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to shew her face."

Here the standers-by were all astonied, did marvel, were amazed, did look one upon another, whose expectation he had so notably deceived. Some began to admonish him of his recantation and to accuse him of falsehood. Briefly, it was a world to see the doctors beguiled of so great an hope. I think there was never cruelty more notably or better in time deluded and deceived. For it is not to be doubted but they looked for a faithful victory and a perpetual triumph of glory by this man's recanta-

tion, which, as soon as they heard these things, began to let down their ears, to fret and be grievously angry. And so much the more grievously that they could not revenge their grief; for they could now no longer threaten or hurt him. For to the most miserable man in the world this one thing is granted, that he can die but once. And whereas of necessity he must needs die that day, though the papists had been never so well pleased, now that they were most offended he could not be twice killed of them. Then they, when they could do nothing else, lest they should say nothing, ceased not to object unto him the vice of falsehood and dissimulation.

Unto which accusation he answered: "Ah, my masters," quod he, "do not you take it so. Always since I lived hitherto, I have been a hater of falsehood and a lover of simplicity, and never before this time have I dissembled." And, in saying this, all the tears that remained in his body appeared in his eyes. And when he began to speak more of the sacrament and of the papacy, some of them began to cry out, yelp, and bawl, and specially Cole cried to stop the heretic's mouth and to take him away.

And then Cranmer, being pulled down from the seat, was led to the fire, accompanied with those friars, vexing, troubling, and threatening him most cruelly. What madness (say they) hath brought thee again into this error, by which thou wilt draw innumerable souls with thee into hell? To whom he answered nothing, but directed all his talk to the people, saving that to one troubling him in the way, he spake and exhorted him to get him home to his study and apply his book diligently, saying if he did diligently call upon God, by reading more he should get knowledge. But the other Spanish barker, raging and foaming, was almost out of his wits, always having this in his mouth, *Non fecisti?* Didst thou it not?

But when he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Ridley, were burnt before him for the confession of the truth, kneeling down, he prayed to God, and, not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was made long down to his feet. His feet were bare; likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was shewed bare, on which was not seen one hair; his beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvelous gravity. Such a countenance of gravity struck the affection both of his friends and of his enemies. Then the Spanish friars, John and Richard, of whom mention hath been made before, began to exhort him afresh, but with vain and lost labor. Cranmer, with steadfast purpose abiding in the profession of his doctrine, gave his hand to certain old men and others that stood by, bidding them farewell. And when he had thought to have done so likewise to Ely, the said Ely drew back his hand and refused, saying it was not lawful to salute heretics, and specially such a one as falsely returned into the opinions that he had forsworn. And if he had

known before that he would have done so, he would never have used his company so familiarly, and chid those sergeants and citizens which had not refused to give him their hands. This Ely was a priest lately made, and student in divinity, being then one of the fellows of Brasenose.

Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom when they perceived to be more steadfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him. And when the wood was kindled and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand in the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face) that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flames with such constancy and steadfastness that, standing always in one place without moving of his members, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound. His eyes were lifted up into heaven, and oftentimes he repeated his unworthy right hand, so long as his voice would suffer him: and, using often the words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," in the greatness of the flames he gave up the ghost.

SIR THOMAS NORTH

The Introduction and Notes are at page 815

FROM *The Diall of Princes*, 1557, NORTH'S translation of ANTONIO DE GUEVARA'S *El relox de principes*, 1529

The Dial of Princes

THE XX. CHAPTER

The emperor persuadeth those that are old to give no more credit to the world nor to any of his flatteries.

THAT which I have spoken now tendeth more to advertise the young than to teach the old. For you others have now passed the prime time of childhood, the summer of youth, and the harvest of adolescency, and are in the winter of age, where it seemeth an uncomely thing that those your hoary hairs should be accompanied with such vain follies. Sithence young men know not that they have to end their youth, it is no marvel that they follow the world; but the old men, which see themselves fall into this guile, why will they run after vices again? O world, for that thou art the world, so small is our force, and so great our debility that thou willing it,

and we not resisting it, thou dost swallow us up in the most perilous gulf, and in the thorns most sharp thou dost prick us; by the priviest ways thou leadest us, and by the most stony ways thou carriest us. I mean that thou bringest us to the highest favors, to the end that afterwards with a push of thy pick thou might overthrow us. O world, wherein all is worldly, 52 years have passed since in thee I was first born, during the which time thou never toldst me one truth; but I have taken thee with 10 thousand lies. I never demanded the thing but thou didst promise it me, and yet it is nothing at all that ever thou didst perform. I never put my trust in thee, but ever thou beguiledst me. I never came to thee but thou didst undo me; finally, never saw I aught in thee whereby thou deservedst love, but always hatred. This presuppposed, I know not what is in the world or what we worldlings want, for if thou hatest us we cannot hate thee; if thou dost us injury, we cannot dissemble it; if thou strikest us with thy feet, we will suffer it; if thou beatest us with a staff, we will hold our peace; also, though thou persecutest us, we will not complain; though thou takest ours, we will not demand it of thee; though thou dost beguile us, we will not call ourselves beguiled; and the worst of all is that thou dost chase us from the house, yet we will not from thence depart. I know not what this meaneth, I know not from whence this cometh, I wot not who ought to praise this same, that we covet to follow the world which will hate us, and hate the gods which love us. Oftimes I make account of my years past; sometimes also I turn and toss my books to see what I have read; and another time I desire my friends to give me good counsel; and for no otherwise I do it than to attain to that I have spoken, and to know that I will say.

I reading rhetoric in Rhodes, Adrian, my lord, maintaining me there, knowing that I was 32 years of age, it happened that in the springtime I found myself solitarily; and solitariness with liberty smelled the world; and smelling it, I knew it; and knowing it, I followed it; and following it, I attained unto it; and attaining unto it, thereunto I joined myself; and joining myself therewith, I proved it; and in proving it, I tasted it; and in tasting it methought it bitter; and in finding it bitter, I hated it; and hating it, I left it; and leaving it, it is returned; and returning it, I received it again; finally, the world inviting me, and I not resisting it, 52 years we did eat our bread togethers, and in one house we have always remained. Wilt thou know after what sort the world and I do live in one house togethers, or better to say in one heart remain? Hearken then, and in one word I will tell it thee. When I saw the world brave, I served him; when he saw me sad, he flattered me; when I saw him wealthy, I asked him; when he saw me merry, he beguiled me; when I desired anything, he holp me to attain to it; and afterwards when the same I best

enjoyed, then he took it from me; when he saw me not pleased, he visited me; when he saw me, he forgot me; when he saw me overthrown, he gave me his hand to relieve me; when he saw me exalted, he tripped me again to overthrow me. Finally, when I think that I have somewhat in the world, I find that all that I have is a burden.

If this which I have spoken of the world be anything, more is that a great deal which yet of myself I will say, which is, that without doubt my folly is greater than his malice, since I am beguiled so oft, and yet always I follow the deceiver. O world, world, thou hast such moods and fashions in thy proceeding that thou leadest us all to perdition. Of one thing I marvel much, whereof I cannot be satisfied. Which is, since that we may go upon the bridge, and yet, without any gain, that we wade through the water; and whereas the shallow is sure, we seek to run into the gulf; and where the way is dry, we go into the plash; where we may eat healthsome meats to nourish the life, we receive poison to hasten death; we seek to destroy ourselves, whereas we may be without danger. Finally I say, without profit we commit a fault, though we see with our eyes the pain to follow. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine that they speak, to prove that they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and, above all, to know whom they trust. For our judgment is so corrupt that to beguile us, one sufficeth; and to make us not to be deceived, 10 thousand would not suffice. They have so great care of us, I mean the world, to beguile us, and the flesh to flatter us, that the highway being as it is narrow, the pathway dangerous and full of pricks, the journey is long, and the life short; our bodies are never but loden with vices, and our hearts but full of cares.

I have wondered at divers things in this world, but that which astonisheth me most is that those that be good, we make them believe they are evil; and those which are evil, we persuade others to believe that they are good; so that we shoot at the white of virtues, and hit the butt of vices. I will confess one thing, the which, being disclosed, I know that infamy will follow me, but peradventure some virtuous man will marvel at it; that is, that in these two and fifty years of my life I have proved all the vices of this world for no other intent but for to prove if there be anything wherein man's malice might be satisfied. And afterwards, all well considered, all examined, and all proved, I find that the more I eat, the more I die for hunger; the more I drink, the greater thirst I have; the more I rest, the more I am broken; the more I sleep, the more drowsier I am; the more I have, the more I covet; the more I desire, the more I am tormented; the more I procure, the less I attain. Finally, I never had so great pain through want, but afterward I had more trouble with excess. It is a great folly to think that as long as a man liveth in this flesh, that he can

satisfy the flesh; for at the last cast, she may take from us our life, but we others cannot take from her her disordinate covetousness.

If men did speak with the gods, or the gods were conversant with men, the first thing that I would ask them should be why they have appointed an end to our woeful days, and will not give us an end of our wicked desires? O cruel gods, what is it you do? or what do you suffer us? It is certain that we shall not pass one good day of life only, but in tasting this, and that, life consumeth. O intolerable life of man, wherein there are such malices, from the which we ought to beware, and such perils to fall in, and also so many things to consider, that then both she, and we, do end to know ourselves when the hour of death approacheth. Now those that know not that the world taketh our will, and we others like ignorants cannot deny him, and afterwards, having power of our will, doth constrain us to that which we would not, so that many times we would do virtuous works, and, for that we are now put into the world's hands, we dare not do it. The world useth another subtlety with us, that, to the end we should not strive with it, it praiseth the times past, because we should live according to the time present. And the world saith further that, if we others employ our forces in his vices, he giveth us license that we have a good desire of virtue. O would to God in my days I might see that the care which the world hath to preserve us, the worldlings would take it to withdraw them from his vices. I swear that the gods should then have more servants, and the world and the flesh should not have so many slaves.

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FROM *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes*, 1579, NORTH'S translation of PLUTARCH'S *Parallel Lives*

The Life of Julius Caesar

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. . . And for the war he made in Alexandria, some say he needed not have done it, but that he willingly did it for the love of Cleopatra: wherein he won little honor and besides did put his person in great danger. Others do lay the fault upon the king of Egypt's ministers, but specially on Pothinus the Eunuch who, bearing the greatest sway of all the king's servants, after he had caused Pompey to be slain and driven Cleopatra from the court, secretly laid wait all the ways he could, how he might likewise kill Caesar. Wherefore Caesar, hearing an inkling of it, began thenceforth to spend all the night long in feasting and banqueting, that his person might be in the better safety. But besides all this, Pothinus the Eunuch spake many things openly, not to be borne, only to shame Caesar

and to stir up the people to envy him. For he made his soldiers have the worst and oldest wheat that could be gotten; then, if they did complain of it, he told them they must be contented, seeing they eat at another man's cost. And he would serve them also at the table in treen and earthen dishes, saying that Caesar had away all their gold and silver for a debt that the king's father (that then reigned) did owe unto him; which was a thousand seven hundred and fifty myriads, whereof Caesar had before forgiven seven hundred and fifty thousand unto his children. Howbeit, then he asked a million to pay his soldiers withal. Thereto Pothinus answered him that, at that time, he should do better to follow his other causes of greater importance, and afterwards that he should at more leisure recover his debt with the king's good will and favor.

Caesar replied unto him and said that he would not ask counsel of the Egyptians for his affairs, but would be paid; and thereupon secretly sent for Cleopatra, which was in the country, to come unto him. She only taking Apollodorus Sicilian, of all her friends, took a little boat and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then, having no other mean to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flockbed, which Apollodorus, her friend, tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his back, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Caesar in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Caesar to love her; but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother, the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together.

Upon this new reconciliation, a great feast being prepared, a slave of Caesar's, that was his barber, the fearfullest wretch that lived, still busily prying and listening abroad in every corner, being mistrustful by nature: found that Pothinus and Achillas did lie in wait to kill his master Caesar. This being proved unto Caesar, he did set such sure watch about the hall where the feast was made that, in fine, he slew the eunuch Pothinus himself. Achillas, on th'other side, saved himself and fled unto the king's camp, where he raised a marvelous dangerous and difficult war for Caesar; because he having then but a few men about him as he had, he was to fight against a great and strong city.

The first danger he fell into was for the lack of water he had, for that his enemies had stopped the mouth of the pipes, the which conveyed the water unto the castle. The second danger he had was that, seeing his enemies came to take his ships from him, he was driven to repulse that danger with fire, the which burnt the arsenal where the ships lay, and that notable

library of Alexandria withal. The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar, where, meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Egyptians made towards him with their oars on every side; but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said that then holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvelously at him, and was driven sometime to duck into the water. Howbeit the boat was drowned presently. In fine, the king coming to his men that made war with Caesar, he went against him and gave him battle, and won it with great slaughter and effusion of blood. But for the king, no man could ever tell what became of him after. Thereupon Caesar made Cleopatra his sister queen of Egypt, who, being great with child by him, was shortly brought to bed of a son, whom the Alexandrians named Caesarion.

From thence he went into Syria, and so going into Asia, there it was told him that Domitius was overthrown in battle by Pharnaces, the son of King Mithridates, and was fled out of the realm of Ponte with a few men with him; and that this King Pharnaces, greedily following his victory, was not contented with the winning of Bithynia and Cappadocia, but further would needs attempt to win Armenia the less, procuring all those kings, princes, and governors of the provinces thereabouts to rebel against the Romans. Thereupon Caesar went thither straight with three legions and fought a great battle with King Pharnaces by the city of Zela, where he slew his army and drave him out of all the realm of Ponte. And because he would advertise one of his friends of the suddenness of this victory, he only wrote three words unto Anitius at Rome: *Veni, vidi, vici;* to wit, I came, I saw, I overcame. These three words, ending all with like sound and letters in the Latin, have a certain short grace, more pleasant to the ear than can be well expressed in any other tongue.

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But the ordinance of the calendar and reformation of the year to take away all confusion of time, being exactly calculated by the mathematicians and brought to perfection, was a great commodity unto all men. For the Romans, using then the ancient computation of the year, had not only such incertainty and alteration of the month and times that the sacrifices and yearly feasts came, by little and little, to seasons contrary for the purpose they were ordained; but also in the revolution of the sun (which is called *annus solaris*) no other nation agreed with them in account; and of the Romans themselves, only the priests understood it. And therefore when they listed, they suddenly (no man being able to control them),

did thrust in a month above their ordinary number, which they called in old time Mercedonius. Some say that Numa Pompilius was the first that devised this way to put a month between; but it was a weak remedy and did little help the correction of the errors that were made in the account of the year, to frame them to perfection. But Caesar, committing this matter unto the philosophers and best expert mathematicians at that time, did set forth an excellent and perfect calendar, more exactly calculated than any other that was before; the which the Romans do use until this present day, and do nothing err as others in the difference of time. But his enemies, notwithstanding, that envied his greatness, did not stick to find fault withal. As Cicero the Orator, when one said, "To-morrow the star Lyra will rise": "Yea," said he, "at the commandment of Caesar"; as if men were compelled so to say and think by Caesar's edict.

But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor and dignity gave it out among the people that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies how the Romans might overcome the Parthians if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides that Caesar, returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But the people being offended and Caesar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Caesar. Then every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honors for him in the senate, the consuls and praetors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them: that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Caesar, rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it.

Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing of their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body

and a sudden dimness and giddiness. But that was not true. For he would have risen up to the senate, but Cornelius Balbus, one of his friends (but rather a flatterer), would not let him, saying: "What, do you not remember that you are Caesar, and will you not let them reverence you and do their duties?"

Besides these occasions and offenses, there followed also his shame and reproach, abusing the tribunes of the people in this sort. At that time, the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which, in old time, men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycaeians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery and also, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. Caesar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Caesar and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Caesar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Caesar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Caesar having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.

After that, there were set up images of Caesar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes Flavius and Marullus went and pulled down; and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Caesar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them "Brutes," because of Brutus, who had, in old time, driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person unto the government of the senate and people. Caesar was so offended withal that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships, and, accusing them, he spake also against the people and called them *bruti* and *cumani*, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who, from

his father, came of the first Brutus, and, by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favor Caesar shewed unto him kept him back that, of himself alone, he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Caesar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey fled, and did, at his request, also save many moe of his friends besides; but furthermore he put a marvelous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the praetorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be consul the fourth year after that, having through Caesar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same. And Caesar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Someone accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Caesar would not hear of it, but, clapping his hand on his body, told them, Brutus will look for this skin, meaning thereby that Brutus, for his virtue, deserved to rule after him, but yet that for ambition's sake he would not shew himself unthankful nor dishonorable.

Now they that desired change and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other: they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but, in the night, did cast sundry papers into the praetor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: "Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed."

Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and egg him on the more for a private quarrel he had conceived against Caesar, the circumstance whereof we have set down more at large in Brutus' life. Caesar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time, when Caesar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Caesar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also these solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place—are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvel-

ous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but, when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Caesar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Caesar warning long time afore to take heed of the day of the ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.

That day being come, Caesar, going unto the senate house and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The ides of March be come."

"So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past."

And the very day before, Caesar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters, as he was wont to do at the board. So, talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for."

Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling, lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Caesar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort. The senate having set upon the top of Caesar's house for an ornament and setting forth of the same a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Caesar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the senate until another day. And, if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers, by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Caesar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition, and then for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Caesar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus; he, fearing that if Caesar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved

Caesar, saying that he gave the senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled; and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy; and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land. And, furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in himself? 'And yet, if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the senate, to dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Caesar by the hand and brought him out of his house.

Caesar was not gone far from his house but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him; and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Caesar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus, also born in the isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue who, by means of his profession, was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates and therefore knew the most part of all their practises against Caesar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Caesar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him and said: "Caesar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight and touch you nearly."

Caesar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the senate house. Howbeit, other are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it to Caesar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance; but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theater—all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (though otherwise he did favor the doctrine of Epicurus), be-

holding the image of Pompey before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion and made him like a man half beside himself.

Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Caesar and a valiant man besides, of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the senate house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. So Caesar coming into the house, all the senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Caesar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber to call home his brother again from banishment; and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Caesar till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions and being offended with them one after another because, the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him and were the earnester with him, Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword; howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Caesar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Caesar in Latin: "O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me!"

At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Caesar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound because all their parts should be in this murder. And then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his privities. Men report also that Caesar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head and made no more resistance, and was driven, either casually, or purposedly by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore blood, till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet and yielding up his ghost there for the number of wounds he had upon

him. For it is reported that he had three and twenty wounds upon his body; and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Caesar was slain, the senate (though Brutus stood in the midst amongst them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and, flying, filled all the city with marvelous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was, and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Caesar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates, on th'other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the senate and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troupe and went amongst them as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them; amongst them was Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death for their vain covetousness of honor by Antonius and Octavius Caesar the younger, and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death; neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

The next morning Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reproved nor allowed the fact; for, by their silence, they showed that they were sorry for Caesar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and, to pacify every man, ordained besides that Caesar's funerals should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done; and gave certain provinces also and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when they had opened Caesar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords, then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet; but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools and

laid them all about the body and, setting them afire, burnt the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands and went unto their houses that had slain Caesar to set them afire. Other also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them to cut them in pieces; howbeit, they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Caesar's friends called Cinna that had a marvelous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Caesar bade him to supper, and that he refused and would not go; then that Caesar took him by the hand and led him against his will. Now Cinna, hearing at that time that they burnt Caesar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream and had an ague on him besides, he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked what his name was. He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all that he was one of them that murdered Caesar (for indeed one of the traitors to Caesar was also called Cinna, as himself); wherefore, taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently dispatched him in the market-place.

This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past; and therefore, within few days after, they departed out of Rome. And touching their doings afterwards and what calamity they suffered till their deaths, we have written at large in the life of Brutus.

Caesar died at six and fifty years of age; and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only and a superficial glory that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land till they had not left a man more to be executed of all them that were actors or counselors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippes, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Caesar. Again, of signs in the element, the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Caesar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat; therefore, the air being very cloudy and dark by the weakness of the heat that could

not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe.

But, above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Caesar. The vision was thus. Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent; and, being yet awake thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain and lived with as little sleep as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and, looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Phillipes."

Then Brutus replied again and said: "Well, I shall see thee then."

Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus, being in battle near unto the city of Phillippes against Antonius and Octavius Caesar, at the first battle he won the victory and, overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them into young Caesar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So, seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there, setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it and slew himself; but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that dispatched him.

The end of Caesar's life.

JOHN LYLY

The Introduction and Notes are at page 817

FROM *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, 1579; the 2nd edition; the 1st edition appeared in 1578

Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit

To the Gentlemen Readers

I WAS driven into a quandary, Gentlemen, whether I might send this my pamphlet to the printer or to the pedlar. I thought it too bad for the press and too good for the pack. But seeing my folly in writing to be as great

as others', I was willing my fortune should be as ill as any's. We commonly see the book that at Christmas lieth bound on the stationer's stall, at Easter to be broken in the haberdasher's shop; which, sith it is the order of proceeding, I am content this winter to have my doings read for a toy, that in summer they may be ready for trash. It is not strange, whenas the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a new work should not endure but three months. Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads and at night strew them at their heels. Cherries be fulsome when they be through ripe because they be plenty, and books be stale when they be printed in that they be common. In my mind printers and tailors are bound chiefly to pray for gentlemen: the one hath so many fantasies to print, the other such divers fashions to make, that the pressing-iron of the one is never out of the fire nor the printing-press of the other any time lieth still. But a fashion is but a day's wearing and a book but an hour's reading; which seeing it is so, I am of the shoemaker's mind, who careth not so the shoe hold the plucking on, nor I so my labours last the running over. He that cometh in print because he would be known is like the fool that cometh into the market because he would be seen. I am not he that seeketh praise for his labour, but pardon for his offence; neither do I set this forth for any devotion in print, but for duty which I owe to my patron. If one write never so well he cannot please all, and write he never so ill he shall please some. Fine heads will pick a quarrel with me if all be not curious, and flatterers a thank if anything be current. But this is my mind, let him that findeth fault amend it and him that liketh it use it. Envy braggeth but draweth no blood, the malicious have more mind to grip than might to cut. I submit myself to the judgment of the wise and I little esteem the censure of fools. The one will be satisfied with reason, the other are to be answered with silence. I know gentlemen will find no fault without cause, and bear with those that deserve blame; as for others I care not for their jests, for I never meant to make them my judges.

Farewell.

There dwelt in Athens a young gentleman of great patrimony and of so comely a personage that it was doubted whether he were more bound to Nature for the lineaments of his person or to Fortune for the increase of his possessions. But Nature, impatient of comparisons, and, as it were, disdaining a companion or copartner in her working, added to this comeliness of his body such a sharp capacity of mind that not only she proved Fortune counterfeit, but was half of that opinion that she herself was only current.

This young gallant, of more wit than wealth, and yet of more wealth than wisdom, seeing himself inferior to none in pleasant conceits, thought

himself superior to all in honest conditions, insomuch that he thought himself so apt to all things that he gave himself almost to nothing; but practising of those things commonly which are incident to these sharp wits: fine phrases, smooth quips, merry taunts, using jesting without mean and abusing mirth without measure. As, therefore, the sweetest rose hath his prickle, the finest velvet his brack, the fairest flour his bran, so the sharpest wit hath his wanton will, and the holiest head his wicked way. And true it is that some men write and most men believe that, in all perfect shapes, a blemish bringeth rather a liking every way to the eyes than a loathing any way to the mind. Venus had her mole in her cheek, which made her more amiable; Helen her scar in her chin, which Paris called *cos amoris*, the whetstone of love; Aristippus his wart; Lycurgus his wen. So likewise, in the disposition of the mind, either virtue is overshadowed with some vice, or vice overcast with some virtue. Alexander valiant in war, yet given to wine. Tully eloquent in his glosses, yet vainglorious. Solomon wise, yet too, too wanton. David holy, but yet an homicide. None more witty than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colors soonest fade, the teenest razor soonest turneth his edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with moths, and the cambric sooner stained than the coarse canvas: which appeared well in this Euphues, whose wit, being like wax, apt to receive any impression, and bearing the head in his own hand, either to use the rein or the spur, disdaining counsel, leaving his country, loathing his old acquaintance, thought either by wit to obtain some conquest, or by shame to abide some conflict; who, preferring fancy before friends and his present humor before honor to come, laid reason in water, being too salt for his taste, and followed unbridled affection, most pleasant for his tooth. When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise and are more desirous to have them maintain the name than the nature of a gentleman; when they put gold into the hands of youth, where they should put a rod under their girdle; when, instead of awe, they make them past grace and leave them rich executors of goods and poor executors of godliness; then is it no marvel that the son, being left rich by his father's will, become reckless by his own will.

But it hath been an old said saw, and not of less truth than antiquity, that wit is the better if it be the dearer bought; as in the sequel of this history shall most manifestly appear. It happened this young imp to arrive at Naples (a place of more pleasure than profit, and yet of more profit than piety), the very walls and windows whereof shewed it rather to be the tabernacle of Venus than the temple of Vesta. There was all things necessary and in readiness that might either allure the mind to lust or entice the heart to folly: a court more meet for an atheist than for one of Athens;

for Ovid than for Aristotle; for a graceless lover than for a godly liver; more fitter for Paris than Hector, and meeter for Flora than Diana.

Here my youth (whether for weariness he could not, or for wantonness would not, go any further) determined to make his abode; whereby it is evidently seen that the fleetest fish swalloweth the delicatest bait, that the highest soaring hawk traineth to the lure, and that the wittiest brain is inveigled with the sudden view of alluring vanities. Here he wanted no companions which courted him continually with sundry kinds of devices, whereby they might either soak his purse to reap commodity or soothe his person to win credit; for he had guests and companions of all sorts.

There frequented to his lodging, as well the spider to suck poison of his fine wit, as the bee to gather honey; as well the drone as the dove; the fox as the lamb; as well Damocles to betray him as Damon to be true to him. Yet he behaved himself so warily that he singled his game wisely. He could easily discern Apollo's music from Pan his pipe, and Venus' beauty from Juno's bravery, and the faith of Laelius from the flattery of Aristippus. He welcomed all, trusted none; he was merry but yet so wary that neither the flatterer could take advantage to entrap him in his talk nor the wisest any assurance of his friendship. Who, being demanded of one what countryman he was, he answered, "What countryman am I not? If I be in Crete, I can lie; if in Greece, I can shift; if in Italy, I can court it. If thou ask whose son I am also, I ask thee whose son I am not. I can carouse with Alexander, abstain with Romulus, eat with the epicure, fast with the stoic, sleep with Endymion, watch with Chrysippus," using these speeches and other like. An old gentleman in Naples seeing his pregnant wit, his eloquent tongue somewhat taunting, yet with delight; his mirth without measure, yet not without wit; his sayings vainglorious, yet pithy: began to bewail his nurture and to muse at his nature, being incensed against the one as most pernicious, and inflamed with the other as most precious. For he well knew that so rare a wit would in time either breed an intolerable trouble or bring an incomparable treasure to the commonweal; at the one he greatly pitied, at the other he rejoiced.

Having therefore gotten opportunity to communicate with him his mind, with watery eyes, as one lamenting his wantonness, and smiling face, as one loving his wittiness, encountered him on this manner.

"Young gentleman, although my acquaintance be small to entreat you, and my authority less to command you, yet my good will in giving you good counsel should induce you to believe me, and my hoary hairs (ambassadors of experience) enforce you to follow me; for by how much the more I am a stranger to you, by so much the more you are beholding to me; having, therefore, opportunity to utter my mind, I mean to be im-

portunate with you to follow my meaning. As thy birth doth shew the express and lively image of gentle blood, so thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the lineage of so noble a brute; so that I am enforced to think that either thou didst want one to give thee good instructions, or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too much cockering; either they were too foolish in using no discipline, or thou too froward in rejecting their doctrine; either they willing to have thee idle, or thou wilful to be ill employed. Did they not remember that which no man ought to forget, that the tender youth of a child is like the tempering of new wax, apt to receive any form? He that will carry a bull with Milo must use to carry him a calf also; he that coveteth to have a straight tree must not bow him being a twig. The potter fashioneth his clay when it is soft, and the sparrow is taught to come when he is young. As, therefore, the iron being hot receiveth any form with the stroke of the hammer, and keepeth it, being cold, forever, so the tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age.

"They might also have taken example of the wise husbandmen, who, in their fattest and most fertile ground, sow hemp before wheat, a grain that drieth up the superfluous moisture and maketh the soil more apt for corn; or of good gardeners, who, in their curious knots, mix hyssop with thyme, as aiders, the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist; or of cunning painters, who, for the whitest work, cast the blackest ground, to make the picture more amiable. If, therefore, thy father had been as wise an husbandman as he was a fortunate husband, or thy mother as good a housewife as she was a happy wife; if they had been both as good gardeners to keep their knot as they were grafters to bring forth such fruit; or as cunning painters as they were happy parents, no doubt they had sowed hemp before wheat, that is, discipline before affection; they had set hyssop with thyme, that is, manners with wit, the one to aid the other; and to make thy dexterity more, they had cast a black ground for their white work, that is, they had mixed threats with fair looks. But things past are past calling again; it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen; the Troyans repented too late when their town was spoiled; yet the remembrance of thy former follies might breed in thee a remorse of conscience and be a remedy against further concupiscence. But now to thy present time. The Lacedemonians were wont to shew their children drunken men and other wicked men that, by seeing their filth, they might shun the like fault and avoid the like vices when they were at the like state. The Persians, to make their youth abhor gluttony, would paint an epicure sleeping with meat in his mouth and most horribly overladen with wine, that by the view of such monstrous sights they might eschew the means of the like excess. The Parthians, to cause

their youth to loathe the alluring trains of women's wiles and deceitful enticements, had most curiously carved in their houses a young man blind, besides whom was adjoined a woman so exquisite that, in some men's judgment, Pygmalion's image was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket, as noting her theft, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat. If the sight of such ugly shapes caused a loathing of the like sins, then, my good Euphues, consider their plight and beware of thine own peril.

"Thou art here in Naples a young sojourner, I an old senior; thou a stranger, I a citizen; thou secure, doubting no mishap, I sorrowful, dreading thy misfortune. Here mayest thou see that which I sigh to see: drunken sots wallowing in every house, in every chamber, yea, in every channel; here mayest thou behold that which I cannot without blushing behold, nor without blubbering utter: those whose bellies be their gods, who offer their goods as sacrifice to their guts; who sleep with meat in their mouths, with sin in their hearts, and with shame in their houses. Here, yea, here, Euphues, mayest thou see not the carved vizard of a lewd woman, but the incarnate visage of a lascivious wanton; not the shadow of love, but the substance of lust. My heart melteth in drops of blood to see an harlot with the one hand rob so many coffers, and with the other to rip so many corses. Thou art here amidst the pikes between Scylla and Charybdis, ready, if thou shun Syrtis, to sink into Semphlegades. Let the Lacedemonian, the Persian, the Parthian, yea, the Neapolitan, cause thee rather to detest such villany, at the sight and view of their vanity.

"Is it not far better to abhor sins by the remembrance of others' faults than by repentance of thine own follies? Is not he accounted most wise whom other men's harms do make most wary? But thou wilt haply say that, although there be many things in Naples to be justly condemned, yet are there some things of necessity to be commended; and as thy will doth lean unto the one, so thy wit would also embrace the other. Alas, Euphues, by how much the more I love the high climbing of thy capacity, by so much the more I fear thy fall. The fine crystal is sooner crazed than the hard marble; the greenest beech burneth faster than the dryest oak; the fairest silk is soonest soiled; and the sweetest wine turneth to the sharpest vinegar. The pestilence doth most rifest infect the clearest complexion, and the caterpillar cleaveth unto the ripest fruit; the most delicate wit is allured with small enticement unto vice, and most subject to yield unto vanity. If, therefore, thou do but hearken to the sirens, thou wilt be enamored; if thou haunt their houses and places, thou shalt be enchanted. One drop of poison infecteth the whole tun of wine; one leaf of *coloquintida* marreth and spoileth the whole pot of porridge; one iron mole defaceth the whole piece of lawn. Descend into thine own conscience and

consider with thyself the great difference between staring and stark blind, wit and wisdom, love and lust. Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not too sullen; be valiant, but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly; thy diet wholesome, but not excessive; use pastime as the word importeth, to pass the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof; be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit. Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will so bless thee as either heart can wish or thy friends desire. And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it."

This old gentleman having finished his discourse, Euphues began to shape him an answer in this sort: "Father and friend (your age sheweth the one, your honesty the other), I am neither so suspicious to mistrust your good will, nor so sottish to mislike your good counsel; as I am therefore to thank you for the first, so it stands me upon to think better on the latter. I mean not to cavil with you, as one loving sophistry; neither to control you, as one having superiority; the one would bring my talk into the suspicion of fraud, the other convince me of folly. Whereas you argue, I know not upon what probabilities, but sure I am upon no proof, that my bringing up should be a blemish to my birth, I answer, and swear too, that you were not therein a little overshot; either you gave too much credit to the report of others or too much liberty to your own judgment. You convince my parents of peevishness in making me a wanton, and me of lewdness in rejecting correction. But so many men, so many minds; that may seem in your eye odious which in another's eye may be gracious. Aristippus a philosopher, yet who more courtly? Diogenes a philosopher, yet who more carterly? Who more popular than Plato, retaining always good company? Who more envious than Timon, denouncing all human society? Who so severe as the stoics, which, like stocks, were moved with no melody? Who so secure as the epicures, which wallowed in all kind of licentiousness? Though all men be made of one metal, yet they be not cast all in one mold; there is framed of the self-same clay as well the tile to keep out water as the pot to contain liquor; the sun doth harden the dirt and melt the wax; fire maketh the gold to shine and the straw to smother; perfumes doth refresh the dove and kill the beetle, and the nature of the man disposeth that consent of the manners. Now, whereas you seem to love my nature and loathe my nurture, you bewray your own weakness in thinking that nature may any ways be altered by education, and as you have ensamples to confirm your pretense, so I have most evident and infallible arguments to serve for my purpose. It is natural for the vine to spread; the more you seek by art to alter it, the more, in the end, you shall augment it. It is proper for the palm tree to mount; the

heavier you load it, the higher it sprouteth. Though iron be made soft with fire, it returneth to his hardness; though the falcon be reclaimed to the fist, she retireth to her haggardness; the whelp of a mastiff will never be taught to retrieve the partridge; education can have no shew where the excellency of Nature doth bear sway. The silly mouse will by no manner of means be tamed; the subtle fox may well be beaten, but never broken from stealing his prey. If you pound spices, they smell the sweeter; season the wood never so well, the wine will taste of the cask; plant and translate the crabtree where and whensoever it please you, and it will never bear sweet apple, unless you graft it by art, which nothing toucheth Nature.

"Infinite and innumerable were the examples I could allege and declare to confirm the force of Nature, and confute these your vain and false forgeries, were not the repetition of them needless, having shewed sufficient, or bootless, seeing those alleged will not persuade you. And can you be so unnatural whom Dame Nature hath nourished and brought up so many years, to repine, as it were, against Nature?

"The similitude you rehearse of the wax argueth your waxing and melting brain, and your example of the hot and hard iron sheweth in you but cold and weak disposition. Do you not know that which all men do affirm and know, that black will take no other color? That the stone *abeston*, being once made hot, will never be made cold? That fire cannot be forced downward? That Nature will have course after kind? That everything will dispose itself according to Nature? Can the Æthiope change or alter his skin? or the leopard his hue? Is it possible to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, or to cause anything to strive against Nature? But why go I about to praise Nature, the which as yet was never any imp so wicked and barbarous, any Turk so vile and brutish, any beast so dull and senseless, that could, or would, or durst dispraise or contemn? Doth not Cicero conclude and allow that if we follow and obey Nature we shall never err? Doth not Aristotle allege and confirm that Nature frameth or maketh nothing in any point rude, vain, or unperfect.

"Nature was had in such estimation and admiration among the heathen people that she was reputed for the only goddess in heaven. If Nature, then, have largely and bountifully endued me with her gifts, why deem you me so untoward and graceless? If she have dealt hardly with me, why extol you so much my birth? If Nature bear no sway, why use you this adulation? If Nature work the effect, what booteth any education? If Nature be of strength or force, what availeth discipline or nurture? If of none, what helpeth Nature? But let these sayings pass as known evi-

dently and granted to be true, which none can or may deny unless he be false, or that he be an enemy to humanity.

"As touching my residence and abiding here in Naples, my youthly affections, my sports and pleasures, my pastimes, my common dalliance, my delights, my resort and company, and companions which daily use to visit me, although to you they breed more sorrow and care than solace and comfort, because of your crabbed age, yet to me they bring more comfort and joy than care and grief, more bliss than bale, more happiness than heaviness, because of my youthful gentleness. Either you would have all men old, as you are, or else you have quite forgotten that you yourself were young or ever knew young days; either in your youth you were a very vicious and ungodly man or now, being aged, very superstitious and devout above measure.

"Put you no difference between the young flourishing bay tree and the old withered beech? No kind of distinction between the waxing and the waning of the moon, and between the rising and the setting of the sun? Do you measure the hot assaults of youth by the cold skirmishes of age, whose years are subject to more infirmities than our youth? We merry, you melancholy; we zealous in affection, you jealous in all your doings; you testy without cause, we hasty for no quarrel; you careful, we careless; we bold, you fearful; we, in all points, contrary unto you, and ye in all points unlike unto us. Seeing, therefore, we be repugnant each to the other in nature, would you have us alike in qualities? Would you have one potion ministered to the burning fever and to the cold palsy? one plaster to an old issue and a fresh wound? one salve for all sores? one sauce for all meats? No, no, Eubulus, but I will yield to more than either I am bound to grant, either thou able to prove. Suppose that which I never will believe, that Naples is a cankered storehouse of all strife, a common stews for all strumpets, the sink of shame, and the very nurse of all sin; shall it, therefore, follow of necessity that all that are wooed of love should be wedded to lust? Will you conclude, as it were *ex consequenti*, that whosoever arriveth here shall be enticed to folly, and, being enticed, of force shall be entangled? No, no, it is the disposition of the thought that altereth the nature of the thing. The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted; the diamond lieth in the fire and is not consumed; the crystal toucheth the toad and is not poisoned; the bird *trochilus* liveth by the mouth of the crocodile and is not spoiled; a perfect wit is never bewitched with lewdness, neither enticed with lasciviousness.

"Is it not common that the holm tree springeth amidst the beech? that the ivy spreadeth upon the hard stones? that the soft featherbed breaketh the hard blade? If experience have not taught you this, you have lived

long and learned little; or if your moist brain have forgot it, you have learned much and profited nothing. But it may be that you measure my affections by your own fancies, and, knowing yourself either too simple to raise the siege of policy or too weak to resist the assault by prowess, you deem me of as little wit as yourself or of less force; either of small capacity or of no courage. In my judgment, Eubulus, you shall as soon catch a hare with a tabor as you shall persuade youth, with your aged and overworn eloquence, to such severity of life, which, as yet, there was never stoic so strict, nor Jesuit so superstitious, neither votary so devout, but would rather allow it in words than follow it in works, rather talk of it than try it. Neither were you such a saint in your youth that, abandoning all pleasures, all pastimes, and delights, you would choose rather to sacrifice the first fruits of your life to vain holiness than to youthly affections. But as to the stomach quatted with dainties, all delicates seem queasy, and as he that surfeiteth with wine useth afterward to allay with water, so these old huddles, having overcharged their gorges with fancy, accompt all honest recreation mere folly, and, having taken a surfeit of delight, seem now to savor it with despite. Seeing, therefore, it is labor lost for me to persuade you, and wind vainly wasted for you to exhort me, here I found you and here I leave you, having neither bought nor sold with you, but changed ware for ware; if you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that, by your counsel, I have reaped less profit. They that use to steal honey burn hemlock to smoke the bees from their hives, and it may be that, to get some advantage of me, you have used these smoky arguments, thinking thereby to smother me with the conceit of strong imagination. But as the chameleon though he have most guts draweth least breath, or as the elder tree though he be fullest of pith is farthest from strength, so, though your reasons seem inwardly to yourself somewhat substantial and your persuasions pithy in your own conceit, yet, being well weighed without, they be shadows without substance, and weak without force. The bird *taurus* hath a great voice, but a small body; the thunder a great clap, yet but a little stone; the empty vessel giveth a greater sound than the full barrel. I mean not to apply it, but look into yourself and you shall certainly find it, and thus I leave you seeking it; but were it not that my company stay my coming, I would surely help you to look it, but I am called hence by my acquaintance."

Euphues, having thus ended his talk, departed, leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary; who, perceiving that he was more inclined to wantonness than to wisdom, with a deep sigh, the tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "Seeing thou wilt not buy counsel at the first hand good cheap, thou shalt buy repentance at the second hand at such an inreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard pennyworth and ban thy hard heart.

Ah, Euphues, little dost thou know that if thy wealth waste, thy wit will give but small warmth, and if thy wit incline to wilfulness, that thy wealth will do thee no great good. If the one had been employed to thrift, the other to learning, it had been hard to conjecture whether thou shouldst have been more fortunate by riches or happy by wisdom, whether more esteemed in the commonweal for wealth to maintain war or for counsel to conclude peace. But, alas, why do I pity that in thee which thou seemest to praise in thyself?" And so saying, he immediately went to his own house, heavily bewailing the young man's unhappiness.

Here ye may behold, gentlemen, how lewdly wit standeth in his own light, how he deemeth no penny good silver but his own, preferring the blossom before the fruit, the bud before the flower, the green blade before the ripe ear of corn, his own wit before all men's wisdoms. Neither is that geason, seeing, for the most part, it is proper to all those of sharp capacity to esteem of themselves as most proper. If one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dolt; if given to study, they proclaim him a dunce; if merry, a jester; if sad, a saint; if full of words, a sot; if without speech, a cipher. If one argue with them boldly, then is he impudent; if coldly, an innocent; if there be reasoning of divinity, they cry, *Quae supra nos, nihil ad nos;* if of humanity, *Sententias loquitur carnifex.* Hereof cometh such great familiarity between the ripest wits when they shall see the disposition the one of the other, the *sympathia* of affections, and, as it were, but a pair of shears to go between their natures; one flattereth another in his own folly, and layeth cushions under the elbow of his fellow when he seeth him take a nap with fancy; and as their wit wresteth them to vice, so it forgeth them some feat excuse to cloak their vanity.

Too much study doth intoxicate their brains, for (say they), although iron, the more it is used the brighter it is, yet silver, with much wearing, doth waste to nothing; though the cammock, the more it is bowed the better it serveth, yet the bow, the more it is bent and occupied, the weaker it waxeth; though the camomile, the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth, yet the violet, the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth. Besides this, a fine wit, a sharp sense, a quick understanding is able to attain to more in a moment or a very little space than a dull and blockish head in a month. The scythe cutteth far better and smoother than the saw, the wax yieldeth better and sooner to the seal than the steel to the stamp; the smooth and plain beech is easier to be carved than the knotty box. For neither is there anything but that hath his contraries.

Such is the nature of these novices that think to have learning without labor, and treasure without travail; either not understanding or else not remembering that the finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone and

the fairest jewel fashioned with the hard hammer. I go not about, gentlemen, to inveigh against wit, for then I were witless, but frankly to confess mine own little wit. I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom, and, if Nature had dealt so beneficially with me, to have given me any wit, I should have been readier in the defense of it to have made an apology than any way to turn to apostasy. But this I note, that, for the most part, they stand so on their pantofles that they be secure of perils, obstinate in their own opinions, impatient of labor, apt to conceive wrong, credulous to believe the worst, ready to shake off their old acquaintance without cause, and to condemn them without color. All which humors are by so much the more easier to be purged by how much the less they have festered the sinews. But return we again to Euphues.

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in Naples, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named Philautus, or enforced by destiny; whether his pregnant wit, or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater liking in the mind of Euphues I know not for certainty. But Euphues shewed such entire love towards him that he seemed to make small account of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him as neither time by piecemeal should impair, neither fancy utterly desolve, nor any suspicion infringe. "I have read," saith he, "and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times an other I, in all places the express Image of mine own person; insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal Gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men either more noble, or more necessary, than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend? In whose bosom thou mayst sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayst make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting, who will account thy bale his bane, thy mishap his misery, the pricking of thy finger, the piercing of his heart. But whither am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend? that trial maketh trust? that there is falsehood in fellowship? and what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds? Is it not a byword, like will to like? Not so common as commendable it is, to see young gentlemen choose them such friends with whom they may seem, being absent, to be present; being asunder, to be conversant; being dead, to be alive. I will therefore have Philautus for my fere, and by so much

the more I make myself sure to have Philautus, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of Euphues."

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess friendship to be the jewel of human joy, yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection will soon conjecture that it will be dissolved upon a light occasion; as in the sequel of Euphues and Philautus you shall see, whose hot love waxed soon cold. For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate. Who deserved the most blame, in mine opinion, it is doubtful, and so difficult that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted, I am not yet persuaded whether of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless. I appeal to your judgment, gentlemen, not that I think any of you of the like disposition able to decide the question, but being of deeper discretion than I am, are more fit to debate the quarrel. Though the discourse of their friendship and falling out be somewhat long, yet, being somewhat strange, I hope the delightfulness of the one will attenuate the tediousness of the other.

Euphues had continual access to the place of Philautus and no little familiarity with him, and, finding him at convenient leisure, in these short terms unfolded his mind unto him.

"Gentleman and friend, the trial I have had of thy manners cutteth off divers terms which to another I would have used in the like matter. And sithens a long discourse argueth folly, and delicate words incur the suspicion of flattery, I am determined to use neither of them, knowing either of them to breed offence. Weighing with myself the force of friendship by the effects, I studied ever since my first coming to Naples to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps, being a stranger, and resemble my manners, being a scholar; the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfy my desire, so I hope I shall find a heart in you willing to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtain, assure yourself that Damon to his Pythias, Pylades to his Orestes, Titus to his Gysippus, Theseus to his Pyrothus, Scipio to his Lælius, was never found more faithful than Euphues will be to his Philautus."

Philautus by how much the less he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he liked it, for he saw all qualities both of body and mind in Euphues, unto whom he replied as followeth:

"Friend Euphues (for so your talk warranteth me to term you), I dare neither use a long process, neither loving speech, lest unwittingly I should cause you to convince me of those things which you have already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume upon your courtesy, since you

yourself have used so little curiosity, persuading myself that my short answer will work as great an effect in you as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be that the one should differ from the other in courtesy, seeing the sincere affection of the mind cannot be expressed by the mouth, and that no art can unfold the entire love of the heart, I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmness of my faith by the fewness of my words, but rather think that the overflowing waves of good will leave no passage for many words. Trial shall prove trust. Here is my hand; my heart, my lands, and my life at thy commandment. Thou mayst well perceive that I did believe thee, that so soon I did love thee, and I hope thou wilt the rather love me in that I did believe thee." Either Euphues and Philautus stood in need of friendship, or were ordained to be friends; upon so short warning, to make so soon a conclusion might seem in mine opinion, if it continued, miraculous, if shaken off, ridiculous.

But after many embracings and protestations one to an other, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat, neither music, neither any other pastime; and having banqueted, to digest their sweet confections they danced all that afternoon. They used not only one board, but one bed, one book (if so be it they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute. All things went in common between them, which all men accounted commendable.

Philautus being a town born child, both for his own countenance and the great countenance which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with Don Ferardo, one of the chief governors of the city, who, although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heiress to his whole revenues, stained the beauty of them all; whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermilion red made the rest to blush for shame. For as the finest ruby staineth the color of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl, more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all, and changed their colors. Unto her had Philautus access, who won her by right of love, and should have won her by right of law, had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage, and forbidden the banns of matrimony.

It happened that Don Ferardo had occasion to go to Venice about certain his own affairs, leaving his daughter the only steward of his household, who spared not to feast Philautus her friend, with all kinds of delights and delicates, reserving only her honesty as the chief stay of her honor. Her father being gone, she sent for her friend to supper, who

came not as he was accustomed solitarily alone, but accompanied with his friend Euphues. The gentlewoman, whether it were for niceness or for niggardness of courtesy, gave him such a cold welcome that he repented that he was come.

Euphues, though he knew himself worthy every way to have a good countenance, yet could he not perceive her willing any way to lend him a friendly look. Yet lest he should seem to want gestures, or to be dashed out of conceit with her coy countenance, he addressed him to a gentlewoman called Livia, unto whom he uttered this speech:

"Fair lady, if it be the guise of Italy to welcome strangers with strangeness, I must needs say the custom is strange and the country barbarous; if the manner of ladies to salute gentlemen with coyness, then I am enforced to think the women without courtesy to use such welcome, and the men past shame that will come. But hereafter I will either bring a stool on mine arm for an unbidden guest, or a vizard on my face for a shameless gossip."

Livia replied: "Sir, our country is civil and our gentlewomen are courteous, but in Naples it is counted a jest at every word to say, 'In faith you are welcome.' "

As she was yet talking, supper was set on the board. Then Philautus spake thus unto Lucilla: "Yet gentlewoman, I was the bolder to bring my shadow with me (meaning Euphues), knowing that he should be the better welcome for my sake."

Unto whom the gentlewoman replied: "Sir, as I never when I saw you thought that you came without your shadow, so now I cannot a little marvel to see you so overshot in bringing a new shadow with you."

Euphues, though he perceived her coy nip, seemed not to care for it, but taking her by the hand said: "Fair lady, seeing the shade doth often shield your beauty from the parching sun, I hope you will the better esteem of the shadow; and by so much the less it ought to be offensive by how much the less it is able to offend you, and by so much the more you ought to like it by how much the more you use to lie in it."

"Well, gentleman," answered Lucilla, "in arguing of the shadow, we forego the substance. Pleaseth it you therefore to sit down to supper."

And so they all sat down, but Euphues fed of one dish which ever stood before him, the beauty of Lucilla. Here Euphues at the first sight was so kindled with desire that almost he was like to burn to coals.

Supper being ended, the order was in Naples that the gentlewomen would desire to hear some discourse, either concerning love or learning. And although Philautus was requested, yet he posted it over to Euphues, whom he knew most fit for that purpose. Euphues being thus tied to the stake by their importunate entreaty, began as followeth:

"He that worst may, is always enforced to hold the candle; the weakest must still to the wall; where none will, the devil himself must bear the cross. But were it not, gentlewomen, that your lust stands for law, I would borrow so much leave as to resign my office to one of you, whose experience in love hath made you learned, and whose learning hath made you so lovely; for me to entreat of the one, being a novice, or to discourse of the other, being a truant, I may well make you weary but never the wiser, and give you occasion rather to laugh at my rashness than to like my reasons. Yet I care the less to excuse my boldness to you who were the cause of my blindness. And since I am at my own choice either to talk of love or of learning, I had rather for this time be deemed an unthrift in rejecting profit than a Stoic in renouncing pleasure.

"It hath been a question often disputed, but never determined, whether the qualities of the mind or the composition of the man cause women most to like, or whether beauty or wit move men most to love. Certainly by how much the more the mind is to be preferred before the body, by so much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before the gifts of the other; which if it be so that the contemplation of the inward quality ought to be respected more than the view of the outward beauty, then doubtless women either do or should love those best whose virtue is best, not measuring the deformed man with the reformed mind. The foul toad hath a fair stone in his head, the fine gold is found in the filthy earth, the sweet kernel lyeth in the hard shell. Virtue is harbored in the heart of him that most men esteem misshapen. Contrariwise, if we respect more the outward shape than the inward habit, good God into how many mischiefs do we fall? into what blindness are we led? Do we not commonly see that in painted pots is hidden the deadliest poison? that in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent? in the clearest water the ugliest toad? Doth not experience teach us that in the most curious sepulchre are enclosed rotten bones? That the cypress tree beareth a fair leaf but no fruit? That the estridge carrieth fair feathers but rank flesh? How frantic are those lovers which are carried away with the gay glistering of the fine face? the beauty whereof is parched with the summer's blaze and chipped with the winter's blast, which is of so short continuance that it fadeth before one perceive it flourish, of so small profit that it poisoneth those that possess it, of so little value with the wise that they account it a delicate bait with a deadly hook, a sweet panther with a devouring paunch, a sour poison in a silver pot.

"Here I could enter into discourse of such fine dames as being in love with their own looks make such coarse account of their passionate lovers; for commonly, if they be adorned with beauty, they be so straight laced, and made so high in the instep, that they disdain them most that most desire them. It is a world to see the doting of their lovers, and their dealing

with them, the revealing of whose subtle trains would cause me to shed tears, and you, gentlewomen, to shut your modest ears. Pardon me, gentlewomen, if I unfold every wile and shew every wrinkle of women's dispositions. Two things do they cause their servants to vow unto them, secrecy and sovereignty: the one to conceal their enticing sleights, by the other to assure themselves of their only service. Again—but ho there! If I should have waded any further and sounded the depth of their deceit, I should either have procured your displeasure or incurred the suspicion of fraud, either armed you to practice the like subtlety or accused myself of perjury. But I mean not to offend your chaste minds with the rehearsal of their unchaste manners, whose ears I perceive to glow and hearts to be grieved at that which I have already uttered, not that amongst you there be any such, but that in your sex there should be any such.

"Let not gentlewomen therefore make too much of their painted sheath, let them not be so curious in their own conceit, or so currish to their loyal lovers. When the black crow's foot shall appear in their eye or the black ox tread on their foot, when their beauty shall be like the blasted rose, their wealth wasted, their bodies worn, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who will like of them in their age who loved none in their youth? If you will be cherished when you be old, be courteous while you be young; if you look for comfort in your hoary hairs, be not coy when you have your golden locks; if you would be embraced in the vaining of your bravery, be not squeamish in the waxing of your beauty; if you desire to be kept like the roses when they have lost their color, smell sweet as the rose doth in the bud; if you would be tasted for old wine, be in the mouth a pleasant grape—so shall you be cherished for your courtesy, comforted for your honesty, embraced for your amity; so shall you be preserved with the sweet rose, and drunk with the pleasant wine. Thus far I am bold, gentlewomen, to counsel those that be coy that they weave not the web of their own woe, nor spin the thread of their own thralldom by their own overthwartness. And seeing we are even in the bowels of love, it shall not be amiss to examine whether man or woman be soonest allured; whether be most constant the male or the female. And in this point I mean not to be my own carver, lest I should seem either to pick a thank with men, or a quarrel with women. If therefore it might stand with your pleasure, Mistress Lucilla, to give your censure, I would take the contrary; for sure I am though your judgment be sound, yet affection will shadow it."

Lucilla, seeing his pretence, thought to take advantage of his large proffer, unto whom she said: "Gentleman, in my opinion women are to be won with every wind, in whose sex there is neither force to withstand the assaults of love, neither constancy to remain faithful. And because

your discourse hath hitherto bred delight, I am loath to hinder you in the sequel of your devices."

Euphues, perceiving himself to be taken napping, answered as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, if you speak as you think, these gentlewomen present have little cause to thank you; if you cause me to commend women, my tale will be accounted a mere trifle and your words the plain truth. Yet, knowing promise to be debt, I will pay it with performance. And I would the gentlemen here present were as ready to credit my proof as the gentlewomen are willing to hear their own praises, or I as able to overcome as Mistress Lucilla would be content to be overthrown. Howsoever the matter shall fall out, I am of the surer side; for if my reasons be weak, then is our sex strong; if forcible, then your judgment feeble; if I find truth on my side, I hope I shall for my wages win the good will of women; if I want proof, then gentlewomen of necessity you must yield to men. But to the matter.

"Touching the yielding to love, allbeit their hearts seem tender, yet they harden them like the stone of Sicilia, the which the more it is beaten, the harder it is; for, being framed as it were of the perfection of men, they be free from all such cogitations as may any way provoke them to uncleanness, insomuch as they abhor the light love of youth which is grounded upon lust and dissolved upon every light occasion. When they see the folly of men turn to fury, their delight to doting, their affection to frenzy; when they see them as it were pine in pleasure and to wax pale through their own peevishness, their suits, their service, their letters, their labors, their loves, their lives seem to them so odious that they harden their hearts against such concupiscence to the end they might convert them from rashness to reason, from such lewd disposition to honest discretion. Hereof it cometh that men accuse women of cruelty because they themselves want civility, they account them full of wiles in not yielding to their wickedness, faithless for resisting their filthiness. But I had almost forgot myself—you shall pardon me, Mistress Lucilla, for this time, if thus abruptly I finish my discourse. It is neither for want of good will or lack of proof, but that I feel in myself such alteration, that I can scarcely utter one word. Ah Euphues, Euphues!"

The gentlewomen were struck into such a quandary with this sudden change that they all changed color. But Euphues, taking Philautus by the hand and giving the gentlewomen thanks for their patience and his repast, bade them all farewell, and went immediately to his chamber.

But Lucilla, who now began to fry in the flames of love, all the company being departed to their lodgings, entered into these terms and contrarieties:

"Ah wretched wench Lucilla, how art thou perplexed! What a doubt-

ful fight dost thou feel betwixt faith and fancy, hope and fear, conscience and concupiscence! O my Euphues, little dost thou know the sudden sorrow that I sustain for thy sweet sake, whose wit hath bewitched me, whose rare qualities have deprived me of mine old quality, whose courteous behavior without curiosity, whose comely feature without fault, whose filed speech without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. And canst thou, Lucilla, be so light of love in forsaking Philautus to fly to Euphues? Canst thou prefer a stranger before thy countryman? A starter before thy companion? Why Euphues doth perhaps desire my love, but Philautus hath deserved it. Why Euphues' feature is worthy as good as I, but Philautus his faith is worthy a better. Aye, but the latter love is most fervent. Aye, but the first ought to be most faithful. Aye, but Euphues hath greater perfection. Aye, but Philautus hath deeper affection.

"Ah fond wench, dost thou think Euphues will deem thee constant to him, when thou hast been unconstant to his friend? Weenest thou that he will have no mistrust of thy faithfulness, when he hath had trial of thy fickleness? Will he have no doubt of thine honor, when thou thyself callest thine honesty in question? Yes, yes, Lucilla, well doth he know that the glass once crazed will with the least clap be cracked, that the cloth which staineth with milk will soon lose his color with vinegar, that the eagle's wing will waste the feather as well of the phoenix as of the pheasant, that she that hath been faithless to one will never be faithful to any. But can Euphues convince me of fleeting, seeing for his sake I break my fidelity? Can he condemn me of disloyalty, when he is the only cause of my disliking? May he justly condemn me of treachery, who hath this testimony as trial of my good will? Doth not he remember that the broken bone, once set together, is stronger than ever it was? That the greatest blot is taken off with the pumice? That though the spider poison the fly, she cannot infect the bee? That although I have been light to Philautus, yet I may be lovely to Euphues? It is not my desire but his deserts that moveth my mind to this choice, neither the want of the like good will in Philautus but the lack of the like good qualities that removeth my fancy from the one to the other.

"For, as the bee that gathereth honey out of the weed, when she spyeth the fair flower flyeth to the sweetest; or as the kind spaniel, though he hunt after birds, yet forsakes them to retrieve the partridge; or as we commonly feed on beef hungrily at the first, yet seeing the quail more dainty, change our diet; so I, although I loved Philautus for his good properties, yet seeing Euphues to excell him, I ought by Nature to like him better. By so much the more, therefore, my change is to be excused, by how much the more my choice is excellent; and by so much the less I am to be condemned, by how much the more Euphues is to be commended. Is not the

diamond of more value than the ruby because he is of more virtue? Is not the emerald preferred before the sapphire for his wonderful property? Is not Euphues more praiseworthy than Philautus, being more witty?

"But fie, Lucilla, why dost thou flatter thyself in thine own folly? Canst thou fain Euphues thy friend, whom by thine own words thou hast made thy foe? Didst not thou accuse women of inconstancy? Didst not thou account them easy to be won? Didst not thou condemn them of weakness? What sounder argument can he have against thee than thine own answer? What better proof than thine own speech? What greater trial than thine own talk? If thou hast belied women, he will judge thee unkind; if thou have revealed the truth, he must needs think thee unconstant; if he perceive thee to be won with a nut, he will imagine that thou wilt be lost with an apple; if he find thee wanton before thou be wooed, he will guess thou wilt be wavering when thou art wedded.

"But suppose that Euphues love thee, that Philautus leave thee, will thy father, thinkest thou, give thee liberty to live after thine own lust? Will he esteem him worthy to inherit his possessions whom he accounteth unworthy to enjoy thy person? Is it like that he will match thee in marriage with a stranger, with a Grecian, with a mean man? Aye, but what knoweth my father whether he be wealthy, whether his revenues be able to countervail my father's lands, whether his birth be noble, yea, or no? Can anyone make doubt of his gentle blood that seeth his gentle conditions? Can his honor be called into question whose honesty is so great? Is he to be thought thriftless, who in all qualities of the mind is peerless? No, no, the tree is known by his fruit, the gold by his touch, the son by the sire. And as the soft wax receiveth whatsoever print be in the seal, and sheweth no other impression, so the tender babe, being sealed with his father's gifts, representeth his Image most lively. But were I once certain of Euphues' good will I would not so superstitiously account of my father's ill will. Time hath weaned me from my mother's teat, and age rid me from my father's correction; when children are in their swathclouts, then are they subject to the whip, and ought to be careful of the rigor of their parents. As for me, seeing I am not fed with their pap, I am not to be led by their persuasions. Let my father use what speeches he list, I will follow mine own lust. Lust, Lucilla? What sayst thou? No, no, mine own love I should have said, for I am as far from lust as I am from reason, and as near to love as I am to folly. Then stick to thy determination, and shew thyself what love can do, what love dares do, what love hath done. Albeit I can no way quench the coals of desire with forgetfulness, yet will I rake them up in the ashes of modesty; seeing I dare not discover my love for maidenly shamefastness, I will dissemble it till time I have opportunity. And I hope so to behave myself as Euphues

shall think me his own, and Philautus persuade himself I am none but his. But I would to God Euphues would repair hither, that the sight of him might mitigate some part of my martyrdom."

She having thus discoursed with herself her own miseries, cast herself on the bed. And there let her lie, and return we to Euphues, who was so caught in the gin of folly that he neither could comfort himself nor durst ask counsel of his friend, suspecting that which indeed was true, that Philautus was co-rival with him and cock-mate with Lucilla. Amidst therefore these his extremities between hope and fear, he uttered these or the like speeches:

"What is he, Euphues, that knowing thy wit, and seeing thy folly, but will rather punish thy lewdness than pity thy haughtiness? Was there ever any so fickle so soon to be allured? Any ever so faithless to deceive his friend? Ever any so foolish to bathe himself in his own misfortune? Too true it is that as the sea crab swimmeth always against the stream, so wit always striveth against wisdom. And as the bee is oftentimes hurt with her own honey, so is wit not seldom plagued with his own conceit.

"O ye gods, have ye ordained for every malady a medicine, for every sore a salve, for every pain a plaster, leaving only love remediless? Did ye deem no man so mad to be entangled with desire, or thought ye them worthy to be tormented that were so misled? Have ye dealt more favorably with brute beasts than with reasonable creatures. The filthy sow when she is sick eateth the sea crab and is immediately recured; the tortoise, having tasted the viper, sucketh *Origanum* and is quickly revived; the bear, ready to pine, licketh up the ants and is recovered; the dog having surfeited, to procure his vomit eateth grass, and findeth remedy; the heart being pierced with the dart, runneth out of hand to the herb *Dictanum*, and is healed. And can men by no herb, by no art, by no way, procure a remedy for the impatient disease of love? Ah well I perceive that love is not unlike the fig tree, whose fruit is sweet, whose root is more bitter than the claw of a bitter; or like the apple in Persia, whose blossom savoreth like honey, whose bud is more sour than gall.

"But O impiety! O broad blasphemy against the heavens! Wilt thou be so impudent, Euphues, to accuse the gods of iniquity? No fond fool, no! Neither is it forbidden us by the gods to love, by whose divine providence we are permitted to live; neither do we want remedies to recure our maladies, but reason to use the means. But why go I about to hinder the course of love with the discourse of law? Hast thou not read, Euphues, that he that loppeth the vine causeth it to spread fairer? That he that stoppeth the stream forceth it to swell higher? That he that casteth water on the fire in the smith's forge maketh it to flame fiercer? Even so he that seeketh by counsel to moderate his overlashing affections increaseth his

own misfortune. Ah my Lucilla, would thou were either less fair or I more fortunate, either I wiser or thou milder; either would I were out of this mad mood, either I would we were both of one mind. But how should she be persuaded of my loyalty, that yet had never one simple proof of my love? Will she not rather imagine me to be entangled with her beauty than with her virtue. That my fancy being so lewdly chained at the first, will be as lightly changed at the last; that nothing violent can be permanent. Yes, yes, she must needs conjecture so, although it be nothing so, for by how much the more my affection cometh on the sudden, by so much the less will she think it certain. The rattling thunderbolt hath but his clap, the lightning but his flash, and as they both come in a moment, so do they both end in a minute.

"Aye, but Euphues, hath she not heard also that the dry touchwood is kindled with lime, that the greatest mushroom groweth in one night? That the fire quickly burneth the flax? That love easily entreth into the sharp wit without resistance, and is harbored there without repentance? If therefore the Gods have endowed her with as much bounty as beauty; if she have no less wit than she hath comeliness, certes she will neither conceive sinisterly of my sudden suit, neither be coy to receive me into her service, neither suspect me of lightness in yielding so lightly, neither reject me disdainfully, for loving so hastily. Shall I not then hazard my life to obtain my love? And deceive Philautus to receive Lucilla? Yes Euphues, where love beareth sway, friendship can have no show. As Philautus brought me for his shadow the last supper, so will I use him for my shadow till I have gained his saint. And canst thou, wretch, be false to him that is faithful to thee? Shall his courtesy be cause of thy cruelty? Wilt thou violate the league of faith to inherit the land of folly? Shall affection be of more force than friendship, love than law, lust than loyalty? Knowest thou not that he that loseth his honesty hath nothing else to lose?

"Tush, the case is light where reason taketh place; to love and to live well is not granted to Jupiter. Who so is blinded with the caul of beauty discerneth no color of honesty. Did not Gyges cut Candaules a coat by his own measure? Did not Paris, though he were a welcome guest to Menelaus, serve his host a slippery prank? If Philautus had loved Lucilla, he would never have suffered Euphues to have seen her. Is it not the prey that enticeth the thief to rifle? Is it not the pleasant bait that causeth the fleetest fish to bite? Is it not a byword amongst us that gold maketh an honest man an ill man? Did Philautus account Euphues too simple to decipher beauty, or superstitious not to desire it? Did he deem him a saint in rejecting fancy, or a sot in not discerning? Thought he him a Stoic that he would not be moved, or a stock that he could not?

"Well, well, seeing the wound that bleedeth inward is most dangerous, that the fire kept close burneth most furious, that the oven dammed up baketh soonest, that sores having no vent fester secretly, it is high time to unfold my secret love to my secrete friend. Let Philautus behave himself never so craftily, he shall know that it must be a wily mouse that shall breed in the cat's ear, and because I resemble him in wit I mean a little to dissemble with him in wiles. But O my Lucilla, if thy heart be made of that stone which may be mollified only with blood, would I had sipped of that river in Caria which turneth those that drink of it to stones. If thine ears be anointed with the oil of Syria that bereaveth hearing, would mine eyes had been rubbed with the syrup of the cedar tree which taketh away sight. If Lucilla be so proud to disdain poor Euphues, would Euphues were so happy to deny Lucilla; or if Lucilla be so mortified to live without love, would Euphues were so fortunate to live in hate. Aye, but my cold welcome foretelleth my cold suit. Aye, but her privy glances signify some good fortune. Fie, fond fool Euphues, why goest thou about to allege those things to cut off thy hope which she perhaps would never have found, or to comfort thyself with those reasons which she never meaneth to propose.

"Tush, it were no love if it were certain, and a small conquest it is to overthrow those that never resisteth. In battles there ought to be a doubtful fight, and a desperate end; in pleading a difficult entrance, and a diffused determination; in love a life without hope, and a death without fear. Fire cometh out of the hardest flint with the steel; oil out of the driest jet by the fire; love out of the stoniest heart by faith, by trust, by time. Had Tarquinius used his love with colors of continuance, Lucretia would either with some pity have answered his desire, or with some persuasion have stayed her death. It was the heat of his lust that made her haste to end her life; wherefore love in neither respect is to be condemned, but he of rashness to attempt a lady furiously, and she of rigor to punish his folly in her own flesh, a fact (in mine opinion) more worthy the name of cruelty than chastity, and fitter for a monster in the deserts than a matron of Rome. Penelope, no less constant than she, yet more wise, would be weary to unweave that in the night she spun in the day, if Ulysses had not come home the sooner. There is no woman, Euphues, but she will yield in time; be not therefore dismayed either with high looks or froward words."

Euphues having thus talked with himself, Philautus entered the chamber, and finding him so worn and wasted with continual mourning, neither joying in his meat nor rejoicing in his friend, with watery eyes uttered this speech:

"Friend and fellow, as I am not ignorant of thy present weakness,

so I am not privy of the cause, and although I suspect many things, yet can I assure myself of no one thing. Therefore, my good Euphues, for these doubts and dumps of mine, either remove the cause or reveal it. Thou hast hitherto found me a cheerful companion in thy mirth, and now shalt thou find me as careful with thee in thy moan. If altogether thou mayst not be cured, yet mayst thou be comforted. If there be anything that either by my friends may be procured, or by my life attained, that may either heal thee in part or help thee in all, I protest to thee, by the name of a friend, that it shall rather be gotten with the loss of my body than lost by getting a kingdom. Thou hast tried me, therefore trust me. Thou hast trusted me in many things, therefore try me in this one thing. I never yet failed, and now I will not faint. Be bold to speak and blush not; thy sore is not so angry but I can salve it, the wound not so deep but I can search it, thy grief not so great but I can ease it. If it be ripe it shall be lanced, if it be broken it shall be tainted, be it never so desperate it shall be cured. Rise, therefore, Euphues, and take heart at grace; younger thou shalt never be; pluck up thy stomach; if love itself have stung thee it shall not stifle thee. Though thou be enamored of some lady thou shalt not be enchanted. They that begin to pine of a consumption, without delay preserve themselves upon cullises; he that feeleth his stomach enflamed with heat cooleth it eftsoons with conserves; delays breed dangers; nothing so perilous as procrastination.

Euphues, hearing this comfort and friendly counsel, dissembled his sorrowing heart with a smiling face, answering him forthwith as followeth:

"True it is, Philautus, that he which toucheth the nettle tenderly is soonest stung, that the fly which playeth with the fire is singed in the flame, that he that dallieth with women is drawn to his woe. And as the adamant draweth the heavy iron, the harp the fleet dolphin, so beauty allureth the chaste mind to love, and the wisest wit to lust. The example whereof, I would it were no less profitable than the experience to me is like to be perilous. The vine watered with wine is soon withered, the blossom in the fattest ground is quickly blasted, the goat the fatter she is the less fertile she is; yea, man the more witty he is, the less happy he is. So it is, Philautus (for why should I conceal it from thee, of whom I am to take counsel), that since my last and first being with thee at the house of Ferardo, I have felt such a furious battle in mine own body, as if it be not speedily repressed by policy, it will carry my mind (the grand captain in this fight) into endless captivity.

"Ah Livia, Livia! Thy courtly grace without coyness, thy blazing beauty without blemish, thy courteous demeanor without curiosity, thy sweet speech savored with wit, thy comely mirth tempered with modesty,

thy chaste looks yet lovely, thy sharp taunts yet pleasant have given me such a check that sure I am, at the next view of thy virtues, I shall take thee mate. And taking it not of a pawn, but of a prince, the loss is to be accounted the less. And though they be commonly in a great choler that receive the mate, yet would I willingly take every minute ten mates, to enjoy Livia for my loving mate. Doubtless if ever she herself have been scorched with the flames of desire, she will be ready to quench the coals with courtesy in another; if ever she have been attached of love, she will rescue him that is drenched in desire; if ever she have been taken with the fever of fancy, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is converted into frenzy. Neither can there be under so delicate a hue lodged deceit, neither in so beautiful a mold a malicious mind. True it is that the disposition of the mind followeth the composition of the body. How then can she be in mind any way imperfect, who in body is perfect every way? I know my success will be good, but I know not how to have access to my goddess; neither do I want courage to discover my love to my friend, but some color to cloak my coming to the house of Ferardo; for if they be in Naples as jealous as they be in the other parts of Italy, then it behooveth me to walk circumspectly, and to forge some cause for mine often coming.

"If therefore, Philautus, you canst set but this feather to mine arrow, you shalt see me shoot so near that thou wilt account me for a cunning archer. And verily if I had not loved thee well, I would have swallowed mine own sorrow in silence, knowing that in love nothing is so dangerous as to participate the means thereof to an other, and that two may keep counsel if one be away. I am therefore enforced perforce to challenge that courtesy at thy hands which first thou didst promise with thy heart, the performance whereof shall bind me to Philautus, and prove thee faithful to Euphues. Now if thy cunning be answerable to thy good will, practice some pleasant conceit upon thy poor patient: one dram of Ovid's art, some of Tibullus' drugs, one of Propertius' pills, which may cause me either to purge my new disease or recover my hoped desire. But I fear me where so strange a sickness is to be recured of so unskillful a physician, that either thou wilt be too bold to practice, or my body too weak to purge. But seeing a desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate doctor, I will follow thy counsel and become thy cure, desiring thee to be as wise in ministring thy physic as I have been willing to put my life into thy hands."

Philautus, thinking all to be gold that glistered, and all to be gospel that Euphues uttered, answered his forged glose with this friendly close:

"In that thou hast made me privy to thy purpose, I will not conceal my practice; in that thou cravest my aid, assure thyself I will be the

finger next the thumb, insomuch as thou shalt never repent thee of the one or the other. For persuade thyself that thou shalt find Philautus during life ready to comfort thee in thy misfortunes, and succor thee in thy necessity. Concerning Livia, though she be fair, yet is she not so amiable as my Lucilla, whose servant I have been the term of three years; but lest comparisons should seem odious, chiefly where both the parties be without comparison, I will omit that; and seeing that we had both rather be talking with them than tattling of them, we will immediately go to them.

"And truly, Euphues, I am not a little glad that I shall have thee not only a comfort in my life, but also a companion in my love. As thou hast been wise in thy choice, so I hope thou shalt be fortunate in thy chance. Livia is a wench of more wit than beauty, Lucilla of more beauty than wit; both of more honesty than honor, and yet both of such honor as in all Naples there is not one in birth to be compared with any of them both. How much therefore have we to rejoice in our choice? Touching our access, be thou secure. I will flap Ferardo in the mouth with some conceit, and fill his old head so full of new fables that thou shalt rather be earnestly entreated to repair to his house than evil-entreated to leave it. As old men are very suspicious to mistrust everything, so are they very credulous to believe anything; the blind man doth eat many a fly."

"Yea, but," said Euphues, "take heed, my Philautus, that thou thyself swallow not a gudgeon."

Which word Philautus did not mark, until he had almost digested it. "But," said Philautus, "let us go devoutly to the shrine of our saints, there to offer our devotion. For my books teach me that such a wound must be healed where it was first hurt; and for this disease we will use a common remedy, but yet comfortable. The eye that blinded thee shall make thee see; the scorpion that stung thee shall heal thee; a sharp sore hath a short cure. Let us go." To the which Euphues consented willingly, smiling to himself to see how he had brought Philautus into a fool's Paradise.

Here you may see, gentlemen, the falsehood in fellowship, the fraud in friendship, the painted sheath with the leaden dagger, the fair words that make fools fain; but I will not trouble you with superfluous addition, unto whom I fear me I have been tedious, with the bare discourse of this rude history.

Philautus and Euphues repaired to the house of Ferardo, where they found Mistress Lucilla and Livia accompanied with other gentlewomen, neither being idle nor well employed, but playing at cards. But when Lucilla beheld Euphues she could scarcely contain herself from embracing him, had not womanly shamefastness, and Philautus his presence, stayed her wisdom.

Euphues on the other side was fallen into such a trance that he had not the power either to succor himself, or salute the gentlewomen. At the last Lucilla began as one that best might be bold, on this manner:

"Gentlemen, although your long absence gave me occasion to think that you disliked your late entertainment, yet your coming at the last hath cut off my former suspicion. And by so much the more you are welcome by how much the more you were wished for. But you, gentleman (taking Euphues by the hand), were the rather wished for, for that your discourse, being left unperfect, caused us all to long (as women are wont for things that like them) to have an end thereof."

Unto whom Philautus replied as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, though your courtesy made us nothing to doubt of our welcome, yet modesty caused us to pinch courtesy who should first come. As for my friend, I think he was never wished for here so earnestly of any as of himself; whether it might be to renew his talk or to recant his sayings, I cannot tell."

Euphues, taking the tale out of Philautus' mouth, answered: "Mistress Lucilla, to recant verities were heresy, and renew the praises of women flattery. The only cause I wished myself here was to give thanks for so good entertainment, the which I could no ways deserve, and to breed a greater acquaintance, if it might be to make amends."

Lucilla, enflamed with his presence, said, "Nay, Euphues, you shall not escape so. For if my courtesy, as you say, were the cause of your coming, let it also be the occasion of the ending your former discourse; otherwise I shall think your proof naked, and you shall find my reward nothing."

Euphues, now as willing to obey as she to command, addressed himself to a farther conclusion; who, seeing all the gentlewomen ready to give him the hearing, proceeded as followeth: "I have not yet forgotten that my last talk with these gentlewomen tended to their praises, and therefore the end must tie up the just proof; otherwise I should set down Venus' shadow without the lively substance.

"As there is no one thing which can be reckoned either concerning love or loyalty wherein women do not excell men, yet in fervency, above all others, they so far exceed that men are liker to marvel at them than to imitate them, and readier to laugh at their virtues than emulate them. For as they be hard to be won without trial of great faith, so are they hard to be lost without great cause of fickleness. It is long before the cold water seethe, yet being once hot, it is long before it be cooled; it is long before salt come to his saltness, but, being once seasoned, it never looseth his savor.

"I for mine own part am brought into a Paradise by the only imagina-

tion of women's virtues; and were I persuaded that all the devils in hell were women, I would never live devoutly to inherit heaven; or that they were all Saints in heaven, I would live more strictly for fear of hell. What could Adam have done in his Paradise before his fall without a woman, or how would he have rise again after his fall without a woman? Artificers are wont in their last works to excell themselves; yea, God when he had made all things, at the last made man as most perfect, thinking nothing could be framed more excellent; yet after him he created a woman, the express image of eternity, the lively picture of nature, the only steel glass for man to behold his infirmities by comparing them with women's perfections. Are they not more gentle, more witty, more beautiful than men? Are not men so bewitched with their qualities that they become mad for love, and women so wise that they detest lust.

"I am entered into so large a field, that I shall sooner want time than proof, and so cloy you with variety of praises that I fear me I am like to infect women with pride, which yet they have not, and men with spite, which yet I would not. For as the horse, if he knew his own strength, were no ways to be bridled; or the unicorn his own virtue, were never to be caught; so women, if they knew what excellency were in them, I fear me men should never win them to their wills, or wean them from their mind."

Lucilla began to smile, saying, "In faith, Euphues, I would have you stay there; for as the sun when he is at the highest beginneth to go down, so when the praises of women are at the best, if you leave not, they will begin to fail."

But Euphues (being rapt with the sight of his saint) answered, "No, no, Lucilla."

But whilst he was yet speaking, Ferardo entered, whom they all dutifully welcomed home; who, rounding Philautus in the ear, desired him to accompany him immediately without farther pausing, protesting it should be as well for his preferment as for his own profit. Philautus consenting, Ferardo said unto his daughter:

"Lucilla, the urgent affairs I have in hand will scarce suffer me to tarry with you one hour; yet my return I hope will be so short that my absence shall not breed thy sorrow. In the mean season I commit all things into thy custody, wishing thee to use thy accustomable courtesy. And seeing I must take Philautus with me, I will be so bold to crave you gentleman (his friend) to supply his room, desiring you to take this hasty warning for a hearty welcome, and so to spend this time of mine absence in honest mirth. And thus I leave you."

Philautus knew well the cause of this sudden departure, which was to redeem certain lands that were mortgaged in his father's time to the use

of Ferardo, who on that condition had before time promised him his daughter in marriage. But return we to Euphues.

Euphues was surprised with such incredible joy at this strange event that he had almost sounded; for seeing his co-rival to be departed, and Ferardo to give him so friendly entertainment, doubted not in time to get the good will of Lucilla. Whom finding in place convenient without company, with a bold courage and comely gesture, he began to assay her in this sort:

"Gentlewoman, my acquaintance being so little, I am afraid my credit will be less, for that they commonly are soonest believed that are best beloved, and they liked best whom we have known longest; nevertheless, the noble mind suspecteth no guile without cause, neither condemneth any wight without proof; having therefore notice of your heroical heart, I am the better persuaded of my good hap. So it is Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the byword is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end; or as the dry beech kindled at the root, never leaveth until it come to the top; or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein; so affection, having caught hold of my heart, and the sparkles of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head, and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness), Lady, that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me unto this deep distress; but seeing women, when one praiseth them for their deserts, deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you and strive to win your good will, that hot love is soon cold; that the faggot, though it burn bright, is but a blaze; that scalding water, if it stand a while, turneth almost to ice; that pepper, though it be hot in the mouth, is cold in the maw; that the faith of men, though it fry in their words, it freezeth in their works. Which things, Lucilla, albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can they not convince every one of lewdness; neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtlety of a few. For although the worm entereth almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar tree. Though the stone cylindrus, at every thunder clap, roll from the hill, yet the pure sleek stone mounteth at the noise; though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald; though Polypus change his hue, yet the salamander keepeth his color, though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pygmalion retaineth his old form; though Aeneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troilus was too faithful to

Cressid; though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself that Euphues will be always current in his dealings. But as the true gold is tried by the touch, the pure flint by the stroke of the iron, so the loyal heart of the faithful lover is known by the trial of his Lady. Of the which trial, Lucilla, if you shall account Euphues worthy, assure yourself he will be as ready to offer himself a sacrifice for your sweet sake as yourself shall be willing to employ him in your service. Neither doth he desire to be trusted any way, until he shall be tried every way; neither doth he crave credit at the first, but a good countenance till time his desire shall be made manifest by his deserts. Thus not blinded by light affection, but dazzled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesy, I have unfolded mine entire love, desiring you, having so good leisure, to give so friendly an answer as I may receive comfort, and you commendation."

Lucilla, although she were contented to hear this desired discourse, yet did she seem to be somewhat displeased. And truly I know not whether it be peculiar to that sex to dissemble with those whom they most desire, or whether by craft they have learned outwardly to loathe that which inwardly they most love; yet wisely did she cast this in her head: that if she should yield at the first assault he would think her a light housewife; if she should reject him scornfully, a very haggard; minding therefore that he should neither take hold of her promise, neither unkindness of her preciseness, she fed him indifferently with hope and despair, reason and affection, life and death. Yet in the end, arguing wittily upon certain questions, they fell to such agreement as poor Philautus would not have agreed unto if he had been present; yet always keeping the body undefiled. And thus she replied:

"Gentleman, as you may suspect me of idleness in giving ear to your talk, so may you convince me of lightness in answering such toys; certes, as you have made mine ears glow at the rehearsal of your love, so have you galled my heart with the remembrance of your folly. Though you came to Naples as a stranger, yet were you welcome to my father's house as a friend. And can you then so much transgress the bonds of honor (I will not say of honesty) as to solicit a suit more sharp to me than death? I have hitherto, God be thanked, lived without suspicion of lewdness; and shall I now incur the danger of sensual liberty? What hope can you have to obtain my love, seeing yet I could never afford you a good look? Do you therefore think me easily enticed to the bent of your bow, because I was easily entreated to listen to your late discourse? Or seeing me (as finely you glose) to excell all other in beauty, did you deem that I would exceed all other in beastliness? But yet I am not angry, Euphues, but in an agony; for who is she that will fret or fume with one that loveth her,

if this love to delude me be not dissembled. It is that which causeth me most to fear; not that my beauty is unknown to myself, but that commonly we poor wenches are deluded through light belief, and ye men are naturally inclined craftily to lead your life. When the fox preacheth the geese perish. The crocodile shroudeth greatest treason under most pitiful tears; in a kissing mouth there lieth a galling mind. You have made so large proffer of your service, and so fair promises of fidelity, that were I not over chary of mine honesty you would inveigle me to shake hands with chastity. But certes I will either lead a virgin's life in earth (though I lead apes in hell) or else follow thee rather than thy gifts; yet am I neither so precise to refuse the proffer, neither so peevish to disdain thy good will; so excellent always are the gifts which are made acceptable by the virtue of the giver. I did at the first entrance discern thy love but yet dissemble it. Thy wanton glances, thy scalding sighs, thy loving signs, caused me to blush for shame, and to look wan for fear, lest they should be perceived of any. These subtle shifts, these painted practices (if I were to be won) would soon wean me from the teat of Vesta to the toys of Venus. Besides this, thy comely grace, thy rare qualities, thy exquisite perfection, were able to move a mind half mortified to transgress the bonds of maidenly modesty. But God shield Lucilla, that thou shouldest be so careless of thine honor as to commit the state thereof to a stranger. Learn thou by me, Euphues, to despise things that be amiable, to forego delightful practices; believe me it is piety to abstain from pleasure.

"Thou art not the first that hath solicited this suit, but the first that goeth about to seduce me; neither discernest thou more than other, but darest more than any; neither hast thou more art to discover thy meaning, but more heart to open thy mind. But thou preferrest me before thy lands, thy livings, thy life; thou offerest thyself a sacrifice for my security; thou profferest me the whole and only sovereignty of thy service. Truly I were very cruel and hard-hearted if I should not love thee; hard-hearted albeit I am not, but truly love thee I cannot, whom I doubt to be my lover.

"Moreover, I have not been used to the court of Cupid, wherein there be more slights than there be hares in Athon, than bees in Hybla, than stars in heaven. Besides this, the common people here in Naples are not only both very suspicious of other men's matters and manners, but also very jealous over other men's children and maidens; either therefore dissemble thy fancy, or desist from thy folly.

"But why shouldest thou desist from the one, seeing thou canst cunningly dissemble the other. My father is now gone to Venice, and as I am uncertain of his return, so am I not privy to the cause of his travel. But yet is he so from hence that he seeth me in his absence. Knowest thou not, Euphues, that kings have long arms and rulers large reaches? Neither

let this comfort thee, that at his departure he deputed thee in Philautus' place. Although my face cause him to mistrust my loyalty, yet my faith enforceth him to give me this liberty; though he be suspicious of my fair hue, yet is he secure of my firm honesty. But alas, Euphues, what truth can there be found in a traveller? what stay in a stranger? whose words and bodies both watch but for a wind, whose feet are ever fleeting, whose faith plighted on the shore is turned to perjury when they hoist sail. Who more traitorous to Phyllis than Demophoon? yet he a traveller. Who more perjured to Dido than Aeneas? and he a stranger: both these queens, both they caitifs. Who more false to Ariadne than Theseus? yet he a sailor. Who more fickle to Medea than Jason? yet he a starter: both these daughters to great princes, both they unfaithful of their promises. Is it then likely that Euphues will be faithful to Lucilla, being in Naples but a sojourner? I have not yet forgotten the invective (I can no otherwise term it) which thou madest against beauty, saying it was a deceitful bait with a deadly hook, and a sweet poison in a painted pot. Canst thou then be so unwise to swallow the bait which will breed thy bane? To swill the drink that will expire thy date? To desire the wight that will work thy death? But it may be that with the scorpion thou canst feed on the earth; or with the quail and roebuck, be fat with poison; or with beauty live in all bravery. I fear me thou hast the stone Continens about thee, which is named of the contrary; that though thou pretend faith in thy words, thou devisest fraud in thy heart; that though thou seem to prefer love, thou art inflamed with lust. And what for that? Though thou have eaten the seeds of rocket, which breed incontinency, yet have I chewed the leaf cress, which maintaineth modesty. Though thou bear in thy bosom the herb *araxa*, most noisome to virginity, yet have I the stone that groweth in the mount Tmolus, the upholder of chastity.

"You may, gentleman, account me for a cold prophet, thus hastily to divine of your disposition; pardon me, Euphues, if in love I cast beyond the moon, which bringeth us women to endless moan. Although I myself were never burnt, whereby I should dread the fire, yet the scorching of others in the flames of fancy warneth me to beware. Though I as yet never tried any faithless, whereby I should be fearful, yet have I read of many that have been perjured, which causeth me to be careful; though I am able to convince none by proof, yet am I enforced to suspect one upon probabilities. Alas, we silly souls which have neither wit to decipher the wiles of men nor wisdom to dissemble our affection, neither craft to train in young lovers, neither courage to withstand their encounters, neither discretion to discern their doubling, neither hard hearts to reject their complaints—we, I say, are soon enticed, being by nature simple and easily entangled, being apt to receive the impression of love. But alas it

is both common and lamentable, to behold simplicity entrapped by subtlety, and those that have most might to be infected with most malice. The spider weaveth a fine web to hang the fly, the wolf wearest a fair face to devour the lamb, the merlin striketh at the partridge, the eagle often snappeth at the fly, men are always laying baits for women, which are the weaker vessels; but as yet I could never hear man by such snares to entrap man. For true it is that men themselves have by use observed that it must be a hard winter when one wolf eateth an other. I have read that the bull, being tied to the fig-tree, loseth his strength; that the whole herd of deer stand at the gaze, if they smell a sweet apple; that the dolphin by the sound of music is brought to the shore. And then no marvel it is that if the fierce bull be tamed with the fig-tree; if that women, being as weak as sheep, be overcome with a fig; if the wild deer be caught with an apple, that the tame damsel is won with a blossom; if the fleet dolphin be allured with harmony, that women be entangled with the melody of men's speech, fair promises, and solemn protestations.

"But folly it were for me to mark their mischiefs, since I am neither able, neither they willing, to amend their manners; it becometh me rather to show what our sex should do than to open what yours doth. And seeing I cannot by reason restrain your importunate suit, I will by rigor done on myself cause you to refrain the means. I would to God Ferardo were in this point like to Lysander, which would not suffer his daughters to wear gorgeous apparel, saying it would rather make them common than comely. I would it were in Naples a law, which was a custom in Egypt, that women should always go barefoot, to the intent they might keep themselves always at home; that they should be ever like to the snail, which hath ever his house on his head. I mean so to mortify myself that instead of silks I will wear sackcloth; for owches and bracelets, leere and caddis; for the lute use the distaff; for the pen, the needle; for lovers' sonnets, David's Psalms. But yet I am not so senseless altogether to reject your service, which if I were certainly assured to proceed of a simple mind, it should not receive so simple a reward. And what greater trial can I have of thy simplicity and truth than thine own request which desireth a trial. Aye, but in the coldest flint there is hot fire, the bee that hath honey in her mouth hath a sting in her tail, the tree that beareth the sweetest fruit hath a sour sap, yea the words of men, though they seem smooth as oil, yet their hearts are as crooked as the stalk of ivy. I would not, Euphues, that thou shouldest condemn me of rigor, in that I seek to assuage thy folly by reason, but take this by the way; that although as yet I am disposed to like of none, yet whensoever I shall love any I will not forget thee. In the mean season, account me thy friend, for thy foe I will never be."

Euphues was brought into a great quandary, and as it were a cold shivering, to hear this new kind of kindness—such sweet meat, such sour sauce, such fair words, such faint promises, such hot love, such cold desire, such certain hope, such sudden change—and stood like one that had looked on Medusa's head, and so had been turned into a stone.

Lucilla, seeing him in this pitiful plight and fearing he would take stand if the lure were not cast out, took him by the hand and wringing him softly with a smiling countenance, began thus to comfort him:

"Methinks, Euphues, changing so your color upon the sudden, you will soon change your copy. Is your mind on your meat? A penny for your thought."

"Mistress," quoth he, "if you would buy all my thoughts at that price, I should never be weary of thinking; but seeing it is too dear, read it, and take it for nothing."

"It seems to me," said she, "that you are in some brown study, what colors you might best wear for your Lady."

"Indeed, Lucilla, you level shrewdly at my thought by the aim of your own imagination, for you have given unto me a true love's knot wrought of changeable silk, and you deem that I am devising how I might have my colors changeable also, that they might agree. But let this, with such toys and devices, pass. If it please you to command me any service, I am here ready to attend your leisure."

"No service, Euphues, but that you keep silence until I have uttered my mind; and secrecy when I have unfolded my meaning."

"If I should offend in the one I were too bold, if in the other too beastly."

"Well then, Euphues," said she, "so it is that for the hope that I conceive of thy loyalty and the happy success that is like to ensue of this our love, I am content to yield thee the place in my heart which thou desirest and deservest above all other; which consent in me, if it may any ways breed thy contentation, sure I am that it will every way work my comfort. But as either thou tenderest mine honor or thine own safety, use such secrecy in this matter that my father have no inkling hereof before I have framed his mind fit for our purpose. And though women have small force to overcome men by reason, yet have they good fortune to undermine them by policy. The soft drops of rain pierce the hard marble, many strokes overthrow the tallest oak, a silly woman in time may make such a breach into a man's heart as her tears may enter without resistance; then doubt not but I will so undermine mine old father, as quickly I will enjoy my new friend. Tush, Philautus was liked for fashion sake, but never loved for fancy sake; and this I vow by the faith of a virgin and by the love I bear thee (for greater bands to confirm my vow I have not), that

my father shall sooner martyr me in the fire than marry me to Philautus. No, no, Euphues, thou only hast won me by love, and shalt only wear me by law. I force not Philautus his fury, so I may have Euphues his friendship; neither will I prefer his possessions before thy person, neither esteem better of his lands than of thy love. Ferardo shall sooner disherit me of my patrimony than dishonor me in breaking my promise. It is not his great manors, but thy good manners, that shall make my marriage. In token of which my sincere affection, I give thee my hand in pawn and my heart for ever to be thy Lucilla."

Unto whom Euphues answered in this manner:

"If my tongue were able to utter the joys that my heart hath conceived, I fear me though I be well beloved, yet I should hardly be believed. Ah my Lucilla, how much am I bound to thee, which preferrest mine unworthiness before thy Father's wrath, my happiness before thine own misfortune, my love before thine own life! How might I excell thee in courtesy, whom no mortal creature can exceed in constancy! I find it now for a settled truth, which before I accounted for a vain talk, that the purple dye will never stain, that the pure civet will never lose his savor, that the green laurel will never change his color, that beauty can never be blotted with discourtesy. As touching secrecy in this behalf, assure thyself that I will not so much as tell it to myself. Command Euphues to run, to ride, to undertake any exploit be it never so dangerous, to hazard himself in any enterprise be it never so desperate."

As they were thus pleasantly conferring the one with the other, Livia (whom Euphues made his pretext) entered into the parlor, unto whom Lucilla spake in these terms:

"Dost thou not laugh, Livia, to see my ghostly father keep me here so long at shrift?"

"Truly," answered Livia, "methinks that you smile at some pleasant shift; either he is slow in enquiring of your faults, or you slack in answering of his questions."

And thus being supper time, they all sat down, Lucilla well pleased; no man better content than Euphues, who after his repast having no opportunity to confer with his lover, had small lust to continue with the gentlewomen any longer. Seeing therefore he could frame no means to work his delight, he coined an excuse to hasten his departure, promising the next morning to trouble them again as a guest more bold than welcome, although indeed he thought himself to be the better welcome in saying that he would come.

But as Ferardo went in post, so he returned in haste, having concluded with Philautus that the marriage should immediately be consummated; which wrought such a content in Philautus that he was almost in an

ecstasy through the extremity of his passions. Such is the fullness and force of pleasure, that there is nothing so dangerous as the fruition; yet knowing that delays bring dangers, although he nothing doubted of Lucilla, whom he loved, yet feared he the fickleness of old men, which is always to be mistrusted. He urged therefore Ferardo to break with his daughter, who being willing to have the match made, was content incontinently to procure the means; finding therefore his daughter at leisure, and having knowledge of her former love, spake to her as followeth:

"Dear daughter, as thou hast long time lived a maiden, so now thou must learn to be a Mother, and as I have been careful to bring thee up a virgin, so am I now desirous to make thee a wife. Neither ought I in this matter to use any persuasions, for that maidens commonly nowadays are no sooner born but they begin to bride it; neither to offer any great portions, for that thou knowest thou shalt inherit all my possessions. Mine only care hath been hitherto to match thee with such an one as should be of good wealth able to maintain thee, of great worship able to compare with thee in birth, of honest conditions to deserve thy love, and an Italian born to enjoy my lands. At the last I have found one answerable to my desire, a gentleman of great revenues, of a noble progeny, of honest behavior, of comely personage, born and brought up in Naples. Philautus (thy friend as I guess) thy husband Lucilla, if thou like it; neither canst thou dislike him, who wanteth nothing that should cause thy liking, neither hath anything that should breed thy loathing. And surely I rejoice the more, that thou shalt be linked to him in marriage whom thou hast loved as I hear being a maiden; neither can there any jars kindle between them, where the minds be so united; neither any jealousy arise, where love hath so long been settled. Therefore, Lucilla, to the end the desire of either of you may now be accomplished to the delight of you both, I am here come to finish the contract by giving hands, which you have already begun between yourselves by joining of hearts, that as God doth witness the one in your consciences, so the world may testify the other by your conversations. And therefore, Lucilla, make such answer to my request as may like me, and satisfy thy friend."

Lucilla, abashed with this sudden speech of her father, yet boldened by the love of her friend, with a comely bashfulness answered him in this manner:

"Reverend Sir, the sweetness that I have found in the undefiled estate of virginity, causeth me to loathe the sour sauce which is mixed with matrimony; and the quiet life which I have tried being a maiden, maketh me to shun the cares that are always incident to a mother; neither am I so wedded to the world that I should be moved with great possessions; neither so bewitched with wantonness that I should be enticed with any

man's proportion; neither if I were so disposed would I be so proud to desire one of noble progeny, or so precise to choose one only in mine own country, for that commonly these things happen always to the contrary. Do we not see the noble to match with the base, the rich with the poor, the Italian oftentimes with the Portingale? As love knoweth no laws, so it regardeth no conditions; as the lover maketh no pause where he liketh, so he maketh no conscience of these idle ceremonies. In that Philautus is the man that threateneth such kindness at my hands, and such courtesy at yours, that he should account me his wife before he woo me, certainly he is like for me to make his reckoning twice, because he reckoneth without his hostess. And in this Philautus would either show himself of great wisdom to persuade, or me of great lightness to be allured; although the loadstone draw iron, yet it cannot move gold; though the jet gather up the light straw, yet can it not take up the pure steel. Although Philautus think himself of virtue sufficient to win his lover, yet shall he not obtain Lucilla. I cannot but smile to hear that a marriage should be solemnized, where never was any mention of assuring, and that the wooing should be a day after the wedding. Certes, if when I looked merrily on Philautus, he deemed it in the way of marriage; or if seeing me disposed to jest, he took me in good earnest; then sure he might gather some presumption of my love, but no promise. But me thinks it is good reason that I should be at mine own bridal, and not given in the Church before I know the bridegroom. Therefore, dear father, in mine opinion, as there can be no bargain where both be not agreed, neither any indentures sealed where the one will not consent, so can there be no contract where both be not content, no banns asked lawfully where one of the parties forbiddeth them, no marriage made where no match was meant. But I will hereafter frame myself to be coy, seeing I am claimed for a wife because I have been courteous; and give myself to melancholy, seeing I am accounted won in that I have been merry. And if every gentleman be made of the metal that Philautus is, then I fear I shall be challenged of as many as I have used to company with, and be a common wife to all those that have commonly resorted hither.

"My duty therefore ever reserved, I here on my knees foreswear Philautus for my husband, although I accept him for my friend; and seeing I shall hardly be induced ever to match with any, I beseech you, if by your fatherly love I shall be compelled, that I may match with such a one as both I may love, and you may like."

Ferardo, being a grave and wise gentleman, although he were thoroughly angry, yet he dissembled his fury, to the end he might by craft discover her fancy, and whispering Philautus in the ear (who stood as though he had a flea in his ear), desired him to keep silence until he had under-

mined her by subtlety; which Philautus having granted, Ferardo began to sift his daughter with this device.

"Lucilla, thy color showeth thee to be in a great choler, and thy hot words bewray thy heavy wrath; but be patient. Seeing all my talk was only to try thee, I am neither so unnatural to wrest thee against thine own will, neither so malicious to wed thee to any against thine own liking; for well I know what jars, what jealousy, what strife, what storms ensue, where the match is made rather by the compulsion of the parents than by the consent of the parties; neither do I like thee the less, in that thou likest Philautus so little; neither can Philautus love thee the worse, in that thou lovest thyself so well, wishing rather to stand to thy chance than to the choice of any other. But this grieveth me most, that thou art almost vowed to the vain order of the vestal virgins, despising, or at the least not desiring the sacred bands of Juno her bed. If thy mother had been of that mind when she was a maiden, thou haddest not now been born to be of this mind to be a virgin. Weigh with thyself what slender profit they bring to the commonwealth, what slight pleasure to themselves, what great grief to their parents which joy most in their offspring, and desire most to enjoy the noble and blessed name of a grandfather.

"Thou knowest that the tallest ash is cut down for fuel, because it beareth no good fruit, that the cow that gives no milk is brought to the slaughter, that the drone that gathereth no honey is contemned, that the woman that maketh herself barren by not marrying is accounted among the Grecian ladies worse than a carrion, as Homer reporteth. Therefore, Lucilla, if thou have any care to be a comfort to my hoary hairs, or a commodity to thy common weal, frame thyself to that honorable estate of matrimony, which was sanctified in Paradise, allowed of the patriarchs, hallowed of the old prophets, and commended of all persons. If thou like any, be not ashamed to tell it me, which only am to exhort thee—yea, and as much as in me lieth to command thee—to love one. If he be base, thy blood will make him noble; if beggarly, thy goods shall make him wealthy; if a stranger, thy freedom may enfranchise him. If he be young, he is the more fitter to be thy fellow; if he be old, the liker to thine aged father. For I had rather thou shouldest lead a life to thine own liking in earth than to thy great torments lead apes in Hell. Be bold, therefore, to make me partner of thy desire, which will be partaker of thy disease—yea, and a furtherer of thy delights, as far as either my friends, or my lands, or my life will stretch."

Lucilla, perceiving the drift of the old fox her father, weighed with herself what was the best to be done; at the last, not weighing her father's ill will, but encouraged by love, shaped him an answer which pleased

Ferardo but little, and pinched Philautus on the parson's side on this manner:

"Dear father Ferardo, although I see the bait you lay to catch me, yet I am content to swallow the hook; neither are you more desirous to take me napping, than I willing to confess my meaning. So it is that love hath as well inveigled me as others, which make it as strange as I. Neither do I love him so meanly that I should be ashamed of his name, neither is his personage so mean that I should love him shamefully. It is Euphues, that lately arrived here at Naples, that hath battered the bulwark of my breast, and shall shortly enter as conqueror into my bosom. What his wealth is I neither know it nor weigh it, what his wit is all Naples doth know it, and wonder at it; neither have I been curious to enquire of his progenitors, for that I know so noble a mind could take no original but from a noble man; for as no bird can look against the sun but those that be bred of the eagle, neither any hawk soar so high as the brood of the hobby, so no wight can have such excellent qualities except he descend of a noble race; neither be of so high capacity, unless he issue of a high progeny. And I hope Philautus will not be my foe, seeing I have chosen his dear friend; neither you, father, be displeased in that Philautus is displaced. You need not muse that I should so suddenly be entangled; love gives no reason of choice, neither will it suffer any repulse. Myrrha was enamored of her natural father, Biblis of her brother, Phaedra of her son-in-law. If nature can no way resist the fury of affection, how should it be stayed by wisdom?"

Ferardo, interrupting her in the middle of her discourse, although he were moved with inward grudge, yet he wisely repressed his anger, knowing that sharp words would but sharpen her froward will, and thus answered her briefly:

"Lucilla, as I am not presently to grant my good will, so mean I not to reprehend thy choice; yet wisdom willeth me to pause until I have called what may happen to my remembrance, and warneth thee to be circumspect, lest thy rash conceit bring a sharp repentance. As for you Philautus I would not have you despair, seeing a woman doth oftentimes change her desire."

Unto whom Philautus in few words made answer, "Certainly, Ferardo, I take the less grief in that I see her so greedy after Euphues, and by so much the more I am content to leave my suit, by how much the more she seemeth to disdain my service; but as for hope, because I would not by any means taste one dram thereof, I will abjure all places of her abode and loathe her company, whose countenance I have so much loved. As for Euphues"—and there staying his speech, he flang out of the doors, and repairing to his lodging, uttered these words:

"Ah, most dissembling wretch Euphues! O counterfeit companion! Couldest thou under the show of a steadfast friend cloak the malice of a mortal foe? under the color of simplicity shrowd the image of deceit? Is thy Livia turned to my Lucilla, thy love to my lover, thy devotion to my saint? Is this the courtesy of Athens, the cavilling of scholars, the craft of Grecians? Couldest thou not remember, Philautus, that Greece is never without some wily Ulysses, never void of some Synon, never to seek of some deceitful shifter? Is it not commonly said of Grecians that craft cometh to them by kind, that they learn to deceive in their cradle? Why then did his pretended courtesy bewitch thee with such credulity? Shall my good will be the cause of his ill will? Because I was content to be his friend, thought he me meet to be made his fool? I see now that as the fish scolopidus in the flood Araris at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow, and at the waning as black as the burnt coal, so Euphues, which at the first increasing of our familiarity was very zealous, is now at the last cast become most faithless. But why rather exclaim I not against Lucilla, whose wanton looks caused Euphues to violate his plighted faith? Ah, wretched wench, canst thou be so light of love as to change with every wind? so unconstant as to prefer a new lover before thine old friend? Ah, well I wot that a new broom sweepeth clean, and a new garment maketh thee leave off the old though it be fitter, and new wine causeth thee to forsake the old though it be better; much like to the men in the island Scyrum, which pull up the old tree when they see the young begin to spring, and not unlike unto the widow of Lesbos, which changed all her old gold for new glass, have I served thee three years faithfully, and am I served so unkindly? Shall the fruit of my desire be turned to disdain? But unless Euphues had inveigled thee thou haddest yet been constant. Yea, but if Euphues had not seen thee willing to be won, he would never have wooed thee. But had not Euphues enticed thee with fair words, thou wouldst never have loved him. But haddest thou not given him fair looks, he would never have liked thee. Aye, but Euphues gave the onset. Aye, but Lucilla gave the occasion. Aye, but Euphues first break his mind. Aye, but Lucilla first bewrayed her meaning. Tush, why go I about to excuse any of them, seeing I have just cause to accuse them both? Neither ought I to dispute which of them hath proffered me the greatest villany, since that either of them hath committed perjury. Yet although they have found me dull in perceiving their falsehood, they shall not find me slack in revenging their folly. As for Lucilla, seeing I mean altogether to forget her, I mean also to forgive her, lest in seeking means to be revenged mine old desire be renewed."

Philautus having thus discoursed with himself, began to write to Euphues as followeth:

"Although hitherto, Euphues, I have shrined thee in my heart for a trusty friend, I will shun thee hereafter as a trothless foe; and although I cannot see in thee less wit than I was wont, yet do I find less honesty. I perceive at the last (although being deceived, it be too late) that musk, though it be sweet in the smell, is sour in the smack; that the leaf of the cedar tree, though it be fair to be seen, yet the syrup depriveth sight; that friendship, though it be plighted by shaking the hand, yet it is shaken off by fraud of the heart. But thou hast not much to boast of, for as thou hast won a fickle lady, so hast thou lost a faithful friend. How canst thou be secure of her constancy when thou hast had such trial of her lightness? How canst thou assure thyself that she will be faithful to thee, which hath been faithless to me? Ah Euphues, let not my credulity be an occasion hereafter for thee to practise the like cruelty. Remember this, that yet there hath never been any faithless to his friend that hath not also been fruitless to his God. But I weigh the treachery the less, in that it cometh from a Grecian in whom is no truth. Though I be too weak to wrestle for a revenge, yet God, who permitteth no guile to be guiltless, will shortly requite this injury; though Philautus have no policy to undermine thee, yet thine own practises will be sufficient to overthrow thee.

"Couldest thou, Euphues, for the love of a fruitless pleasure, violate the league of faithful friendship? Diddest thou weigh more the enticing looks of a lewd wench than the entire love of a loyal friend? If thou diddest determine with thyself at the first to be false, why diddest thou swear to be true? If to be true, why art thou false? If thou wast minded both falsely and forgedly to deceive me, why diddest thou flatter and dissemble with me at the first? If to love me, why dost thou flinch at the last? If the sacred bands of amity did delight thee, why diddest thou break them? if dislike thee, why diddest thou praise them? Dost thou not know that a perfect friend should be like the glazeworm, which shineth most bright in the dark? or like the pure frankincense, which smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire? or at the least not unlike to the damask rose, which is sweeter in the still than on the stalk? But thou, Euphues, dost rather resemble the swallow which in the summer creepeth under the eves of every house, and in the winter leaveth nothing but dirt behind her; or the humble bee, which having sucked honey out of the fair flower, doth leave it and loathe it; or the spider, which in the finest web doth hang the fairest fly. Dost thou think, Euphues, that thy craft in betraying me shall any whit cool my courage in revenging thy villany? or that a gentleman of Naples will put up such an injury at the hands of a scholar? And if I do, it is not for want of strength to maintain my just quarrel, but of will, which thinketh scorn to get so vain a conquest. I know that Menelaus for his ten years' war endured ten years' woe; that after all his strife he won

but a strumpet; that for all his travail he reduced (I cannot say reclaimed) but a straggler; which was as much in my judgment as to strive for a broken glass which is good for nothing. I wish thee rather Menelaus' care than myself his conquest, that thou, being deluded by Lucilla, mayst rather know what it is to be deceived, than I, having conquered thee, should prove what it were to bring back a dissembler. Seeing therefore there can no greater revenge light upon thee than that as thou hast reaped where another hath sown, so another may thresh that which thou hast reaped. I will pray that thou mayst be measured unto with the like measure that thou hast meted unto others; that as thou hast thought it no conscience to betray me, so others may deem it no dishonesty to deceive thee; that as Lucilla made it a light matter to foreswear her old friend Philautus, so she may make it a mock to forsake her new fellow Euphues. Which if it come to pass, as it is like by my compass, then shalt thou see the troubles and feel the torments which thou hast already thrown into the hearts and eyes of others. Thus hoping shortly to see thee as hopeless as myself is hapless, I wish my wish were as effectually ended as it is heartily looked for. And so I leave thee.

Thine once
PHILAUTUS."

Philautus, dispatching a messenger with this letter speedily to Euphues, went into the fields to walk there, either to digest his choler or chew upon his melancholy. But Euphues, having read the contents, was well content, setting his talk at naught and answering his taunts in these gibing terms:

"I remember, Philautus, how valiantly Ajax boasted in the feats of arms, yet Ulysses bore away the armor; and it may be that though thou crake of thine own courage, thou mayst easily lose the conquest. Dost thou think Euphues such a dastard that he is not able to withstand thy courage, or such a dullard that he cannot descry thy craft. Alas, good soul! It fareth with thee as with the hen, which when the puttock hath caught her chicken beginneth to cackle; and thou, having lost thy lover, beginnest to prattle. Tush, Philautus, I am in this point of Euripides his mind, who thinks it lawful for the desire of a kingdom to transgress the bounds of honesty and for the love of a lady to violate and break the bands of amity.

"The friendship between man and man, as it is common, so is it of course; between man and woman, as it is seldom, so is it sincere; the one proceedeth of the similitude of manners, the other of the sincerity of the heart. If thou haddest learned the first point of hawking thou wouldst have learned to have held fast, or the first note of descant thou wouldest have kept thy *sol. fa.* to thyself.

"But thou canst blame me no more of folly in leaving thee to love Lucilla, than thou mayst reprove him of foolishness that, having a sparrow in his hand, letteth her go to catch the pheasant; or him of unskillfulness that seeing the heron, leaveth to level his shoot at the stock dove; or that woman of coyness that, having a dead rose in her bosom, throweth it away to gather the fresh violet. Love knoweth no laws. Did not Jupiter transform himself into the shape of Amphitrio to embrace Alcmæna? into the form of a swan to enjoy Læda? into a bull to beguile Ió? Into a shower of gold to win Danaë? Did not Neptune change himself into a heifer, a ram, a flood, a dolphin, only for the love of those he lusted after? Did not Apollo convert himself into a shepherd, into a bird, into a lion, for the desire he had to heal his disease? If the Gods thought no scorn to become beasts to obtain their best beloved, shall Euphues be so nice in changing his copy to gain his lady? No, no! He that cannot dissemble in love is not worthy to live. I am of this mind, that both might and malice, deceit and treachery, all perjury, any impiety may lawfully be committed in love, which is lawless. In that thou arguest Lucilla of lightness, thy will hangs in the light of thy wit. Dost thou not know that the weak stomach, if it be cloyed with one diet, doth soon surfeit? That the clown's garlik cannot ease the courtier's disease so well as the pure treacle? That far fetched and dear bought is good for ladies? That Euphues, being a more dainty morsel than Philautus, ought better to be accepted? Tush, Philautus, set thy heart at rest, for thy hap willeth thee to give over all hope both of my friendship and her love. As for revenge, thou art not so able to lend a blow as I to ward it, neither more venturous to challenge the combat than I valiant to answer the quarrel. As Lucilla was caught by fraud, so shall she be kept by force; and as thou wast too simple to espy my craft, so I think thou wilt be too weak to withstand my courage; but if thy revenge stand only upon thy wish, thou shalt never live to see my woe, or to have thy will. And so farewell.

EUPHUES."

This letter being dispatched, Euphues sent it and Philautus read it; who, disdaining those proud terms, disdained also to answer them, being ready to ride with Ferardo.

Euphues, having for a space absented himself from the house of Ferardo because he was at home, longed sore to see Lucilla; which now opportunity offered unto him, Ferardo being gone again to Venice with Philautus. But in this his absence one Curio, a gentleman of Naples of little wealth and less wit, haunted Lucilla her company, and so enchanted her that Euphues was also cast off with Philautus. Which thing being unknown to Euphues, caused him the sooner to make his repair to the pres-

ence of his lady, whom he finding in her muses began pleasantly to salute in this manner:

"Mistress Lucilla, although my long absence might breed your just anger (for that lovers desire nothing so much as often meeting), yet I hope my presence will dissolve your choler (for that lovers are soon pleased when of their wishes they be fully possessed). My absence is the rather to be excused in that your father hath been always at home, whose frowns seemed to threaten my ill fortune, and my presence at this present the better to be accepted in that I have made such speedy repair to your presence."

Unto whom Lucilla answered with this taunt: "Truly, Euphues, you have missed the cushion, for I was neither angry with your long absence, neither am I well pleased at your presence; the one gave me rather a good hope hereafter never to see you, the other giveth me a greater occasion to abhor you."

Euphues being nipped on the head, with a pale countenance, as though his soul had forsaken his body, replied as followeth: "If this sudden change, Lucilla, proceed of any desert of mine, I am here not only to answer the fact, but also to make amends for my fault; if of any new motion or mind to forsake your new friend, I am rather to lament your inconstancy than revenge it; but I hope that such hot love cannot be so soon cold, neither such sure faith be rewarded with so sudden forgetfulness."

Lucilla, not ashamed to confess her folly, answered him with this frump: "Sir, whether your deserts or my desire have wrought this change, it will boot you little to know; neither do I crave amends, neither fear revenge. As for fervent love, you know there is no fire so hot but it is quenched with water, neither affection so strong but is weakened with reason. Let this suffice thee, that thou know I care not for thee."

"Indeed," said Euphues, "to know the cause of your alteration would boot me little, seeing the effect taketh such force. I have heard that women either love entirely or hate deadly, and seeing you have put me out of doubt of the one, I must needs persuade myself of the other. This change will cause Philautus to laugh me to scorn, and double thy lightness in turning so often. Such was the hope that I conceived of thy constancy, that I spared not in all places to blaze thy loyalty; but now my rash conceit will prove me a liar, and thee a light housewife."

"Nay," said Lucilla, "now shalt thou not laugh Philautus to scorn, seeing you have both drunk of one cup; in misery, Euphues it is great comfort to have a companion. I doubt not but that you will both conspire against me to work some mischief, although I nothing fear your malice; whosoever accounteth you a liar for praising me, may also deem you a

lecher for being enamored of me; and whosoever judgeth me light in forsaking of you, may think thee as lewd in loving of me; for thou that thoughtest it lawful to deceive thy friend, must take no scorn to be deceived of thy foe."

"Then I perceive, Lucilla," said he, "that I was made thy stale, and Philautus thy laughing stock; whose friendship (I must confess indeed) I have refused to obtain thy favor. And since another hath won that we both have lost, I am content for my part; neither ought I to be grieved, seeing thou art fickle."

"Certes, Euphues," said Lucilla, "you spend your wind in waste, for your welcome is but small, and your cheer is like to be less. Fancy giveth no reason of his change, neither will be controlled for any choice. This is therefore to warn you, that from henceforth you neither solicit this suit, neither offer any way your service. I have chosen one (I must needs confess) neither to be compared to Philautus in wealth, nor to thee in wit; neither in birth to the worst of you both. I think God gave it me for a just plague, for renouncing Philautus, and choosing thee; and since I am an example to all women of lightness, I am like also to be a mirror to them all of unhappiness; which ill luck I must take by so much the more patiently, by how much the more I acknowledge myself to have deserved it worthily."

"Well, Lucilla," answered Euphues, "this case breedeth my sorrow the more, in that it is so sudden; and by so much the more I lament it, by how much the less I looked for it. In that my welcome is so cold and my cheer so simple, it nothing toucheth me, seeing your fury is so hot, and my misfortune so great, that I am neither willing to receive it, nor you to bestow it. If tract of time or want of trial had caused this metamorphosis, my grief had been more tolerable, and your fleeting more excusable; but coming in a moment undeserved, unlooked for, unthought of, it increaseth my sorrow and thy shame."

"Euphues," quoth she, "you make a long harvest for a little corn, and angle for the fish that is already caught. Curio, yea, Curio is he that hath my love at his pleasure, and shall also have my life at his commandment; and although you deem him unworthy to enjoy that which before you accounted no wight worthy to embrace, yet seeing I esteem him more worth than any, he is to be reputed as chief. The wolf chooseth him for her make that hath or doth endure most travail for her sake. Venus was content to take the blacksmith with his powlt foot. Cornelia here in Naples disdained not to love a rude miller. As for changing, did not Helen, that pearl of Greece, thy countrywoman, first take Menelaus, then Theseus, and last of all Paris? If brute beasts give us examples that those are most to be liked of whom we are best beloved, or if the princess of beauty,

Venus, and her heirs Helen and Cornelia, show that our affection standeth on our free will, then am I rather to be excused than accused. Therefore, good Euphues, be as merry as you may be, for time may so turn that once again you may be."

"Nay, Lucilla," said he, "my harvest shall cease, seeing others have reaped my corn; as for angling for the fish that is already caught, that were but mere folly. But in my mind, if you be a fish you are either an eel, which as soon as one hath hold on her tail will slip out of his hand, or else a minnow, which will be nibbling at every bait but never biting. But what fish soever you be, you have made both me and Philautus to swallow a gudgeon. If Curio be the person, I would neither wish thee a greater plague, nor him a deadlier poison. I for my part think him worthy of thee, and thou unworthy of him; for although he be in body deformed, in mind foolish, an innocent born, a beggar by misfortune, yet doth he deserve a better than thyself, whose corrupt manners have stained thy heavenly hue, whose light behavior hath dimmed the lights of thy beauty, whose unconstant mind hath betrayed the innocence of so many a gentleman. And in that you bring in the example of a beast to confirm your folly, you show therein your beastly disposition, which is ready to follow such beastliness. But Venus played false; and what for that? Seeing her lightness serveth for an example, I would wish thou mightest try her punishment for a reward, that being openly taken in an iron net all the world might judge whether thou be fish or flesh. And certes in my mind no angle will hold thee; it must be a net. Cornelia loved a miller, and thou a miser; can her folly excuse thy fault? Helen of Greece, my countrywoman born, but thine by profession, changed and rechanged at her pleasure, I grant. Shall the lewdness of others animate thee in thy lightness? Why then dost thou not haunt the stews because Laïs frequented them? why dost thou not love a bull, seeing Pasiphaë loved one? why art thou not enamored of thy father, knowing that Myrrha was so incensed? These are set down that we, viewing their incontinency, should fly the like impudence, not follow the like excess; neither can they excuse thee of any inconstancy. Merry I will be as I may, but if I may hereafter as thou meanest, I will not. And therefore farewell, Lucilla, the most inconstant that ever was nursed in Naples! Farewell Naples, the most cursed town in all Italy! And women all, farewell!"

Euphues having thus given her his last farewell, yet being solitary, began afresh to recount his sorrow on this manner:

"Ah, Euphues, into what misfortune art thou brought? in what sudden misery art thou wrapped? It is like to fare with thee as with the eagle, which dieth neither for age, nor with sickness, but with famine; for although thy stomach hunger, yet thy heart will not suffer thee to eat. And

why shouldest thou torment thyself for one in whom is neither faith nor fervency? O the counterfeit love of women! Oh inconstant sex! I have lost Philautus, I have lost Lucilla, I have lost that which I shall hardly find again, a faithful friend! Ah, foolish Euphues, why diddest thou leave Athens, the nurse of wisdom, to inhabit Naples, the nourisher of wantonness? Had it not been better for thee to have eaten salt with the philosophers in Greece, than sugar with the courtiers of Italy? But behold the course of youth, which always inclineth to pleasure! I forsook mine old companions to search for new friends; I rejected the grave and fatherly counsel of Eubulus, to follow the brainsick humor of mine own will. I addicted myself wholly to the service of women, to spend my life in the laps of ladies, my lands in maintenance of bravery, my wit in the vanities of idle sonnets. I had thought that women had been as we men; that is, true, faithfull, zealous, constant; but I perceive they be rather woe unto men, by their falsehood, jealousy, inconstancy. I was half persuaded that they were made of the perfection of men, and would be comforters; but now I see they have tasted of the infection of the serpent, and will be corrosives. The physician saith it is dangerous to minister physic unto the patient that hath a cold stomach and a hot liver, lest in giving warmth to the one he inflame the other; so verily it is hard to deal with a woman whose words seem fervent, whose heart is congealed into hard ice, lest trusting their outward talk, he be betrayed with their inward treachery. I will to Athens, there to toss my books; no more in Naples to live with fair looks. I will so frame myself as all youth hereafter shall rather rejoice to see mine amendment than be animated to follow my former life. Philosophy, Physic, Divinity, shall be my study. O the hidden secrets of Nature, the express image of moral virtues, the equal balance of Justice, the medicines to heal all diseases, how they begin to delight me! The *Axiomaes* of Aristotle, the *Maxims* of Justinian, the *Aphorisms* of Galen have suddenly made such a breach into my mind that I seem only to desire them, which did only before detest them. If wit be employed in the honest study of learning, what thing so precious as wit? if in the idle trade of love, what thing more pestilent than wit? The proof of late hath been verified in me, whom nature hath endued with a little wit, which I have abused with an obstinate will. Most true it is that the thing, the better it is the greater is the abuse; and that there is nothing but through the malice of man may be abused.

"Doth not the fire (an element so necessary that without it man cannot live) as well burn the house as burn in the house, if it be abused? Doth not treacle as well poison as help if it be taken out of time? Doth not wine, if it be immoderately taken, kill the stomach, inflame the liver, mischief the drunken? Doth not physic destroy if it be not well tempered? Doth

not law accuse if it be not rightly interpreted? Doth not divinity condemn if it be not faithfully construed? Is not poison taken out of the honeysuckle by the spider, venom out of the rose by the canker, dung out of the maple tree by the scorpion? Even so the greatest wickedness is drawn out of the greatest wit, if it be abused by will, or entangled with the world, or inveigled with women.

"But seeing I see mine own impiety, I will endeavor myself to amend all that is past, and to be a mirror of godliness hereafter. The rose, though a little it be eaten with the canker, yet being distilled yieldeth sweet water; the iron, though fretted with the rust, yet being burnt in the fire shineth brighter; and wit, although it hath been eaten with the canker of his own conceit, and fretted with the rust of vain love, yet being purified in the still of wisdom, and tried in the fire of zeal, will shine bright and smell sweet in the nostrils of all young novices.

"As therefore I gave a farewell to Lucilla, a farewell to Naples, a farewell to women, so now do I give a farewell to the world; meaning rather to macerate myself with melancholy than pine in folly, rather choosing to die in my study amidst my books than to court it in Italy in the company of ladies."

Euphues having thus debated with himself, went to his bed, there either with sleep to deceive his fancy, or with musing to renew his ill fortune or recant his old follies.

But it happened immediately Ferardo to return home, who hearing this strange event was not a little amazed, and was now more ready to exhort Lucilla from the love of Curio than before to the liking of Philautus. Therefore, in all haste, with watery eyes and a woeful heart, began on this manner to reason with his daughter:

"Lucilla (daughter I am ashamed to call thee, seeing thou hast neither care of thy father's tender affection, nor of thine own credit), what sprite hath enchanted thy spirit that every minute thou alterest thy mind? I had thought that my hoary hairs should have found comfort by thy golden locks, and my rotten age great ease by thy ripe years. But alas, I see in thee neither wit to order thy doings, neither will to frame thyself to discretion, neither the nature of a child, neither the nurture of a maiden, neither (I cannot without tears speak it) any regard of thine honor, neither any care of thine honesty.

"I am now enforced to remember thy mother's death, who I think was a prophetess in her life, for oftentimes she would say that thou haddest more beauty than was convenient for one that should be honest, and more cockering than was meet for one that should be a matron.

"Would I had never lived to be so old or thou to be so obstinate; either would I had died in my youth in the court, or thou in thy cradle! I would

to God that either I had never been born, or thou never bred! Is this the comfort that the parent reapeth for all his care? Is obstinacy paid for obedience, stubbornness rendered for duty, malicious desperateness for filial fear? I perceive now that the wise painter saw more than the foolish parent can, who painted love going downward, saying it might well descend, but ascend it could never. Danaus, whom they report to be the father of fifty children, had among them all but one that disobeyed him in a thing most dishonest; but I that am father to one more than I would be, although one be all, have that one most disobedient to me in a request lawful and reasonable. If Danaus, seeing but one of his daughters without awe, became himself without mercy, what shall Ferardo do in this case, who hath one and all most unnatural to him in a most just cause? Shall Curio enjoy the fruit of my travails, possess the benefit of my labors, inherit the patrimony of mine ancestors, who hath neither wisdom to increase them, nor wit to keep them? Wilt thou, Lucilla, bestow thyself on such an one as hath neither comeliness in his body, nor knowledge in his mind, nor credit in his country? Oh, I would thou haddest either been ever faithful to Philautus, or never faithless to Euphues; or would thou wouldest be most fickle to Curio! As thy beauty hath made thee the blaze of Italy, so will thy lightness make thee the byword of the world. O Lucilla, Lucilla, would thou wert less fair or more fortunate, either of less honor or greater honesty! either better minded, or soon buried! Shall thine old father live to see thee match with a young fool? shall my kind heart be rewarded with such unkind hate? Ah Lucilla, thou knowest not the care of a father, nor the duty of a child, and as far art thou from piety as I from cruelty.

"Nature will not permit me to disherit my daughter, and yet it will suffer thee to dishonor thy father. Affection causeth me to wish thy life, and shall it entice thee to procure my death? It is mine only comfort to see thee flourish in thy youth, and is it thine to see me fade in mine age? To conclude, I desire to live to see thee prosper, and thou to see me perish. But why cast I the effect of this unnaturalness in thy teeth, seeing I myself was the cause? I made thee a wanton and thou hast made me a fool; I brought thee up like a cockney, and thou hast handled me like a cockscomb (I speak it to mine own shame). I made more of thee than became a father, and thou less of me than beseemed a child. And shall my loving care be cause of thy wicked cruelty? Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath been too careful, nor the last that shall be handled so unkindly! It is common to see fathers too fond, and children too froward. Well Lucilla, the tears which thou seest trickle down my cheeks and my drops of blood (which thou canst not see) that fall from my heart, enforce me to make an end of my talk; and if thou have any duty of a child, or care of a friend,

or courtesy of a stranger, or feeling of a Christian, or humanity of a reasonable creature, then release thy father of grief, and acquit thyself of ungratefulness. Otherwise thou shalt but hasten my death, and increase thine own defame; which if thou do, the gain is mine, and the loss thine, and both infinite."

Lucilla, either so bewitched that she could not relent or so wicked that she would not yield to her Father's request, answered him on this manner:

"Dear father, as you would have me to show the duty of a child, so ought you to show the care of a parent, for as the one standeth in obedience, so the other is grounded upon reason. You would have me, as I owe duty to you, to leave Curio; and I desire you, as you owe me any love, that you suffer me to enjoy him. If you accuse me of unnaturalness in that I yield not to your request, I am also to condemn you of unkindness, in that you grant not my petition. You object I know not what to Curio, but it is the eye of the master that fatteth the horse, and the love of the woman that maketh the man. To give reason for fancy were to weigh the fire, and measure the wind. If therefore my delight be the cause of your death, I think my sorrow would be an occasion of your solace. And if you be angry because I am pleased, certes I deem you would be content if I were deceased; which if it be so, that my pleasure breed your pain, and mine annoy your joy, I may well say that you are an unkind father and I an unfortunate child. But, good father, either content yourself with my choice, or let me stand to the main chance; otherwise the grief will be mine, and the fault yours, and both untolerable."

Ferardo seeing his daughter to have neither regard of her own honor nor his request, conceived such an inward grief that in short space he died, leaving Lucilla the only heir of his lands, and Curio to possess them. But what end came of her, seeing it is nothing incident to the history of Euphues, it were superfluous to insert it, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at it than believe it. Which event being so strange, I had rather leave them in a muse what it should be, than in a maze in telling what it was.

Philautus having intelligence of Euphues his success, and the falsehood of Lucilla, although he began to rejoice at the misery of his fellow, yet seeing her fickleness, could not but lament her folly, and pity his friend's misfortune, thinking that the lightness of Lucilla enticed Euphues to so great liking.

Euphues and Philautus having conference between themselves, casting discourtesy in the teeth each of the other, but chiefly noting disloyalty in the demeanor of Lucilla, after much talk renewed their old friendship, both abandoning Lucilla as most abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to

Athens, but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the university, that each refused the offer of the other; yet this they agreed between themselves: that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by the length of time, nor alienated by change of soil. "I for my part," said Euphues, "to confirm this league give thee my hand and my heart." And so likewise did Philautus; and so shaking hands, they bid each other farewell.

Euphues, to the intent he might bridle the overlashing affections of Philautus, conveyed into his study a certain pamphlet which he termed a cooling card for Philautus, yet generally to be applied to all lovers; which I have inserted as followeth.

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To my very good friends, the gentlemen scholars of Oxford.

THERE is no privilege that needeth a pardon, neither is there any remission to be asked where a commission is granted. I speak this, gentlemen, not to excuse the offense which is taken, but to offer a defense where I was mistaken. A clear conscience is a sure card; truth hath the prerogative to speak with plainness and the modesty to bear with patience. It was reported by some, and believed of many, that in the education of Ephoebus, where mention is made of universities, that Oxford was too much defaced or defamed. I know not what the envious have picked out by malice, or the curious by wit, or the guilty by their own galled consciences, but this I say: that I was as far from thinking ill as I find them from judging well. But if I should now go about to make amends, I were then faulty in somewhat amiss, and should show myself like Apelles' prentice, who coveting to mend the nose, marred the cheek; and not unlike the foolish dyer, who never thought his cloth black until it was burned. If any fault be committed, impute it to Euphues, who knew you not, not to Lyly, who hates you not.

Yet may I of all the rest most condemn Oxford of unkindness—of vice I cannot—, who seemed to wean me before she brought me forth, and to give me bones to gnaw before I could get the teat to suck. Wherein she played the nice mother in sending me into the country to nurse, where I tired at a dry breast three years, and was at the last enforced to wean myself. But it was destiny, for if I had not been gathered from the tree in the bud, I should, being blown, have proved a blast; and as good it is to be an addle egg as an idle bird.

Euphues at his arrival, I am assured, will view Oxford, where he will either recant his sayings or renew his complaints. He is now on the seas,

and how he hath been tossed I know not, but whereas I thought to receive him at Dover, I must meet him at Hampton. Nothing can hinder his coming but death, neither anything hasten his departure but unkindness.

Concerning myself, I have always thought so reverently of Oxford, of the scholars, of the manners, that I seemed to be rather an idolater than a blasphemer. They that invented this toy were unwise, and they that reported it unkind; and yet none of them can prove me unhonest.

But suppose I glanced at some abuses: did not Jupiter's egg bring forth as well Helen a light housewife in earth, as Castor a light star in heaven? The estrich that taketh the greatest pride in her feathers picketh some of the worst out and burneth them; there is no tree but hath some blast, no countenance but hath some blemish; and shall Oxford then be blameless? I wish it were so, yet I cannot think it is so. But, as it is, it may be better, and were it badder, it is not the worst.

I think there are few universities that have less faults than Oxford, many that have more, none but have some.

But I commit my cause to the consciences of those that either know what I am or can guess what I should be; the one will answer themselves in construing friendly, the other, if I knew them, I would satisfy reasonably.

Thus loath to incur the suspicion of unkindness in not telling my mind, and not willing to make any excuse where there need no amends, I can neither crave pardon, lest I should confess a fault, nor conceal my meaning, lest I should be thought a fool. And so I end, yours assured to use.

JOHN LYLY.

STEPHEN GOSSON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 820

FROM *The Schoole of Abuse*, 1579

The School of Abuse

THE SYRACUSANS used such variety of dishes in their banquets that when they were set and their boards furnished they were many times in doubt which they should touch first or taste last. And, in my opinion, the world giveth every writer so large a field to walk in that, before he set pen to the book, he shall find himself feasted at Syracusa, uncertain where to begin or when to end. This caused Pindarus to question with his muse whether he were better with his art to decipher the life of the nymph Melia, or Cadmus' encounter with the dragon, or the wars of Hercules at the walls of Thebes, or Bacchus' cups, or Venus' juggling? He saw so

many turnings laid open to his feet that he knew not which way to bend his pace.

Therefore, as I cannot but commend his wisdom which, in banqueting, feeds most upon that that doth nourish best; so must I dispraise his method in writing which, following the course of amorous poets, dwelleth longest in those points that profit least, and, like a wanton whelp, leaveth the game to run riot. The *scarab* flies over many a sweet flower, and lights in a cowshard; it is the custom of the fly to leave the sound places of the horse and suck at the botch; the nature of *coloquintida* to draw the worst humors to itself; the manner of swine to forsake the fair fields and wallow in the mire; and the whole practise of poets, either with fables to shew their abuses or with plain terms to unfold their mischief, discover their shame, discredit themselves, and disperse their poison through the world. Virgil sweats in describing his gnat; Ovid bestirreth him to paint out his flea; the one shews his art in the lust of Dido; the other his cunning in the incest of Myrrha, and that trumpet of bawdry, the craft of love.

I must confess that poets are the whetstones of wit, notwithstanding that wit is dearly bought; where honey and gall are mixed, it will be hard to sever the one from the other. The deceitful physician giveth sweet syrups to make his poison go down the smoother; the juggler casteth a mist to work the closer; the sirens' song is the sailor's wrack; the fowler's whistle the bird's death; the wholesome bait the fish's bane; the harpies have virgins' faces and vultures' talons; hyena speaks like a friend and devours like a foe; the calmest seas hide dangerous rocks; the wolf jets in wether's fells; many good sentences are spoken by Davus to shadow his knavery, and written by poets as ornaments to beautify their works and set their trumpery to sale without suspect.

But if you look well to Epaeus' horse, you shall find in his bowels the destruction of Troy; open the sepulchre of Semiramis, whose title promiseth such wealth to the kings of Persia, you shall see nothing but dead bones; rip up the golden ball that Nero consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus, you shall have it stuffed with the shavings of his beard; pull off the vizard that poets mask in, you shall disclose their reproach, bewray their vanity, loathe their wantonness, lament their folly, and perceive their sharp sayings to be placed as pearls in dunghills, fresh pictures on rotten walls, chaste matrons' apparel on common courtesans. These are the cups of Circe that turn reasonable creatures into brute beasts, the balls of Hippomenes that hinder the course of Atalanta, and the blocks of the devil that are cast in our ways to cut off the race of toward wits. No marvel though Plato shut them out of his school, and banished them quite from his commonwealth as effeminate writers, unprofitable members, and utter enemies to virtue.

The Romans were very desirous to imitate the Greeks, and yet very loath to receive their poets; insomuch that Cato layeth it in the dish of Marcus the noble as a foul reproach that, in the time of his consulship, he brought Ennius the poet into his province. Tully accustomed to read them with great diligence in his youth, but when he waxed graver in study, elder in years, riper in judgment, he accompted them the fathers of lies, pipes of vanity, and schools of abuse. Maximus Tyrius taketh upon him to defend the discipline of these doctors under the name of Homer, wresting the rashness of Ajax to valor; the cowardice of Ulysses to policy; the dotage of Nestor to grave counsel; and the battle of Troy to the wonderful conflict of the four elements, where Juno, which is counted the air, sets in her foot to take up the strife and steps boldly betwixt them to part the fray. It is a pageant worth the sight to behold how he labors with mountains to bring forth mice, much like to some of those players that come to the scaffold with drum and trumpet to proffer skirmish, and, when they have sounded alarm, off go the pieces to encounter a shadow or conquer a paper monster. You will smile, I am sure, if you read it, to see how this moral philosopher toils to draw the lion's skin upon Æsop's ass, Hercules' shoes on a child's feet, amplifying that which the more it is stirred, the more it stinks; the less it is talked of, the better it is liked; and as wayward children, the more they be flattered, the worse they are; or as cursed sores with often touching wax angry and run the longer without healing. He attributeth the beginning of virtue to Minerva, of friendship to Venus, and the root of all handicrafts to Vulcan; but if he had broke his arm as well as his leg, when he fell out of heaven into Lemnos, either Apollo must have played the bonesetter or every occupation been laid awater.

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. . . Were the Argives and Pythagoras now alive and saw how many frets, how many strings, how many stops, how many keys, how many clefs, how many moods, how many flats, how many sharps, how many rules, how many spaces, how many notes, how many rests, how many quirks, how many corners, what chopping, what changing, what tossing, what turning, what wresting and wringing is among our musicians, I believe verily that they would cry out with the countryman, *Heu, quòd tam pingui macer est mihi taurus in arvo.* Alas, here is fat feeding and lean beasts! Or, as one said at the shearing of hogs, great cry and little wool; much ado and small help. To shew the abuses of these unthrifty scholars that despise the good rules of their ancient masters and run to the shop of their own devices, defacing old stamps, forging new prints, and coining strange precepts, Phaerecrates, a comical poet, bringeth in Music and

Justice upon the stage: Music with her clothes tattered, her flesh torn, her face deformed, her whole body mangled and dismembered; Justice, viewing her well and pitying her case, questioneth with her how she came in that plight. To whom Music replies that Melanippides, Phrynis, Timotheus, and such fantastical heads had so disfigured her looks, defaced her beauty, so hacked her and hewed her, and with many strings given her so many wounds that she is stricken to death, in danger to perish, and present in place the least part of herself. When the Sicilians and Dores forsook the plain-song that they had learned of their ancestors in the mountains and practised long among their herds, they found out such descant in Sybaris' instruments that, by dancing and skipping, they fell into lewdness of life. Neither stayed those abuses in the compass of that country; but, like to ill weeds, in time spread so far that they choked the good grain in every place.

For as poetry and piping are cousin germans, so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chained in links of abuse.

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. . . But the exercise that is now among us is banqueting, playing, piping, and dancing, and all such delights as may win us to pleasure or rock us in sleep. *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* Oh, what a wonderful change is this? Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome and England to Italy, you shall find the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede,* I have seen somewhat, and therefore I think I may say the more. In Rome, when plays or pageants are shewn, Ovid chargeth his pilgrims to creep close to the saints whom they serve, and shew their double diligence to lift the gentlewomen's robes from the ground for soiling in the dust, to sweep motes from their kirtles, to keep their fingers in ure, to lay their hands at their backs for an easy stay, to look upon those whom they behold, to praise that which they commend, to like everything that pleaseth them, to present them pomegranates to pick as they sit, and, when all is done, to wait on them mannerly to their houses. In our assemblies at plays in London you shall see such heaving and shoving, such itching and shouldering to sit by women; such care for their garments that they be not trod on; such eyes to their laps that no chips light in them; such pillows to their backs that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears, I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot-saunt without cards; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such

manning them home when the sports are ended that it is a right comedy to mark their behavior, to watch their conceits, as the cat for the mouse, and as good as a course at the game itself to dog them a little, or follow aloof by the print of their feet, and so discover by slot where the deer taketh soil.

If this were as well noted as ill seen, or as openly punished as secretly practised, I have no doubt but the cause would be seared to dry up the effect, and these pretty rabbits very cunningly ferreted from their burrows. For they that lack customers all the week, either because their haunt is unknown or the constables and officers of their parish watch them so narrowly that they dare not quetch, to celebrate the Sabbath flock to theaters, and there keep a general market of bawdry. Not that any filthiness, indeed, is committed within the compass of that ground, as was once done in Rome, but that every wanton and [h]is paramour, every man and his mistress, every John and his Joan, every knave and his quean are there first acquainted, and cheapen the merchandise in that place, which they pay for elsewhere as they can agree. These worms, when they dare not nestle in the peascod at home, find refuge abroad and are hid in the ears of other men's corn.

Every vauter in one blind tavern or other is tenant at will, to which she tolleth resort, and plays the stale to utter their victuals and help them to empty their musty casks. There is she so entreated with words and received with courtesy that every back room in the house is at her commandment. Some that have neither land to maintain them nor good occupation to get their bread, desirous to strut it with the best yet disdaining to live by the sweat of their brows, have found out this cast of legerdemain to play fast and loose among their neighbors.

If any part of music have suffered shipwreck and arrived by fortune at their fingers' ends, with shew of gentility they take up fair houses, receive lusty lasses at a price for boards, and pipe from morning till evening for wood and coal. By the brothers, cousins, uncles, great grandsires, and such like acquaintance of their guests, they drink of the best, they sit rent free, they have their own table spread to their hands without wearing the strings of their purse, or anything else but household and honesty. When resort so increaseth that they grow in suspicion, and the pots which are sent so often to the tavern get such a knock before they come home that they return their master a crack to his credit, though he be called in question of his life, he hath shifts enough to avoid the blank. If their houses be searched, some instrument of music is laid in sight to dazzle the eyes of every officer, and all that are lodged in the house by night, or frequent it by day, come thither as pupils to be well schooled. Other there are which, being so known that they are the byword of every man's mouth and pointed at

commonly as they pass the streets, either couch themselves in alleys or blind lanes or take sanctuary in friaries or live a mile from the city, like Venus' nuns in a cloister of Newington, Ratliffe, Islington, Hogsdon, or some such place, where, like penitents, they deny the world and spend their days in double devotion. And when they are weary of contemplation, to consort themselves and renne their acquaintance, they visit theaters, where they make full accompt of a prey before they depart.

Solon made no law for parricides, because he feared that he should rather put men in mind to commit such offenses than, by any strange punishment, give them a bit to keep them under; and I intend not to shew you all that I see, nor half that I hear of these abuses, lest you judge me more wilful to teach them than willing to forbid them. I look still when players should cast me their gauntlets and challenge a combat for entering so far into their possessions, as though I made them lords of this misrule or the very schoolmasters of these abuses; though the best clerks be of that opinion, they hear not me say so. There are more houses than parish churches, more maids than Malkin, more ways to the wood than one, and more causes in nature than efficients. The carpenter raiseth not his frame without tools, nor the devil his work without instruments; were not players the mean to make these assemblies, such multitudes would hardly be drawn in so narrow room. They seek not to hurt, but desire to please; they have purged their comedies of wanton speeches, yet the corn which they sell is full of cockle, and the drink that they draw overcharged with dregs. There is more in them than we perceive, the devil stands at our elbow when we see not, speaks when we hear him not, strikes when we feel not, and woundeth sore when he raseth no skin nor rends the flesh. In those things that we least mistrust the greatest danger doth often lurk; the countryman is more afeared of the serpent that is hid in the grass than the wild beast that openly feeds upon the mountains; the mariner is more endangered by privy shelves than known rocks; the soldier is sooner killed with a little bullet than a long sword. There is more peril in close fistulas than outward sores, in secret ambush than main battles, in undermining than plain assaulting, in friends than foes, in civil discord than foreign wars. Small are the abuses, and slight are the faults that now in theaters escape the poet's pen; but tall cedars from little grains shoot high; great oaks from slender roots spread wide; large streams from narrow springs run far; one little spark fires a whole city; one dram of *hellebore* ransacks every vein; the fish *remora* hath a small body and great force to stay ships against wind and tide; *ichneumon*, a little worm, overcomes the elephant; the viper slays the bull; the weasel, the cockatrice; and the weakest wasp stingeth the stoutest man of war. The height of heaven is taken by the staff, the bottom of the sea sounded with lead,

the farthest coast discovered by compass, the secrets of nature searched by wit, the anatomy of man set out by experience, but the abuses of plays cannot be shown because they pass the degrees of the instrument, reach of the plummet, sight of the mind, and for trial are never brought to the touchstone. Therefore, he that will avoid the open shame of privy sin, the common plague of private offenses, the great wracks of little rocks, the sure disease of uncertain causes must set hand to the stern and eye to his steps to shun the occasion as near as he can, neither running to bushes for rending his clothes, nor rend his clothes for impairing his thrift, nor walk upon ice for taking of a fall, nor take a fall for bruising himself, nor go to theaters for being allured, nor once be allured for fear of abuse.

Bunduica, a notable woman and a queen of England that time that Nero was emperor of Rome, having some of the Romans in garrison here against her, in an oration which she made to her subjects seemed utterly to contemn their force and laugh at their folly. For she accounted them unworthy the name of men or title of soldiers because they were smoothly appareled, soft lodged, daintily feasted, bathed in warm waters, rubbed with sweet ointments, strewed with fine powders, wine swillers, singers, dancers, and players.

God hath now blessed England with a queen, in virtue excellent, in power mighty, in glory renowned, in government politic, in possession rich, breaking her foes with the bent of her brow, ruling her subjects with shaking her hand, removing debate by diligent foresight, filling her chests with the fruits of peace, ministering justice by order of law, reforming abuses with great regard, and bearing her sword so even that neither the poor are trod under foot nor the rich suffered to look too high: nor Rome, nor France, nor tyrant, nor Turk dare, for their lives, to enter the list. But we, unworthy servants of so mild a mistress, degenerate children of so good a mother, unthankful subjects of so loving a prince, wound her sweet heart with abusing her lenity and stir Jupiter to anger to send us a stork that shall devour us. How often hath Her Majesty, with the grave advice of her whole council, set down the limits of apparel to every degree? And how soon again hath the pride of our hearts overflown the channel? How many times hath access to theaters been restrained, and how boldly again have we re-entered? Overlashing in apparel is so common a fault that the very hirelings of some of our players, which stand at reversion of six shillings by the week, jet under gentlemen's noses in suits of silk, exercising themselves to prating on the stage and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the Sunday before they begged an alms. I speak not this as though every one that professeth the quality so abused himself, for it is well known that some of them are sober, discreet, properly learned, honest

householders, and citizens well thought on among their neighbors at home, though the pride of their shadows (I mean those hang-bys whom they succor with stipend) cause them to be somewhat ill talked of abroad.

And as some of the players are far from abuse, so some of their plays are without rebuke; which are easily remembered as quickly reckoned. The two prose books played at the Belsavage, where you shall find never a word without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain. The Jew and Ptolemy, shown at the Bull: the one representing the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers; the other very lively describing how seditious estates with their own devices, false friends with their own swords, and rebellious commons in their own snares are overthrown; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of the chaste hearers. The Blacksmith's Daughter and Catiline's Conspiracies, usually brought in at The Theater: the first containing the treachery of Turks, the honorable bounty of a noble mind, and the shining of virtue in distress; the last, because it is known to be a pig of mine own sow, I will speak the less of it, only giving you to understand that the whole mark which I shot at in that work was to show the reward of traitors in Catiline, and the necessary government of learned men in the person of Cicero, which foresees every danger that is likely to happen and forestalls it continually ere it take effect. Therefore, I give these plays the commendation that Maximus Tyrius gave to Homer's works—*καλά μὲν γὰρ τὰ Ὁμήρου ἔπη, καὶ ἔπων τὰ κάλλιστα, καὶ φανώτατα, καὶ ἄδεσθαι μουσαῖς πρέποντα ἄλλα οὐ πᾶσι καλὰ, οὐδὲ ἀεὶ καλά.*

These plays are good plays and sweet plays, and of all plays the best plays, and most to be liked, worthy to be sung of the Muses, or set out with the cunning of Roscius himself, yet are they not fit for every man's diet: neither ought they commonly to be shown. Now, if any man ask me why myself have penned comedies in time past, and inveigh so eagerly against them here, let him know that *Semel insanivimus omnes:* I have sinned, and am sorry for my fault; he runs far that never turns; better late than never. I gave myself to that exercise in hope to thrive, but I burnt one candle to seek another, and lost both my time and my travail when I had done.

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Notwithstanding, it behooveth us in the mean season not to stick in the mire and gape for succor without using some ordinary way ourselves; or to lie wallowing like lubbers in the ship of the commonwealth, crying, Lord, Lord, when we see the vessel toil, but jointly lay our hands and heads and helps together to avoid the danger and save that which must

be the surety of us all. For as to the body there are many members serving to several uses, the eye to see, the ear to hear, the nose to smell, the tongue to taste, the hand to touch, the feet to bear the whole burden of the rest, and every one dischargeth his duty without grudging, so should the whole body of the commonwealth consist of fellow laborers, all generally serving one head and particularly following their trade without repining. From the head to the foot, from top to the toe, there should nothing be vain, no body idle. Jupiter himself shall stand for example, who is ever in work, still moving and turning about the heavens; if he should pull his hand from the frame it were impossible for the world to endure. All would be day or all night; all spring or all autumn; all summer or all winter; all heat or all cold; all moisture or all drought; no time to till, no time to sow, no time to plant, no time to reap, the earth barren, the rivers stopped, the seas stayed, the seasons changed, and the whole course of nature overthrown. The mean must labor to serve the mighty, the mighty must study to defend the mean. The subjects must sweat in obedience to their prince, the prince must have a care over his poor vassals. If it be the duty of every man in a commonwealth one way or other to bestir his stumps, I cannot but blame those lither contemplators very much which sit concluding of syllogisms in a corner, within a close study in the university coop themselves up forty years together studying all things and profess nothing. The bell is known by his sound, the bird by her voice, the lion by his roar, the tree by the fruit, a man by his works. To continue so long without moving, to read so much without teaching, what differeth it from a dumb picture or a dead body? No man is born to seek private profit—part for his country, part for his friends, part for himself. The fool that comes into a fair garden likes the beauty of flowers and sticks them in his cap; the physician considereth their nature and puts them in the pot. In the one they wither without profit; in the other they serve to the health of the body. He that readeth good writers and picks out their flowers for his own nose is like a fool; he that preferreth their virtue before their sweet smell is a good physician.

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. . . I will content myself to shew you no more abuses in my school than myself have seen, nor so many by hundreds as I have heard of. Lions fold up their nails when they are in their dens, for wearing them in the earth and need not; eagles draw in their talons as they sit in their nests, for blunting them there among dross; and I will cast anchor in these abuses, rest my bark in this simple road, for grating my wits upon needless shelves. And because I accuse other for treading awry, which since I was born never went right; because I find so many faults abroad, which have

at home more spots on my body than the leopard, more stains on my coat than the wicked Nessus, more holes in my life than the open sieve, more sins in my soul than hairs on my head: if I have been tedious in my lecture, or yourselves be weary of your lesson, hearken no longer for the clock, shut up the school, and get you home.

FINIS.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

The Introduction and Notes are at page 822

FROM *The Defence of Poesie*, 1595 [written about 1582–83].

The Defence of Poesy

WHEN the right virtuous E[dward] W[otton] and I were at the Emperor's court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Jon Pietro Pugliano, one that, with great commendation, had the place of an esquire in his stable; and he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practise, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplations therein, which he thought most precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden than when (either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty.

He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts; nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman. Skill of government was but a *pedanteria* in comparison. Then would he add certain praises by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words he drave into me, that self love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having

slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master.

And yet I must say, that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children, so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, the silly latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

At first, truly, to all them that professing learning inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk [by] little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedgehog, that being received into the den, drave out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?

Let learned Greece, in any of his manifold sciences, be able to show me one book before Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some other are named, who, having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to the posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable), but went before them as causes to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts, indeed stony and beastly people. So among the Romans were Livius Andronicus, and Ennius; so in the Italian language, the first that made it aspire to be a treasurehouse of science were the poets Dante, Bocace, and Petrarch; so in our English were Gower and Chaucer; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other arts.

This did so notably show itself that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the masks of poets; so Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses; so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtaeus in war matters; and Solon in matters of policy; or rather they, being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest

knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world; for that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island, which was continued by Plato. And truly, even Plato, whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues, wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens speak of such matters that if they had been set on the rack they would never have confessed them; besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges's Ring, and others; which who knows not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and, perchance, weight of the poets. So Herodotus entitled his history by the name of the nine Muses; and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stole or usurped of poetry their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm; or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced.

So that truly neither philosopher nor historiographer could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular judgments if they had not taken a great passport of poetry; which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen; in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbor-country Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians, where no writing is, yet have they their poets who make and sing songs, which they call *areytos*, both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability that if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets, which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning than in long continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us, a little, stand upon their authorities, but

even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called *vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words *vaticinium*, and *vaticinari*, is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any of such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *sortes Virgilianae*, when, by sudden opening Virgil's book, they lighted upon some verse of his, as it is reported by many. Whereof the histories of the Emperors' lives are full. As of Albinus, the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse,

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis;

and in his age performed it, although it were a very vain and godless superstition. As also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses; whereupon this word "charms," derived of "carmina," cometh; so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in; and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little farther to show the reasonableness of this word *vates*, and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of "Psalms" will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but "Songs"; then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable *prosopopoeias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind only, cleared by faith? But truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him ποιητήν which name hath, as the most ex-

cellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is to make; wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him "a maker"; which name how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by any partial allegation.

There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musicians, in times, tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name; and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man; and follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined, the historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful and hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew—forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like—; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed; and know, whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; so excellent man every way as Virgil's Aeneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that idea, or foreconceit of the

work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest by delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as Nature might have done; but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why, and how, that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam; since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted; thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation; for so Aristotle termeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture, with this end, to teach and delight.

Of this have been three general kinds: the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his *Psalms;* Salomon in his *Song of Songs,* in his *Ecclesiastes,* and *Proverbs;* Moses and Deborah in their hymns; and the writer of Job; which, beside other, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and F[ranciscus] Junius do entitle the poetical part of the scripture; against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The second kind is of them that deal with matters philosophical; either

moral, as Tyrtaeus, Phocylides, Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention; whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth; betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colors upon you which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *vates;* so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the foredescribed name of poets. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations; the most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with, some by the sort of verse they like best to write in; for, indeed, the greatest part of poets have appareled their poetical inventions in that numbrous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but appareled; verse being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea; and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armor, should be an advocate and no

soldier); but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although, indeed, the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first, to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we shall obtain a more favorable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions; for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demigods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music, and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope—to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing only; even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practise of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

Among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philoso-

phers; whom, methinks, I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight, rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men, casting largess as they go of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue as that which teacheth what virtue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered; by showing the generalities that contain it, and the specialities that are derived from it; lastly, by plain setting down how it extends itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies.

The historian scarcely gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he (laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself for the most part upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation [of] hearsay, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions is comparable to him. "I am *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis.* The philosopher," saith he, "teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active; his virtue is excellent in the dangerless Academy of Plato, but mine showeth forth her honorable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers, and Agincourt; he teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations, but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher; but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light." Then would he allege you innumerable examples, confirming story by stories, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon, and who not, if need be. At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example.

Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest form in the school of learning, to be moderator? Truly, as me seemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the

title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian, and with the moral philosopher; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him; for as for the divine, with all reverence, it is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves; and for the lawyer, though *Jus* be the daughter of Justice, the chief of virtues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather *formidine poenae* than *virtutis amore*, or, to say righter, doth not endeavor to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be. Therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honorable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavor to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in the consideration of men's manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things; that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul so much as that other doth. For as in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant, or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, color, bigness, and particular marks; or of a gorgeous palace, an architecture, who, declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit with being witness to itself of a true lively knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might

see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing and whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus, and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the schoolmen his genus and difference. See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valor in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man carry not an apparent shining; and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Oedipus; the soon-repenting pride in Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho, and our Chaucer's Pandar, so expressed that we now use their names to signify their trades; and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them but clearly to see through them.

But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon? or a virtuous man in all fortunes as Aeneas in Virgil? or a whole commonwealth as the way of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia?* I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet; for that way of patterning a commonwealth was most absolute, though he, perchance, hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poetry or the regular instruction of philosophy hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers than the poets have attained to the high top of their profession, (as in truth,

Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnae,

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly, even our Savior Christ could as well have

given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his through-searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself (me seems), I see before mine eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner; which, by the learned divines, are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher. Whereof Aesop's tales give good proof; whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, makes many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now may it be alleged, that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle himself, in his discourse of Poesy, plainly determineth this question, saying that poetry is φιλοσοφώτερον and σπουδαιότερον that is to say, it is more philosophical and more [studiously serious] than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with καθόλου that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history καθ'ἕκαστον, the particular. "Now," saith he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity; which the poesy considereth in his imposed names, and the particular only marketh, whether Alcibiades did or suffered this or that." Thus far Aristotle. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falsely set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling. But if the question be, for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was, then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin; and the feigned Aeneas in Virgil than the right Aeneas in Dares Phrygius; as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who, Horace sweareth, was full ill-favored. If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Aeneas, Ulysses, each

thing to be followed; where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal—without he will be poetical—of a perfect pattern; but, as in Alexander, or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had without reading Q[uintus] Curtius? And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine the poet prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow; the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that *was*, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday therefore it should rain to-day; then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only enforms a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare *was* hath many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause; or if he do, it must be poetically.

For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein an historian and a poet did concur. Herodotus and Justin do both testify that Zopyrus, King Darius's faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received; and, for his known valor, so far credited that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Much-like matter doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigneth such another stratagem, performed by Abradates in Cyrus's behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the other's verity? And, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradates did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the historian is subject to the poet; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet, if he list, with his imitation make his own, beautifying it both for further teaching and more delighting, as it please him; having all, from Dante his heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked, what poets have done so; as I might well name some, so yet, say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning, is got by marking the success, as though

therein a man should see virtue exalted, and vice punished: truly, that commendation is peculiar to poetry, and far off from history. For, indeed, poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colors, making fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamored of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity. And of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons) so manacled as they little animate folks to follow them. But the history, being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from well-doing and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? the just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? the cruel Severus live prosperously? the excellent Severus miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Caesar so advanced that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honor? And mark but even Caesar's own words of the forenamed Sylla (who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny), *literas nescivit;* as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants; nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth *occidendos esse;* but, no doubt, by skill in history; for that, indeed, can afford you Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice or usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the laurel crown upon the poets as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the philosopher in respect of his methodical proceeding teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach? For, as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruit;

and how πρᾶξις can be without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus, hic labor est.*

Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit), is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other; insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men that even with

reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Aeneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move (the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination)

——fugientem haec terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Where the philosophers, as they think scorn to delight, so must they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *virtus* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel; which Plato and Boethius well knew, and therefore made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged: only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust either of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fet maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could well have conceived; but, forsooth, he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale), with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people as I never read that only words brought forth but then so sudden and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued.

The other is of Nathan the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murther, when he was to

do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it? But by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom. The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass see his own filthiness, as that heavenly Psalm of Mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensueth: that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise must ever hold a high authority), but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that, as in a man, though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectuous piece we may find blemish.

Now, in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds; as the tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro and Boethius; some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that cometh all to one in this question, for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss in a word to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it, then, the pastoral poem which is misliked? For, perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibaeus's mouth, can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? And again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest, from the goodness of them that sit highest? sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing and patience; sometimes show that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strave who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after-livers may say,

Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame; who bewaileth with the great philosopher Heraclitus the weakness of mankind, and the wretchedness of the world; who, surely, is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of woefulness?

Is it the bitter but wholesome iambic, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the satiric? who,

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;

who sportingly never leaveth till he make a man laugh at folly, and, at length, ashamed to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while *circum praecordia ludit*, giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to; how when all is done,

Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit aequus.

No, perchance, it is the comic, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as with hearing it we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts but wisheth them in *pistrinum;* although, perchance, the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back that he seeth not himself to dance in the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilden roofs are builded; that maketh us know,

Qui sceptra saevus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.

But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheraeus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murthered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he in despite of himself withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometime raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedaemonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities.

But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty, this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind, of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Aeneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandment to leave Dido, though not only passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, *Melius Chrysippo et Crantore:* but, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that indeed that name of making is fit for him, considering that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it

were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, for moving, leaveth him behind him; since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms but in their severed dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seem to weigh greatly if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder, what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note, not only in these μισομούσοι, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it), so deserve they no other answer but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague; so, of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse,

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali.

"That good lie hid in nearness of the evil," Agrippa will be as merry in showing the vanity of science, as Erasmus was in the commending of folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments is to be called good fools; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humourous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour is rhyming and versing. It is already said, and, as I think, truly said, it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed it seemeth Scaliger judgeth, truly it were an inseparable commendation; for if *oratio* next to *ratio*, speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech—which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity, carrying even in themselves a harmony—without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music—music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses—thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now, that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest; the words, besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory, being so set as one cannot be lost but the whole work fails; which accusing itself calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known; now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as,

Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est.
Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus.

But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now then go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets; for aught I can yet learn, they are these:

First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this.

Secondly, that it is the mother of lies.

Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies; and herein, especially, comedies give the largest field to ear, as Chaucer saith; how, both in other nations and ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes.

And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had overshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his commonwealth. Truly this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time is a reason indeed; but it doth, as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow, methinks, very unwillingly, that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun, the poet is the least liar; and though he would, as a poet can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm. Now for the poet, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth; for, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false; so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet, as I said before, never affirmeth; the poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth; he citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in truth, not laboring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And, therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lieth not; without we will say

that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say that Aesop lied in the tales of his beasts; for who thinketh that Aesop wrote it for actually true were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there that cometh to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the poet's persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively, but allegorically and figuratively written; and therefore, as in history, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falsehood, so in poesy, looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention.

But hereto is replied, that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proveth a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when, under the names of John of the Stile, and John of the Nokes, he putteth his case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless; we see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chess-men; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus and Aeneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For, indeed, that is the principal if not only abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits; they say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets; the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress; and that even to the heroical Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas! Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, what they will have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the poets' books; yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say that poetry abuseth poetry. For I will not deny but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be εἰκαστική, which some learned

have defined, figuring forth good things, to be φανταστική, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects; as the painter, [that] should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes, David fighting with Goliath, may leave those, and please an illpleased eye with wanton shows of better-hidden matters.

But, what! Shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse should give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason that whatsoever being abused doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of physic, the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayst kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayst defend thy prince and country; so that, as in their calling poets fathers of lies they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith, that before poets began to be in price, our nation had set their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination; rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before-time was, I think scarcely Sphinx can tell; since no memory is so ancient that gives not the precedence to poetry. And certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be leveled against poetry, yet it is indeed a chain-shot against all learning—or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman, belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. "No," said another, very gravely, "take heed what you do, for while they are busy about those toys we shall with more leisure conquer their countries."

This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too super-

fluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only say with Horace, to him that is of that opinion,

Jubeo stultum esse libenter;

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of camps. I dare undertake *Orlando Furioso* or honest King Arthur will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of *ens* and *prima materia* will hardly agree with a corselet. And, therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished; and if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue that fortune was not his guide but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not; indeed, the phoenix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stubbornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore, if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered that if Cato misliked it the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis, whose authority I would much more have reverenced, but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked and cried out against all Greek learning, and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Pluto understood not Latin. Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldiers' roll. And therefore, though Cato misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica (judged by common consent the best Roman) loved him; both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Afric, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as Cato's authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now, indeed, my burthen is great, that Plato his name is laid upon me, whom, I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with good reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical; yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his

flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets. For, indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning of true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school-art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which, by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them the more they hated them. For, indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strave who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished philosophers as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides' verses many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusans, where the Athenians themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindarus, had so prevailed with Hiero the First, that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius that he himself of a philosopher was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections raised against poets with like cavillations against philosophers; as likewise one should do, that should bid one read *Phaedrus* or *Symposium* in Plato, or the discourse of Love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again, a man might ask, out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish them? In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. Saint Paul himself sets a watchword upon philosophy, indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods; not taught so by poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams, which the poets

deed superstitiously observed; and truly, since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger saith, *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque hispidi abuti velint ad poetas e republica exigendos;* but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity, whereof now, without farther law, Christianity hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance, as he thought, nourished by the then esteemed poets. And a man need go no further than to Plato himself to know his meaning; who, in his dialogue called *Ion,* giveth high and rightly divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honor to it, shall be our patron and not our adversary. For indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an ass-like braying against poesy, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do, namely to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honors have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; Alexander's, Caesar's, Scipio's, all favorers of poets; Laelius, called the Roman Socrates, himself a poet; so as part of *Heautontimeroumenos,* in Terence, was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Aesop's fables into verses; and, therefore, full evil should it become his scholar Plato to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what needs more? Aristotle writes the *Art of Poesy;* and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teacheth the use to be gathered of them; and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with guards of poesy.

But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiography. Let it suffice to have showed it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may be set upon it is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellences of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down; it is not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the poets' heads (which

honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-savored breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step-mother to poets, who certainly in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso?

Sweet poesy! that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons, a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melanchthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave counselors as, besides many, but before all, that Hospital of France, than whom, I think that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading; that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly, even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which, like Venus (but to better purpose), had rather be troubled in the net with Mars than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serveth it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said with the honor of his virtue to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible to become highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child to bring

forth bastard poets, without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon, until they make their readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the meantime, they,

Queis meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I, that before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert were a thankworthy labor to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title so have I neglected the means to come by it; only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do; and especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it.

For poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine gift, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit: a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, *Orator fit, poeta nascitur.* Yet confess I always, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Daedalus to guide him. That Daedalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation; that is art, imitation, and exercise. But these neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *quodlibet*, indeed, though wrongly performing Ovid's verse,

Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit;

never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus and Cresseid;* of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend

an antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of Surrey's lyrics, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherds' Calender* hath much poesy in his eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doeth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? Where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught, and all ancient

examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuchus* in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, how then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter or to frame the history to the most tragical conveniency? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed—if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took, by some *Nuntius* to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history they must not (as Horace saith) begin *ab ovo*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murthereth the child; the body of the child is taken up by Hecuba; she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath *Amphytrio*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears;

or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature; laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh; we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men as, for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together; for as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight. So in Hercules painted, with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against law of hospitality, to jest at strangers because they speak not English so well as we do? What do we learn? Since it is certain,

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveler—these, if we saw walk in stage-names, which we play naturally, therein were de-

lightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry, almost, have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, Lord if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who giveth us hands to write and wits to conceive! of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing but we should ever have new-budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lover's writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases—which hang together like a man that once told me the wind was at northwest and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough—than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness, or "energia" (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse; so is it that honey-flowing matron Eloquence, appareled, or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation; one time with so far-fet words, that many seem monsters, but must seem strangers, to any poor Englishman; another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers; and, which is to be marveled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep Nizolian paperbooks of their figures and phrases, as, by attentive translation, as it were devour them whole and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table; like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they

will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as *Vivit et vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit*, &c. Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

How well store of *similiter cadenses* doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with too much subtilty would prove two eggs three, and though he may be counted a sophister, had none for his labor. So these men, bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbarists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes, are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer but only to explain to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory) —I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see doth dance to his own music; and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause but that the courtier, following that which by practise he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what! Methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory; but both have such an affinity in the wordish consideration, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller under-

standing: which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner; whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise, that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but it needs it not, being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses; which, I think, was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world; and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern. The ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent would bear many speeches; the ancient no doubt more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter, likewise, with his rhyme striketh a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saving two, called antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish; and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That caesura, or breathing-place in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have; the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhyme itself the Italian cannot put it in the last

syllable, by the French named the masculine rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female; or the next before that, which the Italians term *sdrucciola*. The example of the former is, "*buono*," "*suono*"; of the *sdrucciola* is, "*femina*," "*semina*." The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as "*bon*," "*son*," and the female, as "*plaise*," "*taise*"; but the *sdrucciola* he hath not. Where the English hath all three, as "due," "true," "father," "rather," "motion," "potion"; with much more which might be said, but that already I find the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymer"; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and *quid non*; to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops. Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface. Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*, *Si quid mea Carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetry, then, though I will not wish unto you

the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verse, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets: that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

From *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, 1590

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia

To my dear lady and sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

Here now have you (most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, lady) this idle work of mine, which I fear (like the spider's web) will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster), I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you; if you keep it to yourself, or to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were (and shall be when God will), having many, many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they gat out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much, much good will do not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I because I know the virtue so; and this say I because it may be ever so; or, to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff than, as in an haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you; and most, most heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

Your loving brother,

Philip Sidney.

The division and summing of the chapters was not of Sir Philip Sidney's doing, but adventured by the overseer of the print, for the more ease of the readers. He therefore submits himself to their judgment, and if his labor answer not the worthiness of the book, desireth pardon for it. As also if any defect be found in the Eclogues, which although they were of Sir Philip Sidney's writing, yet were they not perused by him, but left till the work had been finished, that then choice should have been made which should have been taken and in what manner brought in. At this time they have been chosen and disposed as the overseer thought best.

THE FIRST BOOK

CHAP. I.

[1] *The shepherdish complaints of the absented lovers, Strephon and Claius.* [2]*The second shipwreck of Pyrocles and Musidorus. Their strange saving,* [3]*interview, and* [4]*parting.*

[1] IT WAS in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun, running a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the island of Cithera; where, viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he called his friendly rival the pastor Claius unto him, and setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would speak, "O my Claius," said he, "hither we are now come to pay the rent for which we are so called unto by over-busy Remembrance, Remembrance, restless Remembrance, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget ourselves. I pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that, of other shepherds, some were running after their sheep strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies and sporting their wits: did Remembrance grant us any holiday, either for pastime or devotion, nay, either for necessary food or natural rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did graze our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty? Did it not still cry within us, 'Ah, you base-minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leave that

shore unsaluted from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth? to leave those steps unkissed wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty?'

"Well then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find that as our remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, Urania lighted, the very horse (methought) bewailed to be so disburdened; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and, instead of bearing her, wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sate, vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her; at yonder rising of the ground, she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and, because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile; at that turning she spake unto us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other, and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me; yonder, yonder, did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were, dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked, did you not mark how the winds whistled and the seas danced for joy, how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania? O Urania, blessed be thou Urania, the sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness."

With that word his voice brake so with sobbing that he could say no further; and Claius thus answered: "Alas, my Strephon," said he, "what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there but that the light of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking steward, Remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves as we can miss such fancies when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose, that saw her, but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? Truly no more but as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes: let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love a maid who is such that, as the greatest thing the world can shew is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her, is her beauty. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold

than two white kids climbing up a fair tree and browsing on his tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle southwest wind which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry; no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seen her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clovers grass) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best-builded fold. But, indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes; so it may be our conceits (not able to bear her sun-staining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And, alas, who can better witness that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us (being silly, ignorant shepherds) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world so as great clerks do not disdain our conference? Hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes made us, when others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of heavens? when others were running at base, to run over learned writings? when other mark their sheep, we to mark ourselves? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires and, as it were, given eyes unto Cupid? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained friendship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity?"

He was going on with his praises, but Strephon bade him stay and look; and so they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank, but rather by the favorable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be, till it was cast up even hard before them; at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon running, for pity sake, unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast gripping upon the edge of a square, small coffer, which lay all under his breast; else in himself no shew of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him aland to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of so goodly shape and well-pleasing favor that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that, though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care; so that, lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water to come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments and fell to rub and chafe him till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living. At length, opening his eyes, he gave a great groan (a doleful note

but a pleasant ditty), for by that they found not only life but strength of life in him.

They therefore continued on their charitable office until (his spirits being well returned) he (without so much as thanking them for their pains) gat up and, looking round about to the uttermost limits of his sight and crying upon the name of Pyrocles, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort: "What," said he, "and shall Musidorus live after Pyrocles?"

Therewithal he offered wilfully to cast destruction and himself again into the sea—a strange sight to the shepherds, to whom it seemed that before, being in appearance dead, had yet saved his life, and now, coming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ran unto him and, pulling him back (then too feeble for them), by force stickled that unnatural fray. "I pray you," said he, "honest men, what such right have you in me as not to suffer me to do with myself what I list? And what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury?"

They, hearing him speak in Greek (which was their natural language), became the more tender-hearted towards him; and considering by his calling and looking that the loss of some dear friend was great cause of his sorrow, told him they were poor men that were bound by course of humanity to prevent so great a mischief; and that they wished him, if opinion of somebody's perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be. "No, no," said he, "it is not for me to attend so high a blissfulness; but, since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some bark may be provided that will go out of the haven, that, if it be possible, we may find the body, far, far too precious a food for fishes. And for the hire," said he, "I have within this casket of value sufficient to content them."

Claius presently went to a fisherman and, having agreed with him and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, he embarked, and the shepherds with him: and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven but that, some way into the sea, they might discern (as it were) a stain of the water's color, and by times some sparks and smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it but that, beating his breast, he cried that there was the beginning of his ruin, entreating them to bend their course as near unto it as they could, telling how that smoke was but a small relic of a great fire which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire; and that therefore, though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if anywhere) in that course to be met withal. They steered, therefore, as near thitherward as they could; but when they came so near as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full

of piteous strangeness: a ship, or rather the carcass of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carcass, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death having used more than one dart to that destruction. About it floated great store of very rich things and many chests which might promise no less. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testify both elements' violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity; for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the sea's visage, which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not always his fault when we condemn his cruelty; in sum, a defeat where the conquered kept both field and spoil; a shipwreck without storm or ill-footing; and a waste of fire in the midst of water.

[3] But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along, like a widow having lost her mate of whom she held her honor; but upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about 18 years of age, who sate (as on horseback) having nothing upon him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silk and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea: on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of Greece used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet; himself full of admirable beauty set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fishermen, when they came so near him that it was time to throw out a rope by which hold they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amazement and their amazement such a superstition that (assuredly thinking it was some god begotten between Neptune and Venus that had made all this terrible slaughter) as they went under sail by him, held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when Musidorus saw, though he were almost as much ravished with joy as they with astonishment, he leapt to the mariner and took the rope out of his hand and (saying, "Dost thou live, and art well?" who answered, "Thou canst tell best, since most of my well-being stands in thee") threw it out, but already the ship was passed beyond Pyrocles. And therefore Musidorus could do no more but persuade the mariners to cast about again, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most divine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their pain.

[4] And now they were already come upon the stays, when one of the sailors descried a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the

chase of them, and straight perceived it was a well-known pirate who hunted not only for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley slaves or to sell at the best market. Which, when the master understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvas they could and fly homeward, leaving in that sort poor Pyrocles so near to be rescued. But what did not Musidorus say? What did he not offer to persuade them to venture the fight? But fear standing at the gates of their ears put back all persuasions, so that he had nothing to accompany Pyrocles but his eyes, nor to succor him but his wishes. Therefore, praying for him and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them and turn to take up the spoils of the other wreck; and lastly he might well see them lift up the young man; and, alas (said he to himself), dear Pyrocles, shall that body of thine be enchained? Shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? Shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness? Alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days: what death is so evil as unworthy servitude?

But that opinion soon ceased when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend and to wish well to the pirates, whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue; where being entered, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea. So that being as full of sorrow for being unable to do anything as void of counsel how to do anything, besides that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds, Strephon and Claius (who being themselves true friends did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow) advise him that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death to have no cause to despair of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure though readily he knew not where to find them.

CHAP. II.

[1]The pastors' comforts to the wrecked Musidorus. [2]His passage into Arcadia. The descriptions of [3]Laconia, [4]Arcadia, Kalander's [5]person, [6]house, and [7]entertainment to Musidorus, now called Palladius. His [8]sickness, recovery, [9]and perfections.

[1] "Now, sir," said they, "thus for ourselves it is. We are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers,

and therefore neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence, and even upon the next confines.

[5] There dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafeth much favor unto us. A man who for his hospitality is so much haunted that no news stir but come to his ears; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbors that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service, and, by the great good will our prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway not only in his own Arcadia but in all these countries of Peloponnesus; and (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power as his nature gives him will to benefit; so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ear as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend, and therefore but in that respect you must labor for it. Besides we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting.

[2] Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them), they took their journey together through Laconia; Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body, which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it for that day and the next, never troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference. So that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion), they went on their

journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. [4] There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful deposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her voice's music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor; a shew, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. "I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, "what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in shew, the one wanting no store, th'other having no store but of want."

[3] "The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore and now are passed through is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots) hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it, the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

[4] "But this country (where now you set your foot) is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you, this country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much."

"What cause then," said Musidorus, "made you venture to leave this sweet life and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?"

"Guarded with poverty," answered Strephon, "and guided with love."

"But now," said Claius, "since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you and of the young man you so much lament, that

at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment."

Musidorus (according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names) answered that he called himself Palladius and his friend Daiphantus. "But till I have him again," said he, "I am indeed nothing; and therefore my story is of nothing, his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate; and, in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend."

[6] They perceived he was not willing to open himself further, and therefore, without further questioning, brought him to the house, about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well shew Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master; who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him and particularly that he found this stranger was loath to be known.

[7] "No," said Kalander (speaking aloud), "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me if I know their virtues: which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind than you have done his body."

While he was speaking, there came a boy in shew like a merchant's prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter written jointly both to him and Claius, from Urania; which they no sooner had

read but that, with short leave-taking of Kalander (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter), and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loath to part with them, for the good conversation he had of them.and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them. And therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and, without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly; so that, fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles and, if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful to find out and redeem a young man naming himself Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconia pirates.

[8] But Kalander, seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life. But youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health, to the great joy of Kalander: who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his that dwelt near the sea in Messenia set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

[9] For having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit quite void of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity: and all in a man whose age could not be above one and twenty years), the good old man was even enamored with a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him; once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

CHAP. III.

The [1]pictures of Kalander's dainty garden-house. His narration of the [2]Arcadian estate, [3]the king, [4]the queen, [5]their two daughters, and [6]their guardians, with their qualities, which is the ground of all this story.

But Palladius having gotten his health and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going as the place himself more than in any other delighted. The back side of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for, as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits. But scarcely they had taken that into their consideration but that they were suddenly stepped into a delicate green, of each side of the green a thicket bend, behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which, being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor; so that it seemed that art therein would needs be delightful by counterfeiting his enemy error, and making order in confusion.

[1] In the midst of all the place was a fair pond whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows; and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus. A naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed (having begun to suck) to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, the meanwhile the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a summer retiring-place, whither Kalander leading him, he found a square room full of delightful pictures made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was Diana when Actaeon saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain; and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping and withal louring, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta, the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed that, if the eyes were the only judges as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many mo, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole, but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table which contained a comely old man,

with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty, and more excellent would have been deemed but that there stood between them a young maid whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference, being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living, was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill of the painter.

Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was that, bearing shew of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made by Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table, the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an overcurious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that the rude clown, her guardian, would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand no further; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it. Which Kalander perceiving, "Well," said he, "my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it. Neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no further than the bounds of the question, but I will discover unto you as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me, knowing so much in you, though not long acquainted, that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers."

So then, sitting down in two chairs, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake:

[2] "This country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory so much affected by other nations doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence, give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy them; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the muses seem to approve their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing-place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits as the learned of other nations

are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

[3] "Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince (whose picture you see), by name Basilius, a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well-bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as in the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers but, as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is that, though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

[4] "He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see; a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity, but of so working a mind and so vehement spirits as a man may say it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

[5] "Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures that we may think they were born to shew that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister. For my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private blessed as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For having made a journey to Delphos and safely returned, within short space he brake

up his court and retired himself, his wife, and children into a certain forest hereby, which he calleth his desert, wherein (besides a house appointed for stables and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services), he hath builded two fine lodges. In the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea, which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture, without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

[6] "Which though it be strange, yet not so strange as the course he hath taken with the Princess Pamela, whom he hath placed in the other lodge; but how think you accompanied? Truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant, doltish clown that I think ever was without the privilege of a bauble, with his wife Miso and daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything wherein they may pleasure her but to exercise her patience and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favored a vizor; his behavior such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wish him. Miso his wife, so handsome a beldame that only her face and her splayfoot have made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath: that she observes decorum, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agreed in any humor but in disagreeing) is issued forth Mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections; but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. These verses are these, which I have so often caused to be sung that I have them without book.

What length of verse can serve, brave Mopsa's good to show?
Whose virtues strange, and beauties such, as no man them may know,
Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my muse escape?
The gods must help, and precious things must serve, to shew her shape.
Like great god Saturn fair, and like fair Venus chaste:
As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like goddess Iris faced.
With Cupid she foresees, and goes god Vulcan's pace:
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steals god Momus' grace.
Her forehead jacinth-like, her cheeks of opal hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedecked with pearl, her lips as sapphire blue;
Her hair like crapal-stone; her mouth, oh heavenly wide:
Her skin like burnished gold, her hands like silver ore untried.
As for her parts unknown, which hidden sure are best:
Happy be they which well believe, and never seek the rest.

"Now truly having made these descriptions unto you, methinks you should imagine that I rather feign some pleasant device than recount a

truth that a prince (not banished from his own wits) could possibly make so unworthy a choice. But truly (dear guest) so it is that princes (whose doings have been often soothed with good success) think nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honorable. The beginning of his credit was by the prince's straying out of the way one time he hunted, where, meeting this fellow and asking him the way, and so, falling into other questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog, sure, if he could speak, had wit enough to describe his kennel) not unsensible, and all uttered with such rudeness, which he interpreted plainness (though there be great difference between them), that Basilius, conceiving a sudden delight, took him to his court with apparent shew of his good opinion; where the flattering courtier had no sooner taken the prince's mind but that there were straight reasons to confirm the prince's doing, and shadows of virtues found for Dametas. His silence grew wit, his bluntness integrity, his beastly ignorance virtuous simplicity; and the prince (according to the nature of great persons, in love with that he had done himself) fancied that his weakness with his presence would much be mended. And so, like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more, and thus, having first given him the office of principal herdman, lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so oversway poor Dametas that, if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy. So as I doubt me (I fear me, indeed), my master will in the end (with his cost) find that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are; no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage. But, in sooth, I am afraid I have given your ears too great a surfeit with the gross discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But the zealous grief I conceive to see so great an error in my lord hath made me bestow more words than I confess so base a subject deserveth."

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THE SECOND BOOK

CHAP. VII

[1]The education of Pyrocles and Musidorus. [2]Their friendship, [3]navigation, [4]and first shipwreck. [5]The strange gratitude of two brothers to them, upon their liberality to those two brothers.

[1] "But the mother of Pyrocles (shortly after her childbirth) dying was cause that Euarchus recommended the care of his only son to his

sister; doing it the rather because the war continued in cruel heat betwixt him and those evil neighbors of his. In which meantime, those young princes (the only comforters of that virtuous widow) grew on so that Pyrocles taught admiration to the hardest conceits; Musidorus (perchance because among his subjects) exceedingly beloved: and by the good order of Euarchus (well performed by his sister) they were so brought up that all the sparks of virtue which nature had kindled in them were so blown to give forth their uttermost heat that justly it may be affirmed they inflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almost before they could perfectly speak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the best speakers: excellent devices being used to make even their sports profitable; images of battles and fortifications being then delivered to their memory, which after, their stronger judgments might dispense; the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy princes, both to move them to do nobly and teach them how to do nobly; the beauty of virtue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care than grammatical rules; their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers; and, in sum, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no servile fear used towards them, nor any other violent restraint, but still as to princes; so that a habit of commanding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from tyranny, nature having done so much for them in nothing as that it made them lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

[2] "Among which I nothing so much delight to recount as the memorable friendship that grew betwixt the two princes, such as made them more like than the likeness of all other virtues, and made them more near one to the other than the nearness of their blood could aspire unto; which I think grew the faster, and the faster was tied between them, by reason that Musidorus being elder by three or four years, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in society, and yet, by the difference, there was taken away the occasion of childish contentions till they had both passed over the humor of such contentions. For Pyrocles bare reverence full of love to Musidorus, and Musidorus had a delight full of love in Pyrocles. Musidorus, what he had learned either for body or mind, would teach it to Pyrocles; and Pyrocles was so glad to learn of none as of Musidorus; till Pyrocles, being come to sixteen years of age, he seemed so to overrun his age in growth, strength, and all things following it that not Musidorus, no, nor any man living (I think), could perform any action, either on horse or foot, more strongly, or deliver that strength more nimbly, or become the delivery more grace-

fully, or employ all more virtuously. Which may well seem wonderful, but wonders are no wonders in a wonderful subject.

[3] "At which time, understanding that the King Euarchus, after so many years' war and the conquest of all Pannonia and almost Thrace, had now brought the conclusion of all to the siege of Byzantium (to the raising of which siege great forces were made), they would needs fall to the practise of those virtues which they before learned. And therefore the mother of Musidorus, nobly yielding over her own affects to her children's good (for a mother she was, in effect, to them both), the rather that they might help her beloved brother, they brake off all delays; which Musidorus, for his part, thought already had devoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boon (before he knew what it was) to his dear friend Pyrocles: that he would never seek the adventures of arms until he might go with him; which, having fast bound his heart (a true slave to faith), he had bid a tedious delay of following his own humor for his friend's sake, till, now finding him able every way to go through with that kind of life, he was as desirous for his sake as for his own to enter into it. So, therefore preparing a navy that they might go like themselves, and not only bring the comfort of their presence, but of their power, to their dear parent Euarchus, they recommended themselves to the sea, leaving the shore of Thessalia full of tears and vows; and were received thereon with so smooth and smiling a face as if Neptune had as then learned falsely to fawn on princes. The wind was like a servant, waiting behind them so just that they might fill the sails as they listed; and the best sailors, shewing themselves less covetous of his liberality, so tempered it that they all kept together like a beautiful flock which so well could obey their master's pipe; without sometimes, to delight the princes' eyes, some two or three of them would strive who could (either by the cunning of well spending the wind's breath, or by the advantageous building of their moving houses) leave their fellows behind them in the honor of speed: while the two princes had leisure to see the practise of that which before they had learned by books; to consider the art of catching the wind prisoner, to no other end but to run away with it; to see how beauty and use can so well agree together, that of all the trinkets wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serves to some necessary purpose. And (O Lord) to see the admirable power and noble effects of love, whereby the seeming insensible loadstone, with a secret beauty (holding the spirit of iron in it) can draw that hard-hearted thing unto it, and (like a virtuous mistress) not only make it bow itself but with it make it aspire to so high a love as of the heavenly poles, and thereby to bring forth the noblest deeds that the children of

the earth can boast of. And so the princes, delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, seeing wherein the sea-discipline differed from land-service, they had for a day and almost a whole night as pleasing entertainment as the falsest heart could give to him he means worst to.

[4] "But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilden shew of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly (like ink poured into water) had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and, blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which (while the heaven favored them) it had lain so calmly, making mountains of itself over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness; with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship (that which way soever it went was still in his malice) that there was left neither power to stay nor way of escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company which the day before had tarried together that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth. Some indeed (as since was known), after long wandering, returned into Thessalia; other recovered Byzantium and served Euarchus in his war. But in the ship wherein the princes were (now left as much alone as proud lords be when fortune fails them), though they employed all industry to save themselves, yet what they did was rather for duty to nature than hope to escape. So ugly a darkness, as if it would prevent the night's coming, usurped the day's right; which (accompanied sometimes with thunders, always with horrible noises of the chafing winds) made the masters and pilots so astonished that they knew not how to direct, and, if they knew, they could scarcely (when they directed) hear their own whistle. For the sea strave with the winds which should be louder, and the shrouds of the ship, with a ghastful noise to them that were in it, witnessed that their ruin was the wager of the others' contention, and the heaven roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as having those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more horror than that which grows in those flowing kingdoms. For that dwelling-place is unnatural to mankind, and then the terribleness of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth still vex the mind, even when it is best armed against it. But thus the day passed (if that might be called a day), while the cunningest mariners were so con-

quered by the storm as they thought it best with striking sails to yield to be governed by it: the valiantest feeling inward dismayedness, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the princes (who were to part from the greatest fortunes) did in their countenances accuse no point of fear, but, encouraging them to do what might be done (putting their hands to every most painful office) taught them at one instant to promise themselves the best and yet not to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyranny of the wind and the treason of the sea all that night, which the elder it was the more wayward it shewed itself towards them, till the next morning (known to be a morning better by the hour-glass than by the day clearness), having run fortune as blindly as itself ever was painted, lest the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driven upon a rock: which, hidden with those outrageous waves, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruel mind, till, with an unbelieved violence (but to them that have tried it), the ship ran upon it; and, seeming willinger to perish than to have her course stayed, redoubled her blows, till she had broken herself in pieces; and, as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the sea's greediness, left nothing within it but despair of safety and expectation of a loathsome end. There was to be seen the divers manner of minds in distress: some sate upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing, till the sea swallowed them; some one, more able to abide death than fear of death, cut his own throat to prevent drowning; some prayed, and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring vows was able to infect with fear a mind that had not prevented it with the power of reason.

[5] "But the princes, using the passions of fearing evil, and desiring to escape only to serve the rule of virtue, not to abandon one's self, leapt to a rib of the ship which, broken from his fellows, floated, with more likelihood to do service than any other limb of that ruinous body; upon which there had gotten already two brethren, well-known servants of theirs; and straight they four were carried out of sight, in that huge rising of the sea, from the rest of the ship. But the piece they were on sinking by little and little under them, not able to support the weight of so many, the brethren (the elder whereof was Leucippus, the younger Nelsus) shewed themselves right faithful and grateful servants unto them; grateful (I say) for this cause: those two gentlemen had been taken prisoners in the great war the king of Phrygia made upon Thessalia in the time of Musidorus his infancy, and having been sold into another country (though peace fell after between these realms) could not be delivered, because of their valor known, but for a far greater sum than either all their friends were able, or the dowager willing, to make, in respect of the great ex-

penses herself and people had been put to in those wars. And so had they remained in prison about thirteen years when the two young princes (hearing speeches of their good deserts) found means, both by selling all the jewels they had of great price and by giving under their hands great estates when they should come to be kings (which promises their virtue promised for them should be kept), to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captivity. This remembered, and kindly remembered by these two brothers, perchance helped by a natural duty to their princes' blood, they willingly left hold of the board, committing themselves to the sea's rage, and, even when they went to die, themselves praying for the princes' lives. It is true that neither the pain nor danger so moved the princes' hearts as the tenderness of that loving part, far from glory, having so few lookers on; far from hope of reward, since themselves were sure to perish.

CHAP. VIII

[1]*Pyrocles, cast on the shore of Phyrgia,* [2]*led prisoner to the king.* [3]*That suspicious tyrant naturalized.* [4]*His intent to kill Pyrocles.* [5]*Musidorus his escape from sea, and offer to die for his friend.* [6]*Their contention for death.* [7]*Preparation for Musidorus' execution.* [8]*His strange delivery by Pyrocles,* [9]*and a sudden mutiny.* [10]*Their killing the bad king,* [11]*and creating a better.*

"But now, of all the royal navy, they had left but one piece of one ship, whereon they kept themselves in all truth, having interchanged their cares while either cared for other, each comforting and counseling how to labor for the better and to abide the worse. But so fell it out that, as they were carried by the tide (which there, seconded by the storm, ran exceedingly swiftly), Musidorus seeing (as he thought) Pyrocles not well upon the board, as he would with his right hand have helped him on better, he had no sooner unfastened his hold but that a wave forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold; and so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other, but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But Pyrocles (then careless of death, if it had come by any means but his own) was shortly brought out of the sea's fury to the land's comfort; when (in my conscience I know) that comfort was but bitter unto him. And bitter indeed it fell out, even in itself, to be unto him.

[2] "For being cast on land much bruised and beaten both with the sea's hard farewell and the shore's rude welcome; and even almost deadly tired with the length of his uncomfortable labor, as he was walking up to discover somebody to whom he might go for relief, there came straight running unto him certain who (as it was after known) by appointment

watched (with many others) in divers places along the coast; who laid hands of him, and, without either questioning with him or shewing will to hear him (like men fearful to appear curious), or, which was worse, having no regard to the hard plight he was in (being so wet and weak), they carried him some miles thence to a house of a principal officer of that country. Who with no more civility (though with much more business than those under-fellows had shewed) began, in captious manner, to put interrogatories unto him. To which he (unused to such entertainment) did shortly and plainly answer what he was and how he came thither.

"But that no sooner known, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischief, not from mischief), he was sent to the king's court, which as then was not above a day's journey off, with letters from that officer containing his own serviceable diligence in discovering so great a personage; adding withal more than was true of his conjectures, because he would endear his own service.

[3] "This country whereon he fell was Phrygia, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was sent, a prince of a melancholy constitution both of body and mind; wickedly sad, ever musing of horrible matters; suspecting, or rather condemning, all men of evil because his mind had no eye to espy goodness; and therefore accusing sycophants, of all men, did best sort to his nature; but therefore, not seeming sycophants, because of no evil they said, they could bring any new or doubtful thing unto him, but such as already he had been apt to determine; so as they came but as proofs of his wisdom: fearful and never secure; while the fear he had figured in his mind had any possibility of event. A toad-like retiredness and closeness of mind, nature teaching the odiousness of poison and the danger of odiousness. Yet while youth lasted in him, the exercises of that age and his humor (not yet fully discovered) made him something the more frequentable and less dangerous. But after that years began to come on with some, though more seldom, shews of a bloody nature, and that the prophecy of Musidorus' destiny came to his ears (delivered unto him and received of him with the hardest interpretation, as though his subjects did delight in the hearing thereof). Then gave he himself, indeed, to the full current of his disposition, especially after the war of Thessalia, wherein (though in truth wrongly) he deemed his unsuccessings proceeded of their unwillingness to have him prosper; and then, thinking himself contemned (knowing no countermine against contempt but terror), began to let nothing pass which might bear the color of a fault without sharp punishment. And when he wanted faults, excellency grew a fault; and it was sufficient to make one guilty that he had power to be guilty. And as there is no honor to which impudent poverty cannot make itself serviceable, so were there enough of those desperate ambitious who

would build their houses upon others' ruins, which after should fall by like practises. So as servitude came mainly upon that poor people, whose deeds were not only punished but words corrected, and even thoughts, by some mean or other, pulled out of them: while suspicion bred the mind of cruelty and the effects of cruelty stirred a new cause of suspicion. And in this plight (full of watchful fearfulness) did the storm deliver sweet Pyrocles to the stormy mind of that tyrant, all men that did such wrong to so rare a stranger (whose countenance deserved both pity and admiration) condemning themselves as much in their hearts as they did brag in their forces.

[4] "But when this bloody king knew what he was and in what order he and his cousin Musidorus (so much of him feared) were come out of Thessalia, assuredly thinking (because ever thinking the worst) that those forces were provided against him; glad of the perishing (as he thought) of Musidorus, determined in public sort to put Pyrocles to death. For having quite lost the way of nobleness, he strave to climb to the height of terribleness; and thinking to make all men adread, to make such one an enemy who would not spare, nor fear, to kill so great a prince; and, lastly, having nothing in him why to make him his friend, thought he would make him away for being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things appointed for that cruel blow, in so solemn an order as if they would set forth tyranny in most gorgeous decking. The princely youth, of invincible valor, yet so unjustly subjected to such outrageous wrong, carrying himself in all his demeanor so constantly, abiding extremity, that one might see it was the cutting away of the greatest hope of the world and destroying virtue in his sweetest growth.

[5] "But so it fell out that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendship in Musidorus, who, being almost drowned, had been taken up by a fisherman belonging to the kingdom of Pontus; and being there and understanding the full discourse (as fame was very prodigal of so notable an accident) in what case Pyrocles was, learning withal that his hate was far more to him than to Pyrocles, he found means to acquaint himself with a nobleman of that country, to whom largely discovering what he was, he found him a most fit instrument to effectuate his desire. For this nobleman had been one who in many wars had served Euarchus, and had been so mind-stricken by the beauty of virtue in that noble king that (though not born his subject) he even professed himself his servant. His desire, therefore, to him was to keep Musidorus in a strong castle of his, and then to make the king of Phrygia understand that if he would deliver Pyrocles, Musidorus would willingly put himself into his hands, knowing well that, how thirsty soever he was of Pyrocles' blood, he would rather drink that of Musidorus.

"The nobleman was loath to preserve one by the loss of another, but time urging resolution, the importunity of Musidorus (who shewed a mind not to overlive Pyrocles), with the affection he bare to Euarchus, so prevailed that he carried this strange offer of Musidorus; which by that tyrant was greedily accepted.

[6] "And so upon security of both sides, they were interchanged. Where I may not omit that work of friendship in Pyrocles, who both in speech and countenance to Musidorus well shewed that he thought himself injured and not relieved by him, asking him what he had ever seen in him, why he could not bear the extremities of mortal accidents as well as any man? and why he should envy him the glory of suffering death for his friend's cause, and (as it were) rob him of his own possession? But in this notable contention (where the conquest must be the conqueror's destruction, and safety the punishment of the conquered), Musidorus prevailed because he was a more welcome prize to the unjust king, that wished none well, to them worse than others, and to him worst of all; and as cheerfully going towards, as Pyrocles went frowardly fromward, his death, he was delivered to the king, who could not be enough sure of him without he fed his own eyes upon one whom he had begun to fear as soon as the other began to be.

[7] "Yet because he would in one act both make ostentation of his own felicity (into whose hands his most feared enemy was fallen) and withal cut off such hopes from his suspected subjects (when they should know certainly he was dead), with much more skilful cruelty and horrible solemnity he caused each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyranny. And so the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men (who often had been the fortifiers of wickedness) to the place of execution: where, coming with a mind comforted in that he had done such service to Pyrocles, this strange encounter he had.

[8] "The excelling Pyrocles was no sooner delivered by the king's servants to a place of liberty than he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to pass?) how either to deliver Musidorus or to perish with him. And (finding he could get in that country no forces sufficient by force to rescue him) to bring himself to die with him (little hoping of better event), he put himself in poor raiment, and, by the help of some few crowns he took of that nobleman (who, full of sorrow, though not knowing the secret of his intent, suffered him to go in such order from him) he (even he, born to the greatest expectation and of the greatest blood that any prince might be) submitted himself to be servant to the executioner that should put to death Musidorus—a far notabler proof of his friendship, considering the height of his mind, than any death could be. That bad officer, not suspecting him, being arrayed fit for such

an estate and having his beauty hidden by many foul spots he artificially put upon his face, gave him leave not only to wear a sword himself but to bear his sword, prepared for the justified murder. And so Pyrocles taking his time, when Musidorus was upon the scaffold (separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something), he stepped unto him; and putting the sword into his hand not bound (a point of civility the officers used towards him because they doubted no such enterprise), 'Musidorus,' said he, 'die nobly.' In truth, never man between joy, before knowledge what to be glad of, and fear after considering his case, had such a confusion of thoughts as I had when I saw Pyrocles so near me."

But with that Dorus blushed and Pamela smiled; and Dorus the more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing; because he had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten, in speaking of himself, to use the third person. But Musidorus turned again her thoughts from his cheeks to his tongue in this sort: "But," said he, "when they were with swords in hands, not turning backs one to the other (for there they knew was no place of defense), but making that a preservation in not hoping to be preserved, and now acknowledging themselves subject to death, meaning only to do honor to their princely birth, they flew amongst them all (for all were enemies), and had quickly, either with flight or death, left none upon the scaffold to annoy them. Wherein Pyrocles (the excellent Pyrocles) did such wonders beyond belief as was able to lead Musidorus to courage, though he had been born a coward. But, indeed, just rage and desperate virtue did such effects that the popular sort of the beholders began to be almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortal power. But the king, with angry threatenings from out a window (where he was not ashamed the world should behold him a beholder), commanded his guard and the rest of his soldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to lose their souls, when the princes grew almost so weary as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

[9] "But as they were still fighting with weak arms and strong hearts, it happened that one of the soldiers (commanded to go up after his fellows against the princes), having received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went back with as much diligence as he came up with modesty; which another of his fellows seeing, to pick a thank of the king, strake him upon the face, reviling him that, so accompanied, he would run away from so few. But he (as many times it falls out), only valiant when he was angry, in revenge thrust him through; which, with his death, was straight revenged by a brother of his, and that again requited by a fellow of the other's. There began to be a great tumult amongst the soldiers; which seen and not understood by the people (used to fears but not used

to be bold in them), some began to cry 'Treason!' And that voice straight multiplying itself, the king (oh, the cowardice of a guilty conscience), before any man set upon him, fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of some well-meaning men or by such chance as such things often fall out by) ran from one to the other that the king was slain; wherewith certain young men of the bravest minds cried with loud voice, 'Liberty!' and, encouraging the other citizens to follow them, set upon the guard and soldiers as chief instruments of tyranny, and quickly aided by the princes, they had left none of them alive, nor any other in the city who they thought had, in any sort, set his hand to the work of their servitude, and (God knows), by the blindness of rage killing many guiltless persons, either for affinity to the tyrant or enmity to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wisest (seeing that a popular license is indeed the many-headed tyranny) prevailed with the rest to make Musidorus their chief, choosing one of them (because princes) to defend them, and him because elder and most hated of the tyrant, and by him to be ruled. Whom forthwith they lifted up, Fortune (I think) smiling at her work therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow a scaffold of coronation.

[10] "But by and by there came news of more certain truth that the king was not dead, but fled to a strong castle of his, near hand, where he was gathering forces in all speed possible to suppress this mutiny. But now they had run themselves too far out of breath to go back again the same career; and too well they knew the sharpness of his memory to forget such an injury; therefore, learning virtue of necessity, they continued resolute to obey Musidorus. Who, seeing what forces were in the city, with them issued against the tyrant while they were in this heat, before practises might be used to dissever them; and with them met the king, who likewise hoping little to prevail by time (knowing and finding his people's hate) met him with little delay in the field; where himself was slain by Musidorus, after he had seen his only son (a prince of great courage and beauty, but fostered in blood by his naughty father) slain by the hand of Pyrocles. This victory obtained with great, and truly not undeserved, honor to the two princes, the whole estates of the country, with one consent, gave the crown and all other marks of sovereignty to Musidorus, desiring nothing more than to live under such a government as they promised themselves of him.

[11] "But he, thinking it a greater greatness to give a kingdom than get a kingdom, understanding that there was left of the blood royal, and next to the succession, an aged gentleman of approved goodness (who had gotten nothing by his cousin's power but danger from him and odiousness for him), having passed his time in modest secrecy and as much from intermeddling in matters of government as the greatness of his blood would suffer him, did (after having received the full power to his own hands)

resign all to the nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people (with as much assurance as worldly matters bear) that not only that governor, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the government, should be no way apt to decline to tyranny."

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THE THIRD BOOK

CHAP. VI.

* * * * *

Pamela's prayer

. . . Pamela did walk up and down, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her look and countenance was settled, her pace soft, and almost still of one measure, without any passionate gesture or violent motion; till at length (as it were) awaking and strengthening herself, "Well," said she, "yet this is the best, and of this I am sure, that howsoever they wrong me, they cannot overmaster God. No darkness blinds His eyes, no jail bars Him out. To whom then else should I fly but to Him for succor?"

And therewith kneeling down, even in the same place where she stood, she thus said: "O all-seeing Light and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned, look upon my misery with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to Thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by Thy hands be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of Thy justice. But yet, my God, if in Thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my inexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of Thee (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of Thee, since even that proceeds from Thee), let me crave, even by the noblest title which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am Thy creature, and by Thy goodness (which is Thyself), that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently upon Thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my virtue; let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction; let

my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them (if so it seem good unto Thee) vex me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let never their wickeness have such a hand but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

(And pausing a while) "And, O most gracious Lord," said she, "whatever become of me, preserve the virtuous Musidorus."

THOMAS LODGE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 826

FROM *Rosalynde, Euphues golden legacie*, 1590

Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy

To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's household, and Governor of her Town of Berwick: T. L., G., wisheth increase of all honorable virtues.

SUCH Romans (Right Honorable) as delighted in martial exploits attempted their actions in the honor of Augustus, because he was a patron of soldiers; and Virgil, dignified him with his poems as a Maecenas of scholars; both jointly advancing his royalty as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas present her with bays as she is wise, and with armor as she is valiant; observing herein that excellent τὸ πρέπον, which dedicateth honors according to the perfection of the person. When I entered (Right Honorable) with a deep insight into the consideration of these premises, seeing Your Lordship to be a patron of all martial men and a Maecenas of such as apply themselves to study, wearing with Pallas both the lance and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favor of all by the honorable virtues of your mind; being myself first a student, and afterwards falling from books to arms, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect Your Lordship. Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book; rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the work of a soldier and a scholar, I presumed to shroud it under Your Honor's patronage, as one that is the fautor and favorer of all virtuous actions, and whose honorable loves, grown from the general applause of the whole commonwealth for your higher deserts, may keep it from the malice of every bitter tongue. Other reasons more particular (Right Honorable)

challenge in me a special affection to Your Lordship, as being a scholar with your two noble sons, Master Edmund Carew and Master Robert Carew (two scions worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honorable fruit), as also being scholar in the University under that learned and virtuous knight Sir Edward Hoby, when he was bachelor in arts, a man as well lettered as well born, and, after the etymology of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happy every way, and the more fortunate as blessed in the honor of so virtuous a Lady. Thus (Right Honorable) the duty that I owe to the sons chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for, where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commanded and emboldened thus with the consideration of these forepast reasons to present my book to Your Lordship, I humbly entreat Your Honor will vouch of my labors, and favor a soldier's and a scholar's pen with your gracious acceptance; who answers in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to Your Honor as his only desire is to end his life under the favor of so martial and learned a patron. Resting thus in hope of Your Lordship's courtesy in deigning the patronage of my work, I cease, wishing you as many honorable fortunes as Your Lordship can desire, or I imagine.

Your Honor's soldier
humbly affectionate:
THOMAS LODGE

To the Gentlemen Readers

Gentlemen, look not here to find any sprigs of Pallas' bay tree, nor to hear the humor of any amorous laureate, nor the pleasing vein of any eloquent orator. *Nolo altum sapere,* they be matters above my capacity; the cobbler's check shall never light on my head, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam,* I will go no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaves of Venus' myrtle, but hewn down by a soldier with his curtal-axe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labors that be wrote in the ocean, when every line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. If you like it, so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favor. But if Momus or any squint-eyed ass that hath mighty ears to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge; if he come aboard our bark to find fault with the tackling when he knows not the shrouds, I'll down into the hold and fetch out a rusty pole-axe, that saw no sun this seven year, and either will bebaste him, or heave the cockscomb overboard to feed cods. But courteous gentlemen that favor most, backbite none, and

pardon what is overslipped, let such come and welcome; I'll into the steward's room and fetch them a can of our best beverage. Well, gentlemen, you have *Euphues' Legacy*, I fetched it as far as the islands of Terceras, and therefore read it; censure with favor, and farewell.

Yours T. L.

THERE dwelled adjoining to the city of Bordeaux a knight of most honorable parentage, whom fortune had graced with many favors, and nature honored with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellency of both as it was a question whether fortune or nature were more prodigal in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceit of policy, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses. His valor was no less than his wit, nor the stroke of his lance no less forcible than the sweetness of his tongue was persuasive; for he was, for his courage, chosen the principal of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enriched with virtue and honor, surnamed Sir John of Bordeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battles against the Turks, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged. His hairs were silver-hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead; honor sat in the furrows of his face, and many years were portrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glass was run, and that nature of necessity challenged her due. Sir John (that with the phoenix knew the term of his life was now expired, and could with the swan discover his end by her songs) having three sons by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepast years, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacy as might bewray his love and increase their ensuing amity. Calling therefore these young gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting down a method of their brotherly duties. Having, therefore, death in his looks to move them to pity, and tears in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest son by the hand, he began thus.

Sir John of Bordeaux's legacy he gave to his sons

O my sons, you see that fate hath set a period of my years, and destinies have determined the final end of my days; the palm tree waxeth awayward, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sick feathers touched with age. I must to my grave, that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrows. My silver hairs containeth

great experience, and in the number of my years are penned down the subtleties of fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelf to countercheck poverty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto virtue. First, therefore, unto thee, Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be engraved as well the excellency of thy father's qualities as the essential form of his proportion, to thee I give fourteen plowlands, with all my manor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandyne I bequeath twelve plowlands. But unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armor, and my lance, with sixteen plowlands; for, if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honor.

Thus (my sons) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein, if you be as prodigal to spend as I have been careful to get, your friends will grieve to see you more wasteful than I was bountiful, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excess. Let mine honor be the glass of your actions, and the fame of my virtues the loadstar to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Aim your deeds by my honorable endeavors, and shew yourselves scions worthy of so flourishing a tree; lest, as the birds *halcyones*, which exceed in whiteness, I hatch young ones that surpass in blackness. Climb not, my sons; aspiring pride is a vapor that ascendeth high, but soon turneth to a smoke; they which stare at the stars stumble upon the stones; and such as gaze at the sun (unless they be eagle-eyed) fall blind. Soar not with the hobby, lest you fall with the lark; nor attempt not with Phaëton, lest you drown with Icarus. Fortune, when she wills you to fly, tempers your plumes with wax, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the sun, and hold Dedalus' axiom authentical (*Medium tenere tutissimum.*) Low shrubs have deep roots, and poor cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed, my sons, the mean is sweetest melody; where strings high stretched either soon crack or quickly grow out of tune. Let your country's care be your hearts' content, and think that you are not born for yourselves, but to level your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the commonweal and faithful to your friends; so shall France say, these men are as excellent in virtues as they be exquisite in features.

O my sons, a friend is a precious jewel, within whose bosom you may unload your sorrows and unfold your secrets, and he either will relieve with counsel or persuade with reason. But take heed in the choice; the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the calendars of truth. When the licorice leaf looketh most dry, then it is most wet. When the shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storm. The baaran leaf, the more fair it looks, the more infectious

it is, and in the sweetest words is oft hid most treachery. Therefore, my sons, choose a friend as the *Hyperborei* do the metals; sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stamp before they be current; so try, and then trust; let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithful lay them up for jewels. Be valiant, my sons, for cowardice is the enemy to honor; but not too rash, for that is an extreme. Fortitude is the mean, and that is limited within bonds and prescribed with circumstance. But, above all, and with that he fetched a deep sigh, beware of love, for it is far more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the sirens. O my sons, fancy is a fickle thing, and beauty's paintings are tricked up with time's colors, which, being set to dry in the sun, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her laws pretend liberty, yet there is nothing but loss and glistering misery. Cupid's wings are plumed with the feathers of vanity, and his arrows, where they pierce, enforce nothing but deadly desires; a woman's eye, as it is precious to behold, so is it prejudicial to gaze upon; for, as it affordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not their fawning favors, for their loves are like the breath of a man upon steel, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off; and their passions are as momentary as the colors of a polyp, which changeth at the sight of every object.

My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes dim; the hour is come, and I must away; therefore, let this suffice: women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one. And therefore, if you love, choose her that hath eyes of adamant, that will turn only to one point; her heart of a diamond that will receive but one form; her tongue of a sethin leaf, that never wags but with a southeast wind. And yet, my sons, if she have all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent; yet, for that she is a woman, shalt thou find in her sufficient vanities to countervail her virtues. Oh now, my sons, even now, take these my last words as my latest legacy; for my thread is spun, and my foot is in the grave. Keep my precepts as memorials of your father's counsels, and let them be lodged in the secret of your hearts; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall, see and mark, my sons, the folly of man, that, being dust, climbeth with Biares to reach at the heavens; and ready every minute to die, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, man's life is like lightning, that is but a flash; and the longest date of his years but as a bavin's blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be virtuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honors. So shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But, my sons, lest you should forget your father's axioms, take this scroll, wherein read what your father, dying, wills you to execute, living. At this he shrunk down in his bed, and gave up the ghost.

John of Bordeaux, being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sons, and bewailed of his friends; especially of his fellow Knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnity. His obsequies done, Saladyne caused, next his epitaph, the contents of the scroll to be portrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the schedule which Sir John of Bordeaux gave to his sons

My sons, behold what portion I do give;
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost;
I leave advice, to school you how to live;
I leave you wit, but won with little cost.
But keep it well; for counsel still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift, let honor be thy gain,
Win it by virtue, and by manly might;
In doing good, esteem thy toil no pain;
Protect the fatherless and widow's right;
Fight for thy faith, thy country and thy king.
For why? This thrift will prove a blessed thing.

In choice of wife, prefer the modest-chaste,
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell;
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced;
Then choose thy wife by wit, and living well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

In choice of friends, beware of light belief,
A painted tongue may shroud a subtle heart;
The siren's tears do threaten mickle grief,
Foresee, my sons, for fear of sudden smart.
Choose in thy wants, and he that friends thee then,
When richer grown, befriend him thou again.

Learn of the ant in summer to provide;
Drive with the bee the drone from out the hive;
Build like the swallow in the summertide;
Spare not too much (my son), but sparing thrive.
Be poor in folly, rich in all but sin;
So by thy death, thy glory shall begin.

Saladyne having thus set up the schedule and hanged about his father's hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, he clad himself and his brothers all in black, and in such sable suits discoursed his grief. But as the hyena when she mourns is then most guileful, so Saladyne, under the shew of grief shadowed a heart

full of contented thoughts. The tiger, though he hide his claws, will at last discover his rapine; the lion's looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a man's phys[iog]nomy is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so concealed but at last it will have his course. Nurture and art may do much, but that *Natura naturans* which by propagation is engrafted in the heart will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse:

Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.

So fares it with Saladyne, for, after a month's mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his father's testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than to himself; that Rosader was his father's darling, but now under his tuition; that as yet they were not come to years, and he, being their guardian, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havoc of their legacies and lands as they should be a great deal the lighter. Whereupon he began thus to meditate with himself.

Saladyne's meditation with himself

Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts and perplexed with a world of restless passions, having thy mind troubled with the tenor of thy father's testament and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment? By the one, thou art counselled to content thee with thy fortunes; by the other persuaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royalty, and there is no sweeter physic than store. Avicen, like a fool, forgot in his aphorisms to say that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the mind. O Saladyne, what, were thy father's precepts breathed into the wind? Hast thou so soon forgotten his principles? Did he not warn thee from coveting without honor and climbing without virtue? Did he not forbid thee to aim at any action that should not be honorable? And what will be more prejudicial to thy credit than the careless ruin of thy brothers' welfare? Why, shouldst not thou be the pillar of thy brothers' prosperity; and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes? Is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel than amity? Are you not sons of one father, scions of one tree, birds of one nest? And wilt thou become so unnatural as to rob them whom thou shouldst relieve? No, Saladyne, entreat them with favors and entertain them with love; so shalt thou have thy conscience clear and thy renown excellent.

Tush, what words are these, base fool; far unfit (if thou be wise) for thy humor. What though thy father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doteth for age and raved in his sickness; shall his words be axioms and his talk be so authentical that thou wilt (to observe

them) prejudice thyself? No, no, Saladyne, sick men's wills that are parole, and have neither hand nor seal, are like the laws of a city written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every wind. What, man, thy father is dead, and he can neither help thy fortunes nor measure thy actions! Therefore bury his words with his carcass, and be wise for thyself. What, 'tis not so old as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit!* Thy brother is young; keep him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thyself; for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much; suppress his wits with a base estate, and, though he be a gentleman by nature, yet form him anew and make him a peasant by nurture. So shalt thou keep him as a slave, and reign thyself sole lord over all thy father's possessions. As for Fernandyne thy middle brother, he is a scholar, and hath no mind but on Aristotle. Let him read on Galen while thou riflest with gold, and pore on his book till thou dost purchase lands. Wit is great wealth; if he have learning, it is enough; and so let all rest.

In this humor was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his footboy for the space of two or three years, keeping him in such servile subjection as if he had been the son of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day, walking in the garden by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of John of Bordeaux, a knight renowned for many victories and a gentleman famoused for his virtues; how, contrary to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land and entreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slavery as he might not attain to any honorable actions. Ah, quoth he to himself (nature working these effectual passions), why should I, that am a gentleman born, pass my time in such unnatural drudgery? Were it not better either in Paris to become a scholar, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a soldier, than to live a footboy to my own brother? Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate. I have strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavors. Those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardness.

With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and, seeing his

brother in a brown study and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirrah (quoth he), is your heart on your halfpenny; or are you saying a dirge for your father's soul? What, is my dinner ready?

At this question, Rosader, turning his head askance and bending his brows as if anger there had plowed the furrows of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou ask me (Saladyne) for thy cates? Ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. I am thy equal by nature, though not by birth; and, though thou hast more cards in the bunch, I have as many trumps in my hands as thyself. Let me question with thee why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of such utensils as my father bequeathed unto me? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answer me as a brother or I will trouble thee as an enemy.

At this reply of Rosader's, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly. He therefore took him up thus shortly. What, sirrah! Well I see, early pricks the tree that will prove a thorn. Hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawn you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy), I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay hold on him and bind him, and then I will give him a cooling card for his choler.

This made Rosader half mad, that, stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laid such load upon his brother's men that he hurt some of them and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne, seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heels his best safety, and took him to a loft adjoining to the garden, whither Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladyne, afraid of his brother's fury, cried out to him thus. Rosader, be not so rash; I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong, I'll make thee amends. Revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou stain the virtue of old Sir John of Bordeaux. Say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers' frowns ought not to be periods of wrath. What, man, look not so sourly! I know we shall be friends, and better friends than we have been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the choler of Rosader (for he was of a mild and courteous nature), so that he laid down his weapons, and, upon the faith of a gentleman, assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice. Whereupon Saladyne came down, and, after a little parley, they embraced each other and became friends; and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favor else (quoth he) any ways my

ability or the nature of a brother may perform. Upon these sugared reconciliations, they went into the house arm in arm together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bordeaux.

Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond, King of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrestling and of tournament to busy his commons' heads, lest, being idle, their thoughts should run upon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all comers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength, so valiant that in many such conflicts he always bare away the victory, not only overthrowing them which he encountered, but often with the weight of his body killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground but to take opportunity by the forehead, first by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swear that if Rosader came within his claws he should never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman, desirous of pelf, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*), taking great gifts for little gods, took the crowns of Saladyne to perform the stratagem.

Having thus the champion tied to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to young Rosader (who, in all his thoughts, reached at honor, and gazed no lower than virtue commanded), and began to tell him of this tournament and wrestling, how the king should be there, and all the chief peers of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the country. Now, brother (quoth he), for the honor of Sir John of Bordeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath been found without men approved in chivalry, shew thy resolution to be peremptory. For myself, thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am youngest to perform any martial exploits, knowing better how to survey my lands than to charge my lance. My brother Fernandyne, he is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistry and principles of philosophy than any warlike endeavors. But thou, Rosader, the youngest in years but the eldest in valor, art a man of strength, and darest do what honor allows thee. Take thou my father's lance, his sword, and his horse, and hie thee to the tournament; and either there valiantly crack a spear, or try with the Norman for the palm of activity.

The words of Saladyne were but spurs to a free horse; for he had scarce uttered them ere Rosader took him in his arms, taking his proffer so kindly that he promised in what he might to requite his courtesy.

The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroical thoughts that he passed the night with little

sleep; but, as soon as Phoebus had vailed the curtain of the night and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezo les labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and, taking his leave of his brother, mounted himself towards the place appointed, thinking every mile ten leagues till he came there.

But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the King of France, who, having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the Forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest, he had appointed this solemn tournament; whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favors. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistering objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynde, daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damosels that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a sympathy; for such as were martial might use their lance to be renowned for the excellency of their chivalry; and such as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every man's eye had his several survey, and fancy was partial in their looks, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favors to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna when she kissed the shepherd of the hills of Latmos was not tainted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance. Her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favor and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness. The tresses that folds in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight; for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I need to decipher her particular beauties when, by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection?

This Rosalynde sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage. Many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several deserts. At last, when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began; and the Norman presented himself as a challenger

against all comers. But he looked like Hercules when he advanced himself against Acheloüs; so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity, till at last a lusty franklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage. The eldest of these, doing obeisance to the king, entered the list, and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coped with him, and, as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury that not only he gave him the fall but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage. Which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place and, thirsty after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valor that, at the first encounter, he brought him to his knees. Which repulsed so the Norman that, recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped so earnestly to the young franklin that, taking him up in his arms, he threw him against the ground so violently that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked-for massacre, the people murmured and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance; but, as a man of a courageous resolution, took up the bodies of his sons without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this tragedy; who, noting the undoubted virtue of the franklin's mind, alighted off from his horse and presently sate down on the grass, and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapped the franklin on the shoulder and said thus: Bold yeoman, whose sons have ended the term of their years with honor, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sons; stand a while, and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph.

The franklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thanks, with promise to pray for his happy success. With that, Rosader vailed bonnet to the king and lightly leapt within the lists, where, noting more the company than the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troop of ladies that glistered there like the stars of heaven. But at last love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader that, forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favor of Rosalynde's face, which she perceiving, blushed. Which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency that the bashful red of Aurora, at the sight of unacquainted Phaëton, was not half so glorious.

The Norman, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the looks of the

ladies, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader, looking back with an angry frown, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dream, discovered to all by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts. But when they all noted his youth and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favors, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonor to hinder him from his enterprise, they wished him to be graced with the palm of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapped him with so fierce an encounter that they both fell on the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe. In which space the Norman called to mind by all tokens that this was he whom Saladyne had appointed him to kill; which conjecture made him stretch every limb and try every sinew, that, working his death, he might recover the gold which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader, while he breathed, was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde; who, to encourage him with a favor, lent him such an amorous look as might have made the most coward desperate. Which glance of Rosalynde so stirred the passionate desires of Rosader that, turning to the Norman, he ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter; the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to mind the beauty of his new mistress, the fame of his father's honors, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himself and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victory. The death of this champion, as it highly contented the franklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the king and all the peers into a great admiration that so young years and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence. But when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favorable courtesy, commending both his valor and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds that he might attain to the glory of his father's honorable fortunes.

As the king and lords graced him with embracing, so the ladies favored him with their looks; especially Rosalynde, whom the beauty and valor of Rosader had already touched. But she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion, that, as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink; and therefore feared not to dally in the flame, and, to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel and sent it by a page to the young gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not half so pleasing to the Trojan as this gem was to Rosader;

for, if fortune had sworn to make himself sole monarch of the world, he would rather have refused such dignity than have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynde. To return her with the like he was unfurnished; and yet, that he might more than in his looks discover his affection, he stepped into a tent and, taking pen and paper, writ this fancy:

Two suns at once from one fair heaven there shined,
Ten branches from two boughs tipped all with roses,
Pure locks more golden than is gold refined,
Two pearled rows that Nature's pride encloses;
Two mounts fair marble-white, down-soft and dainty,
A snow-dyed orb, where love increased by pleasure
Full woeful makes my heart and body fainty.
Her fair (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.

In lines confused my luckless harm appeareth,
Whom sorrow clouds, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynde; which when she read, she blushed, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her new-entertained fancies, again to Rosader; who, triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troop of young gentlemen that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladyne's, who was walking before the gates to hear what success his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death and devising how, with dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funerals. As he was in this thought, he cast up his eye and saw where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crew of boon companions. Grieved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blushed at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grief with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or niggardize, but, being brought up in the country, he absented himself as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company.

Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother; but in vain, for he could by no means be suffered to enter. Whereupon he ran his foot against the door and brake it open, drawing his sword and entering boldly into the hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. He, for the love he bare to his deceased master, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, said: Gentlemen, you are welcome; frolic and be merry;

you shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare be. I tell you, cavaliers, my brother hath in his house five tun of wine, and, as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares his liquor. With that, he burst open the buttery door and, with the help of Adam Spencer, covered the tables and set down whatsoever he could find in the house. But what they wanted in meat, Rosader supplied with drink. Yet had they royal cheer, and withal such hearty welcome as would have made the coarsest meats seem delicates.

After they had feasted and frolicked it twice or thrice with an upsy friese, they all took their leaves of Rosader and departed. As soon as they were gone, Rosader, growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne; yet by the means of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once again reconciled and put up all forepast injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love as did not only rejoice the servants but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly concord. Saladyne, hiding fire in the straw and concealing a poisoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity, he shewed himself a great favorer of his brother's virtuous endeavors. Where, leaving them in this happy league, let us return to Rosalynde.

Rosalynde, returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitary, love presented her with the *idea* of Rosader's perfection and, taking her at discovert, struck her so deep as she felt herself grow passing passionate. She began to call to mind the comeliness of his person, the honor of his parents, and the virtues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eyes of every one. Sucking in thus the honey of love, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his virtuous conditions; but when she called to remembrance her present estate and the hardness of her fortunes, desire began to shrink and fancy to vail bonnet, that between a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herself in this manner.

Rosalynde's passion

Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy years, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixed with the frosts of envy; and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banished from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king, detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah, Rosalynde, what cares wait upon a crown! What griefs are incident to dignity!

What sorrows haunt royal palaces! The greatest seas have the sorest storms, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind; small currents are ever calm, low valleys not scorched in any lightnings, nor base men tied to any baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty, it is with her heel, rather disdaining their want with a frown than envying their wealth with disparagement. O Rosalynde, hadst thou been born low, thou hadst not fallen so high; and yet, being great of blood, thine honor is more if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates, unwilling to have me any ways happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancy.

Love, Rosalynde? Becometh it women in distress to think on love? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons! Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, as soon hitting a rag as a robe, and piercing as soon the bosom of a captive as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poor Rosalynde, by experience; for, being every way distressed, surcharged with cares, and overgrown with sorrows, yet, amidst the heap of all mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beauty and the ear with the report of his virtue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes and thy present estate; thou art poor and without patrimony and yet the daughter of a prince; he a younger brother and void of such possessions as either might maintain thy dignities or revenge thy father's injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks; that women's ears are sooner content with a dram of *give me* than a pound of *hear me;* that gold is sweeter than eloquence; that love is a fire and wealth is the fuel; that Venus' coffers should be ever full. Then, Rosalynde, seeing Rosader is poor, think him less beautiful because he is in want, and account his virtues but qualities of course, for that he is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be used in love,

Quaerenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush, Rosalynde, be not over rash; leap not before thou look; either love such a one as may with his lands purchase thy liberty or else love not at all. Choose not a fair face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

Why, Rosalynde, can such base thoughts harbor in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princess, the daughter of Gerismond, harbor such servile conceits as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his virtues. No, Rosalynde, blush at thy base resolution and say, if thou lovest, either Rosader or none. And why? Be-

cause Rosader is both beautiful and virtuous. Smiling to herself to think of her new-entertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

Rosalynde's Madrigal

Love in my bosom like a bee
doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings, he plays with me,
now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
with pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
the livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
will whip you hence;
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offense.
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigal before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were

enamored at her beauty. Which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossoms, he thought to banish her from the court; for, quoth he to himself, her face is so full of favor that it pleads pity in the eye of every man; her beauty is so heavenly and divine that she will prove to me as Helen did to Priam. Some one of the peers will aim at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. To prevent, therefore, *had I wist* in all these actions, she tarries not about the court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father or else seek other fortunes.

In this humor, with a stern countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night she were not seen about the court. For (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches and intended treasons. This doom was strange unto Rosalynde, and presently, covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent terms to have cleared herself. But Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynde, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in heart and tears in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to entreat her father thus.

* * * * *

Cheerily, woman, as we have been bedfellows in royalty, we will be fellowmates in poverty. I will ever be thy Alinda and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynde. So shall the world canonize our friendship, and speak of Rosalynde and Alinda as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile and we return to our former honor, then, folding ourselves in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to mind our forepast miseries):

Olim haec meminisse juvabit.

At this Rosalynde began to comfort her; and, after she had wept a few kind tears in the bosom of her Alinda, she gave her hearty thanks; and then they sat them down to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynde), art thou a woman and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature and would very well become the person and apparel of a page. Thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man

so properly that (trust me) in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his weapon.

At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynde in all haste provided her of robes, and Alinda (from her royal weeds) put herself in more homely attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away go these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynde, Ganimede. They traveled among the vineyards and by many by-ways; at last got to the forest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts and pained with many passionate sorrows. Now the black ox began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royalty; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynde, she thought every danger a step to honor.

Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountain, compassed with a grove of cypress trees, so cunningly and curiously planted as if some goddess had entreated nature in that place to make her an arbor. By this fountain sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had been in Paris with all the king's delicates, Aliena only grieving that they could not so much as meet with a shepherd to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede, casting up his eye, espied where on a tree was engraven certain verses; which as soon as he espied, he cried out: Be of good cheer, mistress, I spy the figures of men; for here in these trees be engraven certain verses of shepherds, or some other swains that inhabit hereabout. With that Aliena start up joyful to hear these news, and looked, where they found carved in the bark of a pine tree this passion.

Montanus' passion

Hadst thou been born whereas perpetual cold
Makes Tanaïs hard, and mountains silver old;
Had I complained unto a marble stone,
Or to the floods bewrayed my bitter moan,
I then could bear the burden of my grief.
But even the pride of countries at thy birth,
Whilst heavens did smile, did new array the earth
with flowers chief.
Yet thou, the flower of beauty, blessed born,
Hast pretty looks, but all attired in scorn.

But if I have given any occasion of offense by absenting myself these three days, I humbly sue for pardon; which you must grant of course in that the fault is so friendly confessed with penance. But to tell you the truth (fair mistress, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest brother, by the injury of Torismond, is banished from Bordeaux, and by chance he and I met in the forest. And here Rosader discoursed unto them what had happened betwixt them; which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyranny of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy that the concealing was more sorrow than the conceit. Yet that her estate might be hid still, she made fair weather of it and so let all pass.

Fortune, that saw how these parties valued not her deity, but held her power in scorn, thought to have a bout with them, and brought the matter to pass thus. Certain rascals that lived by prowling in a forest, who, for fear of the provost marshal, had caves in the groves and thickets to shroud themselves from his trains, hearing of the beauty of this fair shepherdess Aliena, thought to steal her away and give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great lecher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talk, they came rushing in and laid violent hands upon Aliena and her page; which made them cry out to Rosader. Who, having the valor of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defense of his friends than any way be touched with the least blemish of dishonor; and therefore dealt such blows amongst them with his weapon as he did witness well upon their carcasses that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to back him; so that he was not only rebated but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carried away by these rascals had not Fortune (that meant to turn her frown into a favor) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who, wandering to find out his brother's walk, encountered this crew. And seeing not only a shepherdess and her boy forced but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forest bill he had on his neck, and the first he struck had never after more need of the physician; redoubling his blows with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valor.

Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived and seeing how valiantly he behaved himself, though sore wounded, rushed amongst them, and laid on such load that some of the crew were slain and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne. Aliena, after she had breathed a while and was come to herself from this fear, looked about her, and saw where Ganimede was busy dressing up the wounds of the forester. But she cast her eye upon this courteous

champion that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection as she began to measure every part of him with favor, and in herself to commend his personage and his virtue, holding him for a resolute man that durst assail such a troupe of unbridled villains. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you be that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, as we hold you valiant so we esteem you courteous, and to have as many hidden virtues as you have manifest resolutions. We poor shepherds have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can we not make requital with any great treasures; but our recompense is thanks, and our rewards to our friends without feigning. For ransom, therefore, of this our rescue, you must content yourself to take such a kind gramercy as a poor shepherdess and her page may give, with promise (in what we may) never to prove ingrateful. For this gentleman that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance; we'll pay him with smiles and feed him with love-looks. And though he be never the fatter at the year's end, yet we'll so hamper him that he shall hold himself satisfied.

Saladyne, hearing this shepherdess speak so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection and to survey all her lineaments with a curious insight, so long dallying in the flame of her beauty that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love, that lurked in all these broils to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny that the stroke pierced to the heart so deep as it could never after be rased out. At last, after he had looked so long till Aliena waxed red, he returned her this answer.

Fair shepherdess, if fortune graced me with such good hap as to do you any favor, I hold myself as contented as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the relief of distressed women is the special point that gentlemen are tied unto by honor. Seeing, then, my hazard to rescue your harms was rather duty than courtesy, thanks is more than belongs to the requital of such a favor. But lest I might seem either too coy or too careless of a gentlewoman's proffer, I will take your kind gramercy for a recompense.

All this while that he spake, Ganimede looked earnestly upon him and said: Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favors you much in the feature of your face.

No marvel (quoth he) gentle swain, for 'tis my eldest brother Saladyne.

Your brother? quoth Aliena (and with that she blushed). He is the more welcome, and I hold myself the more his debtor. And for that he hath in our behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will call him servant and he shall call me mistress.

Words I spent,
Sighs I sent;
Sighs and words could never draw her.
O my love,
Thou art lost;
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe sat
By a fount;
Sitting by a fount I spied her;
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice;
Touch and voice what may distain you?
As she sung,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
O mine eyes,
You did lose
Her first sight whose want did pain you.

Phoebe's flocks
White as wool,
Yet were Phoebe's looks more whiter.
Phoebe's eyes
Dovelike mild;
Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruel,
Montan swears
In your lamps
He will die for to delight her.
Phoebe, yield,
Or I die;
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet but Coridon, with a low curtsey, rose up and went with his fellow and shut their sheep in the folds; and, after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poor cottage. . . .

The next morn they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toil of unaccustomed travel; but, as soon as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up their rest, and, by the help of Coridon, swapped a bargain with his landlord, and so became mistress of the farm and the flock, herself putting on the attire of a shepherdess and Ganimede of a young swain, every day leading forth her flocks with such delight that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the bliss of a country cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepherds of Arden, again to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secret resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax nor oil in the flame (for envy is like lightning, that will appear in the darkest fog), it chanced in a morning very early he called up certain of his servants and went with them to the chamber of Rosader. Which being open, he entered with his crew, and surprised his brother when he was asleep and bound him in fetters, and, in the midst of his hall, chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wronged? and what fault he had committed worthy so sharp a penance? Saladyne answered him only with a look of disdain and went his way, leaving poor Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who (thus abused) fell into sundry passions, but no means of relief could be had; whereupon (for anger) he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humor he continued two or three days without meat; insomuch that, seeing his brother would give him no food, he fell into despair of his life. Which Adam Spencer the old servant of Sir John of Bordeaux seeing, touched with the duty and love he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his son's mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne hath given a general charge to his servants that none of them, upon pain of death, should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlocked him and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himself and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aimed at revenge, and now (all being asleep) he would have quit Saladyne with the method of his own mischief. But Adam Spencer did persuade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir, quoth he, be content, for this night go again into your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited all your kindred and allies to a solemn breakfast, only to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and fain to be tied to a post. As soon as they come, complain to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redress you, why so. But if they pass over your plaints *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus I will leave you unlocked, that you may break out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good poleaxes, one for you and another for me. When I give you a wink, shake off your chains, and let us play the men and make havoc amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintain possession by force of arms till the king hath made a redress of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so persuaded Rosader that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed came all the guests bidden by Saladyne, whom

he entreated with courteous and curious entertainment as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tied were covered, and Saladyne, bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound and was enchained as a man lunatic. Rosader made reply and, with some invectives, made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pity seek some means for his relief. But in vain. They had stopped their ears with Ulysses, that, were his words never so forcible, he breathed only his passions into the wind. They, careless, sate down with Saladyne to dinner, being very frolic and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered pell-mell into their brains, they began in satirical speeches to rail against Rosader; which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the sign, and Rosader, shaking off his chains, got a poleax in his hand and flew amongst them with such violence and fury that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house.

Seeing the coast clear, he shut the doors, and, being sore anhungered and seeing such good victuals, he sate him down with Adam Spencer and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired up the house, lest upon a sudden his brother should raise some crew of his tenants and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne took a contrary course and went to the sheriff of the shire and made complaint of Rosader, who, giving credit to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentleman's wrongs, took with him five and twenty tall men, and made a vow either to break into the house and take Rosader or else to coop him in till he made him yield by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate.

News of this was brought unto Rosader, who, smiling at the cowardice of his brother, brooked all the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the sheriff. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladyne and he drew near with a troop of lusty gallants. At this he smiled and called up Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treachery of his brother and the folly of the sheriff to be so credulous. Now Adam, quoth he, what shall I do? It rests for me either to yield up the house to my brother and seek a reconcilement, or else issue out and break through the company with courage, for cooped in like a coward I will not be. If I submit (ah, Adam), I dishonor myself, and that it worse than death; for by such open disgraces the fame of men grows odious. If I issue out amongst them, fortune may favor me, and I may

escape with life. But suppose the worst. If I be slain, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so unequal a revenge infamous to Saladyne.

Why then, master, forward and fear not! Out amongst them! They be but faint-hearted losels. And for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foot, say he is a dastard.

These words cheered up so the heart of young Rosader that he thought himself sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were ready to entertain the sheriff. For no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates but Rosader, unlooked for, leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give back, so that Adam and he broke through the press in despite of them all, and took their way towards the forest of Arden.

This repulse so set the sheriff's heart on fire to revenge that he straight raised all the country and made hue and cry after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret ways that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bordeaux, and escaped safe to the forest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor; but fortune (who is like the chameleon), variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancy, thought to make them mirrors of her mutability, and therefore still crossed them thus contrarily. Thinking still to pass on by the byways to get to Lyons, they chanced on a path that led into the thick of the forest, where they wandered five or six days without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepherd nor cottage to relieve them. And hunger growing on so extreme, Adam Spencer (being old) began to faint, and, sitting him down on a hill and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill perplexed. Which sight made him shed tears, and to fall into these bitter terms:

Adam Spencer's speech

Oh, how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calm hath a thousand storms; resembling the rose tree that, for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharp prickles; all our pleasures end in pain, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The joys of man, as they are few, so are they momentary, scarce ripe before they are rotten; and withering in the blossom, either parched with the heat of envy or fortune. Fortune, O inconstant friend, that in all thy deeds art froward and fickle, delighting, in the poverty of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest, to decipher thy inconstancy. Thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with time's feathers, that thou mayest ever be restless; thou art double-faced like Janus, carrying frowns

in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an eel and performest a scorpion; and where thy greatest favors be, there is the fear of the extremest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions.

But why, Adam, dost thou exclaim against Fortune? She laughs at the plaints of the distressed; and there is nothing more pleasing unto her than to hear fools boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowful men to discover the sour of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune than, with a resolute courage, to pass over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy hairs wax white; the palm tree is already full of blooms, and in the furrows of thy face appears the calendars of death! Wert thou blessed by Fortune, thy years could not be many, nor the date of thy life long. Then, sith nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resign her debt a little before the day? Ah, it is not this which grieveth me, nor do I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me, but the sight of Rosader, that galleth unto the quick. When I remember the worships of his house, the honor of his fathers, and the virtues of himself, then do I say that fortune and fates are most injurious to censure so hard extremes against a youth of so great hope. O Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age and in the pride of thy years, buxom and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enriched thee with her favors, and virtue made thee the mirror of her excellence. And now, through the decree of the unjust stars, to have all these good parts nipped in the blade and blemished by the inconstancy of fortune. Ah, Rosader! Could I help thee, my grief were the less, and happy should my death be if it might be the beginning of thy relief; but seeing we perish both in one extreme, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do? Prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present despatch of mine own life? Ah, despair is a merciless sin!

As he was ready to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and, seeing him change color, he rise up and went to him and, holding his temples, said: What cheer, master? Though all fail, let not the heart faint; the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death.

At these words, Rosader lifted up his eye and, looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieve at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honor, and content; might I (Adam) combat with some wild beast and perish as his prey, I were satisfied. But to die with hunger! O Adam, it is the extremest of all extremes.

Master (quoth he), you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meat; seeing, therefore, we can find no food, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old and overworn with age; you are young and are the hope of many honors. Let me then die. I will presently cut my veins, and, master, with the warm blood relieve your fainting spirits. Suck on that till I end, and you be comforted.

With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife when Rosader, full of courage (though very faint) rose up, and wished Adam Spencer to sit there till his return. For my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a madman, he rose up and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyalty.

It chanced that day that Gerismond, the lawful king of France, banished by Torismond, who, with a lusty crew of outlaws, lived in that forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who, seeing such a crew of brave men having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, he stepped boldly to the board's end and saluted the company thus.

Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may. Know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food; perish we must unless relieved by thy favors. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly than perish with so cowardly an extreme.

Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity that, rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill but be lord of the feast.

Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food; aged and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonor it were for me to taste one crumb before I made him partner of my fortunes; therefore will I run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer.

Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news; who was

glad of so happy fortune but so feeble he was that he could not go. Whereupon Rosader got him up on his back and brought him to the place. Which, when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader having Gerismond's place assigned him, would not sit there himself, but set down Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals and feasted themselves with good delicates and great store of wine.

As soon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to hear what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extremities) requested Rosader to discourse (if it were not any way prejudicial unto him) the cause of his travel. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfy the courtesy of his favorable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighs and a few lukewarm tears) prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes; how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, his name Rosader; how his brother sundry times had wronged him; and, lastly, how for beating the sheriff and hurting his men he fled. And this old man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honor is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one (that for his love) never failed me in all my misfortunes.

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader; and next discoursing unto him how he was Gerismond, their lawful king, exiled by Torismond; what familiarity had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bordeaux, and him; how faithful a subject he lived, and how honorably he died; promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such courteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his foresters. Rosader, seeing it was the king, craved pardon for his boldness, in that he did not do him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favorable courtesy. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with news, began to inquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seen his daughter Rosalynde or no? At this, Rosader fetched a great sigh and, shedding many tears, could not answer. Yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed to the king how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a sympathy of affections betwixt Alinda and her that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile than to part fellowship. Whereupon the unnatural king banished them both; and now they are wandered none knows whither, neither could any learn since their departure the place of their abode.

This news drave the king into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company and went into his privy chamber, so secret as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The company was all dashed

at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunity, went to take their rest.

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Rosader, being thus preferred to the place of a forester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brother's unkindness by continual exercise, traversing the groves and wild forests, partly to hear the melody of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent endeavor in his master's behalf. Yet whatsoever he did or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memory. On her sweet perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himself, like the eagle, a true-born bird, since that the one is known by beholding the sun, so was he by regarding excellent beauty. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes in the woods, he engraved with his knife on the bark of a myrtle tree, to this pretty estimate of his mistress' perfection.

Sonetto

Of all chaste birds the phoenix doth excel,
Of all strong beasts the lion bears the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all fair maids my Rosalynde is fairest.

Of all pure metals gold is only purest,
Of all high trees the pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my mistress' breast,
Of all chaste thoughts my mistress' thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretty fowls kind Venus likes the dove,
Of trees Minerva doth the olive love,
Of all sweet nymphs I honor Rosalynde.

Of all her gifts her wisdom pleaseth most,
Of all her graces virtue she doth boast;
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,
If Rosalynde prove cruel and unkind.

In these and such like passions, Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynde. And this day especially, when Aliena and Ganimede (enforced by the heat of the sun to seek for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place where this amorous forester registered his melancholy passions, they saw the sudden change of his looks, his folded arms, his passionate sighs; they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde. Who

(poor soul) was as hotly burned as himself, but that she shrouded her pains in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (guessing him to be in love, and, according to the nature of their sex, being pitiful in that behalf) they suddenly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede shook him out of his dumps thus.

What news, forester? Hast thou wounded some deer and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a loss; thy fees was but the skin, the shoulder, and the horns. 'Tis hunter's luck to aim fair and miss, and a woodman's fortune to strike and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the mark, Ganimede (quoth Aliena). His passions are greater, and his sighs discover more loss; perhaps in traversing these thickets he hath seen some beautiful nymph and is grown amorous.

It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly engraven some sonnet. Come and see the discourse of the forester's poems. Reading the sonnet over and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena looked on Ganimede and laughed, and Ganimede, looking back on the forester and seeing it was Rosader, blushed. Yet thinking to shroud all under her page's apparel, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me, forester, what is this Rosalynde for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is she some nymph that waits upon Diana's train whose chastity thou hast deciphered in such epithets? Or is she some shepherdess that haunts these plains whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancy, whose name thou shadowest in covert under the figure of Rosalynde, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalynde of whom we shepherds have heard talk; she, forester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlaw in this forest of Arden?

At this Rosader fetched a deep sigh, and said, It is she, O gentle swain, it is she. That saint it is whom I serve, that goddess at whose shrine I do bend all my devotions; the most fairest of all fairs, the phoenix of all that sex, and the purity of all earthly perfection.

And why (gentle forester), if she be so beautiful and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweet but full of prickles? or the serpent *Regius*, that hath scales as glorious as the sun and a breath as infectious as the *Aconitum* is deadly? So thy Rosalynde may be most amiable and yet unkind; full of favor and yet froward; coy without wit, and disdainful without reason.

O shepherd (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbor wherein the graces shroud their virtues, thou wouldst not breathe out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalynde. She is a diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaste operation; a pearl, so orient that it can be stained with no blemish;

a rose without prickles, and a princess absolute as well in beauty as in virtue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soar with the eagle against so bright a sun that I am quite blind; I have, with Apollo, enamored myself of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainful, but far more chaste than Daphne; I have, with Ixion, laid my love on Juno, and shall (I fear) embrace naught but a cloud. Ah, shepherd, I have reached at a star; my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I, being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princess whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why, forester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thyself. Be blithe and frolic, man. Love souseth as low as she soareth high, Cupid shoots at a rag as soon as at a robe, and Venus' eye that was so curious sparkled favor on pole-footed Vulcan. Fear not, man! Women's looks are not tied to dignity's feathers, nor make they curious esteem where the stone is found, but what is the virtue. Fear not, forester! Faint heart never won fair lady. But where lives Rosalynde now; at the court?

Oh no (quoth Rosader) she lives I know not where, and that is my sorrow; banished by Torismond, and that is my hell. For might I but find her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pity the plaint of my passions, hope tells me she would grace me with some favor; and that would suffice as recompense of all my former miseries.

Much have I heard of thy mistress' excellence; and I know, forester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast surveyed all her parts with a curious eye. Then do me that favor, to tell me what her perfections be.

That I will (quoth Rosader) for I glory to make all ears wonder at my mistress' excellence. And with that he pulled a paper forth his bosom, wherein he read this.

Rosalynde's description

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,

Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde:
Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where love himself imprisoned lies
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her paps are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where nature molds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed;
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.
Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight,
And love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalynde;
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde;
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine.

Periit, quia deperibat.

Believe me (quoth Ganimede) either the forester is an exquisite painter or Rosalynde far above wonder; so it makes me blush to hear how women should be so excellent and pages so unperfect.

Rosader, beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complain thee, wert thou the substance; but resembling the shadow, content thyself, for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature.

He hath answered you, Ganimede (quoth Aliena). It is enough for pages to wait on beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves.

O mistress (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partial. Who knows not but that all women have desire to tie sovereignty to their petticoats and ascribe beauty to themselves, where, if boys might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely; if not as comely, it may be more courteous. But tell me, forester (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walk?

Gentle swain, under the king of outlaws, said he, the unfortunate Gerismond; who, having lost his kingdom, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to govern among poor men in peace than great men in danger.

But hast thou not, said she (having so melancholy opportunities as the forest affordeth thee) written more sonnets in commendations of thy mistress?

I have, gentle swain, quoth he, but they be not about me. Tomorrow by dawn of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you, wherein you shall read my passions whiles I feel them; judge my patience when you read it. Till when, I bid farewell.

So giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good-night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving Aliena and Ganimede to their prittle-prattle. So, Ganimede (said Aliena, the forester being gone) you are mightily beloved; men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idol of your beauty. Surely it grieves me not a little to see the poor man so pensive, and you so pitiless.

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. . . Ganimede, pitying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said that now the sun was in his meridional heat and that it was high noon; therefore we shepherds say 'tis time to go to dinner. For the sun and our stomachs are shepherds' dials. Therefore, forester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena took the entertainment by the end, and told Rosader he should be her guest. He thanked them heartily, and sate with them down to dinner, where they had such cates as country state did allow them, sauced with such content and such sweet prattle as it seemed far more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

As soon as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone. But Ganimede, that was loath to let him pass out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forester, quoth he, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in

love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eclogue how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her. And while we sing of love Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody.

Content, quoth Rosader. And Aliena, she to shew her willingness, drew forth a recorder and began to wind it. Then the loving forester began thus.

The wooing eclogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader

ROSADER

I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,
By all the tears and sighs that lovers know,
Or what or thoughts or faltering tongue affords,
I crave for mine in ripping up my woe:
Sweet Rosalynde, my love (would God, my love),
My life (would God, my life), aye pity me;
Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,
And but with beauty pity will not be.
Look on mine eyes, made red with rueful tears,
From whence the rain of true remorse descendeth,
All pale in looks, and I though young in years,
And naught but love or death my days befriendeth.
Oh let no stormy rigor knit thy brows,
Which love appointed for his mercy seat,
The tallest tree by Boreas' breath it bows,
The iron yields with hammer, and to heat.
O Rosalynde, then be thou pitiful,
For Rosalynde is only beautiful.

ROSALYNDE

Love's wantons arm their trait'rous suits with tears,
With vows, with oaths, with looks, with showers of gold;
But when the fruit of their affects appears,
The simple heart by subtle sleights is sold.
Thus sucks the yielding ear the poisoned bait,
Thus feeds the heart upon his endless harms,
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self-deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtle charms.
The lovely looks, the sighs that storm so sore,
The dew of deep-dissembled doubleness—
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leans to wit and soothfastness.
O Rosader, then be thou wittiful,
For Rosalynde scorns foolish pitiful.

ROSADER

I pray thee, Rosalynde, by those sweet eyes
That stain the sun in shine, the morn in clear,
By those sweet cheeks where love encamped lies
To kiss the roses of the springing year.
I tempt thee, Rosalynde, by ruthful plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudful guile,
But firm in pain, far more than tongue depaints,
Sweet nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile.
So may the heavens preserve from hurtful food
Thy harmless flocks, so may the summer yield
The pride of all her riches and her good
To fat thy sheep (the citizens of field).
Oh, leave to arm thy lovely brows with scorn;
The birds their beak, the lion hath his tail,
And lovers naught but sighs and bitter mourn,
The spotless sort of fancy to assail.
O Rosalynde, then be thou pitiful,
For Rosalynde is only beautiful.

ROSALYNDE

The hardened steel by fire is brought in frame;

ROSADER

And Rosalynde, my love, than any wool more softer,
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?

ROSALYNDE

Were lovers true, maids would believe them ofter.

ROSADER

Truth, and regard, and honor guide my love.

ROSALYNDE

Fain would I trust, but yet I dare not try.

ROSADER

Oh pity me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.

ROSALYNDE

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

ROSADER

O Rosalynde be kind, for times will change,
Thy looks aye nill be fair as now they be;
Thine age from beauty may thy looks estrange;
Ah, yield in time, sweet nymph, and pity me.

ROSALYNDE

O Rosalynde, thou must be pitiful,
For Rosader is young and beautiful.

ROSADER

O gain more great than kingdoms or a crown.

ROSALYNDE

O trust betrayed if Rosader abuse me.

ROSADER

First let the heavens conspire to pull me down,
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me.
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my breast,
Let beauty's eye afflict me with a lour,
Let deep despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalynde my loyalty disprove;
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.

ROSALYNDE

Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love;
Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind.

ROSADER

Then let me triumph more than Tithon's dear,
Sith Rosalynde will Rosader respect;
Then let my face exile his sorry cheer,
And frolic in the comfort of affect,
And say that Rosalynde is only pitiful,
Sith Rosalynde is only beautiful.

When thus they had finished their courting eclogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede, as augur of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now, forester, have I not fitted your turn? Have I not played the woman handsomely, and shewed myself as coy in grants as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspicion as men of flattery? And yet, to salve all, jumped I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader?

The forester, at this smiling, shook his head and, folding his arms, made this merry reply.

Truth, gentle swain, Rosader hath his Rosalynde but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possess a goddess, only embraced a cloud. In these imaginary fruitions of fancy, I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis' painted grapes; but they grew so lean with pecking at shadows that they were glad, with Æsop's cock, to scrape for a barley cornel. So fareth it with me, who, to feed myself with the hope of my mistress' favors, soothe myself in thy suits, and only in conceit reap a wished-for content. But if my food be no better than such amorous dreams, Venus, at the year's end, shall find me but a lean lover. Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these feigned affections do divine some unfeigned end of ensuing fancies.

And thereupon (quoth Aliena) I'll play the priest; from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so we'll have a marriage.

Content (quoth Rosader), and laughed.

Content (quoth Ganimede), and changed as red as a rose. And so, with a smile and blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and won his Rosalynde.

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. . . As soon as they had taken their repast and well dined, Rosader took his brother Saladyne by the hand and shewed him the pleasures of the forest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three days he walked up and down with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walk. In which time he was missed of his Ganimede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester. Some while they thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet; then they imagined some new love had withdrawn his fancy; or haply he was sick, or detained by some great business of Gerismond's, or that he had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bordeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heads, but especially Ganimede: who, having love in her heart, proved restless, and half without patience that Rosader wronged her with so long absence. For love measures every minute, and thinks hours to be days, and days to be months, till they feed their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed lived poor Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dump, she cast up her eye and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest bill on his neck. At that sight her color changed, and she said to Aliena: See, mistress, where our jolly forester comes.

And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena). Your nose bewrays what porridge you love; the wind cannot be tied within his quarter, the sun shadowed with a veil, oil hidden in water, nor love kept out of a woman's looks. But no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula.*

As soon as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongue's end, Aliena began thus. Why, how now, gentle forester, what wind hath kept you from hence? that, being so newly married, you have no more care of your Rosalynde but to absent yourself so many days? Are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelays? I see well hot love is soon cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandereth in the air with the blast of every wind.

You are deceived, mistress, quoth Rosader; 'twas a copy of unkindness that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you carried away the bride.

But if I have given any occasion of offense by absenting myself these three days, I humbly sue for pardon; which you must grant of course in that the fault is so friendly confessed with penance. But to tell you the truth (fair mistress, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest brother, by the injury of Torismond, is banished from Bordeaux, and by chance he and I met in the forest. And here Rosader discoursed unto them what had happened betwixt them; which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyranny of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy that the concealing was more sorrow than the conceit. Yet that her estate might be hid still, she made fair weather of it and so let all pass.

Fortune, that saw how these parties valued not her deity, but held her power in scorn, thought to have a bout with them, and brought the matter to pass thus. Certain rascals that lived by prowling in a forest, who, for fear of the provost marshal, had caves in the groves and thickets to shroud themselves from his trains, hearing of the beauty of this fair shepherdess Aliena, thought to steal her away and give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great lecher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talk, they came rushing in and laid violent hands upon Aliena and her page; which made them cry out to Rosader. Who, having the valor of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defense of his friends than any way be touched with the least blemish of dishonor; and therefore dealt such blows amongst them with his weapon as he did witness well upon their carcasses that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos,* so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to back him; so that he was not only rebated but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carried away by these rascals had not Fortune (that meant to turn her frown into a favor) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who, wandering to find out his brother's walk, encountered this crew. And seeing not only a shepherdess and her boy forced but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forest bill he had on his neck, and the first he struck had never after more need of the physician; redoubling his blows with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valor.

Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived and seeing how valiantly he behaved himself, though sore wounded, rushed amongst them, and laid on such load that some of the crew were slain and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena, after she had breathed a while and was come to herself from this fear, looked about her, and saw where Ganimede was busy dressing up the wounds of the forester. But she cast her eye upon this courteous

champion that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection as she began to measure every part of him with favor, and in herself to commend his personage and his virtue, holding him for a resolute man that durst assail such a troupe of unbridled villains. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you be that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, as we hold you valiant so we esteem you courteous, and to have as many hidden virtues as you have manifest resolutions. We poor shepherds have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can we not make requital with any great treasures; but our recompense is thanks, and our rewards to our friends without feigning. For ransom, therefore, of this our rescue, you must content yourself to take such a kind gramercy as a poor shepherdess and her page may give, with promise (in what we may) never to prove ingrateful. For this gentleman that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance; we'll pay him with smiles and feed him with love-looks. And though he be never the fatter at the year's end, yet we'll so hamper him that he shall hold himself satisfied.

Saladyne, hearing this shepherdess speak so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection and to survey all her lineaments with a curious insight, so long dallying in the flame of her beauty that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love, that lurked in all these broils to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny that the stroke pierced to the heart so deep as it could never after be rased out. At last, after he had looked so long till Aliena waxed red, he returned her this answer.

Fair shepherdess, if fortune graced me with such good hap as to do you any favor, I hold myself as contented as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the relief of distressed women is the special point that gentlemen are tied unto by honor. Seeing, then, my hazard to rescue your harms was rather duty than courtesy, thanks is more than belongs to the requital of such a favor. But lest I might seem either too coy or too careless of a gentlewoman's proffer, I will take your kind gramercy for a recompense.

All this while that he spake, Ganimede looked earnestly upon him and said: Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favors you much in the feature of your face.

No marvel (quoth he) gentle swain, for 'tis my eldest brother Saladyne.

Your brother? quoth Aliena (and with that she blushed). He is the more welcome, and I hold myself the more his debtor. And for that he hath in our behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will call him servant and he shall call me mistress.

Content, sweet mistress, quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindful of mine own self.

Away with these quirks and quiddities of love, quoth Rosader, and give me some drink, for I am passing thirsty! And then will I home, for my wounds bleed sore, and I will have them dressed. Ganimede had tears in her eyes and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore stepped hastily to the bottle and, filling out some wine in a mazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her and gave it him; which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the help of his brother) he took his leave of them and went to his lodge.

Ganimede, as soon as they were out of sight, led his flock down to a vale and there, under the shadow of a beech tree, sate down and began to mourn the misfortunes of her sweetheart. And Aliena (as a woman passing discontent) severing herself from her Ganimede, sitting under a lemon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new love and to meditate with herself on this manner.

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With this, Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where, unfolding their flocks, they sate them down under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected; Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till she might hear of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumps, they might espy where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his haste). What news with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post?

Oh mistress (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phoebe, the fair shepherdess whom Montanus loves; so now, if it please you and Ganimede but to walk with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountain, he courting her with his country ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdain.

The news were so welcome to the two lovers that up they rose and went with Coridon. As soon as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espy where Phoebe sate (the fairest shepherdess in all Arden, and he the frolickest swain in the whole forest), she in a petticoat of scarlet, covered with a green mantle; and to shroud her from the sun, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of nature's excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze upon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepherd, feeding his eyes with her favors, wooing with such piteous looks, and courting with such deep-strained sighs as would have made Diana herself to have been compassion-

ate, at last fixing his looks on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournful ditty.

Montanus' sonnet

A turtle sate upon a leafless tree,
Mourning her absent fere
With sad and sorry cheer;
About her wond'ring stood
The citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents
And for her love laments,
The stately trees complain them,
The birds with sorrow pain them.
Each one that doth her view,
Her pain and sorrows rue.
But were the sorrows known
That me hath overthrown,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did look on me!

The lovesick Polypheme that could not see,
Who on the barren shore
His fortunes did deplore,
And melteth all in moan
For Galatea gone;
And with his piteous cries
Afflicts both earth and skies;
And to his woe betook,
Doth break both pipe and hook;
For whom complains the morn,
For whom the sea-nymphs mourn;
Alas, his pain is naught.
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did look on me!

Beyond compare my pain,
Yet glad am I,
If gentle Phoebe deign
To see her Montan die.

After this Montanus felt his passions so extreme that he fell into this exclamation against the injustice of love:

Hélas, tirant, plein de rigueur,
Modère un peu ta violence,
Que te sert si grande despense?

C'est trop de flammes pour un coeur.
Espargnez en une étincelle,
Puis fais ton effort d'esmouvoir
La fière qui ne veut point voir,
En quel feu je brusle pour elle.
Exécute, Amour, ce dessein,
Et rabaisse un peu son audace,
Son coeur ne doit estre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de neige le sein.

Montanus ended his sonnet with such a volley of sighs and such a stream of tears as might have moved any but Phoebe to have granted him favor. But she, measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the poor shepherd's pathetical humors, smiling at his martyrdom as though love had been no malady, scornfully warbled out this sonnet.

Phoebe's sonnet, a reply to Montanus' passion

Down a down,
Thus Phyllis sung,
by fancy once distressed;
Whoso by foolish love are stung
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, *with a down, down, etc.*

When love was first begot,
And by the mover's will
Did fall to human lot
His solace to fulfil;
Devoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken man's conceit,
And women's breast inspire.
The gods that saw the good
That mortals did approve,
With kind and holy mood
Began to talk of love.
Down a down,
Thus Phyllis sung,
by fancy once distressed, *etc.*

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to hear,
Whilst love in deed and word,
Most faithful did appear,
False semblance came in place,

By jealousy attended,
And with a double face,
Both love and fancy blended.
Which make the gods forsake,
And men from fancy fly,
And maidens scorn a make;
Forsooth, and so will I.
Down a down,
Thus Phyllis sung,
by fancy once distressed:
Whoso by foolish love are stung
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, *with down, a down, a down, a down, a.*

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Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brook the cruelty of Phoebe, but, starting from behind the bush, said: And if, damsel, you fled from me, I would transform you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet.

Phoebe at this sudden reply was amazed, especially when she saw so fair a swain as Ganimede; blushing, therefore, she would have been gone, but that he held her by the hand and prosecuted his reply thus. What, shepherdess, so fair and so cruel? Disdain beseems not cottages, nor coyness maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud or too froward. Take heed (fair nymph) that, in despising love, you be not overreached with love and, in shaking off all, shape yourself to your own shadow, and so, with Narcissus, prove passionate and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometimes have I seen, high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more fair, so is there nothing more fading; as momentary as the shadows which grows from a cloudy sun. Such (my fair shepherdess) as disdain in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might have been loved in the prime. A wrinkled maid is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worn in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to *Had I wist!* And therefore be ruled by me. Love while thou art young, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled; and, if thou love, like of Montanus; for, as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers. For her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leapt from Elysium in the shape of a swain. When she blushed at her own folly to look so long on a stranger,

she mildly made answer to Ganimede thus. I cannot deny, sir, but I have heard of love, though I never felt love; and have read of such a goddess as Venus, though I never saw any but her picture; and perhaps—

And with that she waxed red and bashful and withal silent. Which Ganimede perceiving, commended in herself the bashfulness of the maid, and desired her to go forward. And perhaps, sir (quoth she) mine eyes hath been more prodigal today than ever before.

And with that she stayed again, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena, seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle. But in vain, for, at this abrupt period, she brake off and, with her eyes full of tears and her face covered with a vermilion dye, she sate down and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the shepherdess in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly that she would be more pliant to love, lest in penance Venus joined her to some sharp repentance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetched such a sigh that Echo made relation of her plaint, giving Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance that the amorous girl-boy perceived Phoebe was pinched by the heel.

But leaving Phoebe to the follies of her new fancy and Montanus to attend upon her, to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena; insomuch that he framed a sweet-conceited sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his bosom, being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede to signify unto them that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that, taking his forest bill on his neck, he trudged in all haste towards the plains where Aliena's flocks did feed, coming just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe. Fortune so conducted this jolly forester that he encountered them and Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this manner.

Fair shepherdess, and too fair, unless your beauty be tempered with courtesy and the lineaments of the face graced with the lowliness of mind; as many good fortunes to you and your page as yourselves can desire, or I imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grief of his green wounds) still mindful of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kind salute, to shew that he brooks his pains with the more patience in that he holds the parties precious in whose defense he received the prejudice. The report of your welfare will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent me with a strict charge to visit you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kind a gentleman, whose pains we compassionate with as great sorrow as he brooks them with grief; and his wounds breeds in us as many passions as in him extremities, so that what disquiet he feels

in body, we partake in heart, wishing (if we might) that our mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wills yields him little ease, our orisons are never idle to the gods for his recovery.

I pray you (quoth Ganimede with tears in his eyes), when the surgeon searched him, held he his wounds dangerous?

Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but not mortal; and the sooner to be cured in that his patient is not impatient of any pains. Whereupon my brother hopes within these ten days to walk abroad and visit you himself.

In the meantime (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and bids him be of good cheer.

I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but, whatsoever she is, her name is never out of his mouth; but, amidst the deepest of his passions, he useth Rosalynde as a charm to appease all sorrows with patience. Insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love, and she some paragon that holds his heart perplexed, whose name he oft records with sighs, sometimes with tears; straight with joy, then with smiles; as if in one person love had lodged a chaos of confused passions. Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy that, like the *polyp* in colors, so it changeth into sundry humors; being, as it should seem, a combat mixed with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapped in a sweet prejudice, like to the *sinople* tree, whose blossoms delight the smell and whose fruit infects the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deep read in love; or grows your insight into affection by experience? Howsoever, you are a great philosopher in Venus' principles, else could you not discover her secret aphorisms. But, sir, our country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing; for poor shepherds never plain them till love pain them, where the courtier's eyes is full of passions when his heart is most free from affections. They court to discover their eloquence, we woo to ease our sorrows; every fair face with them must have a new fancy sealed with a forefinger kiss, and a far-fetched sigh, we here love one and live to that one so long as life can maintain love, using few ceremonies because we know few subtleties, and little eloquence for that we lightly account of flattery. Only faith and troth, that's shepherd's wooing.

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At the word marriage, Aliena stood in a maze what to answer, fearing that if she were too coy, to drive him away with her disdain; and, if she were too courteous, to discover the heat of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to do, at last this she said. Saladyne, ever since I saw thee, I favored thee. I cannot dissemble my desires because I see thou dost faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and, in liking thee, I love thee so far as mine honor

holds fancy still in suspense; but if I knew thee as virtuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided. But, for this time to give thee an answer, assure thyself thus: I will either marry with Saladyne or still live a virgin.

And with this they strained one another's hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his mistress long enough at shrift, said: What, a match or no?

A match (quoth Aliena), or else it were in ill market.

I am glad (quoth Ganimede). I would Rosader were well here to make up the mess.

Well remembered (quoth Saladyne). I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone; and therefore, lest, being solitary, he should increase his sorrows, I will haste me to him. May it please you then to command me any service to him, I am ready to be a dutiful messenger.

Only at this time commend mè to him (quoth Aliena) and tell him though we cannot pleasure him, we pray for him.

And forget not, quoth Ganimede, my commendations; but say to him that Rosalynde sheds as many tears from her heart as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes; feathering all her thoughts with disquiet till his welfare procure her content. Say thus (good Saladyne), and so farewell.

He, having his message, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena; and so, playing loath to depart, went to his brother.

But Aliena, she perplexed and yet joyful, passed away the day pleasantly, still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new love till evening drew on; and then they, folding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leave them and return to Phoebe.

Phoebe, fired with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her father's house so galled with restless passions as now she began to acknowledge that there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the sun, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storm; so there was no thought so chaste but time, armed with love, could make amorous. For she that held Diana for the goddess of her devotion was now fain to fly to the altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers as she was froward afore with disdain.

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With that, Montanus took them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his looks as they bewrayed source of confused passions in his heart; at every line his color changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At-last, noting Phoebe's extreme desire towards Ganimede and her dis-

dain towards him, giving Ganimede the letter, the shepherd stood as though he had neither won nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiving, wakened him out of his dream thus: Now, Montanus, dost thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward; but, in lieu of thy loyalty she maketh thee, as Bellerophon, carry thine own bane. Then drink not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poison; creep not to her that cares not for thee. What, Montanus, there are many as fair as Phoebe, but most of all more courteous than Phoebe! I tell thee, shepherd, favor is love's fuel; then, since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoke, and rather sorrow for a while than repent thee forever.

I tell thee, Ganimede (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the scorpion cannot be recovered but by the scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles' lance be cured but with the same truncheon, so Apollo was fain to cry out that love was only eased with love, and fancy healed by no medicine but favor. Phoebus had herbs to heal all hurts but this passion; Circe had charms for all chances but for affection; and Mercury subtle reasons to refel all griefs but love. Persuasions are bootless, reason lends no remedy, counsel no comfort to such whom fancy hath made resolute; and therefore, though Phoebe loves Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phoebe.

Then, quoth Ganimede, may I rightly term thee a despairing lover that livest without joy and lovest without hope. But what shall I do, Montanus, to pleasure thee? Shall I despise Phoebe as she disdains thee?

Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefs and double my sorrows; for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas, Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughts, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient; then let not so fair a creature as Phoebe sink under the burden of so deep a distress. Being lovesick, she is proved heartsick, and all for the beauty of Ganimede. Thy proportion hath entangled her affection, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then, sith she loves thee so dear, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon; she hath beauty to content thine eye and flocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her; for she is beautiful, virtuous, and wealthy—three deep persuasions to make love frolic.

Aliena, seeing Montanus cut it against the hair and plead that Ganimede ought to love Phoebe, when his only life was the love of Phoebe, answered him thus. Why, Montanus, dost thou further this motion? seeing if Ganimede marry Phoebe, thy market is clean marred.

Ah, mistress (quoth he), so hath love taught me to honor Phoebe that I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despair rather than

she should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see him contented and to feed mine eye on her favor. If she marry, though it be my martyrdom, yet, if she be pleased, I will brook it with patience, and triumph in mine own stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore, if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautiful, let him shew his virtues in redressing Phoebe's miseries.

And this Montanus pronounced with such an assured countenance that it amazed Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loves; so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience, devising how they might, by any subtlety, get Montanus the favor of Phoebe. Straight (as women's heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancy the shepherd, *malgrado* the resolution of her mind. He prosecuted his policy thus. Montanus (quoth he) seeing Phoebe is so forlorn, lest I might be counted unkind in not salving so fair a creature, I will go with thee to Phoebe, and there hear herself in word utter that which she hath discoursed with her pen, and then, as love wills me, I will set down my censure. I will home to our house and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they go toward the house of Phoebe.

When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran afore, and went in and told Phoebe that Ganimede was at the door. This word Ganimede, sounding in the ears of Phoebe, drove her into such an ecstasy for joy that, rising up in her bed, she was half revived, and her wan color began to wax red. And with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous look that it was half a salve to her sorrows. Sitting him down by her bedside, he questioned about her disease and where the pain chiefly held her. Phoebe, looking as lovely as Venus in her nightgear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clytia did when she bewrayed her loves to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, began thus. Fair shepherd, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancy the sharpest extreme, my immodesty were the more, and my virtues the less. For nature hath framed women's eyes bashful, their hearts full of fear, and their tongues full of silence. But love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, then he perverts all and wresteth the wealth of nature to his own will. An instance in myself, fair Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts that, to find ease for the flame, I was forced to pass the bounds of modesty and seek a salve at thy hands for my secret harms. Blame me not if I be overbold, for it is thy beauty; and, if I be too forward, it is fancy and the deep insight into thy virtues that makes me thus fond. For let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phoebe loves Ganimede.

At this she held down her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one

that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy plaints; nor seek not to discover thy loves in tears, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions. Sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolic, Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offense, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute and his thoughts so loyal. But thou allegest that thou art forced from him by fate; so I tell thee, Phoebe, either some star, or else some destiny, fits my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase than be counted a wanton on Venus' knee. Although I pity thy martyrdom, yet I can grant no marriage; for though I held thee fair, yet mine eye is not fettered. Love grows not like the herb *spattanna* to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail, and yet at last attains to the top. *Festina lente*, especially in love; for momentary fancies are oft times the fruits of follies. If, Phoebe, I should like thee as the *Hyperborei* do their dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I will have time to turn my thoughts, and my loves shall grow up as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deep root. Thus, Phoebe, thou mayest see I disdain not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent till time and love makes me resolute. Therefore, Phoebe, seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganimede; strive thou to hate me as I seek to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy mind; for I promise thee, thou mayest have one more wealthy, but not more loyal.

These words were corrosives to the perplexed Phoebe, that, sobbing out sighs and straining out tears, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I, then, have no salve of Ganimede but suspense, no hope but a doubtful hazard, no comfort but be posted off to the will of time? Justly have the gods balanced my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganimede as unkind to myself; so, in forcing him perish for love, I shall die myself with overmuch love.

I am glad (quoth Ganimede) you look into your own faults and see where your shoe wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your own passions.

Truth, quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardness towards the shepherd that, could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus.

What if I can with reason persuade Phoebe to mislike of Ganimede, will she then favor Montanus?

When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love that I owe to thee, then will I fancy him; conditionally, that if my love can be suppressed

with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will only wed himself to Phoebe.

I grant it, fair shepherdess, quoth he; and, to feed thee with the sweetness of hope, this resolve on: I will never marry myself to woman but to thyself.

And with that Ganimede gave Phoebe a fruitless kiss and such words of comfort that, before Ganimede departed, she arose out of her bed and made him and Montanus such cheer as could be found in such a country cottage, Ganimede, in the midst of their banquet, rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus' favor, which highly pleased the shepherd. Thus, all three content and soothed up in hope, Ganimede took his leave of Phoebe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased.

But poor Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, when she called to remembrance his wounds, filled her eyes full of tears and her heart full of sorrows, plodded to find Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plains, she might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sate with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her grief and such a cordial unto her heart that she tripped alongst the lawns full of joy.

At last Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimede, and with that the clown rose and, running to meet him, cried, O sirrah, a match, a match! Our mistress shall be married on Sunday! Thus the poor peasant frolicked it before Ganimede, who, coming to the crew, saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds.

I had not gone abroad so soon, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must be solemnized, between my brother and Aliena. I see well, where love leads, delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing.

Truth, quoth Ganimede, but what a happy day should it be if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde!

Ah, good Ganimede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynde renew not my sorrows; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries.

Tush, be of good cheer, man! quoth Ganimede. I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordering nation harbor her; and upon that take the faith of a young shepherd.

Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Ganimede had jested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse unto them what had passed between

him and Phoebe; which, as they laughed, so they wondered at, all confessing that there is none so chaste but love will change. Thus they passed away the day in chat, and, when the sun began to set, they took their leaves and departed, Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemn cheer and handsome robes as fitted their country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede (who then meant to discover herself before her father) had made her a gown of green and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly nymph harbored in country attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindful to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his followers to the feast, who willingly granted; so that there was nothing but the day wanting to this marriage. In the meanwhile, Phoebe, being a bidden guest, made herself as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suited himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against that day; for then was Ganimede to give Phoebe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to hear the doom of his misery or the censure of his happiness. But while this gear was abrewing, Phoebe passed not one day without visiting her Ganimede, so far was she wrapped in the beauties of this lovely swain. Much prattle they had, and discourse of many passions, Phoebe wishing for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to think what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors, the week went away, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phoebus' henchman appear in the sky, to give warning that his master's horses should be trapped in his glorious coach, but Coridon, in his holiday suit marvelous seemly, in a russet jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, having a pair of blue chamlet sleeves bound at the wrists with four yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons. His hose was of grey kersey, with a large slop, barred overthwart the pocket holes with three fair guards stitched of either side with red thread; his stock was of the own, sewed close to his breech, and, for to beautify his hose, he had trussed himself round with a dozen of newthreaden points of medley color; his bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of St. Denis; and, to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old days, he had a fair shirtband of fine lockram, whipped over with Coventry blue of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestirred himself as chief stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Flora's choice bowers than any country cottage.

Thither repaired Phoebe with all the maids of the forest to set out the bride in most seemliest sort that might be; but howsoever she helped to

prank out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neat in a suit of grey that he seemed Endymion when he won Luna with his looks, or Paris when he played the swain to get the beauty of the nymph Oenone. Ganimede, like a pretty page, waited on his mistress Aliena, and overlooked that all was in readiness against the bridegroom should come. Who, attired in a forester's suit, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swains, Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladyne in that he had chosen a shepherdess whose virtues appeared in her outward beauties, being no less fair than seeming modest.

Ganimede, coming in and seeing her father, began to blush, nature working affects by her secret effects. Scarce could she abstain from tears to see her father in so low fortunes; he that was wont to sit in his royal palace attended on by twelve noble peers, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troop of reveling woodmen for his train. The consideration of his fall made Ganimede full of sorrows; yet, that she might triumph over fortune with patience and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reverently welcomed the king, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisite person and excellent qualities.

As thus the king with his foresters frolicked it among the shepherds, Coridon came in with a fair mazer full of cider and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute that he began to smile, and took it of the old shepherd very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her fair maids, amongst whom Phoebe was the foremost. Aliena pledged the king and drank to Rosader; so the carouse went round from him to Phoebe, etc. As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to signify that he was forsaken; on his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted despair, and on his sheep-hook hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes.

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Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede; who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush as beautified the crystal of his face with a ruddy brightness. The king, noting well the phys[iog]nomy of Ganimede, began by his favors to call to mind the face of his Rosalynde, and with that fetched a deep sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed

so sore? Because, Rosader (quoth he) the favor of Ganimede put me in mind of Rosalynde.

At this word, Rosader sighed as deeply as though his heart would have burst. And what's the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite me with such a sigh?

Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader); because I love none but Rosalynde.

And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynde were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee.

At this, Aliena turned her head and smiled upon Ganimede, and she could scarce keep countenance. Yet she salved all with secrecy; and Gerismond, to drive away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was he regarded not Phoebe's love, seeing she was as fair as the wanton that brought Troy to ruin.

Ganimede mildly answered, If I should affect the fair Phoebe, I should offer poor Montanus great wrong to win that from him in a moment that he hath labored for so many months. Yet have I promised to the beautiful shepherdess to wed myself never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phoebe's love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus.

To that, quoth Phoebe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason as it will admit no persuasion of reason.

For justice, quoth he, I appeal to Gerismond.

And to his censure will I stand, quoth Phoebe.

And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes; for if Ganimede go away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit love's monarch; if Phoebe win, then am I in effect most miserable.

We will see this controversy, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church; therefore, Ganimede, let us hear your argument.

Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth she) and you shall see one in store.

In went Ganimede and dressed herself in woman's attire, having on a gown of green with a kirtle of rich sendal, so quaint that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest; upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora perked in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalynde in, and presented herself at her father's feet, with her eyes full of tears, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fell upon her neck, uttering the passions of his joy in watery plaints, driven into such an ecstasy of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if

Rosader was both amazed and joyful, I refer myself to the judgment of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynde before his face, whom so long and so deeply he had affected.

At last Gerismond recovered his spirits, and in most fatherly terms entertained his daughter Rosalynde, after many questions demanding of her what had passed between her and Rosader.

So much, sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but Your Grace to make up the marriage.

Why, then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader, take her; she is thine. And let this day solemnize both thy brother's and thy nuptials.

Rosader, beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosalynde; who, turning towards Phoebe, demanded if she had shewn sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves.

Yea, quoth Phoebe, and so great a persuasive that, if it please you, madam, and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage.

She had no sooner spake this word but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted despair, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himself as frolic as Paris when he hanseled his love with Helena. At this, Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keep their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena, seeing Saladyne stand in a dump, to wake him from his dream began thus. Why, how now, my Saladyne, all amort! what, melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? Perchance thou art sorrowful to think on thy brother's high fortunes and thine own base desires to choose so mean a shepherdess. Cheer up thy heart, man, for this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a king! For know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond.

At this, all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who, rising up, took Alinda in his arms, and said to Rosalynde: Is this that fair Alinda, famous for so many virtues, that forsook her father's court to live with thee, exiled in the country?

The same, quoth Rosalynde.

Then, quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly forester, be frolic; for thy fortunes are great and thy desires excellent. Thou hast got a princess as famous for her perfection as exceeding in proportion.

And she hath, with her beauty, won, quoth Saladyne, an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favor.

While every one was amazed at these comical events, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried their coming. With that, Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where,

to the admiration of the country swains in Arden, their marriages were solemnly solemnized.

As soon as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread and the brides set down by Gerismond. Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors. Homely cheer they had, such as their country could afford; but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and played them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

Coridon's song

A blithe and bonny country lass,
heigh ho, the bonny lass,
Sate sighing on the tender grass,
and weeping said, Will none come woo her.
A smicker boy, a lither swain,
heigh ho, a smicker swain,
That in his love was wanton fain,
with smiling looks straight came unto her.

Whenas the wanton wench espied,
heigh ho, when she espied,
The means to make herself a bride,
she simpered smooth like Bonnybell.
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,
heigh ho, squint-eyed kind,
His arms about her body twined,
and said, "Fair lass, how fare ye; well?"

The country kit said, "Well, forsooth";
heigh ho, well, forsooth,
"But that I have a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me cry."
"Alas," said he, "what gars thy grief?"
heigh ho, what gars thy grief;
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief;
I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,
heigh ho, the shepherd said,
"I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,
and so recure thy malady."
Hereon they kissed with many a oath,

heigh ho, with many a oath,
And fore god Pan did plight their troth,
and to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretty peat
heigh ho, the pretty peat
That fears to die of this conceit,
so kind a friend to help at last.

Coridon, having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollity, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandyne, was arrived and desired to speak with them. Gerismond, overhearing this news, demanded who it was?

It is, sir (quoth Rosader) our middle brother, that lives a scholar in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not.

With that, Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcomed with all courtesy, and Rosader gave him no less friendly entertainment. Brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor where they all sate at dinner. Fernandyne, as one that knew as many manners as he could points of sophistry, and was as well brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speeches.

Although (right mighty Prince) this day of my brothers' marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore, from dainty cates rise to sharp weapons. And you, the sons of Sir John of Bordeaux, leave off your amours and fall to arms; change your loves into lances, and now this day shew yourselves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, trooped with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join; therefore, shew thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you and shew yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers. So shall you, for the benefit of your country, discover the *idea* of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent.

At this alarum given him by Fernandyne, Gerismond leapt from the board, and Saladyne and Rosader betook themselves to their weapons. Nay, quoth Gerismond, go with me. I have horse and armor for us all; and then, being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our falchions' points.

Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father. He not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armor; and himself, armed royally, led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where, in a valley, both the battles were joined. Gerismond, seeing the wing wherein the peers fought, thrust in there, and cried, Saint Denis, Gerismond laying on such load upon his enemies that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crown.

When the peers perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves that none durst stand in their way nor abide the fury of their weapons. To be short, the peers were conquerors, Torismond's army put to flight, and himself slain in battle. The peers then gathered themselves together and saluting their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens.

As soon as all was quiet and he had received again the crown, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peers and the lords of his land, which continued thirty days, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles he created Rosader heir apparent to the kingdom. He restored Saladyne to all his father's land, and gave him the dukedom of Nameurs; he made Fernandyne principal secretary to himself; and, that fortune might every way seem frolic, made Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer captain of the king's guard, and Coridon master of Alinda's flocks.

Here, gentlemen, may you see in *Euphues' Golden Legacy* that such as neglect their fathers' precepts incur much prejudice; that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so 'tis a breach of good fortunes; that virtue is not measured by birth but by action; that younger brethren, though inferior in years, yet may be superior to honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion; and amity betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any fruit by this *Legacy*, speak well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favor, you encourage me to be more forward; and, as soon as I have overlooked my labors, expect the *Sailor's Calendar*.

T. LODGE.

RICHARD HAKLUYT AND THE VOYAGERS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 829

FROM GEORGE BEST'S *A True Discourse of the late Voyages of discouerie*, 1578

The first book of the first voyage of Martin Frobisher Esquire, Captain General for the discovery of the passage to Cataya and the East India, by the Northwest, first attempted in Anno Dom. 1576, the 15 of May.

MAN is born not only to serve his own turn (as Tully sayeth) but his kinsfolk, friends, and the commonwealth especially, look for some furtherance at his hands and some fruits of his labor. Whereupon sundry men, finding themselves as it were tied by this bond and duty of human society, have willingly endeavoured sundry ways to show themselves profitable members of their common weal. Some men by study of the mind have employed themselves to give out good laws and ordinances for government, as Solon, Lycurgus, and others. Some have spent their time in devising arts and sciences for the better sharpening of man's wit, and the easier expressing his conceits, as in time past Aristotle for Logic and Philosophy, Cicero and Demosthenes for Rhetoric, Euclid and others for Arithmetic and Geometry. Others again, by long and diligent observation, have found out the motion and courses of the celestial orbs, that thereby man might have the distinction of times and seasons, the better to direct his doings, both for taking pains and rest, as occasion and circumstance doth require. Some delight in feats of arms, thereby to be better able to defend their countries from the force of the enemy, and rightfully (when occasion is) to enlarge their dominions.

And many others in sundry faculties and sciences have both heretofore, and especially now in these later days, do so bestow and employ their time that rightly they may be said to have deserved the name of profitable members in the commonwealth; so that now, by continual practice and exercising of good wits, the world is waxed finer and grown to more perfection, not only in all the speculative arts and sciences, but also in the practical application of the same to man's use, whereof as the one doth exceedingly delight the inward mind, in seeing the sequel of things by art and reason, so the other in the mechanical and practical application (which of late years, more than ever heretofore hath been used) doth so pleasure

and profit the world that this time only may rightly be called the liberal and flourishing age.

For when was there ever heard of such abundance of gold and silver (which no doubt, being well used, is the great benefit and good blessing of God to mankind) as in these our days? No, Solomon himself, with all the precious metal of Ophir, which he (one only King) had in that only place, can not be comparable to the great store of gold and all other metals which daily are digged out of the bowels of the earth almost in all parts of the world, and now lately in the supposed hard and congealed frozen lands, almost under the poles. Yea, now every private man can witness this with me, that he is no more contented with the wealth and riches that his ancestors had, but thinks himself base minded if by his industry he increase not his private wealth proportionally, as the whole world increaseth in common wealth. And not only of gold and silver is such great increase, but also of all other things serving as well for pleasure and delights of the mind as for the necessary uses of man's life.

For as we are placed in these lower Elements, first to know and acknowledge the high Creator, and then thankfully to take the fruition of things for our maintenance, which are especially two; that is, meat and drink to sustain the body, and coverture to defend the same from the rigor of heat and cold, and so thereby to glorify God in his works. What age hath been ever heretofore that hath so abounded with store not only of necessary meats, but also of pleasant and delectable confections to delight man withal? For whatsoever sundry sort of corn, grain, and meats former years have had, we not only have all the same in far greater abundance, but thereunto are added thousands of new things simple and compound never heretofore seen or heard of. And as for coverture to defend the body, the matter is grown to such excellency of architecture and building, to such fineness of cloth and silks of all sorts and colors, that man studieth no more to multiply the increase thereof, so much as to devise fashions to make it serve more for ornament than for necessary uses.

And the chiefest cause of all these effects (next after the divine Providence) is the searching wit of man, which being more curious and inquisitive of new and strange devices than heretofore, bringeth out daily more strange inventions, and causeth others through emulation to do the like, not only in providing the necessary things aforesaid, but also a continual care and constancy to find out other new arts, occupations, and faculties. For to remember one or two inventions for all, found out of late years. The use and benefit of Printing Books, a device so commodious and necessary, saving within these few years in respect hath lain utterly hid and unknown. The Art of War is now grown to that excellency that if Achilles, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and other should come in

these later days, they themselves would more admire and wonder at the courages of our men, their engines, their policies in war, than the ignorant and barbarous multitude in their days did to them in celebrating their solemnities with all the honor that might be.

But to draw near to my purposed scope, that is, to discourse of inventions by way of discoveries, I say that one of the excellentest arts that ever hath been devised is the Art of Navigation, which in times past was so raw and unknown that no man durst travel by sea, saving only alongst the shore; and if by wind, current, or tempest, he were driven against his will so far from the land that he lost the sight thereof, he made no other account but to be cast away, his vessel was so rude, and his skill so little.

In those days they knew not the singular use and benefit of the Loadstone, called in Latin *Magnes*, which besides the property of drawing iron unto it, it directeth and with opposite points sheweth two principal parts of the world, the North and the South, and that more distinctly than the rising of the sun doth show East and West (except it be only in the days of *Aequinoctium*, which is but twice a year). Which rare property of the Loadstone if any man desire at large to see, let him put the said stone into a round dish, and they both so together in some vessel of water wherein they might swim at pleasure voluntarily; which dish, when it standeth still, then do the two principal and opposite points of the stone firmly and constantly point out North and South. And if before the quarters of North and South were known, by this experience he may find out the two principal points of the stone, so that the one being known, the other can not be wanting. And that a man may be the better persuaded of this effect, let him remove or turn round the dish after it hath once stood still, and he shall ever find it to return constantly to the same point again. Also, a pillar or piece of steel, being but touched with the foresaid *Magnes*, playing *Aequilibra* upon some pyramid or point, receiveth such virtue that it produceth like effect. Whereunto, if wood or paper in circular form divided into 32 equal parts be handsomely compacted, it will distinguish and point out all parts of the horizon, and direct into all coasts of the world, and that only by the influent spirit of the two principal points, respecting ever North and South.

This excellent property and benefit of the Loadstone I the rather remember at large because some Seamen which know this rare and miraculous effect as well as I do not sufficiently admire the same, because it is now so commonly known, and yet indeed is to be preferred before all precious stones in the world, which only tend to ornament and have no other virtue, whereas this serveth to so necessary use. The virtue of this stone, as it is not long since it was first found, so in these days it is like to receive

his perfection concerning his Northeasting and Northwesting to be brought in rule, and particularly in this noble voyage of our worthy Captain Martin Frobisher, who, as you shall after understand in the discourse, hath diligently observed the variation of the needle. And such observations of skillful pilots is the only way to bring it in rule, for it passeth the reach of Natural Philosophy.

The making and pricking of cards, the shifting of sun and moon, the use of the compass, the hour glass for observing time, instruments of astronomy to take longitudes and latitudes of countries, and many other helps are so commonly known of every mariner nowadays that he that hath been twice at sea is ashamed to come home if he be not able to render account of all these particularities. By which skill in navigation is brought to pass that the people of Europe can as easily and far more easilier make long voyages by sea than by land. Whereby hath come to pass that within the memory of man, within these four score years, there hath been more new countries and regions discovered than in five thousand years before; yea, more than half the world hath been discovered by men that are yet (or might very well for their age be) alive. When I name the world in this sense, I mean the uppermost face and superficies of the Earth and Sea, which unite together, make one globe or sphere. And this face of the Earth, which Almighty God hath given man as most convenient place to inhabit in, through the negligence of man hath, until of late days, lain so hid and unknown that he hath lost the fruition and benefit of more than half the earth.

A marvellous thing that man, who hath always abhorred so much thraldom and restraint, and so greedily desired liberty, could be contented so many thousand years to be shut up in so narrow bounds. For it is to be thought, that only such countries in times past have been known as either did bound and hang together, or else were separated by very narrow seas, as are Europe, Africa, and Asia, out of which, from either to other, a man may travel by land, or else shall find in some places very narrow seas separating them, and so might sail from the one to the other only by land marks, without the art of navigation, because the one was within a ken of the other.

For even the great strength and stoutness of Hercules himself, when out of Græcia westward he had travelled and conquered all the regions and countries, coming to the strait between Spain and Barbarie, made account to have been at the west end of the world, and therefore there erected two pillars as a perpetual monument of his fame; which to this day are called *Herculeæ Columnæ*, the Pillars of Hercules, the one standing in Spain of Europe, the other in Africa; and called the strait *Fretum*

Herculeum, and now commonly is named the straits of Malega, or Gibraltar. And having come so far westward, contented himself and said: *Non plus ultra*, no further.

Likewise Alexander Magnus out of Macedonia in Greece, passing through Armenia, Persia, and India, coming to the great River Ganges, and conquering all these countries (although he was persuaded that Asia extended somewhat further into the east and northeast), yet knowing them not to be very great countries and thinking them to be of small moment, erected there certain altars which are yet called *Aræ Alexandrinæ*, as beyond which no man else in those days had passed, or need to pass, more eastward. And this was accounted, as it were, a bounder of the east side of the world, although indeed Asia doth extend further 20 degrees, and is environed with *Mare Eoum*, and the strait Anian, which our Captain Frobisher pretendeth to find out.

Touching the south parts of the world towards Africa, Ptolomeus King of Egypt, a famous Cosmographer, who was more solicit and curious in describing all the face of the Earth, than any king before him or after (except of late days), delivered in plat described and known only 16 degrees beyond the Equinoctial to the southwards or Pole Antarctic, and that bounder was called *Montes Lunae*, out of which the great river Nilus is supposed to have his beginning and spring. And as for the known land on the north parts of the world, Thyle, being one of the islands of Orcades (more probably than Iceland), was so long pronounced and continued Ultima that it was esteemed a great error for any man to imagine any land more north than that.

Thus have I briefly named the four principal bounders of the world, which was only known from the beginning of the world (as some think) until within these 80 last years. That is the straits of Gibraltar or Malega, westward; the east part of Asia beyond *Aræ Alexandrinæ*, eastward; Ultima Thyle by Scotland, northward; and 16 grades beyond the Equinoctial, southward. But these 16 degrees of South Latitude are to be understood only in the continent of Africa, which extendeth not passing 70 degrees in longitude. Therefore, whatsoever countries or regions have since been discovered and known beyond 180 degrees in longitude, 60 degrees in North Latitude, and 16 degrees in South Latitude, all the commendation, honor, renown, glory, and fame thereof must be attributed to the Englishmen, Spaniards, Portingales, Frenchmen, and Italians, whose valiant courage and high minds be such that either they already have, or shortly will discover and search out every narrow corner of the world. By these men's valors and industries the known regions of the world, which before were divided into three parts, that is, Europe, Africa, and Asia, are now made six by addition of other three. For like as the

whole massy frame of the world, being first divided into two principal regions, the one Elemental, the other Heavenly, the Elemental containeth four parts, that is, the four Elements, the Earth, the Water, the Air, and the Fire; the Heavenly region, although one, yet for diversity of motion may be counted two, that is, Primum Mobile, moving only upon the poles Arctic and Antarctic, and all the rest of Orbs and Planets, moving upon the poles of the Zodiac, are by this difference of motion imagined two. Whereby ariseth the number of six substantial parts of the world, that is, the four Elements and the two varieties of Orbs. So likewise the inferior world, I mean the superficies of the earth, is also divided into six parts; that is Europe, Africa, Asia, Terra Septentrionalis, America, and Terra Australis, whose bounders, because this division seemeth somewhat strange, I thought good for the more particularity, here briefly to repeat.

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Upon the bounds and description of this part of the earth [Terra Septentrionalis] I have the longer stayed because I find it discovered only by the English nation. And although the greatest part hereof was made known 200 and odd years past, yet some bounders thereof were described and set out by the travel of Sir Hugh Willoby Knight, an Englishman, who ventured and lost his life in the cause, and so died an honorable death; and with him Richard Chancellor, chief pilot in that voyage, in Anno 1554; who discovered and found out that Norway and Lapland, etc. conjoined not to Groneland or any part of the Northern Regions, as one firm and continent, but that by sea a man might travel to the country of Moscovia and a great way more eastward, as far as the great river Obby. Also our worthy General Captain Frobisher, in his three last voyages, whereof we are briefly to entreat in these three books, hath discovered and described a great part of the southwest bounds thereof, and meaneth (God willing) not only to describe the one half thereof in going to Cataia by the Northwest, but also to put in trial whether he may return into England by the Northeast, and so also to describe the other part. Which to do is one of the weightiest matters of the world, and a thing that will cause other Princes to admire the fortunate state and the great valor of the English nation. But to return again to the bounding of the other parts of the world.

America, an island, is included on the east side with the Sea Atlantique; on the west side with *Mare del Sur*, or *Mare Pacificum;* on the south side it is bounded with the strait of Magellanus; and on the north with Frobisher's straits.

Terra Australis seemeth to be a great firm land, lying under and about the South Pole, being in many places a fruitful soil; and is not yet thoroughly discovered, but only seen and touched on the north edge thereof by the travail of the Portingales and Spaniards in their voyages to their East and West Indies. . . .

Thus I have briefly butted and bounded out all the parts of the Earth, according unto this latter division into six parts. Which, that it might be more apparent and sensible to every man's understanding, I have hereunto adjoined an universal map, wherein my mind was to make known to the eye what countries have been discovered of late years, and what before of old time. The old known parts have their bounds traced and drawn with whole lines, the new discovered Countries have their bounds drawn with points or broken lines. . . .

By this discourse and map is to be seen the valiant courages of men in this later age, within these 80 years, that have so much enlarged the bounds of the world that now we have twice and thrice so much scope for our earthly peregrination as we have had in times past; so that now men need no more contentiously to strive for room to build an house on, or for a little turf of ground of one acre or two, when great countries, and whole worlds, offer and reach out themselves to them that will first vouchsafe to possess, inhabit, and till them. Yea, there are countries yet remaining without masters and possessors, which are fertile to bring forth all manner of corn and grain, infinite sorts of land cattle, as horse, elephants, kine, sheep; great variety of flying fowls of the air, as pheasants, partridge, quail, popingeys, ostriches, etc.; infinite kind of fruits, as almonds, dates, quinces, pomegranates, oranges, etc., wholesome, medicinable, and delectable. Great variety of flowers continually springing, winter and summer, beautiful for color, odoriferous, and comfortable. Abundance of fair hills and valleys, furnished with all manner woods and pleasant rivers. Millions of new fashions, and strange beasts and fishes, both in sea and fresh waters. Mountains bringing forth all manner of metals, as gold, silver, iron, etc. All sorts of precious stones and spices, in all which land wanteth nothing that may be desired, either for pleasure, profit, or necessary uses. Which sundry countries to possess and obtain, as it is an easy thing, so would I not have our English Nation to be slack therein, lest perhaps again they overshoot themselves, in refusing occasion offered, as it was in the time of King Henry the seventh, when all the West Indies were first proffered to the Englishmen, to be given into their hands; which they little regarding, was afterward offered to the Spaniards, who presently accepted the occasion and now enjoy the infinite treasure and commodity thereof. I would not wish Englishmen to be now unlike them-

selves, for in all the later discoveries the English nation hath been as forward, as any other.

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Also the valor of the Englishmen did first of all discover and find out all that part of America which now is called Baccalaos; for Sebastian Cabot, an Englishman born in Bristol, was by commandment of King Henry the Seventh, in Anno 1508 furnished with shipping, munition, and men, and sailed along all that tract, pretending to discover the passage to Cataya, and went aland in many places, and brought home sundry of the people, and many other things of that country in token of possession, being (I say) the first Christians that ever there set foot on land.

Also, the said Englishman Cabot did first discover, at the procurement of the King of Spain, all that other part of America adjoining next beyond Brazil, lying about the famous river called Rio de la Plata.

Also, the Englishmen have made sundry voyages to Guinea and Benin, although the Spaniards and Portugalles, because of their near dwelling thereunto, get thither the first start of them, and there prevented them in building towns and castles, whereby appeareth that the English nation, by their long and dangerous navigations, have diligently and painfully searched out by sea, the temperature of all the Zones, whether they were burning, frozen, hot, cold, or indifferent, even from the Pole Arctic, to the Equinoctial; and crossing it also, passed beyond the Tropic of Capricorn and returned again.

And therefore, as we are inferior to no other nation in making great and long voyages by sea, so know I no nation comparable unto us in taking in hand long travels and voyages by land. For what nation is it that hath ever had such a long trade by land as is the Englishmen's into Persia, which besides two months' sailing by sea along the west and northern coasts of Norway and Lapland, by Wardhouse, unto the Bay of Saint Nicholas, it remaineth more in voyage by land and fresh rivers about three thousand English miles. For from the Merchants' house at Saint Nicholas, by the River Dvina and Sughana, to the City Volugda, is counted seven hundred English miles; from thence to the City Yearuslave, standing upon the great River Volga, travelling by only land, is reckoned about 140 miles; where the merchants, making new shipping for the fresh River Volga, go eastward about seven hundred miles; then the said river turning again south by many windings, at the last by the great City Astracan delivereth itself into the south side of the Sea Caspium, that tract being above nine hundred miles. Then after, in two or three days, with a good wind crossing the Caspium Sea, they arrive at a port named Bilbill; where after,

by land journeying with camels, in one and twenty days, being almost 600 miles, they come to the famous city of Tauris or Teuris, being the greatest city of Persia for trade of merchandise. This long and painful voyage by land was taken in hand by a worthy Gentleman, Master Anthony Jenkinson, who made thereof a plat, with the first particular description that I have seen of the whole country of Moscovia, which is yet extant. And therefore the Englishmen are to be preferred before all other nations in making long voyages by land.

The Spaniards and Portugalles undoubtedly are worthy immortal fame and glory for their great enterprises, and good successes they have therein; yet have they never seen nor heard such strange and extraordinary accidents of the Sphere as hath happened unto the Englishmen. For neither Spaniard nor Portugal ever saw, in all their long voyages, the sun and the moon to make whole and perfect revolutions above the horizon, as our men yearly do see in their voyage to Moscovia, where, when they abide any time at Wardehouse, they see the sun go continually above ground the space of above two months together; where if they take not great heed, they shall not know what day of the month it is after the order of our calendar, for that they have no nights. But yet because once every 24 hours the sun draweth near to the horizon in the north parts, it is there commonly shadowed with vapors and thick fogs, which usually rise from the earth, and seem a little to shadow the body of the sun. And that lowest approaching of the sun to the Earthward they count night, and so make good enough reckoning of the days of the month according to our usual fashion.

But one inconvenience there is, that dismayeth and deterreth most men (though they be of valiant courage) from taking in hand long voyages, either by sea or by land, and that is the new and uncustomed elements, and the extreme airs of hot and cold, whereby (as some think) if they travel far northward they shall be frozen to death in the hard congealed and frozen sea. And again, if they travel far toward the south, they fear they should be parched and broiled to death with the extreme heat of the middle burning Zone; or else, if perhaps they escape alive, yet at least they should be burned as black as a coal, as the Indians or Black Moors there are; and this to believe they are partly persuaded by the sight of those Indians, and partly by the persuasions of certain philosophers who went about with reasons to prove that between the two Tropics was no dwelling or being, for the extreme heat, the sun beating on them continually; neither near either Pole, for the extreme frosts, cold, and snow, which continually hath there (from the beginning of the world as some think) increased, the sun being so far distant from them. Which opinion of some, because it importeth very much, I thought good here to do my endeavor

to refel, both because I know the contrary by my own experience, and also for that I find the course of the sun in Zodiac (which God hath ordained to give light and life to all things) can induce no such kind of extremity; and so lastly to confirm all parts of the world to be habitable.

From Richard Hakluyt's *The Principall Navigations, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, 1589

To The Right Honorable Sir Francis Walsingham, Knight, Principal Secretary to Her Majesty, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and One of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council.

Right Honorable, I do remember that, being a youth, and one of Her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt, my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map. He seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by shewing me the division of the earth into three parts, after the old account, and then according to the latter and better distribution into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities and particular wants which by the benefit of traffic and intercourse of merchants are plentifully supplied. From the map he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107 Psalm, directed me to the 23 and 24 verses, where I read that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, etc. Which words of the prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved if ever I were preferred to the university, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would, by God's assistance, prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and shewed both the old, imper-

fectly composed, and the new, lately reformed, maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation. By which means, having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with Sir Edward Stafford, Her Majesty's careful and discreet lieger, where, during my five years abroad with him in his dangerous and chargeable residency in Her Highness' service, I both heard in speech and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned. Which singular opportunity, if some other people our neighbors had been blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement they would far otherwise have used. And that the truth and evidence hereof may better appear, these are the very words of Popilinière in his book called *L'Admiral de France*, and printed at Paris. Fol. 73, pag. I, 2. The occasion of his speech is the commendation of the Rhodians, who being (as we are) islanders, were excellent in navigation, whereupon he wondereth much that the English should not surpass in that quality, in this sort: *Ce qui m'a fait autresfois rechercher les occasions, qui empeschent, que les Anglois, qui ont d'esprit, de moyens, et valeur assez, pour s'aquerir un grand honneur parmi tous les Chrestiens, ne se font plus valoir sur l'element qui leur est, et doit estre plus naturel qu'à autres peuples: qui leur doivent ceder en la structure, accommodement et police de navires: comme i' ay veu en plusieurs endroits parmi eux.* Thus both hearing and reading the obloquy of our nation, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein: and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labors and painful travails of our countrymen: for stopping the mouths of the reproachers, myself being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined, notwithstanding all difficulties, to undertake the burden of that work wherein all others pretended either ignorance, or lack of leisure, or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speak truly) the huge toil and the small profit to ensue were the chief causes of the refusal. I call the work a burden in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in several hucksters' hands, that I now wonder at myself, to see how I was able to endure the delays, curi-

osity, and backwardness of many from whom I was to receive my originals. . . .

Now whereas I have always noted your wisdom to have had a special care of the honor of Her Majesty, the good reputation of our country, and the advancing of navigation, the very walls of this our island, as the oracle is reported to have spoken of the sea forces of Athens; and whereas I acknowledge in all dutiful sort how honorably, both by your letter and speech, I have been animated in this and other my travails, I see myself bound to make presentment of this work to yourself, as the fruits of your own encouragements and the manifestation both of my unfeigned service to my prince and country and of my particular duty to your honor: which I have done with the less suspicion either of not satisfying the world or of not answering your own expectation, in that, according to your order, it hath passed the sight, and partly also the censure, of the learned physician, Master Doctor James, a man many ways very notably qualified.

And thus beseeching God, the giver of all true honor and wisdom, to increase both these blessings in you, with continuance of health, strength, happiness, and whatsoever good thing else yourself can wish, I humbly take my leave. London the 17 of November.

Your Honor's most humble always to be commanded, RICHARD HAKLUYT.

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The voyage passed by sea into Egypt by John Evesham, Gentleman, Anno 1586.

The 5 of December, 1586, we departed from Gravesend in the Tiger, of London, wherein was master under God for the voyage Robert Rickman, and the 21 day at night we came to the Isle of Wight. Departing from thence in the morning following, we had a fair wind, so that on the 27 day we came in sight of the rock of Lisbon, and so sailing along we came in sight of the South Cape the 29 of the same; and on the morrow, with a westerly wind, we entered the Straits; and the 2 of January, we being as high as Cape de Gate, we departed from our fleet towards Argier. And the 4 day we arrived at the port of Argier aforesaid, where we stayed till the first of March. At which time we set sail towards a place called Tunis, to the eastward of Argier 100 leagues, where we arrived the 8 of the same. This Tunis is a small city up 12 miles from the sea, and at the port or road where shipping do ride is a castle or fort called the Goletta, sometimes in the hands of the Christians, but now in the Turks'. At which place we remained till the third of April; at which time we set

sail towards Alexandria, and having sometime fair winds, sometime contrary, we passed on the 12 day between Sicilia and Malta (where near adjoining hath been the fort and hold of the Knights of the Rhodes), and so the 19 day we fell with the isle of Candie, and from thence to Alexandria, where we arrived the 27 of April, and there continued till the 5 of October.

The said city of Alexandria is an old thing, decayed or ruinated, having been a fair and great city near two miles in length, being all vaulted underneath for provision of fresh water, which water cometh thither but once every year out of one of the four rivers of paradise (as it is termed) called Nilus, which in September floweth near eighteen foot upright higher than his accustomed manner; and so the bank being cut as it were a sluice, about thirty miles from Alexandria at a town called Rocetto, it doth so come to the said city with such abundance that barks of twelve ton do come upon the same water, which water doth fill all the vaults, cisterns, and wells in the said city with very good water, and doth so continue good till the next year following. For they have there very little rain, or none at all; yet have they exceeding great dews. Also they have very good corn, and very plentiful. All the country is very hot, especially in the months of August, September, and October. Also, within the said city, there is a pillar of marble, called by the Turks King Pharaoh's Needle, and it is foursquare, every square is twelve foot, and it is in height 90 foot. Also there is without the walls of the said city, about twenty score paces, another marble pillar, being round, called Pompey his Pillar. This pillar standeth upon a great square stone, every square is fifteen foot, and the same stone is fifteen foot high, and the compass of the pillar is 27 foot, and the height of it is 101 feet, which is a wonder to think how ever it was possible to set the said pillar upon the said square stone.

The port of the said city is strongly fortified with two strong castles, and one other castle within the city, being all very well planted with munition. And there is to the eastward of this city, about three days' journey, the city of Grand Cairo, otherwise called Memphis. It hath in it, by report of the register's books which we did see, to the number of 2400 churches, and is wonderfully populous, and is one day's journey about the walls; which was journeyed by one of our mariners for trial thereof. Also, near to the said city, there is a place called the pyramids, being, as I may well term it, one of the nine wonders of the world; that is, seven several places of flint and marble stone, foursquare, the walls thereof are seven yards thick in those places that we did see. The squareness is in length about twenty score every square, being built, as it were, a pointed diamond, broad at the foot and small or narrow at the top; the height of them, to our judgment, doth surmount twice the height of

Paul's steeple. Within the said pyramids no man doth know what there is, for that they have no entrance, but in one of them there is a hole where the wall is broken; and so we went in there, having torchlight with us, for that it hath no light to it, and within the same is, as it were, a great hall, in the which there is a costly tomb, which tomb, they say, was made for King Pharaoh in his lifetime, but he was not buried there, being drowned in the Red Sea. Also there are certain vaults or dungeons which go down very deep under those pyramids, with fair stairs, but no man dare venture to go down into them by reason that they can carry no light with them, for the damp of the earth doth put out the light. The Red Sea is but three days' journey from this place, and Jerusalem about seven days' journey from thence. But to return to Cairo.

There is a castle wherein is the house that Pharaoh's wives were kept in, and in the palace or court thereof standeth 55 marble pillars in such order as our Exchange standeth in London. The said pillars are in height 60 foot, and in compass 14 foot. Also in the said city is the castle where Joseph was in prison, where to this day they put in rich men when the king would have any sum of money of them. There are seven gates to the said prison, and it goeth near 50 yards downright. Also the water that serveth this castle cometh out of the foresaid river of Nilus, upon a wall made with arches, five miles long, and it is twelve foot thick. Also there are in old Cairo two monasteries, the one called St. George's, the other St. Mary's; and in the courts where the churches be was the house of King Pharaoh. In this city is great store of merchandise, especially pepper and nutmegs, which come thither by land out of the East India. And it is very plentiful of all manner of victuals, especially of bread, roots, and herbs. To the eastwards of Cairo there is a well, five miles off, called Matria, and, as they say, when the Virgin Mary fled from Bethlehem and came into Egypt, and, being there, had neither water nor any other thing to sustain them, by reason of the providence of God an angel came from heaven and strake the ground with his wings, where presently issued out a fountain of water; and the wall did open, where the Israelites did hide themselves; which fountain or well is walled foursquare to this day.

Also we were at an old city, all ruinated and destroyed, called in old time the great city of Carthage, where Hannibal and Queen Dido dwelt. This city was but narrow, but was very long; for there was, and is yet, to be seen one street three mile long; to which city fresh water was brought upon arches (as afore) above 25 miles, of which arches some are standing to this day. Also we were at divers other places on the coast as we came from Cairo, but of other antiquities we saw but few.

The town of Argier, which was our first and last port within the straits, standeth upon the side of an hill, close upon the seashore. It is very strong,

both by sea and land, and it is very well victualled with all manner of fruits, bread, and fish, good store and very cheap. It is inhabited with Turks, Moors, and Jews, and so are Alexandria and Cairo. In this town are a great number of Christian captives, whereof there are of Englishmen only 15. From which port we set sail towards England the seventh of January, anno 1587, and the 30 day of the said month we arrived at Dartmouth, on the coast of England.

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The opinion of Master William Burrough sent to a friend, requiring his judgment for the fittest time of the departure of our ships towards St. Nicholas in Russia.

Whereas you request me to persuade the company not to send their ships from hence before the fine of May, I do not think the same so good a course for them to observe; for you know that the sooner we send them hence, the sooner we may look for their return. If we send them in the beginning of May, then may they be at St. Nicholas by the fine of the same month; and by that time the greatest part of your lading of necessity must be come down, especially the flax. But if it should fall out so lateward a breaking up of the river of Dvina, that by the end of May the goods cannot be brought to St. Nicholas, yet this is always to be accounted for certain: that before our ships can come thither, the goods may be brought down to that place. And if through ice the ships be kept back any time, the loss and charge of that time toucheth not the company at all, but the owners of the ships; and yet will the owners put that in adventure rather than tarry longer time before their going hence.

Now seeing by sending our ships hence in the beginning of May, their arrival at St. Nicholas may be at the end of the same month, and remaining thirty days there, they may be laden and come thence by the last of June, and return home hither by the 10 of August with commodities to serve the market then, it cannot be denied but we should reap thereby great commodity.

But it may be objected, that if all our ships be sent then to return as aforesaid, you shall not be able to send us in so much cordage, wax, and oils as otherwise you should do if they remained a month longer, neither could you by that time perfect your accounts to be sent in them as you would do.

For answer thereunto this is my meaning: though I wish the greatest part of our shipping to go as aforesaid, yet would I have one good ship, or two at the most, well furnished in all points, that should depart always from hence between the beginning and the 10 of June; and the same to

be conditioned withal to remain at St. Nicholas from the first arrival there until the midst of August, or to be dispatched thence sooner, at the will and liking of our factors for the same. By this order these commodities following may ensue:

1. You may have our commodities there timely to send up the river before it wax shallow, to be dispersed in the country at your pleasure.

2. The greatest part of our goods may be returned hither timely to serve the first markets.

3. Our late ships remaining so long here may serve to good purpose for returning answer of such letters as may be sent over land, and received here before their departure.

4. Their remaining so late with you shall satisfy your desire for perfecting your accounts, and may bring such cordage, wax, oil, and other commodities as you can provide before that time; and chiefly may serve us in stead to bring home our goods that may be sent us from Persia.

Now seeing it may be so many ways commodious to the company to observe this order, without any charge unto them, I wish that you put to your helping hand to further the same.

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The first voyage of Master John Davis, undertaken in June 1585, for the discovery of the Northwest Passage. Written by John Janes, Merchant, sometimes servant to the worshipful Master William Sanderson.

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The next morning being the 30 of July, there came 37 Canoas rowing by our ships, calling to us to come on shore. We not making any great haste unto them, one of them went up to the top of the rock and leapt and danced as they had done the day before, showing us a seal's skin and another thing made like a timbrel, which he did beat upon with a stick, making a noise like a small drum. Whereupon we manned our boats and came to them, they all staying in their Canoas. We came to the water side where they were; and after we had sworn by the sun, after their fashion, they did trust us. So I shook hands with one of them, and he kissed my hand, and we were very familiar with them. We were in so great credit with them upon this single acquaintance, that we could have any thing they had. We bought five Canoas of them; we bought their clothes from their backs, which were all made of seals' skins and birds' skins; their buskins, their hose, their gloves, all being commonly sewed and well dressed, so that we were fully persuaded that they have divers artificers among them. We had a pair of buskins of them full of fine wool like beaver. Their apparel for heat was made of birds' skins with their feathers

on them. We saw among them leather dressed like glovers' leather, and thick thongs like white leather of a good length. We had of their darts and ores, and found in them that they would by no means displease us, but would give us whatsoever we asked of them, and would be satisfied with whatsoever we gave them. They took great care one of another; for when we had bought their boats, then two other would come and carry him away between them that had sold us his. They are very tractable people, void of craft or double dealing, and easy to be brought to any civility or good order. But we judge them to be idolaters and to worship the sun.

During the time of our abode among these islands we found reasonable quantity of wood, both fir, spruce, and juniper; which whether it came floating any great distance to these places where we found it, or whether it grew in some great islands near the same place by us not yet discovered, we know not; but we judge that it groweth there further into the land then we were, because the people had great store of darts and ores which they made none account of, but gave them to us for small trifles, as points and pieces of paper. We saw about this coast marvelous great abundance of seals skulling together like skulls of small fish. We found no fresh water among these islands, but only snow water, whereof we found great pools. The cliffs were all of such ore as M. Frobisher brought from Meta Incognita. We had divers shows of study or muscovy glass shining not altogether unlike to crystal. We found an herb growing upon the rocks, whose fruit was sweet, full of red juice; and the ripe ones were like corinths. We found also birch and willow growing like shrubs low to the ground. These people have great store of furs, as we judge. They made shows unto us the 30 of this present, which was the second time of our being with them, after they perceived we would have skins and furs, that they would go into the country and come again the next day with such things as they had. But this night the wind coming fair, the captain and the master would by no means detract the purpose of our discovery. And so the last of this month about four of the clock in the morning in God's name we set sail, and were all that day becalmed upon the coast.

The first of August we had a fair wind, and so proceeded towards the Northwest for our discovery.

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ROBERT GREENE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 831

FROM *A Notable Discouery of Coosenage*, 1591

A Notable Discovery of Cozenage

To The Young Gentlemen, Merchants, Apprentices, Farmers, and plain Countrymen Health

DIOGENES, gentlemen, from a counterfeit coiner of money, became a current corrector of manners, as absolute in the one as dissolute in the other. Time refineth men's affects, and their humors grow different by the distinction of age. Poor Ovid, that amorously writ in his youth the art of love, complained in his exile amongst the Getes of his wanton follies. And Socrates' age was virtuous though his prime was licentious. So, gentlemen, my younger years had uncertain thoughts, but now my ripe days calls on to repentant deeds, and I sorrow as much to see others willful as I delighted once to be wanton. The odd mad-caps I have been mate to, not as a companion but as a spy to have an insight into their knaveries, that seeing their trains I might eschew their snares; those mad fellows I learned at last to loathe, by their own graceless villanies, and what I saw in them to their confusion I can forewarn in others to my country's commodity. None could decipher Tyranism better than Aristippus; not that his nature was cruel, but that he was nurtured with Dionisius. The simple swain that cuts the Lapidary's stones can distinguish a ruby from a diamond only by his labor. Though I have not practised their deceits, yet conversing by fortune and talking upon purpose with such copes-mates hath given me light into their conceits; and I can decipher their qualities, though I utterly mislike of their practises.

To be brief, gentlemen, I have seen the world and rounded it, though not with travel yet with experience, and I cry out with Solomon, *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. I have smiled with the Italian, and worn the viper's head in my hand, and yet stopped his venom. I have eaten Spanish *Mirabolanes*, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed. France, Germany, Poland, Denmark, I know them all, yet not affected to any in the form of my life; only I am English born, and I have English thoughts; not a devil incarnate because I am Italianate, but hating the pride of Italy, because I know their peevishness. Yet in all these countries where I have travelled I have not seen more excess of vanity than we Englishmen practise through vain glory; for as our wits be as ripe as any, so our wills are more

ready than they all to put in effect any of their licentious abuses. Yet amongst the rest, letting ordinary sins pass because custom hath almost made them a law, I will only speak of two such notable abuses, which the practitioners of them shadow with the name of Arts, as never have been heard of in any age before. The first and chief is called the Art of Conny catching; the second, the Art of Crosbiting; two such pestilent and prejudicial practises as of late have been the ruin of infinite persons, and the subversion and overthrow of many merchants, farmers, and honest-minded yeomen.

The first is a deceit at Cards, which growing by enormity into a cozenage, is able to draw (by the subtle show thereof) a man of great judgment to consent to his own confusion. Yet, gentlemen, when you shall read this book, written faithfully to discover these cozening practises, think I go not about to disprove or disallow the most ancient and honest pastime or recreation of Cardplay, for thus much I know by reading. When the city of Thebes was besieged by them of Lacedemonia, being girt within strong fenced walls, and having men enough, and able to rebate the enemy, they found no inconvenience of force to breed their ensuing bane but famine, in that when victuals waxed scant, hunger would either make them yield by a fainting composition or a miserable death. Whereupon, to weary the foe with wintering at the siege, the Thebans devised this policy: they found out the Method of Cards and Dice, and so busied their brains with the pleasantness of that new invention, passing away the time with strange recreations and pastimes, beguiling hunger with the delight of the new sports, and eating but every third day, and playing two; so their frugal sparing of victuals kept them from famine, the city from sacking, and raised the foe from a mortal siege. Thus was the use of Cards and Dice first invented, and since amongst Princes highly esteemed, and allowed in all commonwealths as a necessary recreation for the mind. But as time and malice of man's nature hatcheth abuse, so good things by ill wits are wrested to the worse; and so in Cards: for from an honest recreation it is grown to a prejudicial practise and most high degree of cozenage, as shall be discovered in my Art of Conny-catching, for not only simple swains whose wits is in their hands, but young gentlemen, and merchants, are all caught like Connies in the hay, and so led like lambs to their confusion.

The poor man that cometh to the Term to try his right, and layeth his land to mortgage to get some crowns in his purse to see his lawyer, is drawn in by these devilish Conny-catchers, that at one cut at Cards loseth all his money; by which means, he, his wife and children, is brought to utter ruin and misery. The poor prentice, whose honest mind aimeth only at his master's profits, by these pestilent vipers of the commonwealth is

smoothly enticed to the hazard of this game at Cards, and robbed of his master's money; which forceth him oft times either to run away, or bankrupt all, to the overthrow of some honest and wealthy citizen. Seeing then such a dangerous enormity groweth by them, to the discredit of the estate of England, I would wish the Justices appointed as severe Censors of such fatal mischiefs, to show themselves *patres patriæ* by weeding out such worms as eat away the sap of the tree, and rooting this base degree of cozeners out of so peaceable and prosperous a country; for of all devilish practises this is the most prejudicial. The high lawyer that challengeth a purse by the high wayside, the foist, the nip, the stale, the snap, I mean the pick-pockets and cut-purses, are nothing so dangerous to meet withal as these Cozening Conny-Catchers. The Cheaters that with their false dice make a hand, and strike in at Hazard or Passage with their dice of advantage, are nothing so dangerous as these base minded caterpillars. For they have their vies and their revies upon the poor Conny's back till they so ferret beat him that they leave him neither hair on his skin, nor hole to harbor in.

There was before this many years ago a practise put in use by such shifting companions, which was called the Barnard's Law, wherein as in the Art of Conny-catching, four persons were required to perform their cozening commodity: the Taker-up, the Verser, the Barnard, and the Rutter; and the manner of it indeed was thus. The Taker-up seemeth a skillful man in all things, who hath by long travel learned without book a thousand policies to insinuate himself into a man's acquaintance. Talk of matters in law, he hath plenty of cases at his fingers' ends, and he hath seen, and tried, and ruled in the King's Courts. Speak of grazing and husbandry, no man knoweth more shires than he, nor better which way to raise a gainful commodity, and how the abuses and overture of prices might be redressed. Finally, enter into what discourse they list, were it into a Broomeman's faculty, he knoweth what gains they have for old boots and shoes. Yea, and it shall scape him hardly, but that before your talk break off he will be your countryman at least, and peradventure either of kin, ally, or some stale sib to you, if your reach far surmount not his.

In case he bring to pass that you be glad of his acquaintance, then doth he carry you to the taverns, and with him goes the Verser, a man of more worship than the Taker-up, and he hath the countenance of a landed man. As they are set, comes in the Barnard stumbling into your company, like some aged farmer of the country, a stranger unto you all, that had been at some market town thereabout, buying and selling, and there tippled so much malmesy that he had never a ready word in his mouth, and is so careless of his money that out he throweth some forty angels on the board's end, and standing somewhat aloof, calleth for a pint of wine, and saith:

"Masters, I am somewhat bold with you; I pray you be not grieved if I drink my drink by you"; and thus ministers such idle drunken talk that the Verser, who counterfeited the landed man, comes and draws more near to the plain honest dealing man and prayeth him to call the Barnard more near to laugh at his folly.

Between them two the matter shall be so workmanly conveyed and finely argued that out cometh an old pair of Cards, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game that he says cost him for the learning two pots of ale not two hours ago. The first wager is drink, the next two pence or a groat; and lastly, to be brief, they use the matter so that he that were an hundred years old, and never played in his life for a penny, cannot refuse to be the Verser's half; and consequently at one game at Cards he looseth all they play for, be it a hundred pound. And if perhaps when the money is lost (to use their word of Art) the poor country man begin to smoke them, and swears the drunken knave shall not get his money so, then standeth the Rutter at the door and draweth his sword and picketh a quarrel at his own shadow, if he lack an ostler or a tapster or some other to brabble with, that while the street and company gather to the fray, as the manner is, the Barnard steals away with all the coin, and gets him to one blind tavern or other, where these cozeners had appointed to meet.

Thus, gentlemen, I have glanced at the Barnard's Law, which though you may perceive it to be a prejudicial insinuating cozenage, yet is the Art of Conny-catching so far beyond it in subtlety as the devil is more dishonest than the holiest angel. For so unlikely is it for the poor Conny to lose, that, might he pawn his stake to a pound, he would lay it that he cannot be crossbitten in the cut at Cards, as you shall perceive by my present discovery. Yet, gentlemen, am I sore threatened by the hacksters of that filthy faculty, that if I set their practises in print they will cut off that hand that writes the pamphlet; but how I fear their bravadoes you shall perceive by my plain painting out of them. Yea, so little do I esteem such base-minded braggarts that were it not I hope of their amendment I would in a schedule set down the names of such cozening Conny-catchers.

Well, leaving them and their course of life to the honorable and the worshipful of the land, to be censors of with Justice, have about for a blow at the Art of Cross-biting. I mean not Cross-biters at dice, when the Cheater with a langret cut contrary to the vantage will cross-bite a bard cater tray. Nor I mean not when a broking knave cross-biteth a gentleman with a bad commodity; nor when the Foist (the pick-pocket's sir reverence I mean) is cross-bitten by the Snap, and so smoked for his purchase; nor when the Nip, which the common people call a cut-purse,

hath a cross-bite by some bribing officer, who, threatening to carry him to prison, takes away all the money and lets him slip without any punishment. But I mean a more dishonorable Art, when a base rogue either keepeth a whore as his friend, or marries one to be his maintainer, and with her not only cross-bites men of good calling, but especially poor ignorant country farmers, who God wot be by them led like sheep to the slaughter. Thus, gentle readers, have I given you a light in brief, what I mean to prosecute at large; and so with an humble suit to all Justices that they will seek to root out these two roguish Arts, I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours ROB. GREENE.

The Art of Conny-catching

There be requisite effectually to act the Art of Conny-catching three several parties: the Setter, the Verser, and the Barnacle. The nature of the Setter is to draw any person familiarly to drink with him, which person they call the Conny, and their method is according to the man they aim at; if a gentleman, merchant, or apprentice, the Conny is the more easily caught in that they are soon induced to play, and therefore I omit the circumstance which they use in catching of them. And for because the poor country farmer or yeoman is the mark which they most shoot at, who they know comes not empty to the Term, I will discover the means they put in practise to bring in some honest, simple and ignorant men to their purpose. The Conny-catchers, apparelled like honest civil gentlemen, or good fellows, with a smooth face, as if butter would not melt in their mouths, after dinner when the clients are come from Westminster Hall and are at leisure to walk up and down Paul's, Fleet-street, Holborne, the Strand, and such common hunted places where these cozening companions attend only to spy out a prey: who as soon as they see a plain country fellow well and cleanly apparelled, either in a coat of homespun russet or of frieze, as the time requires, and a side pouch at his side, "There is a Conny," saith one.

At that word out flies the Setter, and overtaking the man, begins to salute him thus: "Sir, God save you, you are welcome to London. How doth all our good friends in the country; I hope they be all in health?"

The countryman, seeing a man so courteous he knows not, half in a brown study at this strange salutation, perhaps makes him this answer: "Sir, all our friends in the country are well, thanks be to God; but truly I know you not, you must pardon me."

"Why sir," saith the setter, guessing by his tongue what countryman he is, "are you not a Yorkshire man, or such a country man?"

If he say yes, then he creeps upon him closely; if he say no, then straight

the setter comes over him thus: "In good sooth, sir, I know you by your face and have been in your company before. I pray you (if without offence) let me crave your name, and the place of your abode."

The simple man straight tells him where he dwells, his name, and who be his next neighbors, and what Gentlemen dwell about him. After he hath learned all of him, then he comes over his fallows kindly: "Sir, though I have been somewhat bold to be inquisitive of your name, yet hold me excused, for I took you for a friend of mine; but since by mistaking I have made you slack your business, we'll drink a quart of wine or a pot of ale together."

If the fool be so ready as to go, then the Conny is caught; but if he smack the Setter, and smells a rat by his clawing, and will not drink with him, then away goes the Setter, and discourseth to the Verser the name of the man, the parish he dwells in, and what gentlemen are his near neighbors. With that, away goes he, and crossing the man at some turning, meets him full in the face, and greets him thus:

"What, good man Barton, how fare all our friends about you? You are well met. I have the wine for you; you are welcome to town."

The poor countryman, hearing himself named by a man he knows not, marvels, and answers that he knows him not, and craves pardon. "Not me, good man Barton? Have you forgot me? Why, I am such a man's kinsman, your neighbor not far off. How doth this or that good gentleman, my friend? Good Lord that I should be out of your remembrance; I have been at your house divers times."

"Indeed, sir," saith the farmer, "are you such a man's kinsman? Surely, sir, if you had not challenged acquaintance of me, I should never have known you. I have clean forgot you, but I know the good gentleman your cousin well. He is my very good neighbor."

"And for his sake," saith the Verser, "we'll drink afore we part."

Haply the man thanks him, and to the wine or ale they go; then, before they part, they make him a Conny, and so ferret-claw him at cards that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail.

Thus have the filthy fellows their subtle fetches to draw on poor men to fall into their cozening practises; thus, like consuming moths of the commonwealth, they prey upon the ignorance of such plain souls as measure all by their own honesty, not regarding either conscience or the fatal revenge that is threatened for such idle and licentious persons; but do employ all their wits to the overthrow of such as with their handy thrift satisfy their hearty thirst, they preferring cozenage before labor, and choosing an idle practise before any honest form of good living.

Well, to the method again of taking up their Connies. If the poor countryman smoke them still, and will not stoop unto either of their lures,

then one, either the Verser, or the Setter, or some of their crew (for there is a general fraternity betwixt them) steppeth before the Conny as he goeth, and letteth drop twelvepence in the highway, that of force the Conny must see it. The countryman, spying the shilling, maketh not dainty (for *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*), but stoopeth very mannerly and taketh it up. Then one of the Conny-catchers behind crieth half part, and so challengeth half of his finding. The countryman content, offereth to change the money. "Nay, faith friend," saith the Verser, " 'tis ill luck to keep found money; we'll go spend it in a pottle of wine"; or in a breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the time of day requires. If the Conny say he will not, then answers the Verser, "Spend my part." If still the Conny refuse, he taketh half and away.

If they spy the countryman to be of a having and covetous humor, then have they a further policy to draw him on. Another that knoweth the place of his abode, meeteth him and saith, "Sir, well met. I have run hastily to overtake you. I pray you, dwell you not in Darbishire, in such a village?"

"Yes marry do I, friend," saith the Conny. Then replies the Verser, "Truly, sir, I have a suit to you. I am going out of town, and must send a letter to the parson of your parish. You shall not refuse to do a stranger such a favor as to carry it him? Haply, as men may in time meet, it may lie in my lot to do you as good a turn, and for your pains I will give you twelve pence."

The poor Conny, in mere simplicity, saith, "Sir, I'll do so much for you with all my heart; where is your letter?"

"I have it not, good sir, ready written; but may I entreat you to step into some tavern or alehouse. We'll drink the while, and I will write but a line or two."

At this the Conny stoops, and for greediness of the money, and upon kind courtesy goes with the Setter unto the tavern. As they walk they meet the Verser, and then they all three go into the tavern together.

See, Gentlemen, what great logicians these Conny-catchers be, that have such rhetorical persuasions to induce the poor countryman to his confusion; and what variety of villany they have to strip the poor farmer of his money.

Well, imagine the Conny is in the tavern. Then sits down the Verser, and saith to the Setter, "What, sirra, wilt thou give me a quart of wine, or shall I give thee one?"

"We'll drink a pint," saith the Setter, "but we'll play a game at cards for it, respecting more the sport than the loss."

"Content," saith the Verser. "Go call for a pair."

And while he is gone to fetch them, he saith to the Conny, "You shall

see me fetch over my young master for a quart of wine finely, but this you must do for me. When I cut the cards, as I will not cut above five off, mark then of all the great pack which is undermost, and when I bid you call a card for me, name that, and you shall see we'll make him pay for a quart of wine straight."

"Truly," saith the Conny, "I am no great player at cards, and I do not well understand your meaning."

"Why," saith he, "it is thus: I will play at mum-chance, or decoy, that he shall shuffle the cards, and I will cut. Now either of us must call a card. You shall call for me, and he for himself; and whose card comes first wins. Therefore, when I have cut the cards, then mark the nethermost of the greatest heap, that I set upon the cards which I cut off, and always call that for me."

"O now," saith the Conny, "I understand you. Let me alone; I warrant I'll fit your turn."

With that, in comes the Setter with his cards, and asketh at what game they shall play. "Why," saith the Verser, "at a new game called mum-chance, that hath no policy nor knavery, but plain as a pikestaff. You shall shuffle and I'll cut; you shall call a card, and this honest man, a stranger almost to us both, shall call another for me, and which of our cards comes first, shall win."

"Content," saith the Setter; "for that's but mere hazard." And so he shuffles the cards, and the Verser cuts off some four cards, and then taking up the heap to set upon them, giveth the Conny a glance of the bottom card of that heap, and saith, "Now sir, call for me."

The Conny, to blind the Setter's eyes, asketh as though he were not made privy to the game, "What shall I cut?"

"What card?" saith the Verser. "Why what you will, either heart, spade, club, or diamond, coat-card or other."

"O, is it so?" saith the Conny. "Why then you shall have the four of hearts," which was the card he had a glance of.

And saith the Setter (holding the cards in his hand, and turning up the uppermost card, as if he knew not well the game), "I'll have the knave of trumps."

"Nay," saith the Verser, "there is no trump. You may call what card you will."

Then saith he, "I'll have the ten of spades."

With that he draws, and the four of hearts comes first. "Well," saith the Setter, " 'tis but hazard; mine might have come as well as yours. Five is up; I fear not the set."

So they shuffle and cut, but the Verser wins. "Well," saith the Setter. "no butter will cleave on my bread. What, not one draught among five?

Drawer, a fresh pint! I'll have another bout with you. But sir, I believe," saith he to the Conny, "you see some card, that it goes so cross on my side."

"I?" saith the Conny. "Nay, I hope you think not so of me; 'tis but hazard and chance, for I am but a mere stranger unto the game. As I am an honest man, I never saw it before."

Thus this simple Conny closeth up smoothly to take the Verser's part, only for greediness to have him win the wine. "Well," answers the Setter, "then I'll have one cast more." And to it they go, but he loseth all, and beginneth to chafe in this manner: "Were it not," quoth he, "that I care not for a quart of wine, I could swear as many oaths for anger as there be hairs on my head, why should not my luck be as good as yours, and fortune favor me as well as you? What, not one called card in ten cuts! I'll foreswear the game for ever!"

"What, chafe not, man," saith the Verser. "Seeing we have your quart of wine, I'll show you the game"; and with that discourseth all to him, as if he knew it not.

The Setter, as simply as if the knave were ignorant, saith, "Aye, marry, I think so. You must needs win, when he knows what card to call. I might have played long enough before I had got a set!"

"Truly," says the Conny, " 'tis a pretty game, for 'tis not possible for him to lose that cuts the cards. I warrant the other that shuffles may lose Saint Peter's cope if he had it. Well, I'll carry this home with me into the country, and win many a pot of ale with it."

"A fresh pint," saith the Verser, "and then we'll away. But seeing, sir, you are going homeward, I'll learn you a trick worth the noting, that you shall win many a pot with in the winter nights."

With that he culls out the four knaves, and pricks one in the top, one in the midst, and one in the bottom. "Now, sir," saith he, "you see these three knaves apparently. Thrust them down with your hand, and cut where you will; and though they be so far asunder, I'll make them all come together."

"I pray you, let's see that trick," saith the Conny. "Methinks it should be impossible."

So the Verser draws, and all the three knaves comes in one heap. This he doth once or twice, that the Conny wonders at it, and offers him a pint of wine to teach it him. "Nay," saith the Verser, "I'll do it for thanks; and therefore mark me where you have taken out the four knaves. Lay two together above, and draw up one of them that it may be seen; then prick the other in the midst, and the third in the bottom; so, when any cuts, cut he never so warily, three knaves must of force come together; for the bottom knave is cut to lie upon both the upper knaves."

"Aye, marry," saith the Setter, "but then the three knaves you showed come not together."

"Truth," saith the Verser; "but one among a thousand marks not that. It requires a quick eye, a sharp wit, and a reaching head to spy at the first."

"Now gramercy, sir, for this trick," saith the Conny. "I'll domineer with this amongst my neighbors."

Thus doth the verser and the setter feign friendship to the Conny, offering him no show of cozenage, nor once to draw him in for a pint of wine, the more to shadow their villany.

But now begins the sport. As thus they sit tippling, comes the Barnacle and thrusts open the door, looking into the room where they are, and, as one bashful, steps back again, and very mannerly saith, "I cry you mercy, gentlemen. I thought a friend of mine had been here. Pardon my boldness."

"No harm," saith the Verser. "I pray you drink a cup of wine with us and welcome."

So in comes the Barnacle, and taking the cup, drinks to the Conny, and then saith, "What, at cards, gentlemen? Were it not I should be offensive to the company, I would play for a pint till my friend come that I look for."

"Why, sir," saith the Verser, "if you will sit down you shall be taken up for a quart of wine."

"With all my heart," saith the Barnacle. "What will you play at? At Primero, Primo visto, Sant, one and thirty, new cut, or what shall be the game?"

"Sir," saith the Verser, "I am but an ignorant man at cards, and I see you have them at your fingers' end. I will play with you at a game wherein can be no deceit. It is called mum-chance at cards; and it is thus: you shall shuffle the cards, and I will cut; you shall call one, and this plain honest country yeoman shall call a card for me, and which of our cards comes first shall win. Here you see is no deceit, and at this I'll play."

"No, truly," saith the Conny; "methinks there can be no great craft in this."

"Well," saith the Barnacle, "for a pint of wine, have at you."

So they play as before, five up, and the Verser wins. "This is hard luck," saith the Barnacle, "and I believe the honest man spies some card in the bottom, and therefore I'll make this: always to prick the bottom card."

"Content," saith the Verser.

And the Conny, to cloak the matter, saith: "Sir, you offer me injury to think that I can see a card, when I neither touch them, shuffle, cut, nor draw them."

"Ah sir," saith the Barnacle, "give losers leave to speak."

Well, to it they go again; and then the Barnacle, knowing the game better than they all, by chopping a card, wins two of the five, but lets the Verser win the set. Then in a chafe he sweareth 'tis but his ill luck, and he can see no deceit in it; and therefore he will play twelve pence a cut. The Verser is content, and wins two or three shillings of the Barnacle; whereat he chafes, and saith, "I came hither in an ill hour; but I will win my money again, or lose all in my purse."

With that he draws out a purse with some three or four pound, and claps it on the board. The Verser asketh the Conny secretly by signs if he will be his half. He says aye, and straight feels for his purse. Well, the Barnacle shuffles the cards throughly, and the Verser cuts as before. The Barnacle, when he hath drawn one card, saith, "I'll either win something or lose something; therefore I'll vie and revie every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out; and therefore twelve pence upon this card. My card comes first for twelve pence."

"No," saith the Verser.

"Aye," saith the Conny, "and I durst hold twelve pence more."

"Why, I hold you," saith the Barnacle.

And so they vie and revie till some ten shillings be on the stake. And then next comes forth the Verser's card, that the Conny called; and so the Barnacle loseth.

Well, this flesheth the Conny; the sweetness of gain maketh him frolic, and no man is more ready to vie and revie than he. Thus for three or four times the Barnacle loseth. At last, to whet on the Conny, he striketh his chopped card, and winneth a good stake. "Away with the witch!" cries the Barnacle. "I hope the cards will turn at last."

"Aye, much," thinketh the Conny; "'twas but a chance that you asked so right, to ask one of the five that was cut off. I am sure there was forty to one on my side, and I'll have you on the lurch anon."

So still they vie and revie, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conny gets five. At last, when they mean to shave the Conny clean of all his coin, the Barnacle chafeth, and upon a pawn borroweth some money of the tapster, and swears he will vie it to the uttermost. Then thus he chops his card to cross-bite the Conny. He first looks on the bottom card, and shuffles often, but still keeping that bottom card, which he knows, to be uppermost. Then sets he down the cards, and the Verser, to encourage the Conny, cuts off but three cards, whereof the Barnacle's card must needs be the uppermost. Then shows he the bottom card of the other heap cut off to the Conny, and sets it upon the Barnacle's card which he knows, so that of force the card that was laid uppermost must come forth first. And then the Barnacle calls that card. They draw a card,

and then the Barnacle vies, and the countryman vies upon him; for this is the law: as often as one vies or revies, the other must see it, else he loseth the stake. Well, at last the Barnacle plies it so, that perhaps he vies more money than the Conny hath in his purse. The Conny upon this, knowing his card is the third or fourth card, and that he hath forty to one against the Barnacle, pawns his rings if he hath any, his sword, his cloak, or else what he hath about him, to maintain the vie. And when he laughs in his sleeve, thinking he hath fleeced the Barnacle of all, then the Barnacle's card comes forth, and strikes such a cold humor unto his heart that he sits as a man in a trance, not knowing what to do, and sighing while his heart is ready to break, thinking on the money that he hath lost.

Perhaps the man is very simple and patient, and whatsoever he thinks, for fear goes his way quiet with his loss, while the Conny-catchers laugh and divide the spoil. And being out of doors, poor man, goeth to his lodging with a heavy heart and watery eyes, pensive and sorrowful, but too late; for perhaps the man's state did depend on that money, and so he, his wife, his children, and his family are brought to extreme misery. Another perhaps, more hardy and subtle, smokes the Conny-catchers, and smelleth cozenage, and says they shall not have his money so; but they answer him with braves, and though he bring them before an officer, yet the knaves are so favored that the man never recovers his money, and yet he is let slip without punishment. Thus are the poor Connies robbed by these base-minded caterpillars. Thus are serving men oft enticed to play, and lose all. Thus are prentices induced to be Connies, and so are cozened of their master's money. Yea, young gentlemen, merchants, and others, are fetched in by these damnable rakehells, a plague as ill as hell, which is present loss of money, and ensuing misery. A lamentable case in England, when such vipers are suffered to breed and are not cut off with the sword of Justice.

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FROM *The Third and last part of Conny-catching*, 1592

A pleasant tale how an honest substantial Citizen was made a Conny, and simply entertained a knave that carried away his goods very politicly.

WHAT LAWS are used among this hellish crew, what words and terms they give themselves and their copesmates, are at large set down in the former two books. Let it suffice ye, then, in this, to read the simple true discourses of such as have by extraordinary cunning and treachery been

deceived; and remembering their subtle means there, and sly practises here, be prepared against the reaches of any such companions.

Not long since, a crew of Conny-catchers meeting together, and in conference laying down such courses as they severally should take to shun suspect and return a common benefit among them, the Carders received their charge, the Dicers theirs, the hangers about the court theirs, the followers of sermons theirs, and so the rest to their offices. But one of them especially, who at their wonted meetings, when report was made how every purchase was gotten, and by what policy each one prevailed, this fellow, in a kind of priding scorn, would usually say:

"In faith, Masters, these things are prettily done; common sleights, expressing no deep reach of wit, and I wonder men are so simple to be so beguiled. I would fain see some rare artificial feat indeed, that some admiration and frame might ensue the doing thereof. I promise ye, I disdain these base and petty paltries, and may my fortune jump with my resolution, ye shall hear, my boys, within a day or two, that I will accomplish a rare stratagem indeed, of more value than forty of yours; and when it is done shall carry some credit with it." They, wondering at his words, desired to see the success of them; and so dispersing themselves as they were accustomed, left this frolic fellow pondering on his affairs.

A citizen's house in London, which he had diligently eyed and aimed at for a fortnight's space, was the place wherein he must perform this exploit. And having learned one of the servant maids' name of the house, as also where she was born and her kindred, upon a Sunday in the afternoon, when it was her turn to attend on her master and mistress to the garden in Finsbury fields to regard the children while they sported about, this crafty mate, having duly watched their coming forth, and seeing that they intended to go down St. Lawrence Lane, stepped before them, ever casting an eye back, lest they should turn some contrary way. But their following still fitting his own desire, near unto the Conduit in Alderman-bury he crossed the way and came unto the maid, and kissing her said: "Cousin Margaret, I am very glad to see you well. My uncle your father, and all your friends in the country are in good health, God be praised."

The maid, hearing herself named and not knowing the man, modestly blushed; which he perceiving, held way on with her amongst her fellow apprentices, and thus began again: "I see Cousin, you know me not, and I do not greatly blame you, it is so long since you came forth of the country. But I am such a one's son"; naming her uncle right, and his son's name, which she very well remembered, but had not seen him in eleven years. Then taking forth a bowed groat, and an old penny bowed, he gave it her as being sent from her uncle and aunt, whom he termed to be his father and mother: "Withall," quoth he, "I have a gammon of bacon

and a cheese from my uncle your father, which are sent to your master and mistress, which I received of the carrier, because my uncle enjoined me to deliver them; when I must entreat your mistress that at Whitsuntide next she will give you leave to come down into the country."

The maid, thinking simply all he said was true, and as they so far from their parents are not only glad to hear of their welfare, but also rejoice to see any of their kindred, so this poor maid, well knowing her uncle had a son so named as he called himself, and thinking from a boy (as he was at her leaving the country), he was now grown such a proper handsome young man, was not a little joyful to see him. Beside, she seemed proud that her kinsman was so neat a youth; and so she held on questioning with him about her friends, he soothing each matter so cunningly, as the maid was confidently persuaded of him.

In this time, one of the children stepped to her mother and said, "Our Marget, mother, have a fine cousin come out of the country, and he hath a cheese for my father and you." Whereon she looking back, said: "Maid, is that your kinsman?"

"Yea forsooth, mistress," quoth she, "my uncle's son, whom I left a little one when I came forth of the country."

The wily treacher, being master of his trade, would not let slip this opportunity, but courteously stepping to the Mistress (who loving her maid well, because indeed she had been a very good servant, and from her first coming to London had dwelt with her, told her husband thereof), coined such a smooth tale unto them both, fronting it with the gammon of bacon and the cheese sent from their maid's father, and hoping they would give her leave at Whitsuntide to visit the country, as they with very kind words entertained him, inviting him the next night to supper, when he promised to bring with him the gammon of bacon and the cheese. Then, framing an excuse of certain business in the town, for that time he took his leave of the master and mistress, and his new Cousin Margaret, who gave many a look after him (poor wench) as he went, joying in her thoughts to have such a kinsman.

On the morrow he prepared a good gammon of bacon, which he closed up in a soiled linen cloth, and sewed an old card upon it, whereon he wrote a superscription unto the master of the maid, and at what sign it was to be delivered, and afterward scraped some of the letters half out, that it might seem they had been rubbed out in the carriage. A good cheese he prepared likewise, with inscription accordingly on it, that it could not be discerned but that some unskillful writer in the country had done it, both by the gross proportion of the letters, as also the bad orthography, which amongst plain husbandmen is very common, in that they have no better instruction. So, hiring a porter to carry them, between five and six in the

evening he comes to the citizen's house, and entering the shop, receives them of the porter, whom the honest meaning citizen would have paid for his pains, but this his maid's new-found cousin said he was satisfied already, and so straining courtesy would not permit him. Well, up are carried the bacon and the cheese, where, God knows, Margaret was not a little busy to have all things fine and neat against her cousin's coming up; her mistress likewise (as one well affecting her servant), had provided very good cheer, set all her plate on the cupboard for show, and beautified the house with cushions, carpets, stools, and other devices of needle work, as at such times divers will do to have the better report made of their credit amongst their servant's friends in the country, albeit at this time (God wot) it turned to their own after-sorrowing.

The master of the house, to delay the time while supper was ready, he likewise shows this dissembler his shop, who, seeing things fadge so pat to his purpose, could question of this sort and that well enough I warrant you, to discern the best from the worst and their appointed places, purposing a further reach than the honest citizen dreamed of. And to be plain with ye, such was this occupier's trade, as though I may not name it, yet thus much I dare utter, that the worst thing he could carry away was above twenty nobles, because he dealt altogether in whole and great sale; which made this companion forge this kindred and acquaintance, for an hundred pound or twain was the very least he aimed at.

At length the mistress sends word supper is on the table; whereupon, up he conducts his guest, and after divers welcomes, as also thanks for the cheese and bacon, to the table they sit. Where let it suffice he wanted no ordinary good fare, wine, and other knacks, beside much talk of the country, how much his friends were beholding for his Cousin Margaret, to whom by her mistress' leave he drank twice or thrice, and she, poor soul, doing the like again to him with remembrance of her father and other kindred, which he still smoothed very cunningly. Countenance of talk made them careless of the time, which slipped from them faster than they were aware of. Nor did the deceiver hasten his departing, because he expected what indeed followed; which was that, being past ten of the clock, and he feigning his lodging to be at Saint Giles in the Field, was entreated both by the good man and his wife to take a bed there for that night. For fashion sake (though very glad of this offer) he said he would not trouble them, but giving them many thanks, would to his lodging though it were further. But wonderful it was to see how earnest the honest citizen and his wife labored to persuade him, that was more willing to stay than they could be to bid him, and what dissembled willingness of departure he used on the other side, to cover the secret villany intended.

Well, at the length, with much ado, he is contented to stay. When

Margaret and her mistress presently stirred to make ready his bed, which the more to the honest man's hardhap, but all the better for this artificial Conny-catcher, was in the same room where they supped, being commonly called their hall. And there indeed stood a very fair bed, as in such sightly rooms it may easily be thought citizens use not to have anything mean or simple. The mistress, lest her guest should imagine she disturbed him, suffered all the plate to stand still on the cupboard; and when she perceived his bed was warmed, and everything else according to her mind, she and her husband, bidding him good night, took themselves to their chamber, which was on the same floor, but inward, having another chamber between them and the hall, where the maids and children had their lodging. So, desiring him to call for anything he wanted, and charging Margaret to look it should be so, to bed are they gone. When the apprentices having brought up the keys of the street door and left them in their master's chamber as they were want to do, after they had said prayers, their evening exercise, to bed go they likewise, which was in a garret backward over their master's chamber. None are now up but poor Margaret and her counterfeit cousin, whom she, loath to offend with long talk because it waxed late, after some few more speeches about their parents and friends in the country, she seeing him laid in bed, and all such things by him as she deemed needful, with a low curtsey I warrant ye, commits him to his quiet, and so went to bed to her fellows, the maidservants.

Well did this hypocrite perceive the keys of the doors carried into the good man's chamber, whereof he being not a little glad, thought now they would imagine all things sure, and therefore doubtless sleep the sounder. As for the keys, he needed no help of them, because such as he go never unprovided of instruments fitting their trade, and so at this time was this notable treacher. In the dead time of the night, when sound sleep makes the ear unapt to hear the very least noise, he forsaketh his bed, and having gotten all the plate bound up together in his cloak, goeth down into the shop, where, well remembering both the place and parcels, maketh up his pack with some twenty-pounds-worth of goods more. Then settling to his engine, he getteth the door off the hinges; and being forth, lifteth close to again, and so departs, meeting within a dozen paces three or four of his companions that lurked thereabouts for the purpose. Their word for knowing each other, as is said, was "Quest," and this villain's comfortable news to them was "Twag," signifying he had sped. Each takes a fleece for easier carriage, and so away to "Bell brow," which, as I have heard is as they interpret it, the house of a thief receiver, without which they can do nothing. And this house, with an apt porter to it, stands ready for them all hours of the night. Too many such are there in London, the masters whereof bear countenance of honest substantial men, but all their

living is gotten in this order; the end of such (though they scape awhile) will be sailing westward in a cart to Tyburn. Imagine these villains there in their jollity, the one reporting point by point his cunning deceit, and the other (fitting his humor) extolling the deed with no mean commendations.

But returning to the honest citizen, who finding in the morning how dearly he paid for a gammon of bacon and a cheese, and how his kind courtesy was thus treacherously requited, blames the poor maid, as innocent herein as himself, and imprisoning her, thinking so to regain his own. Grief, with ill cherishing there, shortens her life. And thus ensueth one hard hap upon another, to the great grief both of master and mistress, when the truth was known, that they so wronged their honest servant. How it may forewarn others, I leave to your own opinions, that see what extraordinary devices are nowadays, to beguile the simple and honest liberal minded.

FROM *Greenes Groats-worth of witte*, 1592

* * * * *

To those gentleman, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R.G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

If woeful experience may move you (gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past and endeavor with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee (like the fool in his heart) "There is no God," should now give glory unto His greatness. For penetrating is His power; His hand lies heavy upon me, He hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt He is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? Oh, peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind. For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo* hold in those that are able to command; and if it be lawful *fas et nefas* to do anything that is beneficial; only tyrants should possess the earth, and they, striving to exceed in tyranny, should each to other be a slaughterman; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for death, that in one age man's life should end. The broacher of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft,

lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quàm inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain; this betrayer of Him that gave His life for him inherited the portion of Judas: this apostate perished as ill as Julian; and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful striving against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised; and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; or tread on a worm, and it will turn. Then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou, no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts; a little have I to say to thee. And were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet Saint George thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men, all three of you, if, by my misery, ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave; those Puppets (I mean) that spake from our mouths, those Antics garnished in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case as I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country. O, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let those Apes imitate your past excellence and nevermore acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse. Yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other newcomers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted

monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best-minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of Mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time is not of itself so short but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and for want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not, then (I beseech ye), to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Desirous that you should live though himself be dying:

ROBERT GREENE.

THOMAS NASHE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 833

FROM NASHE'S preface to ROBERT GREENE'S *Menaphon: Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues*, 1589

To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities.

COURTEOUS and wise, whose judgements (not entangled with envy) enlarge the deserts of the learned by your liberal censures; vouchsafe to welcome your scholar-like shepherd with such university entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty, or the custome of your common civility may afford. To you he appeals that knew him *ab extreme pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his pains; thinking his day labor was not altogether lavished *sine linea*, if there be any thing of all in it that doth *olere atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our

gowned age is grown of late; so that every mechanical mate abhors the English he was born to, and plucks, with a solemn periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the inkhorn: which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the servile imitation of vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the dewlap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchemists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse. Indeed it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kilcow conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the disgestion of their choleric incumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming decasillabon. Mongst this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read grammarians who, having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetry doth know they are the simplest of all.

To leave these to the mercy of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian *Menaphon,* whose attire though not so stately, yet comely, doth entitle thee above all other to that *temperatum dicendi genus* which Tully in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountain that in seven years brings forth a mouse, or the Italianate pen, that of a packet of pilfries affordeth the press a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised array vaunts Ovid's and Plutarch's plumes as their own; but give me the man whose extemporal vein in any humor will excel our greatest art-masters' deliberate thoughts; whose invention, quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudest Rhetorician to the contention of like perfection with like expedition.

What is he amongst students so simple that cannot bring forth (*tandem aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt every sentence? Was it not Maro's twelve years' toil that so famed his xii *Aeneidos?* Or Peter Ramus' sixteen years' pains that so praised his petty *Logic?* How is it, then, our drooping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his masters' day labor? Indeed I must needs say, the descending years from the philosophers of Athens, have not been supplied with such present orators as were able in any English vein to be eloquent of their

own, but either they must borrow invention of Ariosto and his countrymen, take up choice of words by exchange in Tully's *Tusculane* and the Latin historiographers' storehouses; similitudes, nay whole sheets and tractates *verbatim*, from the plenty of Plutarch and Pliny; and to conclude, their whole method of writing from the liberty of comical fictions that have succeeded to our Rhetoricians by a second imitation; so that, well may the adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, be the most judicial estimate of our latter writers.

But the hunger of our unsatiate humorists being such as it is, ready to swallow all draff without indifference that insinuates itself to their senses under the name of delight, employs oft-times many threadbare wits to empty their invention of their apish devices, and talk most superficially of policy, as those that never wore gown in the university; wherein they revive the old said adage, *Sus Minervam* and cause the wiser to quip them with *Asinus ad lyram*. Would gentlemen and riper judgments admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would persuade them to physic their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabeans do their dulled senses with smelling; who (as Strabo reporteth) overcloyed with such odoriferous savors as the natural increase of their country (Balsamum, Amomum, with Myrrh and Frankincense) sends forth, refresh their nostrils with the unsavory scent of the pitchy slime that Euphrates casts up, and the contagious fumes of goats' beards burnt; so would I have them, being surfeited unawares with the sweet satiety of eloquence, which the lavish of our copious language may procure, to use the remedy of contraries; and recreate their rebated wits, not, as they did, with the scenting of slime or goats' beards burnt, but with the overseeing of that *sublime dicendi genus* which walks abroad for waste paper in each serving man's pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamists' barbarism; so should the opposite comparison of purity expel the infection of absurdity, and their overracked rhetoric be the ironical recreation of the reader.

But so far discrepant is the idle usage of our unexperienced punies from this prescription, that a tale of John a Brainford's will, and *The Unlucky Furmenty* will be as soon entertained into their libraries as the best poem that ever Tasso eternisht; which, being the effect of an undiscerning judgment, makes dross as valuable as gold, and loss as welcome as gain; the glowworm mentioned in Aesop's fables, namely the ape's folly, to be mistaken for fire, when as God wot, poor souls, they have nought but their toil for their heat, their pains for their sweat, and (to bring it to our English proverb) their labor for their travail. Wherein I can but resemble them to the panther, who is so greedy of men's excrements that if they be hanged up in a vessel higher than his reach, he sooner killeth himself with the overstretching of his windless body than he will cease

from his intended enterprise. Oft have I observed what I now set down: a secular wit that hath lived all days of his life by "What do you lack?" to be more judicial in matters of conceit than our quadrant crepundios, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of every one they meet. Yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poisonous Pasquil any dirty mouthed Martin or Momus ever composed is gathered up with greediness before it fall to the ground and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the fripler's lavender half a year after. For I know not how the mind of the meanest is fed with this folly: that they impute singularity to him that slanders privily, and count it a great piece of art in an ink-horne man, in any tapsterly terms whatsoever, to oppose his superiors to envy. I will not deny but in scholar-like matters of controversy, a quicker style may pass as commendable; and that a quip to an ass is as good as a goad to an ox; but when an irregular idiot, that was up to the ears in divinity before ever he met with *probabile* in the University, shall leave *pro et contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct commonweales, that never heard of the name of Magistrate before he came to Cambridge, it is no marvel if every alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned upside down, since the child beats his father, and the ass whips his master.

But lest I might seem with these night crows, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica,* I will turn back to my first text, of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice nowadays amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint,* whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yields many good sentences, as "Blood is a beggar," and so forth; and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets,* I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches. But O grief! *tempus edax rerum,* what's that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry, and Seneca let blood line by line and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kidde in Aesop, who enamored with the Fox's new fangles, forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation; and these men renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation to intermeddle with Italian translations. Wherein how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither provenzal men, nor are able to distinguish of articles), let all indifferent gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue discern by their twopenny pamphlets. And no marvel though their home-born mediocrity be such in this matter; for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elisium into hell, and have not learned, so long as

they have lived in the spheres, the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse with ifs and ands; and other while for recreation after their candle stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetical path into the inner parts of the city, and spend two or three hours in turning over French *Doudie*, where they attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence all days of their life by conversing with any authors of like argument.

But lest in this declamatory vein I should condemn all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation those men of import that have labored with credit in this laudable kind of translation; in the forefront of whom I cannot but place that aged father Erasmus that invested most of our Greek writers in the robes of the ancient Romans; in whose traces Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantin, and many other reverent Germans insisting, have re-edified the ruins of our decayed libraries, and marvellously enriched the Latin tongue with the expense of their toil. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, every private scholar, William Turner, and who not, began to vaunt their smattering of Latin in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance did sever itself from all equals, although Sir Thomas More, with his comical wit, at that instant was not altogether idle. Yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst us till that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint Johns in Cambridge, that at that time was as an university within itself, shining so far above all other houses, halls, and hospitals whatsoever, that no college in the town was able to compare with the tithe of her students; having (as I have heard grave men of credit report) more candles' light in it every winter morning before four of the clock than the four of clock bell gave strokes; till she (I say) as a pitying mother, put to her helping hand and sent, from her fruitful womb, sufficient scholars both to support her own weal as also to supply all other inferior foundations' defects; and namely that royal erection of Trinity College, which the University Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia diducta* from the suburbs of Saint Johns. In which extraordinary conception, *uno partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir John Cheke, a man of men, supernaturally traded in all tongues, Sir John Mason, Doctor Watson, Redman, Ascham, Grindal, Lever, Pilkington; all which have, either by their private readings or public works, repurged the errors of Art expelled from their purity, and set before our eyes a more perfect method of study.

But how ill their precepts have prospered with our idle age, that leave the fountains of sciences to follow the rivers of knowledge, their over-

fraught studies with trifling compendiaries may testify. For I know not how it comes to pass, by the doting practice of our Divinity dunces that strive to make their pupils pulpit men before they are reconciled to Priscian, but those years, which should be employed in Aristotle, are expired in Epitomes; and well, too, they may have so much Catechism vacation to rake up a little refuse philosophy.

And here could I enter into a large field of invective against our abject abbreviations of Arts, were it not grown to a new fashion amongst our nation to vaunt the pride of contraction in every manuary action; insomuch that the *Pater noster*, which was wont to fill a sheet of paper, is written in the compass of a penny; whereupon one merrily affirmed that proverb to be derived, "No pennie, no *pater noster*." Which their nice curtailing puts me in mind of the custom of the Scythians, who if they be at any time distressed with famine, take in their girdles shorter, and swaddle themselves straighter, to the intent no vacuum being left in their entrails, hunger should not so much tyrannize over their stomachs; even so, these men, oppressed with a greater penury of Art, do pound their capacity in barren compendiums, and bound their base humors in the beggarly straits of a hungry *Analysis*, lest longing after that *infinitum* which the poverty of their conceit cannot compass, they sooner yield up their youth to destiny than their heart to understanding.

How is it, then, such bungling practitioners in principles should ever profit the Commonwealth by their negligent pains, who have no more cunning in Logic or dialogue Latin than appertains to the literal construction of either? Nevertheless, it is daily apparent to our domesticall eyes that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in the trade of gloss or translations, as those that are more unlearned than ignorance, and less conceiving than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurdity to all of that society, though some of them have set their names to their simplicity. Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faulty, Master Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved esteem, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure; whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Graeca cum Latinis*. Neither was Master Turbervile the worst of his time, although in translating he attributed too much to the necessity of rime. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding for his industrious toil in Englishing Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, besides many other exquisite editions of Divinity turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. Master Phaer likewise is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his haughty thoughts, England might have long insulted in his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* have been subscribed to his works.

But Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting Master Stanihurst's praise, would that Phaer should fall that he might rise, whose heroical poetry infired—I should say inspired—with an hexameter fury, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred year; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly variety as no hodge plowman in a country but would have held as the extremity of clownery; a pattern whereof I will propound to your judgments, as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus,

> Then did he make heavens vault to rebound, with rounce robble hobble
> Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, makes us that are not used to terminate heaven's movings in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobulare interpreter as of some Thrasonical huffe-snuffe, for so terrible was his style to all mild ears as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermiddling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse, had not sweet Master Fraunce, by his excellent translation of Master Thomas Watson's sugared *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits to such high-witted endeavours. But I know not how, their over-timorous cowardice hath stood in awe of envy, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worst of those Roman wonders in English; which makes me think that either the lovers of mediocrity are very many or that the number of good poets are very small; but in truth (Master Watson except, whom I mentioned before), I know not almost any of late days that hath shewed himself singular in any special Latin poem; whose *Amintas* and translated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour with any of our ancient poets. I will not say but we had a Haddon, whose pen would have challenged the laurel from Homer, together with Carr, that came as near him as Virgil to Theocritus. But Thomas Newton with his Leland, and Gabriel Harvey, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left us at this hour.

Epitaphers and position poets have we more than a good many, that swarm like crows to a dead carcass, but fly like swallows in the winter from an continuate subject of wit. The efficient whereof I imagine to issue from the upstart discipline of our reformatory churchmen, who account wit vanity, and poetry impiety; whose error, although the necessity of philosophy might confute, which lies couched most closely under dark fables' profundity, yet I had rather refer it as a disputative plea to divines than set it down as a determinate position, in my unexperienced opinion. But however their dissentious judgments should decree in their afternoon

sessions of *an sit*, the private truth of my discovered creed in this controversy is this: that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Egyptian Epaphus who had not some or other black spot on his skin, so I deem him far unworthy of the name of a scholar, and so consequently to sacrifice his endeavours to art, that is not a poet, either in whole or in a part.

And here, peradventure, some desperate quipper will canvas my proposed comparison *plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the black spot to the black pot; which makes our poets' undermeal muses so mutinous, as every stanza they pen after dinner is full-pointed with a stab. Which their dagger drunkenness, although it might be excused with *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio*, yet will I cover it as well as I may with that proverbial *faecundi calices* that might well have been doorkeeper to the can of Silenus, when nodding on his ass trapt with ivy, he made his moist nosecloth the pausing intermedium twixt every nap. Let frugal scholars and fine fingered novices take their drink by the ounce, and their wine by the half-penny-worths, but it is for a poet to examine the pottle pots and gage the bottom of whole gallons; *qui bene vult ποίειν, debet ante πίνειν*. A pot of blue burning ale with a fiery flaming toast, is as good as Pallas with the nine muses on Parnassus top; without the which in vain may they cry, "O thou, my muse, inspire me with some pen," when they want certain liquid sacrifice to rouse her forth her den.

Pardon me, gentlemen, though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who affirm that no man can write with conceit except he take counsel of the cup; nor would I have you think that, *Theonino dente*, I arm my style against all, since I do know the moderation of many gentlemen of that study to be so far from infamy as their verse from equality; whose sufficiency, were it as well seen into by those of higher place as it wanders abroad unrewarded in the mouths of ungrateful monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of Maecenas' liberality extended to Maro, and men of like quality, would have left no memory to that proverb of poverty, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras*. Tut, says our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth are but dry-brained dolts in comparison of other countries; whom if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, with such like that lived under the tyranny of ignorance, I do think their best lovers would be much discontented with the collation of contraries if I should write over all their heads "Hail fellow, well met!" One thing I am sure of, that each of these three have vaunted their meters with as much admiration in English as ever the proudest Ariosto did his verse in Italian.

What should I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our graver nobility are prodigal of more pompous wit and choice of words than ever tragic Tasso could attain to? But as for pastoral poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrymen's credit should be discountenanced by the contention; who, although they cannot fare with such inferior facility, yet I know would carry the bucklers full easily from all foreign bravers if their *subjectum circa quod* should savor of anything haughty. And should the challenge of deep conceit be intruded by any foreigner to bring our English wits to the touchstone of Art, I would prefer divine Master Spenser, the miracle of wit, to bandy line for line for my life, in the honor of England against Spain, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is he the only swallow of our summer (although Apollo, if his *Tripos* were up again, would pronounce him his Socrates), but he being forborne, there are extant about London many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Plato's, so in Puritans' commonwealth; as for example, Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, and George Peele; the first of whom, as hath shewed himself singular in the immortal Epitaph of his beloved Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comic inventions (made more public by every man's praise than they can be by my speech), so the second hath more than once or twice manifested his deep witted scholarship in places of credit. And for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex;* whose first increase, *The Arraignment of Paris,* might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit, and manifold variety of invention, wherein (*me judice*) he goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundry other sweet gentlemen I know, that have vaunted their pens in private devices and tricked up a company of taffeta fools with their feathers, whose beauty if our poets had not picked with the supply of their periwigs, they might have antickt it until this time up and down the country with the King of Fairies, and dined every day at the pease-porridge ordinary with Delphrigus.

But Tolossa hath forgot that it was sometime sacked, and beggars that ever they carried their fardles on footback; and in truth no marvel, when as the deserved reputation of one Roscius is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits. Yet let subjects, for all their insolence, dedicate a *De profundis* every morning to the preservation of their Caesar, lest their increasing indignities return them ere long to their juggling to mediocrity, and they bewail in weeping blanks the wane of their monarchy.

As poetry hath been honoured in those her forenamed professors, so it hath not been any wit disparaged by William Warner's absolute *Albions.* And here authority hath made a full point; in whose reverence in-

sisting, I cease to oppose to your sport the picture of those pamphleteers and poets that make a patrimony of *In speech* and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*. Read favourably, to encourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and persuade yourselves I will persecute those idiots and their heirs unto the third generation that have made Art bankrupt of her ornaments and sent Poetry abegging up and down the country. It may be my *Anatomie of Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgery, wherein the diseases of Art more merrily discovered may make our maimed poets put together their blanks to the building of an hospital.

If you chance to meet it in Paul's, shaped in a new suit of similitudes, as if, like the eloquent apprentice of Plutarch, it were popped at seven years old in double apparel, think his master hath fulfilled covenants, and only cancelled the indentures of duty. If I please, I'll think my ignorance indebted to you that applaud it; if not, what rests but that I be excluded from your courtesy, like *Apocrypha* from your Bibles?

However, yours ever,
THOMAS NASH.

FROM *The Unfortunate Traveller*, 1594

The Unfortunate Traveler

ABOUT that time that the terror of the world and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eighth (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Turney and Turwin, and had the emperor and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland, and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton (a gentleman at least), was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cozened can testify, *Coelum petimus stultitia*, which of us all is not a sinner. Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story that I followed the camp or the court, or the court and the camp, when Turwin lost her maidenhead, and opened her gates to more than Jane Trosse did. There did I (soft, let me drink before I go any further) reign sole king of the cans and black-jacks, prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant, and, to conclude, lord high regent of rashers of the coals and red herring cobs. *Paulô maiora canamus.*

Well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my age might enact? You will say it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minis-

ter the oath of the pantofle artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of, "In grace and virtue to proceed." Oh, but *Aliquid latet quod non patet,* there's a farther path I must trace. Examples confirm; list, lordings, to my proceedings.

Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London Bridge. In those quarters are many companies: much company, much knavery, as true as that old adage, Much courtesy, much subtlety. Those companies, like a great deal of corn, do yield some chaff; the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse. Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and, by my troth, so I did; the prince could but command men spend their blood in his service, I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends; though I was prince of their purses and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any kaiser in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right; want cannot be withstood, men can do no more than they can do; what remained, then, but the fox's case must help when the lion's skin is out at the elbows.

There was a lord in the camp, let him be a lord of misrule, if you will, for he kept a plain alehouse without welt or guard of any ivy bush, and sold cider and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at that very name of cider, I can but sigh, there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays). Well, *tendit ad sydera virtus,* there's great virtue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of cider, and very good men have sold it, and at sea it is *aqua coelestis;* but that's neither here nor there; if it had no other patron but this peer of quart pots to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great lord, this worthy lord, this noble lord, thought no scorn (Lord have mercy upon us) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this dainty liquor, and yet he was an old servitor, a cavalier of an ancient house, as it might appear by the arms of his ancestry, drawn very amiably in chalk on the inside of his tent door.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damn with a lewd, moneyless device; for coming to him on a day, as he was counting his barrels and setting the price in chalk on the head of every one of them, I did my duty very devoutly and told his *aley* honor I had matters of some secrecy to impart unto him, if it pleased him to grant me private audience.

"With me, young Wilton," quoth he, "marry and shalt; bring us a pint of cider of a fresh tap into the Three Cups here; wash the pot." So into a back room he led me, where, after he had spit on his finger and picked off two or three motes of his old, moth-eaten velvet cap, and sponged and wrung all the rheumatic drivel from his ill-favored goat's

beard, he bade me declare my mind, and thereupon he drank to me on the same. I up with a long circumstance, alias, a cunning shift of the seventeens, and discoursed unto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and lineage from whence he sprung, and partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poor soldiers, that whereas the vastity of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he vouchsafed in his own person to be a victualler to the camp (a rare example of magnificence and honorable courtesy) and diligently provided that, without far travel, every man might for his money have cider and cheese his bellyful; nor did he sell his cheese by the way only, or his cider by the great, but abased himself with his own hands to take a shoemaker's knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally like a true justiciary, in little pennyworths, that it would do a man good for to look upon. So likewise of his cider, the poor man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat as the rich man for his half-sous or his denier. "Not so much," quoth I, "but this tapster's linen apron which you wear before you to protect your apparel from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrays your lowly mind. I speak it with tears, too few such humble-spirited noble men have we that will draw drink in linen aprons. Why, you are every child's fellow; any man that comes under the name of a soldier and a good fellow, you will sit and bear company to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of 'Mine host, here's to you,' as if one saluted you by all the titles of your barony. These considerations, I say, which the world suffers to slip by in the channel of carelessness, have moved me, in ardent zeal of your welfare, to forewarn you of some dangers that have beset you and your barrels."

At the name of dangers, he start up, and bounced with his fist on the board so hard that his tapster, overhearing him, cried, "Anon, anon, sir, by and by"; and came and made a low leg and asked him what he lacked. He was ready to have stricken his tapster for interrupting him in attention of this, his so much desired relation, but, for fear of displeasing me, he moderated his fury, and, only sending him for the other fresh pint, willed him look to the bar, and come when he is called, with a devil's name.

Well, at his earnest importunity, after I had moistened my lips to make my lie run glib to his journey's end, forward I went as followeth. "It chanced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the king with his lords and many chief leaders sat in counsel. There amongst sundry serious matters that were debated and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (no villains to these privy in-

formers) that you, even you that I now speak to, had—would I had no tongue to tell the rest; by this drink it grieves me so I am not able to repeat it."

Now was my drunken lord ready to hang himself for the end of the full point, and over my neck he throws himself very lubberly, and entreated me, as I was a proper young gentleman and ever looked for pleasure at his hands, soon to rid him out of this hell of suspense and resolve him of the rest; then fell he on his knees, wrung his hands, and I think, on my conscience, wept out all the cider that he had drunk in a week before. To move me to have pity on him, he rose and put his rusty ring on my finger, gave me his greasy purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make me his heir, and a thousand more favors, if I would expire the misery of his unspeakable tormenting uncertainty. I, being by nature inclined to Mercy (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name), bade him harden his ears and not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my breast turned outward, hear such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it and not die in the midst of it. "Why," quoth I, "myself, that am but a poor, childish well-willer of yours, with the very thought that a man of your desert and state, by a number of peasants and varlets should be so injuriously abused in hugger-mugger, have wept all my urine upward. The wheel under our city bridge carries not so much water over the city as my brain hath welled forth gushing streams of sorrow. I have wept so immoderately and lavishly that I thought verily my pallet had been turned to Pissing Conduit in London. My eyes have been drunk, outrageously drunk, with giving but ordinary intercourse through their sea-circled islands to my distilling drearimentt. What shall I say? That which malice hath said is the mere overthrow and murder of your days. Change not your color, none can slander a clear conscience to itself; receive all your fraught of misfortune in at once.

"It is buzzed in the king's head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, and, under pretense of getting a license to furnish the camp with cider and such like provant, you have furnished the enemy, and in empty barrels sent letters of discovery and corn innumerable."

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixed itself with the white of his eye, and both were turned upwards, as if they had offered themselves a fair white for death to shoot at. The truth was, I was very loath mine host and I should part with dry lips; wherefore the best means that I could imagine to wake him out of his trance was to cry loud in his ear, "Ho, host, What's to pay? will no man look to the reckoning here?" And, in plain verity, it took expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had been scared with fire out of his

sleep, and ran hastily to his tapster, and all to-belabored him about the ears for letting gentlemen call so long and not look in to them. Presently he remembered himself, and had like to have fallen into his memento again, but that I met him half ways, and asked his lordship what he meant to slip his neck out of the collar so suddenly, and, being revived, strike his tapster so rashly.

"Oh," quoth he, "I am bought and sold for doing my country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of me because my good deeds have brought me into such estimation with the commonalty. I see, I see, it is not for the lamb to live with the wolf."

The world is well amended, thought I, with your cidership; such another forty years' nap as Epimenides had would make you a perfect wise man. "Answer me," quoth he, "my wise young Wilton; is it true that I am thus underhand dead and buried by these bad tongues?"

"Nay," quoth I, "you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much already; no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my well-meaning lips; they have but lately sucked milk, and shall they so suddenly change their food and seek after blood?"

"Oh, but," quoth he, "a man's friend is his friend—fill the other pint, tapster. What said the king? did he believe it when he heard it? I pray thee, say. I swear to thee by my nobility, none in the world shall ever be made privy that I received any light of this matter from thee."

"That firm affiance," quoth I, "had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far over the shoes to pluck you out of the mire. Not to make many words (since you will needs know) the king says flatly, you are a miser and a snudge, and he never hoped better of you."

"Nay then," quoth he, "questionless some planet that loves not cider hath conspired against me."

"Moreover, which is worse, the king hath vowed to give Turwin one hot breakfast only with the bungs that he will pluck out of your barrels. I cannot stay at this time to report each circumstance that passed, but the only counsel that my long-cherished, kind inclination can possibly contrive is now in your old days to be liberal; such victuals or provision as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poor soldiers; I would let them burst their bellies with cider, and bathe in it, before I would run into my prince's ill opinion for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the beaver for his stones, he bites them off, and leaves them behind for him to gather up, whereby he lives quiet. If greedy hunters and hungry tell-tales pursue you, it is for a little pelf which you have. Cast it behind you, neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a further inconvenience. Credit my advice; you shall find it prophetical; and thus I have discharged the part of a poor friend."

With some few like phrases of ceremony, "Your honor's suppliant," and so forth, and "Farewell, my good youth, I thank thee and will remember thee," we parted.

But the next day I think we had a dole of cider, cider in bowls, in scuppets, in helmets, and, to conclude, if a man would have filled his boots full, there he might have had it. Provant thrust itself into poor soldiers' pockets whether they would or no. We made five peals of shot into the town together, of nothing but spigots and faucets of discarded empty barrels; every underfoot soldier had a distenanted tun, as Diogenes had his tub to sleep in. I myself got as many confiscated tapsters' aprons as made me a tent as big as any ordinary commander's in the field. But, in conclusion, my well-beloved baron of double beer got him humbly on his marybones to the king, and complained he was old and stricken in years, and had ne'er an heir to cast at a dog; wherefore if it might please His Majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allow him some reasonable pension to live on, he should be marvelous well pleased: as for the wars, he was weary of them, and yet as long as Highness should venture his own person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his withered body a buckler, to bear off any blow that should be advanced against him.

The king, marveling at this strange alteration of his great merchant of cider (for so he would often pleasantly term him), with a little further talk bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipped for my holiday lie, although they made themselves merry with it many a fair winter's evening after.

Yet, notwithstanding, his good ass-headed honor, mine host, persevered in his former simple request to the king to accept of the surrender of his lands and allow him a beadsmanry or out-brothership of brachet, which at length, through his vehement instancy, took effect, and the king jestingly said, since he would needs have it so, he would distrain on part of his land for impost of cider, which he was behindhand with him and never paid.

This was one of my famous achievements, insomuch as I never light upon the like famous fool; but I have done a thousand better jests if they had been booked in order as they were begotten. It is pity posterity should be deprived of such precious records, and yet there is no remedy; and yet there is too, for, when all fails, well fare a good memory. Gentle readers (look you be gentle now since I have called you so), as freely as my knavery was mine own, it shall be yours to use in the way of honesty.

* * * * *

Dismissing this fruitless annotation *pro et contra*, towards Venice we progressed, and took Rotterdam in our way, that was clean out of our way.

There we met with aged learning's chief ornament, that abundant and superingenious clerk Erasmus, as also with merry Sir Thomas More, our countryman, who was come purposely over a little before us to visit the said grave father Erasmus. What talk, what conference we had then, it were here superfluous to rehearse; but this I can assure you, Erasmus in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of princes in preferring of parasites and fools that he decreed with himself to swim with the stream, and write a book forthwith in commendation of folly. Quick-witted Sir Thomas More traveled in a clean contrary province, for he, seeing most commonwealths corrupted by ill custom, and that principalities were nothing but great piracies which, gotten by violence and murder, were maintained by private undermining and bloodshed; that in the chiefest flourishing kingdoms there was no equal or well-divided weal one with another, but a manifest conspiracy of rich men against poor men, procuring their own unlawful commodities under the name and interest of the commonwealth: he concluded with himself to lay down a perfect plot of a commonwealth or government, which he would entitle his *Utopia*.

So left we them to prosecute their discontented studies, and made our next journey to Wittenberg.

At the very point of our entrance into Wittenberg, we were spectators of a very solemn scholastical entertainment of the Duke of Saxony thither. Whom, because he was the chief patron of their university, and had took Luther's part in banishing the mass and all like papal jurisdiction out of their town, they crouched unto extremely. The chief ceremonies of their entertainment were these. First, the heads of their university (they were great heads of certainty) met him in their hooded hypocrisy and doctorly accoutrements, *secundum formam statuti*, where, by the orator of the university, whose pickedevant was very plentifully besprinkled with rose water, a very learned or rather ruthful oration was delivered (for it rained all the while) signifying thus much: that it was all by patch and by piecemeal stolen out of Tully, and he must pardon them, though in emptying their phrase books, the air emptied his entrails, for they did it not in any ostentation of wit (which they had not), but to shew the extraordinary good will they bare the duke (to have him stand in the rain till he was thorough wet); a thousand *quemadmodums* and *quapropters* he came over him with, every sentence he concluded with *Esse posse videatur;* through all the nine worthies he ran with praising and comparing him; Nestor's years he assured him of under the broad seal of their supplications, and, with the crow-trodden verse in Virgil, *Dum juga montis aper*, he packed up his pipes, and cried *dixi*.

That pageant overpast, there rushed upon him a miserable rabblement

of junior graduates, that all cried out upon him mightily in their gibberish like a company of beggars, "God save Your Grace, God save Your Grace, Jesus preserve Your Highness, though it be but for an hour."

Some three half-pennyworth of Latin here also had he thrown at his face, but it was choice stuff, I can tell you, as there is a choice even amongst rags gathered up from the dunghill. At the town's end met him the burghers and dunsticall incorporationers of Wittenberg in their distinguished liveries; their distinguished livery faces, I mean, for they were most of them hot-livered drunkards, and had all the coat colors of sanguine, purple, crimson, copper, carnation that were to be had, in their countenances. Filthy knaves, no cost had they bestowed on the town for his welcome, saving new painted their houghs and boozing houses, which commonly are fairer than their churches; and over their gates set the town arms carousing a whole health to the Duke's arms, which sounded gulping after this sort, *Vanhotten, slotten, irk bloshen glotten gelderslike.* Whatever the words were, the sense was this, Good drink is a medicine for all diseases.

A bursten-belly inkhorn orator called Vanderhulke they picked out to present him with an oration, one that had a sulphurous big swollen large face, like a Saracen, eyes like two Kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide every time he spake as one of those old knit trap doors, a beard as though it had been made of a bird's nest plucked in pieces, which consisteth of straw, hair, and dirt mixed together. He was apparelled in black leather new licourd, and a short gown without any gathering in the back, faced before and behind with a boisterous bear skin, and a red night-cap on his head. To this purport and effect was this broccing double-beer oration.

"Right noble Duke (*ideo nobilis quasi no bilis*, for you have no bile or choler in you), know that our present incorporation of Wittenberg, by me the tongue-man of their thankfulness, a townsman by birth, a free German by nature, an orator by art, and a scrivener by education, in all obedience and chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Wittenberg. Welcome, said I? O orificial rhetoric, wipe thy everlasting mouth, and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that, for the brave princely blood of a Saxon. Oratory, uncask the barred hutch of thy compliments, and with the triumphantest troop in thy treasury do trewage unto him. What impotent speech with his eight parts may not specify, this unestimable gift, holding his peace, shall as it were (with tears I speak it) do whereby as it may seem or appear to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminitive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimity and indignity. Why should I go gadding and fizgigging after firking flantado amphibologies? wit is wit, and good will is good will.

With all the wit I have, I here, according to the premises, offer up unto you the city's general good will, which is a gilded Can, in manner and form following, for you and the heirs of your body lawfully begotten to drink healths in. The scholastical squitter-books clout you up canopies and foot-clothes of verses. We that are good fellows, and live as merry as cup and can, will not verse upon you as they do, but must do as we can, and entertain you if it be but with a plain empty Can. He hath learning enough that hath learned to drink to his first man.

"Gentle Duke, without paradox be it spoken, thy horses at our own proper costs and charges shall kneed up to the knees all the while thou art here in spruce beer and Lübeck liquor. Not a dog thou bringest with thee but shall be banquetted with rhenish wine and sturgeon. On our shoulders we wear no lamb-skin or miniver like these academics, yet we can drink to the confusion of all thy enemies. Good lambs-wool have we for their lamb-skins, and for their miniver, large minerals in our coffers. Mechanical men they call us, and not amiss, for most of us being *Mæchi*, that is, cuckolds and whoremasters, fetch our antiquity from the temple of Mæcha, where Mahomet was hung up. Three parts of the world, America, Afric, and Asia, are of this our mechanic religion. Nero, when he cried, *O quantus artifex pereo*, professed himself of our freedom, insomuch as *Artifex* is a citizen or craftsman, as well as *Carnifex* a scholar or hangman. Pass on by leave into the precincts of our abomination. Bonny Duke, frolic in our bower, and persuade thy self that even as garlick hath three properties, to make a man wink, drink, and stink, so we will wink on thy imperfections, drink to thy favorites, and all thy foes shall stink before us. So be it. Farewell."

The Duke laughed not a little at this ridiculous oration, but that very night as great an ironical occasion was ministered, for he was bidden to one of the chief schools to a Comedy handled by scholars. *Acolastus, the Prodigal Child* was the name of it, which was so filthily acted, so leathernly set forth, as would have moved laughter in Heraclitus. One, as if he had been planing a clay floor, stampingly trod the stage so hard with his feet that I thought verily he had resolved to do the carpenter that set it up some utter shame. Another flung his arms like cudgels at a pear tree, insomuch as it was mightily dreaded that he would strike the candles that hung above their heads out of their sockets, and leave them all dark. Another did nothing but wink and make faces. There was a parasite and he, with clapping his hands and thripping his fingers, seemed to dance an antic to and fro. The only thing they did well was the prodigal child's hunger, most of their scholars being hungrily kept; and surely you would have said they had been brought up in hogs' academy to learn to eat acorns, if you had seen how sedulously they fell to them. Not a jest had they to

keep their auditors from sleeping but of swill and draff; yes, now and then the servant put his hand into the dish before his master, and almost choked himself, eating slovenly and ravenously to cause sport.

The next day they had solemn disputations, where Luther and Carolostadius scolded level coil. A mass of words I wot well they heaped up against the mass and the pope, but farther particulars of their disputations I remember not. I thought verily they would have worried one another with words, they were so earnest and vehement. Luther had the louder voice, Carolostadius went beyond him in beating and bouncing with his fists, *Quae supra nos nihil ad nos*. They uttered nothing to make a man laugh; therefore I will leave them. Marry, their outward gestures now and then would afford a man a morsel of mirth—of those two I mean not so much as of all the other train of opponents and respondents. One pecked like a crane with his forefinger at every half syllable he brought forth, and nodded with his nose like an old singing-man teaching a young chorister to keep time. Another would be sure to wipe his mouth with his handkerchief at the end of every full point. And ever when he thought he had cast a figure so curiously as he dived over head and ears into his auditors' admiration, he would take occasion to stroke up his hair and twine up his mustachios twice or thrice over, while they might have leisure to applaud him. A third wavered and waggled his head, like a proud horse playing with his bridle, or as I have seen some fantastical swimmer, at every stroke, train his chin side-long over his left shoulder. A fourth sweat and foamed at the mouth for very anger his adversary had denied that part of his syllogism which he was not prepared to answer. A fifth spread his arms like an usher that goes before to make room, and thripped with his finger and his thumb when he thought he had tickled it with a conclusion. A sixth hung down his countenance like a sheep, and stutted and slavered very pitifully when his invention was stepped aside out of the way. A seventh gasped and gaped for wind, and groaned in his pronunciation as if he were hard bound with some bad argument. Gross plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make use of it. They imagined the duke took the greatest pleasure and contentment under heaven to hear them speak Latin, and, as long as they talked nothing but Tully, he was bound to attend them. A most vain thing it is in many universities at this day that they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages out of Tully. If of a number of shreds of his sentences he can shape an oration, from all the world he carries it away, although in truth it be no more than a fool's coat of many colors. No invention or matter have they of their own, but tack up a style of his stale gallimaufries. The leaden-headed Germans first began this, and we Englishmen have surfeited of their absurd imita-

tion. I pity Nizolius that had nothing to do but pick threads' ends out of an old, overworn garment. . . .

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From *Nashes Lenten Stuffe, Containing . . . the praise of the Red Herring*, 1599

. . . To recount *ab ovo*, or from the church-book of his birth, how the herring first came to be a fish, and then how he came to be king of fishes, and, gradionately, how from white to red he changed, would require as massy a tome as Holinshed; but, in half a pennyworth of paper, I will epitomize them. Let me see, hath anybody in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whom divine Musaeus sung, and a diviner muse than him, Kit Marlowe?

Two faithful lovers they were, as every apprentice in Paul's Churchyard will tell you for your love, and sell you for your money; the one dwelt at Abydos in Asia, which was Leander; the other, which was Hero, his mistress or Delia, at Sestos in Europe, and she was a pretty pinkany and Venus' priest; and but an arm of the sea divided them. It divided them and it divided them not, for over that arm of the sea could be made a long arm. In their parents the most division rested, and their towns that, like Yarmouth and Leystoffe, were still at wrig-wrag and sucked from their mothers' teats serpentine hatred one against each other. Which drove Leander, when he durst not deal above board or be seen aboard any ship to sail to his lady dear, to play the didapper and ducking water spaniel to swim to her; nor that in the day, but by owl-light.

What will not blind night do for blind Cupid? And what will not blind Cupid do in the night, which is his blindman's holiday? By the seaside on the other side stood Hero's tower, such another tower as one of our Irish castles, that is not so wide as a belfry and a cobbler cannot jert out his elbows in; a cage or pigeon-house, roomthsome enough to comprehend her and the toothless trot, her nurse, who was her only chatmate and chambermaid; consultively by her parents being so encloistered from resort that she might live chaste, vestal priest to Venus, the queen of unchastity. She would none of that, she thanked them, for she was better provided; and that which they thought served their turn best of sequestering her from company, served her turn best to embrace the company she desired. Fate is a spaniel that you cannot beat from you; the more you think to cross it, the more you bless it and further it.

Neither her father nor mother vowed chastity when she was begot; therefore, she thought they begat her not to live chaste, and either she must prove herself a bastard or shew herself like them. Of Leander you

may write upon, and it is written upon, she liked well; and for all he was a naked man and clean despoiled to the skin when he sprawled through the brackish suds to scale her tower, all the strength of it could not hold him out. Oh, ware a naked man! Cytherea's nuns have no power to resist him; and some such quality is ascribed to the lion. Were he never so naked when he came to her, because he should not scare her, she found a means to cover him in her bed; and for he might not take cold after his swimming, she lay close by him to keep him warm. This scuffling or bo-peep in the dark they had a while without wem or brack; and the old nurse (as there be three things seldom in their right kind till they be old: a bawd, a witch, and a midwife) executed the huckstering office of her years very charily and circumspectly till their sliding stars revolted from them. And then, for seven days together, the wind and the Hellespont contended which should howl louder; the waves dashed up to the clouds, and the clouds, on the other side, spit and drivelled upon them as fast.

Hero wept as trickling as the heavens, to think that heaven should so divorce them. Leander stormed worse than the storms, that by them he should be so restrained from his Cynthia. At Sestos was his soul, and he could not abide to tarry in Abydos. Rain, snow, hail, or blow it how it could, into the pitchy Hellespont he leapt when the moon and all her torchbearers were afraid to peep out their heads; but he was peppered for it; he had as good have took meat, drink, and leisure. For the churlish, frampold waves gave him his bellyful of fish-broth ere out of their laundry or wash-house they would grant him his coquet or *transire;* and not only that, but they sealed him his *quietus est* for curvetting any more to the maiden tower, and tossed his dead carcass, well bathed or parboiled, to the sandy threshold of his leman or orange for a disjune or morning breakfast. All that livelong night could she not sleep, she was so troubled with the rheum, which was a sign she should hear of some drowning. Yet towards cock-crowing she caught a little slumber; and then she dreamed that Leander and she were playing at checkstone with pearls in the bottom of the sea.

You may see dreams are not so vain as they are preached of, though not in vain preachers inveigh against them and bend themselves out of the people's minds to exhale their foolish superstition. The rheum is the students' disease, and who study most dream most. The laboring men's hands glow and blister after their day's work; the glowing and blistering of our brains after our day-laboring cogitations are dreams, and those dreams are reeking vapors of no impression if our mateless couches be not half empty. Hero hoped, and therefore she dreamed (as all hope is but a dream) her hope was where her heart was; and her heart winding and

turning with the wind, that might wind her heart of gold to her, or else turn him from her. Hope and fear both combatted in her, and both these are wakeful; which made her, at break of day (what an old crone is the day, that is so long abreaking) to unloop her luket or casement, to look whence the blasts came or what gate or pace the sea kept; when forthwith her eyes bred her eyesore, the first white whereon their transpiercing arrows stuck being the breathless corpse of Leander. With the sudden contemplation of this piteous spectacle of her love, sodden to haddock's meat, her sorrow could not choose but be indefinite, if her delight in him were but indifferent; and there is no woman but delights in sorrow, or she would not use it so lightly for everything.

Down she ran in her loose nightgown, and her hair about her ears (even as Semiramis ran out with her lye-pot in her hand and her black dangling tresses about her shoulders, with her ivory comb ensnarled in them, when she heard that Babylon was taken) and thought to have kissed his dead corse alive again; but, as on his blue-jellied sturgeon lips she was about to clap one of those warm plasters, boisterous woolpacks of ridged tides came rolling in and raught him from her (with a mind belike to carry him back to Abydos). At that she became a frantic bacchanal outright, and made no more bones but sprang after him, and so resigned up her priesthood and left work for Musaeus and Kit Marlowe. The gods, and gods and goddesses all on a row, bread and crow, from Ops to Pomona the first apple-wife, were so dumped with this miserable wrack that they began to abhor all moisture for the sea's sake; and Jupiter could not endure Ganimede his cupbearer to come in his presence, both for the dislike he bore to Neptune's baneful liquor, as also that he was so like to Leander. The sun was so in his mumps upon it, that it was almost noon before he could go to cart that day, and then with so ill a will he went that he had thought to have toppled his burning car, or hurry-curry, into the sea (as Phaeton did) to scorch it and dry it up; and at night, when he was begrimed with dust and sweat of his journey, he would not descend, as he was wont, to wash him in the ocean, but under a tree laid him down to rest in his clothes all night. And so did the scowling moon under another, fast by him; which, of that, are behighted the trees of the sun and moon, and are the same that Sir John Mandeville tells us he spoke with, and that spoke to Alexander. Venus, for Hero was her priest, and Juno Lucina, the midwife's goddess, for she was now quickened, and cast away by the cruelty of Æolus, took bread and salt and eat it, that they would be smartly revenged on that truculent windy jailer; and they forgot it not, for Venus made his son and his daughter to commit incest together. Lucina, that there might be some lasting characters of his shame, helped to bring her to bed of a goodly boy, and Æolus, bolting out all this, heaped murder upon murder.

The dint of destiny could not be repealed in the reviving of Hero and Leander, but their heavenly hoods in their synod thus decreed: that for they were, either of them, seaborderers and drowned in the sea, still to the sea they must belong, and be divided in habitation after death as they were in their lifetime. Leander, for that in a cold, dark, testy night he had his passport to Charon, they terminated to the unquiet, cold coast of Iceland, where half the year is nothing but mirk night, and to that fish translated him which of us is termed Ling. Hero, for that she was paggled and tympanized, and sustained two losses under one, they foot-balled their heads together and protested to make the stem of her loins, of all fishes, the slanting Fabyan or Palmerin of England, which is Cadwalader herring. And as their meetings were but seldom, and not so oft as welcome, so but seldom should they meet in the heel of the week at the best men's tables upon Fridays and Saturdays, the holy time of Lent exempted; and then they might be at meat and meal for seven weeks together.

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THOMAS DELONEY

The Introduction and Notes are at page 837

FROM *Thomas of Reading*, [about 1599; the earliest extant edition, the fourth, was printed in 1612]

Thomas of Reading

The pleasant history of the six worthy yeoman of the West.

IN THE days of King Henry the First, who was the first king that instituted the High Court of Parliament, there lived nine men which for the trade of Clothing were famous throughout all England. Which Art in those days was held in high reputation, both in respect of the great riches that thereby was gotten, as also of the benefit it brought to the whole commonwealth; the younger sons of knights and gentlemen, to whom their fathers would leave no lands, were most commonly preferred to learn this trade, to the end that thereby they might live in good estate and drive forth their days in prosperity.

Among all Crafts this was the only chief, for that it was the greatest merchandise by the which our country became famous through all nations. And it was verily thought that the one-half of the people in the land lived in those days thereby, and in such good sort that in the commonwealth there were few or no beggars at all. Poor people, whom God lightly

blesseth with most children, did by means of this occupation so order them that by the time that they were come to be six or seven years of age they were able to get their own bread. Idleness was then banished our coast, so that it was a rare thing to hear of a thief on those days. Therefore it was not without cause that Clothiers were then both honored and loved; among these, nine persons in this king's days were of great credit; viz., Thomas Cole of Reading, Gray of Gloucester, Sutton of Salisbury, Fitzallen of Worcester (commonly called William of Worcester), Tom Dove of Excester, and Simon of Southampton, alias Supbroth; who were by the king called "The six worthy husbands of the West." Then there were three living in the North; that is to say, Cutbert of Kendall, Hodgekins of Halifax, and Martin Byram of Manchester. Every one of these kept a great number of servants at work—spinners, carders, weavers, fullers, dyers, sheermen, and rowers—to the great admiration of all those that came into their houses to behold them.

Now you shall understand these gallant Clothiers, by reason of their dwelling places, separated themselves in three several companies: Gray of Gloucester, William of Worcester, and Thomas of Reading, because their journey to London was all one way, they conversed commonly together. And Dove of Excester, Sutton of Salisbury, and Simon of Southampton, they in like sort kept company the one with the other, meeting ever all together at Basingstoke. And the three northern clothiers did the like, who commonly did not meet till they came to Bosom's Inn in London.

Moreover, for the love and delight that these western men had in each other's company, they did so provide that their wains and themselves would ever meet upon one day in London at Jarrat's Hall, surnamed the Giant, for that he surpassed all other men of that age both in stature and strength; whose merriments and memorable deeds I will set down unto you in this following discourse.

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CHAPTER 2.

How William of Worcester, Gray of Gloucester, and old Cole of Reading met all together at Reading, and of their communication by the way as they rode to London.

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Now when they came to London, they were welcome to the host Jarrat the Giant, and as soon as they were alighted, they were saluted by the Merchants, who waited their coming thither, and always prepared for them a costly supper, where they commonly made their bargain; and

upon every bargain made, they still used to send some tokens to the Clothiers' wives. The next morning they went to the hall, where they met the Northern clothiers, who greeted one another in this sort.

What, my Masters of the West, well met: what cheer? what cheer?

Even the best cheer our Merchants could make us: (quoth Gray).

Then you could not choose but fare well (quoth Hodgekins).

And you be weary of our company, adieu (quoth Sutton).

Not so, said Martin, but shall we not have a game ere we go?

Yes faith for an hundred pounds.

Well said, old Cole (said they), and with that Cole and Gray went to the dice with Martin and Hodgekins; and the dice running on Hodgekins' side, Cole's money began to waste.

Now by the Mass (quoth Cole) my money shrinks as bad as Northern cloth.

When they had played long, Gray stepped to it, and recovered again the money that Cole had lost. But while they were thus playing, the rest being delighted in contrary matters, every man satisfied his own humor.

Tom Dove called for music, William of Worcester for wine, Sutton set his delight in hearing merry tales, Simon of Southampton got him into the kitchen, and to the pottage pot he goes, for he esteemed more of a mess of pottage than of a venison pasty. Now sir, Cutbert of Kendall was of another mind, for no meat pleased him so well as mutton, such as was laced in a red petticoat. And you shall understand that always when they went to dice, they got into Bosom's Inn, which was so called of his name that kept it; who being a foul sloven, went always with his nose in his bosom, and one hand in his pocket, the other on his staff, figuring forth a description of cold winter, for he always wore two coats, two caps, two or three pair of stockings, and a high pair of shoes, over the which he drew on a great pair of lined slippers; and yet would oft complain of cold, wherefore of all men generally he was called Old Bosom, and his house Bosom's Inn.

This lump of cold ice had lately married a young wife, who was as wily as she was wanton, and in her company did Cutbert only delight; and the better to make passage to his love, he would often thus commune with her: I muse good wife (quoth he).

Good wife (quoth she)? Verily sir, in mine opinion, there is none good but God, and therefore call me Mistress.

Then said Cutbert, Fair Mistress, I have often mused that you, being a proper woman, could find in your heart for to match with such a greasy Carl as this, an evil-mannered mate, a foul lump of kitchen stuff, and such a one as is, indeed, a scorn of men; how can you like him that all

women mislike? or love such a loathsome creature? methinks verily it should grieve you to lend him a kiss, much more to lie with him.

Indeed sir, quoth she, I had but hard fortune in this respect, but my friends would have it so, and truly my liking and my love toward him are alike; he never had the one, nor never shall get the other; yet I may say to you, before I married him there were divers proper young men that were suitors unto me, who loved me as their lives, and glad was he that could get my company. Those were my golden days, wherein my pleasure abounded, but these are my years of care and grief, wherein my sorrows exceed. Now no man regards me, no man cares for me; and albeit in secret they might bear me good will, yet who dares shew it? And this is a double grief, he carries over me so jealous a mind that I cannot look at a man but presently he accuseth me of inconstancy, although (I protest) without cause.

And in troth (quoth Cutb.) he should have cause to complain for somewhat, were I as you.

As sure as I live, and so he shall, quoth she, if he do not change his bias.

Cutb. hearing her say so, began to grow further in requesting her favor, wishing he might be her servant and secret friend; and the better to obtain his desire, he gave her divers gifts, insomuch that she began something to listen unto him. And albeit she liked well of his speeches, yet would she blame him, and take him up very short sometimes for the same; till in the end, Cutbert shewed himself to be desperate, saying he would drown himself rather than live in her disdain.

O my sweetheart not so, qd. she, God forbid I should be the death of any man. Comfort thyself, kind Cutbert, and take this kiss in token of further kindness, and if thou wilt have my favor, thou must be wise and circumspect, and in my husband's sight I would always have thee to find fault with my doings, blame my bad housewifery, dispraise my person, and take exceptions at everything; whereby he will be as well pleased as Simon of Southampton with a mess of pottage.

Dear Mistress, quoth he, I will fulfil your charge to the uttermost, so that you will not take my jest in earnest.

She answered, Thy foulest speeches I will esteem the fairest and take every dispraise to be a praise from thee, turning each word to the contrary. And so for this time adieu, good Cutb., for supper time draws near, and it is meet for me to look for my meat.

With that down comes old Bosom, calling his wife, saying, Ho Winifred, is supper ready? they have done playing above; therefore let the Chamberlain cover the table.

By and by husband, qd. she, it shall be done straight way.

How now, my Masters, who wins, qd. Cutb.

Our money walks to the West, qd. Martin; Cole hath won forty pound of me, and Gray hath gotten well.

The best is, qd. Hodgekins, they will pay for our supper.

Then let us have good store of sack, qd. Sutton.

Content, said Cole, for I promise you, I strive not to grow rich by dice-playing; therefore call for what you will, I will pay for all.

Yea, said Simon! Chamberlain, I pray thee bring a whole bottle of pottage for me.

Now Tom Dove had all the fiddlers at a beck of his finger, which follow him up and down the city, as diligent as little chickens after a hen, and made a vow that there should want no music. And at that time there lived in London a musician of great reputation, named Reior, who kept his servants in such costly garments that they might seem to come before any Prince. Their coats were all of one color; and it is said, that afterward the nobility of this land, noting it for a seemly sight, used in like manner to keep their men all in one livery. This Reior was the most skillfulest musician that lived at that time, whose wealth was very great, so that all the instruments whereon his servants played were richly garnished with studs of silver, and some gold; the bows belonging to their Violins were all likewise of pure silver. He was also for his wisdom called to great office in the city; who also builded (at his own cost) the priory and hospital of Saint Bartholomew in Smithfield. His servants, being the best consorts in the city, were by Tom Dove appointed to play before the young Princes.

Then supper being brought to the board, they all sat down, and by and by after comes up their host, who took his place among them; and anon after, the good-wife in a red petticoat and a waistcoat, comes among them as white as a Lily, saying, My Masters, you are welcome, I pray you be merry.

Thus falling close to their meat, when they had well fed, they found leisure to talk one with another: at what time Cutb. began thus to find fault, Ywis, my host, quoth he, you have a wise housewife to your wife; here is meat dressed of a new fashion; God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.

Why what ails the meat, quoth she, serves it not your turn? Better men than yourself are content withal, but a paltry companion is ever worst to please.

Away, you sluttish thing, qd. Cutb., your husband hath a sweet jewel of you. I marvel such a grave ancient man would match himself with such a young giglot, that hath as much handsomeness in her as good housewifery, which is just nothing at all.

Well sir, said she, in regard of my husband's presence I am loth to aggravate anger; otherwise I would tell thee thy own.

Go to, what need all this, quoth the company? In good faith, Cutb., you are to blame; you find fault where none is.

Tush, I must speak my mind, quoth Cutbert, I cannot dissemble; I trust the good man thinks never the worse of me; so I have his good will, what the foul evil care I for his wife's.

Enough, quoth Tom Dove, let us with music remove these brabbles; we mean to be merry, and not melancholy.

Then said old Cole, Now trust me, Cutbert, we will have your hostess and you friends ere we part. Here, woman, I drink to you, and regard not his words, for he is babbling wheresoever he comes.

Quoth the woman, nothing grieves me so much as that he should thus openly check me; if he had found anything amiss, he might have spied a better time to tell me of it than now; ywis, he need not thrust my bad housewifery into my husband's head; I live not so quietly with him, God wot. And with that she wept.

Come Cutb., quoth they, drink to her, and shake hands and be friends.

Come on, you puling baggage, quoth he, I drink to you; here, will you pledge me and shake hands?

No (quoth she) I will see thee choked first. Shake hands with thee! I will shake hands with the devil as soon.

Go to, said her husband, you shall shake hands with him then. If you will not shake hands, I'll shake you. What, you young housewife!

Well husband, said she, it becomes a woman to obey her husband; in regard whereof, I drink to him.

That's well said, quoth the company. And so she took her leave and went down.

And within a while after, they paid the shot, and departed thence to Jarrat's Hall, where they went to their lodging. And the next day they took their way homeward all together; and coming to Colebrook, they took up their lodging. And it was Cole's custom to deliver his money to the good-wife of the house to keep it till morning, which in the end turned to his utter destruction, as hereafter shall be shewed.

CHAPTER 3.

How Gray's wife of Gloucester, with one or two more of her neighbors, went to the Fair, where servants came to be hired, and how she took the Earl of Shrewsbury's Daughter into her service.

It was wont to be an old custom in Gloucestershire, that at a certain time in the year all such young men and maidens as were out of service

resorted to a fair that was kept near Gloucester, there to be ready for any that would come to hire them; the young men stood all on a row on the one side, and the maidens on the other. It came to pass that the Earl of Shrewsbury's daughter, whose father was lately banished, being driven into great distress, and weary with travail, as one whose delicate life was never used to such toil, sat her down upon the highway side, making this lamentation.

O false and deceitful world, qd. she! Who is in thee that wishes not to be rid of thee, for thy extremities are great? Thou are deceitful to all, and trusty to none. Fortune is thy treasurer, who is like thyself, wavering and unconstant; she setteth up tyrants, beateth down Kings; giveth shame to some, and renown to others. Fortune giveth these evils, and we see it not; with her hands she toucheth us, and we feel it not; she treads us under foot, and we know it not; she speaks in our ears, and we hear her not; she cries aloud, and we understand her not. And why? Because we know her not until misery doth make her manifest.

Ah my dear father, well mayest thou do! Of all misfortunes it is most unhappy to be fortunate; and by this misfortune came my fall. Was ever good Lady brought to this extremity? What is become of my rare Jewels, my rich array, my sumptuous fare, my waiting servants, my many friends, and all my vain pleasures? My pleasure is banished by displeasure, my friends fled like foes, my servants gone, my feasting turned to fasting, my rich array consumed to rags, and my jewels deck out my chiefest enemies. Therefore of all things the meanest state is best, poverty with surety is better than honor mixed with fear; seeing God hath allotted me to this misery of life, I will frame my heart to embrace humility, and carry a mind answerable to my misfortunes. Fie on this vain title of Ladyship! how little doth it avail the distressed? No, no, I must therefore forget my birth and parentage, and think no more on my father's house, where I was wont to be served; now will I learn to serve, and plain Meg shall be my name. Good Lord grant I may get a good service; nay, any service shall serve, where I may have meat, drink, and apparel.

She had no sooner spoke these words, but she spied a couple of maidens more coming toward her, who were going to the fair; and bidding her good morrow, asked her if she went to the fair.

Yea marry, qd. she, I am a poor man's child that is out of service, and I hear that at the Statute folks do come of purpose to hire servants.

True it is, said the maidens, and thither go we for the same purpose, and would be glad of your company.

With a good will, and I am right glad of yours, said she, beseeching you, good maidens, you will do me the favor to tell me what service were

best for me; for the more to blame my parents, they would never put me forth to know anything.

Why what can you do (quoth the maidens) can you brew and bake, make butter and cheese, and reap corn well?

No verily, said Margaret, but I would be right glad to learn to do anything whatsoever it be.

If you could spin or card, said another, you might do excellent well with a clothier, for they are the best services that I know; there you shall be sure to fare well, and to live merrily.

Then Margaret wept, saying alas, what shall I do? I was never brought up to these things.

What, can you do nothing, quoth they?

No truly (quoth she) that is good for anything, but I can read and write, and sew; some skill I have in my needle, and a little on my Lute; but this, I see, will profit me nothing.

Good Lord, quoth they, are you bookish? We did never hear of a maid before that could read and write. And although you can do no other thing, yet possibly you may get a service, if you can behave yourself mannerly.

I pray you, qd. another, seeing you are bookish, will you do so much as to read a love-letter that is sent me, for I was at a friend's of mine with it, and he was not at home; and so I know not what is in it.

I pray you let me see it, quoth Margaret, and I will shew you.

Whereupon she readeth as followeth.

O Jenny my joy, I die for thy love,
And now I hear say that thou dost remove;
And therefore, Jenny, I pray thee recite,
Where I shall meet thee soon at night.

For why, with my Master no more will I stay,
But for thy love I will run away;
O Jenny, Jenny, thou putst me to pain,
That thou no longer wilt here remain.

I will wear out my shoes of Neats Leather,
But thou and I will meet together,
And in spite of Fortune, Rat, or Mouse,
We will dwell together in one house.

For who doth not esteem of thee
Shall have no service done of me;
Therefore good Jenny have a care
To meet poor Fragment at the fair.

Now alas, good soul (quoth Jenny) I think he be the kindest young man in the world.

The rest answered, that he seemed no less.

And surely it appeareth that he is a pretty witty fellow, quoth one of them, how finely he hath written his letter in rhyme; trust me, I will give you a good thing, and let me have a copy of it to send to my sweetheart.

That you shall with all my heart. And so coming to the fair, they took up their standing.

Within a while after, goodwife Gray of Gloucester came thither to store herself of divers commodities; and when she had bought what she would, she told her neighbor she had great need of a maidservant or twain. Therefore qd. she, good neighbor go with me, and let me have your opinion.

With a good will, said her neighbor, and together they went, and looking and viewing the maidens over, she took special notice of Margaret.

Believe me, quoth she, there stands a very proper maiden, and one of a modest and comely countenance.

Verily, said her neighbor, so she is, as ever I looked upon.

The maiden seeing them to view her so well, was so abashed that a scarlet color overspread her lily cheeks, which the woman perceiving came unto her and asked if she were willing to serve.

The maid with a low curtsey, and a most gentle speech, answered it was the only cause of her coming.

Can you spin or card, said goodwife Gray?

Truly Dame, said she, though my cunning therein be but small, my goodwill to learn is great, and I trust my diligence shall content you.

What wages will you take, quoth goodwife Gray?

I will refer that, said Margaret, to your conscience and courtesy, desiring no more than what I shall deserve. Then asking what country woman she was, the maiden wept, saying, Ah good Dame, I was untimely born in Shropshire, of poor parents, and yet not so needy as unfortunate; but death having ended their sorrows, hath left me to the cruelty of these envious times, to finish my parents' tragedy with my troubles.

What Maiden! qd. her dame, have you a care to do your business, and to live in God's fear, and you shall have no care to regard Fortune's frowns. And so they went home together.

Now, so soon as the goodman saw her, he asked his wife where she had that maiden. She said, at the fair.

Why then, quoth he, thou hast brought all the fair away, and I doubt

it were better for us to send the fair to another Town than to keep the fair here.

Why man, quoth she, what mean you by that?

Woman, I mean this, that she will prove a Loadstone, to draw the hearts of all my men after her; and so we shall have wise service done of all sides.

Then said his wife, I hope, husband, Margaret will have a better care both to her own credit and our commodity than so; and so let her alone to look to such matters.

Is thy name Margaret (quoth her Master)? Proper is thy name to thy person, for thou art a pearl indeed, orient, and rich in beauty.

His wife hearing him say so, began to change her opinion. What husband (quoth she) is the wind at that door? Begin you to like your maid so well? I doubt I had most need to look to yourself. Before God, I had rather than an angel I had chosen some other. But hear you, maid; you shall pack hence; I will not nourish a snake in my bosom; and therefore get you gone; I will none of you; provide a service where you may.

The maiden hearing her say so, fell down on her knees and besought her, saying, O sweet dame, be not so cruel to me, to turn me out of doors now. Alas, I know not where to go, or what to do, if you forsake me. O let not the fading beauty of my face despoil me of your favor; for rather than that shall hinder my service, this my knife shall soon disfigure my face, and I will banish beauty as my greatest enemy. And with that her abundant tears stopped her speech, that she could not utter one word more.

The woman, seeing this, could not harbor anger longer, nor could her master stay in the room for weeping.

Well, Margaret, said her dame (little knowing that a Lady kneeled before her) using thyself well, I will keep thee; and thou shalt have my good will, if thou govern thyself with wisdom. And so she sent her about her business.

Her husband, coming to supper, said: How now wife, art thou so doubtful of me that thou hast put away thy maiden?

I wis (qd. she) you are a wise man, to stand praising of a maid's beauty before her face.

And you a wise woman (qd. he) to grow jealous without a cause.

So to supper they went, and because Margaret shewed herself of finest behavior above the rest, she was appointed to wait on the table. And it is to be understood that Gray did never eat his meat alone, but still had some of his neighbors with him, before whom he called his maid, saying, Margaret, come hither. Now because there was another of the same name in the house, she made answer.

I call not you, maiden, quoth he, but Margaret with the lily white hand.

After which time she was ever called so.

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CHAPTER 5.

How the Clothiers had provided a sumptuous feast for the King's sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, at Jarrat's Hall, shewing also what chance befell Cutbert of Kendall at that same instant.

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It is to be remembered, that while this preparation was in hand, that Cutbert of Kendall had not forgot his kindness to his hostess of Bosom's Inn. Therefore, finding time convenient when her husband was overseeing his haymakers, he greeted her in this sort, Sweet hostess, though I were the last time I was in town over bold with you, yet I hope it was not so offensive to you as you made shew for.

Bold, my Cut, quoth she? thou hast vowed thyself my servant; and so being, you are not to be blamed for doing what I willed you. By my honesty, I could not choose but smile to myself, so soon as I was out of their sight, to think how prettily you began to brabble.

But now, quoth he, we will change our chidings to kissings, and it vexeth me that these cherry lips should be subject to such a Lobcock as thy husband.

Subject to him, quoth she! In faith sir, no. I will have my lips at as much liberty as my tongue; the one to say what I list, and the other to touch whom I like. In troth, shall I tell thee, Cutbert, the churl's breath smells so strong that I care as much for kissing of him as for looking on him; 'tis such a misshapen miser, and such a bundle of beastliness, that I can never think on him without spitting. Fie upon him! I would my friends had carried me to my grave, when they went with me to the Church to make him my husband. And so shedding a few dissembling tears, she stopped.

What my sweet Mistress (quoth he) weep you? Nay, sit down by my side, and I will sing thee one of my country Jigs to make thee merry.

Wilt thou in faith (quoth she)?

Yes verily, said Cutbert.

And in troth, quoth she, if you fall a-singing I will sing with you.

That is well; you can so suddenly change your notes, quoth Cut. Then have at it.

MAN. Long have I lov'd this bonny Lass,
Yet durst not shew the same.
WOM. There in you prove yourself an Ass.
MAN. I was the more to blame.
Yet still will I remain to thee,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly:
Thy friend and lover secretly.
WOM. Thou art my own sweet bully.

MAN. But when shall I enjoy thee,
delight of thy fair love?
WOM. Even when thou seest that fortune doth,
all manner lets remove.
MAN. O, I will fold thee in my arms,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly,
And keep thee so from sudden harms,
WOM. Thou art my own sweet bully.

WOM. My husband he is gone from home,
You know it very well.
MAN. But when will he return again?
WOM. In troth I cannot tell.
If long he keep him out of sight,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly,
Be sure thou shalt have thy delight.
MAN. Thou art my bonny lassie.

While they were singing this song, her husband being on a sudden come home, stood secretly in a corner and heard all, and blessing himself with both his hands, said, O abhominable dissimulation, monstrous hypocrisy, and are you in this humor? can you brawl together and sing together? Well, quoth he, I will let them alone, to see a little more of their knavery. Never did Cat watch Mouse so narrowly as I will watch them. And so going into the Kitchen, he asked his wife if it were not dinner time.

Even by and by, husband (quoth she) the meat will be ready.

Presently after comes in Hodgekins and Martin, who straight asked for Cutbert of Kendall. Answer was made, that he was in his Chamber. So when they had called him, they went to dinner. Then they requested that their host and hostess would sit with them.

Husband (said she) you may go if you please; but as for me, I will desire pardon.

Nay, good wife, go up, said her husband. What woman, you must bear with your guests.

Why husband, qd. she, do you think that any can bear the flirts and

frumps which that Northern tike gave me the last time he was in town? Now God forgive me, I had as lief see the devil as to see him. Therefore, good husband, go up yourself, and let me alone, for in faith I shall never abide that Jack while I live.

Upon these words away went her husband, and though he said little, he thought more. Now when he came up, his guests bade him welcome.

I pray you sit down, good mine host, quoth they, where is your wife? what will not she sit with us?

No verily, said he, the foolish woman hath taken such a displeasure against Cutbert that she swears she will never come in his company.

Is it so, said the other? then trust me we are well agreed. And I swear by my father's soul, quoth he, that were it not more for good will to you than love to her, I would never come to your house more.

I believe it well, said old Bosom. And so with other communication they drove out the time, till Dinner was ended.

After they were risen, Martin and Hodgekins got them forth about their affairs, but Cut. took his host by the hand, saying, My host, I'll go talk with your wife; for my part I thought we had been friends; but seeing her stomach is so big, and her heart so great, I will see what she will say to me. And with that he stepped into the kitchen, saying, God speed you hostess.

It must be when you away then, said she.

What is your reason, said the other?

Because God never comes where knaves are present.

Gip gooddy draggletail, qd. he, had I such a wife I would present her tallow-face to the devil for a candle.

With that she bent her brows, and like a fury of hell began to fly at him, saying, Why you gag-tooth Jack, you blinking companion, get thee out of my Kitchen quickly, or with my powdered Beef broth I will make your pate as bald as a Friar's.

Get me gone, quoth he? thou shalt not bid me twice. Out, you dirty heels, you will make your husband's hair grow through his hood I doubt.

And with that he got him into the Hall, and sat him down on the bench by his host, to whom he said: Tis pity, my Host, that your aged years that loves quietness should be troubled with such a scolding quean.

Aye, God help me, God help me, quoth the old man, and so went towards the Stable; which his wife watching, suddenly stepped out and gave Cutbert a kiss.

Within an hour after, the old man craftily called for his Nag to ride to field; but as soon as he was gone, Cutbert and his Hostess were such good friends that they got into one of the Warehouses, and locked the door to them. But her husband having set a spy for the purpose, suddenly

turned back, and called for a capcase which lay in the Warehouse. The servant could not find the key by any means. Whereupon he called to have the lock broke open. Which they within hearing, opened the door of their own accord.

So soon as her husband spied her in that place, with admiration he said: O the passion of my heart, what do you here? what, you two that cannot abide one another? what make you so close together? is your chiding and railing, brabbling and brawling, come to this? O what dissemblers are these!

Why, my host, qd. Cutbert, what need you take the matter so hot? I gave a Cheese to my countryman Hodgekins, to lay up, and delivered it to your wife to be kept; and then is it not reason that she should come and seek me my Cheese?

O, qd. the old man, belike the door was locked because the cheese should not run away.

The door, said his wife, unknown to us clapped to itself, and having a spring lock was presently fast.

Well housewife, qd. he; I will give you as much credit as a Crocodile; but as for your companion, I will teach him to come hither to look cheeses. And with that he caused his men to take him presently, and to bind him hand and foot. Which being done, they drew him up in a basket into the smoky louvre of the hall, and there they did let him hang all that night, even till the next day dinner time, when he should have been at the banquet with the princes; for neither Hodgekins nor Martin could entreat their inflamed host to let him down.

And in such a heat was he driven with drawing him up, that he was fain to cast off his gowns, his coats, and two pair of his stockings to cool himself, making a vow he should hang there seven years, except the king's sons came in person to beg his pardon, which most of all grieved Cutbert. When Cole and the rest of the western yeomen heard hereof, they could not choose but laugh to think that he was so taken tardy.

The young princes having given promise to be with the Clothiers, kept their hour, but when all the rest went to give them entertainment, Simon was so busy in supping his pottage that he could not spare so much time. Which when the princes saw, with a smiling countenance they said, Sup Simon, there's good broth,

Or else beshrew our hostess: quoth he, never looking behind him to see who spake, till the Prince clapped him on the shoulder. But good Lord, how blank he was when he spied them, knowing not how to excuse the matter.

Well, the princes having ended their banquet, Jarrat comes and with one of his hands took the table of sixteen foot long quite from the ground

over their heads, from before the princes, and set it on the other side of the hall, to the great admiration of all them that beheld it.

The princes being then ready to depart, the Clothiers moved them in pleasant manner to be good to one of their company, that did neither sit, lie, nor stand.

Then he must needs hang, qd. the princes.

And so he doth, most excellent princes, qd. they; and therewithal told them the whole matter.

When they heard the story, down to Bosom's Inn they go, where looking up into the roof, spied poor Cutbert pinned up in a basket, and almost smoked to death; who, although he were greatly ashamed, yet most pitifully desired that they would get him released.

What is his trespass, said the prince?

Nothing, if it shall like your Grace, qd. he, but for looking for a cheese:

But he could not find it without my wife, said the goodman; the villain had lately dined with mutton, and could not digest his meat without cheese; for which cause I have made him to fast these twenty hours, to the end he may have a better stomach to eat his dinner than to use dalliance.

Let me entreat you, quoth the prince, to release him; and if ever hereafter you catch him in the corn, clap him in the pound.

Your Grace shall request or command anything at my hand, said the old man; and so Cutbert was let down unbound; but when he was loose, he vowed never to come within that house more.

And it is said the old man Bosom ordained that in remembrance of this deed, every year once all such as came thither to ask for cheeses should be so served; which thing is to this day kept.

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CHAPTER IO.

How Duke Robert came a-wooing to Margaret with the white hand, and how he appointed to come and steal her away from her Masters.

The beautiful Margaret, who had now dwelt with her Dame the space of four years, was highly regarded and secretly beloved of many gallant Gentlemen of the country, but of two most especially, Duke Robert, and Sir William Ferris.

It chanced on a time that fair Margaret with many others of her Master's folks, went a hay-making attired in a red stammell petticoat, and a

broad straw hat upon her head. She had also a hay fork, and in her lap she did carry her breakfast. As she went along, Duke Robert, with one or two of his keepers, met with her, whose amiable sight did now anew kindle the secret fire of love, which long lay smothering in his heart. Wherefore meeting her so happily, he saluted her thus friendly.

Fair maid, good morrow; are you walking so diligently to your labor? Needs must the weather be fair, where the sun shines so clear, and the hay wholesome that is dried with such splendant rays.

Renowned and most notable Duke (qd. she) poor harvest folks pray for fair weather, and it is the laborers' comfort to see his work prosper; and the more happy may we count the day that is blessed with your princely presence.

But more happy, said the Duke, are they which are conversant in thy company. But let me entreat thee to turn back to thy master's with me, and commit thy fork to some that are fitter for such toil; trust me, methinks thy dame is too much ill advised in setting thee to such homely business. I muse thou canst endure this vile beseeming servitude, whose delicate limbs were never framed to prove such painful experiments.

Albeit, quoth she, it becometh not me to control your judicial thoughts, yet were you not the Duke, I would say your opinion deceived you. Though your fair eyes seem clear, yet I deemed them unperfect, if they cast before your mind any shadow or spark of beauty in me. But I rather think, because it hath been an old saying, that women are proud to hear themselves praised, that you either speak this to drive away the time, or to wring me from my too apparent imperfections. But I humbly entreat pardon; too long have I foreslowed my business, and shewn myself over bold in your presence. And therewith, with a courtly grace, bending her knees to the courteous Duke, she went forward to the field, and the Duke to the town of Gloucester.

When he came thither, he made his keepers great cheer, entreating them they would give him respite to be awhile with old Gray; for we twain must have a game or two, quoth he. And for my safe return, I gage to you my princely word, that as I am a true Knight and a Gentleman, I will return safe to your charge again.

The Keepers being content, the Duke departed, and with old Gray goes to the field to peruse the workfolks, where while Gray found himself busy in many matters, he took opportunity to talk with Margaret. She who by his letters before was privy to his purpose, guessed beforehand the cause of his coming; to whom he spake to this effect:

Fair Maid, I did long since manifest my love to thee by my letter; tell me therefore, were it not better to be a Duchess than a drudge? a Lady of high reputation than a servant of simple degree? With me thou mightest

live in pleasure, where here thou drawest thy days forth in pain; by my love thou shouldst be made a Lady of great treasures; where now thou art poor and beggarly, all manner of delights should then attend on thee, and whatsoever thy heart desired thou shouldst have. Wherefore, seeing it lies in thy own choice, make thyself happy by consenting to my suit.

Sir (quoth she) I confess your love deserves a Lady's favor, your affection a faithful friend, such a one as could make but one heart and mind of two hearts and bodies; but far unfit it is that the Turtle should match with the Eagle; though her love be never so pure, her wings are unfit to mount so high. While Thales gazed on the stars, he stumbled in a pit. And they that climb unadvisedly, catch a fall suddenly; what availeth high dignity in time of adversity? It neither helpeth the sorrow of the heart, nor removes the body's misery. As for wealth and treasure, what are they but fortune's baits to bring men in danger? good for nothing but to make people forget themselves. And whereas you allege poverty to be a hinderer of the heart's comfort, I find it in myself contrary, knowing more surety to rest under a simple habit than a royal robe. And verily there is none in the world poor, but they that think themselves poor; for such as are indued with content, are rich, having nothing else; but he that is possessed with riches, without content, is most wretched and miserable. Wherefore most noble Duke, albeit I account my life unworthy of your least favor, yet I would desire you to match your love to your like, and let me rest to my Rake, and use my Fork for my living.

Consider, fair Margaret (quoth he) that it lies not in man's power to place his love where he list, being the work of an high deity. A bird was never seen in Pontus, nor true love in a fleeting mind; never shall I remove the affection of my heart, which in nature resembleth the stone Abiston, whose fire can never be cooled. Wherefore, sweet maiden, give not obstinate denial, where gentle acceptance ought to be received.

Fair sir (quoth she) consider what high displeasure may rise by a rash match, what danger a King's frowns may breed. My worthless matching with your royalty, may perhaps regain your liberty, and hazard my life; then call to mind how little you should enjoy your love, or I my wedded Lord.

The Duke at these words made this reply, that if she consented, she should not dread any danger. The thunder (quoth he) is driven away by ringing of bells, the Lion's wrath qualified by a yielding body; how much more a brother's anger with a brother's entreaty? By me he hath received many favors, and never yet did he requite any one of them; and who is ignorant that the princely crown which adorneth his head is my right? All which I am content he shall still enjoy, so he requite my kindness. But if he should not, then would I be like those men (that eating of

the tree Lotus) forget the country where they were born, and never more should this clime cover my head; but with thee would I live in a strange land, being better content with an egg in thy company than with all the delicates in England.

The maiden hearing this, who with many other words was long wooed, at last consented; where yielding to him her heart with her hand, he departed, appointing to certify her from Cardiff Castle what determination he would follow. So taking his leave of Gray, he went to his keepers, and with them posted to Cardiff.

Now it is to be remembered that Sir William Ferris within a day or two after came unto Gray's house, as it was his ordinary custom, but not so much I wis for Gray's company, as for the mind he had to Margaret his maid; who, although he were a married man and had a fair Lady to his wife, yet he laid hard siege to the fort of this maiden's chastity, having with many fair words sought to allure her, and by the offer of sundry rich gifts to tempt her. But when she saw that by a hundred denials she could not be rid of him, she now chanced on a sudden to give him such an answer as drove him from deceit into such a conceit as never after that time he troubled her.

Sir William Ferris being very importunate to have her grant his desire, and when after sundry assaults she gave him still the repulse, he would needs know the reason why she would not love him. Quoth he, If thou didst consider who he is that seeketh thy favor, what pleasure he may do thee by his purse, and what credit by his countenance, thou wouldst never stand on such nice points. If I be thy friend, who dareth be thy foe? and what is he that will once call thy name in question for any thing? Therefore, sweet girl, be better advised, and refuse not my offer, being so large.

Truly, Sir William (quoth she) though there be many reasons to make me deny your suit, yet is there one above the rest that causes me I cannot love you.

Now I pray thee, my wench, let me know that, quoth he, and I will amend it whatsoever it be.

Pardon me, sir, said Margaret, if I should speak my mind, it would possibly offend you and do me no pleasure, because it is a defect in nature which no physic can cure.

Sir William hearing on her so, being abashed at her speech, said, Fair Margaret, let me (if I may obtain no more at thy hands) yet entreat thee to know what this defect should be, I am not wry-necked, crook-legged, stub-footed, lame-handed, nor bleary-eyed: what can make this mislike? I never knew anybody that took exceptions at my person before.

And the more sorry am I, quoth she, that I was so malapert to speak it, but pardon my presumption, good Sir William, I would I had been like

the stork, tongueless; then should I never have caused your disquiet.

Nay sweet Margaret, quoth he, tell me dear love. I commend thy singleness of heart; good Margaret, speak.

Good Sir William, let it rest, quoth she. I know you will not believe it when I have revealed it, neither is it a thing that you can help; and yet such is my foolishness, had it not been for that, I think verily I had granted your suit ere now. But seeing you urge me so much to know what it is, I will tell you. It is sir, your ill-favored great nose, that hangs sagging so loathsomely to your lips that I cannot find in my heart so much as to kiss you.

What, my nose, quoth he? Is my nose so great and I never knew it? Certainly I thought my nose to be as comely as any man's; but this it is, we are all apt to think well of ourselves, and a great deal better than we ought. But let me see? My nose! By the mass, 'tis true; I do now feel it myself. Good Lord, how was I blinded before!

Hereupon it is certain that the Knight was driven into such a conceit, as none could persuade him but his nose was so great indeed; his Lady, or any other that spake to the contrary, he would say they were flatterers, and that they lied; insomuch that he would be ready to strike some of them that commended and spake well of his nose. If they were men of worship, or any other that contraried him in his opinion, he would swear they flouted him, and be ready to challenge them the field. He became so ashamed of himself that after that day he would never go abroad; whereby Margaret was well rid of his company.

On a time, a wise and grave gentleman, seeing him grounded in his conceit so strongly, gave his Lady counsel not to contrary him therein, but rather say that she would seek out some cunning Physician to cure him; for, said he, as Sir William hath taken this conceit of himself, so is he like never to bear other opinion till his own conceit doth remove it, the which must be wisely wrought to bring it to pass.

Whereupon, the Lady having conferred with a Physician that bear a great name in the country, he undertook to remove this fond conceit by his skill. The day being appointed when the Physician should come, and the knight being told thereof, for very joy he would go forth to meet him, when a woman of the Town saw the Knight, having heard what rumor went because of his nose, she looked very steadfastly upon him. The knight casting his eye upon her, seeing her to gaze so wistly in his face, with an angry countenance said thus to her, Why, how now, good housewife, can you not get you about your business?

The woman being a shrewish quean, answered him cuttedly, No, Marry, can I not, qd. she.

No, you drab! What is the cause, said the knight?

Because, quoth she, your nose stands in my way. Wherewith the knight being very angry, and abashed, went back again to his house.

The Physician being come, he had filled a certain bladder with sheep's blood, and conveyed it into his sleeve, where at the issue of the bladder he had put in a piece of swan's quill, through the which the blood should run out of the bladder so close by his hand that he, holding the knight by the nose, it might not be perceived but that it issued thence. All things being prepared, he told the knight that by a foul corrupt blood wherewith the veins of his nose were overcharged his impediment did grow; therefore, qd. he, to have redress for this disease, you must have a vein opened in your nose, whence this foul corruption must be taken; whereupon it will follow that your nose will fall again to his natural proportion, and never shall you be troubled with this grief any more; and thereupon will I gage my life.

I pray you master doctor, said the Knight, is my nose so big as you make it?

With reverence I may speak it, said the physician, to tell the truth, and avoid flattery, I never saw a more misshapen nose so foul to sight.

Lo you now, Madam, quoth the knight, this is you that said my nose was as well, as handsome, and as comely a nose as any man's.

Alas sir, quoth she, I spake it (God wot) because you should not grieve at it, nor take my words in ill part; neither did it indeed become me to mislike of your nose.

All this we will quickly remedy, said the physician, have no doubt. And with that, he very orderly pricked him in the nose, but not in any vein whereby he might bleed; and presently having a trick finely to unstop the quill, the blood ran into a basin in great abundance. And when the bladder was empty, and the basin almost full, the Physician seemed to close the vein, and asked him how he felt his nose, shewing the great quantity of filthy blood which from thence he had taken.

The knight beholding it with great wonder, said he thought that no man in the world had been troubled with such abundance of corrupt blood in his whole body, as lay in his misshapen nose; and therewithal he began to touch and handle his nose, saying that he felt it mightily assuaged. Immediately a glass was brought wherein he might behold himself.

Yea marry, qd. he, now I praise God, I see my nose is come into some reasonable proportion, and I feel myself very well eased of the burden thereof; but if it continue thus, that's all.

I will warrant your worship, said the physician, for ever being troubled with the like again.

Whereupon the Knight received great joy, and the Doctor a high reward.

CHAPTER II.

How Thomas of Reading was murdered at his host's house of Colebrook, who also had murdered many before him, [and] how their wickedness was at length revealed.

Thomas of Reading having many occasions to come to London, as well about his own affairs as also the king's business, being in a great office under his Majesty, it chanced on a time that his host and hostess of Colebrook, who through covetousness had murdered many of his guests, and having every time he came thither great store of his money to lay up, appointed him to be the next fat pig that should be killed. For it is to be understood, that when they plotted the murder of any man, this was always their term, the man to his wife, and the woman to her husband: Wife, there is now a fat pig to be had, if you want one.

Whereupon she would answer thus, I pray you put him in the hogsty till tomorrow.

This was, when any man came thither alone without others in his company, and they saw he had great store of money.

This man should be then laid in the chamber right over the kitchen, which was a fair chamber, and better set out than any other in the house; the best bedstead therein, though it were little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved, and fair to the eye; the feet whereof were fast nailed to the chamber floor, in such sort that it could not in any wise fall; the bed that lay therein was fast sewed to the sides of the bedstead. Moreover, that part of the chamber whereupon this bed and bedstead stood was made in such sort that by the pulling out of two iron pins below in the kitchen, it was to be let down and taken up by a drawbridge, or in manner of a trapdoor. Moreover, in the kitchen, directly under the place where this should fall, was a mighty great caldron, wherein they used to seethe their liquor when they went to brewing. Now, the men appointed for the slaughter were laid into this bed, and in the dead time of the night, when they were sound asleep, by plucking out the foresaid iron pins, down would the man fall out of his bed into the boiling caldron, and all the clothes that were upon him; where being suddenly scalded and drowned, he was never able to cry or speak one word.

Then had they a little ladder ever standing ready in the kitchen, by the which they presently mounted into the said chamber, and there closely take away the man's apparel, as also his money, in his male or capcase; and then lifting up the said falling floor which hung by hinges, they made it fast as before.

The dead body would they take presently out of the Caldron and throw

it down the river, which ran near unto their house, whereby they escaped all danger.

Now if in the morning any of the rest of the guests that had talked with the murdered man over eve, chanced to ask for him as having occasion to ride the same way that he should have done, the goodman would answer, that he took horse a good while before day, and that he himself did set him forward. The horse the goodman would also take out of the stable, and convey him by a haybarn of his that stood from his house a mile or two; whereof himself did always keep the keys full charily, and when any hay was to be brought from thence, with his own hands he would deliver it. Then, before the horse should go from thence, he would dismark him; as, if he wore a long tail, he would make him curtal; or else crop his ears, or cut his mane, or put out one of his eyes; and by this means he kept himself unknown.

Now Thomas of Reading, as I said before, being marked, and kept for a fat pig, he was laid in the same chamber of death; but by reason Gray of Gloucester chanced also to come that night, he escaped scalding.

The next time, he came, he was laid there again, but before he fell asleep, or was warm in his bed, one came riding through the town and cried piteously that London was all on a fire, and that it had burned down Thomas Becket's house in Westcheape, and a great number more in the same street, and yet (quoth he) the fire is not quenched.

Which tidings when Thomas of Reading heard, he was very sorrowful, for of the same Becket that day he had received a great piece of money, and had left in his house many of his writings, and some that appertained to the king also. Therefore there was no nay but he would ride back again to London presently, to see how the matter stood; thereupon making himself ready, departed. This cross fortune caused his host to frown; nevertheless the next time (quoth he) will pay for all.

Notwithstanding God so wrought, that they were prevented then likewise, by reason of a great fray that happened in the house betwixt a couple that fell out at Dice, insomuch as the murderers themselves were enforced to call him up, being a man in great authority, that he might set the house in quietness; out of the which by means of this quarrel, they doubted to lose many things.

Another time when he should have been laid in the same place, he fell so sick that he requested to have somebody to watch with him, whereby also they could not bring their vile purpose to pass. But hard it is to escape the ill fortunes whereunto a man is allotted. For albeit that the next time that he came to London, his horse stumbled and broke one of his legs as he should ride homeward, yet hired he another to hasten his own death; for there is no remedy but he should go to Colebrook that night. But by

the way he was heavy asleep, that he could scant keep himself in the saddle; and when he came near unto the Town, his nose burst out suddenly ableeding.

Well, to his Inn he came, and so heavy was his heart that he could eat no meat. His host and hostess hearing he was so Melancholy, came up to cheer him, saying, Jesus, Master Cole, what ails you tonight? Never did we see you thus sad before; will it please you to have a quart of burned sack?

With a good will (quoth he) and would to God Thomas Dove were here; he would surely make me merry, and we should lack no music. But I am sorry for the man with all my heart, that he is come so far behind hand; but alas, so much can every man say, but what good doth it him? No no, it is not words can help a man in this case; the man had need of other relief than so. Let me see; I have but one child in the world and that is my daughter, and half that I have is hers, the other half my wife's. What then? Shall I be good to nobody but them? In conscience, my wealth is too much for a couple to possess, and what is our Religion without charity? And to whom is charity more to be shown than to decayed householders?

Good my host, lend me a pen and ink, and some paper, for I will write a letter unto the poor man straight; and something I will give him. That alms which a man bestows with his own hands, he shall be sure to have delivered, and God knows how long I shall live.

With that, his hostess dissemblingly answered, saying: Doubt not, Master Cole, you are like enough by the course of nature to live many years.

God knows (quoth he) I never found my heart so heavy before.

By this time pen, ink, and paper was brought, setting himself in writing as followeth.

In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath my soul to God, and my body to the ground, my goods equally between my wife Elenor, and Isabel, my daughter. Item I give to Thomas Dove of Exeter one hundred pounds, nay that is too little, I give to Thomas Dove two hundred pounds in money, to be paid unto him presently upon his demand thereof by my said wife and daughter.

Ha, how say you host (qd. he) is not this well? I pray you read it.

His host looking thereon, said, why Master Cole, what have you written here? You said you would write a letter, but methinks you have made a will; what need have you to do thus? Thanks be to God, you may live many fair years.

Tis true (quoth Cole) if it please God, and I trust this writing cannot shorten my days; but let me see, have I made a will? Now, I promise you, I did verily purpose to write a letter; notwithstanding I have written that that God put into my mind. But look once again my host, is it not written there, that Dove shall have two hundred pounds, to be paid when he comes to demand it?

Yes indeed, said his host.

Well then, all is well, said Cole, and it shall go as it is for me. I will not bestow the new writing thereof any more.

Then folding it up, he sealed it, desiring that his host would send it to Exeter. He promised that he would; notwithstanding Cole was not satisfied, but after some pause, he would needs hire one to carry it. And so sitting down sadly in his chair again, upon a sudden he burst forth aweeping; they demanding the cause thereof, he spake as followeth:

No cause of these tears I know: but it comes now into my mind (said Cole) when I set toward this my last journey to London, how my daughter took on, what a coil she kept to have me stay; and I could not be rid of the little baggage a long time, she did so hang about me. When her mother by violence took her away, she cried out most mainly, O my father, my father, I shall never see him again.

Alas, pretty soul, said his hostess, this was but mere kindness in the girl, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But alas, why should you grieve at this? You must consider that it was but childishness.

Aye, it is indeed, said Cole, and with that he began to nod.

Then they asked him if he would go to bed.

No, said he, although I am heavy, I have no mind to go to bed at all.

With that certain musicians of the town came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there, drew out their instruments and very solemnly began to play.

This music comes very well (said Cole) and when he had listened a while thereunto, he said, Methinks these instruments sound like the ring of St. Mary Overie's bells, but the base drowns all the rest; and in my ear it goes like a bell that rings a forenoon's knell. For God's sake let them leave off, and bear them this simple reward.

The musicians being gone, his host asked if now it would please him to go to bed; for (quoth he) it is well near eleven of the clock.

With that, Cole beholding his host and hostess earnestly, began to start back, saying, what ail you to look so like pale death? Good Lord, what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody?

What, my hands, said his host? Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foul; either your eyes do greatly dazzle, or else fancies of a troubled mind do delude you.

Alas, my host, you may see, said he, how weak my wits are; I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drink once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer.

With that he made himself unready, and his hostess was very diligent to warm a kerchief, and put it about his head.

Good Lord, said he, I am not sick, I praise God, but such an alteration I find in myself as I never did before.

With that the screech owl cried piteously, and anon after the night raven sat croaking hard by his window.

Jesu have mercy upon me, quoth he, what an ill-favored cry do yonder carrion birds make! And therewithal he laid him down in his bed, from whence he never rose again.

His host and hostess, that all this while noted his troubled mind, began to commune betwixt themselves thereof. And the man said he knew not what were best to be done. By my consent (quoth he) the matter should pass, for I think it is not best to meddle on him.

What man (quoth she) faint you now? Have you done so many, and do you shrink at this? Then showing him a great deal of gold which Cole had left with her, she said, Would it not grieve a body's heart to lose this? Hang the old churl, what should he do living any longer? He hath too much, and we have too little. Tut, husband, let the thing be done, and then this is our own.

Her wicked counsel was followed, and when they had listened at his chamber door, they heard the man sound asleep. All is safe, quoth they, and down into the kitchen they go, their servants being all in bed, and pulling out the iron pins, down fell the bed, and the man dropped out into the boiling caldron. He being dead, they betwixt them cast his body into the river, his clothes they hid away, and made all things as it should be. But when he came to the stable to convey thence Cole's horse, the stable door being open, the horse had got loose, and, with a part of the halter about his neck and straw trussed under his belly, as the ostlers had dressed him ore eve, he was gone out at the back side, which led into a great field adjoining to the house; and so leaping divers hedges, being a lusty stout horse, had got into a ground where a mare was grazing, with whom he kept such a coil that they got into the highway, where one of the town meeting them, knew the mare, and brought her and the horse to the man that owned her.

In the mean space, the Musicians had been at the Inn, and in requital of their evening's gift, they intended to give Cole some music in the morning. The goodman told them he took horse before day. Likewise there was a guest in the house that would have bore him company to Reading; unto whom the host also answered, that he himself set him upon

horseback, and that he went long ago. Anon came the man that owned the mare, inquiring up and down to know and if none of them missed a horse; who said no. At the last he came to the sign of the Crane where Cole lay; and calling the ostlers he demanded of them if they lacked none. They said no.

Why then, said the man, I perceive my mare is good for something; for if I send her to field single, she will come home double. Thus it passed on all that day and the night following.

But the next day after, Cole's wife musing that her husband came not home, sent one of her men on horseback to see if he could meet him; and if (quoth she) you meet him not betwixt this and Colebrook, ask for him at the Crane; but if you find him not there, then ride to London; for I doubt he is either sick, or else some mischance hath fallen unto him.

The fellow did so; and asking for him at Colebrook, they answered, he went homeward from thence such a day. The servant musing what should be become of his Master, and making much inquiry in the town for him, at length one told him of a horse that was found on the highway, and no man knew whence he came. He going to see the horse, knew him presently, and to the Crane he goes with him. The host of the house perceiving this, was blank; and that night fled secretly away. The fellow going unto the Justice, desired his help; presently after word was brought that Jarman of the Crane was gone, then all the men said he had sure made Cole away. And the musicians told what Jarman said to them, when they would have given Cole music. Then the woman being apprehended and examined, confessed the truth. Jarman soon after was taken in Windsor Forest. He and his wife were both hanged, after they had laid open all these things before expressed. Also he confessed that he, being a carpenter, made that false falling floor, and how his wife devised it. And how they had murdered by that means sixty persons. And yet notwithstanding all the money which they had gotten thereby, they prospered not, but at their death were found very far in debt.

When the king heard of this murder, he was for the space of seven days so sorrowful and heavy as he would not hear any suit, giving also commandment that the house should quite be consumed with fire wherein Cole was murdered, and that no man should even build upon that cursed ground.

Cole's substance at his death was exceeding great; he had daily in his house an hundred menservants and forty maids; he maintained beside above two or three hundred people, spinners and carders, and a great many other householders. His wife after never married; and at her death she bestowed a mighty sum of money toward the maintaining of the newbuilded monastery. Her daughter was most richly married to a gentleman

of great worship, by whom she had many children. And some say that the river whereinto Cole was cast did ever since carry the name of Cole, being called The river of Cole, and the Town of Colebrook.

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CHAPTER 13.

How Duke Robert deceived his keepers, and got from them; how he met fair Margaret, and in carrying her away was taken, for the which he had his eyes put out.

Duke Robert, having, as you heard, obtained the love of fair Margaret, did now cast in his mind how he might delude his keepers, and carry her away. In the end, he being absolutely resolved what to do, sent his letter unto her, wherein he requested that she would be ready to meet him in the forest, betwixt Cardiff and Gloucester.

The young Lady having secretly received his message, unknown to her master or dame, in a morning betime made her ready and got forth, walking to the appointed place where her love should meet her.

During her abode there, and thinking long ere her love came, she entered into divers passions, which indeed presaged some disaster fortune to follow.

O my dear Love, said she, how slack art thou in performing thy promise! Why do not thy deeds agree with thy inditing? See these are thy words, Come, my dear Margaret, and with Cupid's swift wings fly to thy friend; be now as nimble in thy footing as the Camels of Bactria, that run an hundred miles a day; I will wait and stay for thee, so I stay not too long. There is no country like Austria for ambling horses, and to carry thee I have got one.

O my Love (quoth she) here am I, but where art thou? O why dost thou play the truant with Time, who like the wind slides away unseen? An ambling jennet of Spain is too slow to serve our turns. A flying horse, for flying Lovers were most meet. And thus casting many looks through the Silvan shades up and down to espy him, she thought every minute an hour till she might see him; sometimes she would wish herself a bird, that she might fly through the air to meet him, or a pretty squirrel to climb the highest tree to descry his coming; but finding her wishes vain, she began thus to excuse him and persuaded herself, saying.

How much to blame am I, to find fault with my friend? Alas, men that lack their liberty must come when they can, not when they would; poor prisoners cannot do what they desire, and then why should I be so hasty? Therefore if safely I may lay me down I will beguile unquiet thoughts with quiet sleep; it is said that Galino breeds no Serpents, nor

doth England's forests nourish Bears or Lions; therefore without hurt I hope I may rest awhile. Thus leaving fair Margaret in a sweet slumber, we will return to Duke Robert, who had thus plotted his escape from his keepers.

Having liberty of the King to hawk and hunt, he determined on a day, as he should follow the chase, to leave the hounds to the Hart, and the hunters to their horns, and being busy in their sport, himself would fly; which he performed at that time when he appointed Margaret to meet him. And so coming to the place, his horse all on a water, and himself in a sweat, finding his love asleep, he awakened her with a kiss, saying, Arise, fair Margaret, now comes the time wherein thou shalt be made a Queen. And presently setting her on horseback, he posted away.

Now when the keepers saw they had lost his company, and that at the killing of the game he was not present, they were among themselves in such a mutiny that they were ready one to stab another.

It was thy fault, said one, that he thus escaped from us, that hadst more mind of thy pleasure than of thy prisoner, and by this means we are all undone.

The other said as much to him, that he had thought he had followed him in the chase. But leaving at last this contention, the one posted up to the King, while the others coasted up and down the country to search for the Duke, who having killed his horse in travelling, was most unhappily met on foot with fair Margaret ere he could come to any Town where he might for money have another. But when he spied his Keepers come to take him, he desired Margaret to make shift for herself, and to seek to escape them. But she being of a contrary mind, said she would live and die with him.

The Duke seeing himself ready to be surprised, drew out his sword, and said he would buy his liberty with his life before he would yield to be any more a prisoner; and thereupon began a great fight betwixt them, insomuch that the Duke had killed two of them; but himself being sore wounded, and faint with overmuch bleeding, at length fell down, being not able any longer to stand. And by this means the good Duke was taken with his fair love, and both of them committed to prison.

But in the mean space, when Gray's wife had missed her maid, and saw she was quite gone, she made great lamentation for her among her neighbors; for she loved her as dearly as any child that ever she bore of her own body. O Margaret (quoth she) what cause hadst thou thus to leave me? If thou didst mislike of anything, why didst thou not tell me? If thy wages were too little, I would have mended it; if thy apparel had been too simple, thou shouldst have had better; if thy work had been too great, I would have had help for thee.

Farewell my sweet Meg, the best servant that ever came in any man's house; many may I have of thy name, but never any of thy nature; thy diligence is much; in thy hands I laid the whole government of my house, and thereby eased myself of that care which now will cumber me.

Here she hath left me my keys unto my chests, but my comfort is gone with her presence; every gentle word that she was wont to speak comes now into my mind; her courteous behavior shall I never forget. With how sweet and modest a countenance would she qualify my over-hasty nature? It repents my heart that ever I spoke foul word unto her. O Meg, wert thou here again, I would never chide thee more. But I was an unworthy dame for such a servant. What will become of me now, if I should chance to be sick, seeing she is gone, that was wont to be both my Apothecary and Physician?

Well, quoth her neighbors, there is no remedy now but to rest content; you shall one day hear of her, doubt you not; and think this, that she was not so good but you may get another as good, and therefore do not take it so heavily.

O neighbor, blame me not to grieve, seeing I have lost so great a jewel; and sure I am persuaded that scant in a body's lifetime they shall meet with the like. I protest, I would circuit England round about on my bare feet to meet with her again. O, my Meg was surely stole away from me, else would she not have gone in such sort.

Her husband, on the other side, grieved as much, and rested not night nor day riding up and down to seek her; but she, poor soul, is fast locked in prison, and therefore cannot be met withal.

But when the King understood of his brother's escape, he was marvelous wroth, giving great charge and commandment when he was taken, that both his eyes should be put out and he kept in prison till his dying day; appointing also that the maid should lose her life for presumption of loving him.

This matter being rumored over all England, it came to the ears of Gray and his wife, who hearing that Margaret also was there in prison appointed to die, the good aged woman never rested till she came to the court, where kneeling before the King, with many tears she besought his Majesty to spare the maiden's life, saying, Most royal king, consider, I humbly beseech you, that the duke your brother was able to entice any woman to his love: much more a silly maiden, especially promising her marriage, to make her a Lady, a Duchess, or a Queen. Who would refuse such an offer, when at the instant they might get both a princely husband and a high dignity? If death be a Lover's guerdon, then what is due to hatred? I am in my heart persuaded that had my poor Margaret thought it would have bred your highness' displeasure, she would never

have bought his love so dear. Had your Grace made it known to your commons, that it was unlawful for any to marry the duke your brother, who would have attempted such an action? If she had wilfully disobeyed your Grace's commandment, she might have been thought worthy of death; but seeing ignorantly she offended, I beseech your Grace to recall the sentence, and let me still enjoy my servant, for never will I rise till your Majesty have granted my petition.

His Highness, who was of nature merciful, beholding the woman's abundant tears, took pity on her, and granted her suit; which being obtained, she went home in all haste possible. And from thence, she with her husband taking their journey to Cardiff castle, they came at that very instant when the maiden was led toward her death; who went in most joyful sort to the same, saying that they were not worthy to be accounted true Lovers, that were not willing to die for love. And so with a smiling countenance she passed on, as if she had eaten *Apium Risus,* which causeth a man to die laughing. But her dame Gray seeing her, fell about her neck, and with many kisses embraced her, saying, Thou shalt not die, my wench, but go home with me; and for thy delivery, behold here the King's letters; and with that she delivered them up to the governor of the Castle; who reading them, found these words written: We pardon the maid's life, and grant her liberty, but let her not pass till she see her lover's eyes put out, which we will have you do in such sort that not only the sight may perish, but the eye continue fair; for which cause I have sent down Doctor Piero, that he may execute the same.

The governor of the Castle having read the King's letter, said thus to the maiden: The King's Majesty hath pardoned thy life, and allowed thy liberty; but you must not pass before you see your lover's eyes put out.

O sir, said the maiden, mistake not yourself; they are my eyes that must be put out, and not the Duke's. As his offence grew by my means, so I being guilty, ought to receive the punishment.

The king's commandment must be fulfilled, said the governor.

And therewithal D[uke] Robert was brought forth, who hearing that he must lose his eyes, said thus: The noble mind is never conquered by grief, nor overcome by mischance; but as the Hart reneweth his age by eating the serpent, so doth a man lengthen his life with devouring sorrow. My eyes have offended the King, and they must be punished; my heart is in as great fault, why is not that killed?

The King's Majesty, said the governor, spares your life of mere love, and only is content to satisfy the Law with the loss of your eyes; wherefore take in good part this punishment, and think you have deserved greater than is granted.

With this Margaret cried out, saying, O my dear love, most gentle

Prince, well may you wish that I had never been born, who by seeing of me must lose your sight; but happy should I count myself, if it so please the King, that I might redeem thy eyes with my life: or else, that being an equal offender, I might receive equal punishment. Hadst thou sustained this smart for some Queen or Princess of high blood, it might with the more ease be borne, but to endure it for such a one as I, it must needs cause a treble grief to be increased.

Content thee, fair Margaret, said the duke, for honor ought to be given to virtue and not riches; for glory, honor, nobility, and riches without virtue are but cloaks of maliciousness. And now let me take my leave of thy beauty, for never must I behold thy face. Notwithstanding, I account my eyes well lost, in that I do forego them for so peerless a paragon. Now fair heavens, farewell; the Sun, Moon, and Stars shall I in this world never behold again; and farewell also the fruitful earth; well may I feel thee, but those poor windows of my body are now denied to view thee any more. And though the world hath ever been my foe, yet will I bid it farewell too; and farewell all my friends; while I live here in this world, I must suppose to sleep, and wake when I come in heaven, where I hope to see you all again. Yet had it pleased the King, I had rather have lost my life than my eyes. Life, why, what is it but a flower, a bubble in the water, a span long, and full of misery? Of such small account is life, that every soldier will sell it for six pence. And trust me, I do now detest life worse than a goat doth hate basil.

With that the Doctor prepared his instrument, and being ready to set to the Duke's eyes, he said, O stay, master doctor, till I have conveyed my love's countenance down into my heart. Come hither my sweet, and let me give thee my last kiss, while mine eyes may direct me to thy cherry lips. Then embracing her in his arms, he said, O that I might give thee a kiss of twenty years long, and to satisfy my greedy eyes with thy fair sight; yet it doth somewhat content me, because thou art present at my punishment, that I may hold thee by the hand, to comfort my heart at the sudden prick of my eye.

This being said, the Doctor performed his duty, and so put out the crystal sight; at what time D[uke] Robert started up, and with a most manly courage said, I must thank his Majesty, that though he depriveth me of my sight, yet he leaveth me eyes to weep for my sins.

But so soon as Margaret beheld the deed, she fell down in a swoon, and much ado her dame had to recover her life; which when the duke understood, he was wondrous woe, groping for her with his bleeding eyes, saying, O where is my love? For God's sake have regard to her. And I pray you most heartily, good goodwife Gray, let her have this favor for my sake, that she may be used kindly. And with that the Keepers led him into

the castle, and Margaret was carried away wondrous sick and ill. But her dame was most tender over her, and would suffer her to lack nothing. When she was somewhat well recovered, her dame Gray set her on horseback; and at her coming to Gloucester, there was no small joy.

CHAPTER 14.

How Thomas Dove being fallen to decay, was forsaken of his friends, and despised of his servants: and how in the end he was raised again through the liberality of the Clothiers.

Such as seek the pleasure of the world, follow a shadow wherein is no substance; and as the adder Aspis tickleth a man to death, so doth vain pleasure flatter us, till it makes us forget God and consume our substance, as by Tom Dove it is apparent, who had through a free heart and a liberal mind wasted his wealth; and look how his goods consumed, so his friends fled from him. And albeit he had been of great ability, and thereby done good unto many, yet no man regarded him in his poverty, but casting a scornful countenance upon him, they passed by him with slender salutation; neither would any of his former acquaintance do him good, or pleasure him the value of a farthing; his former friendship done to them was quite forgot, and he made of as much account as Job when he sat on the dunghill.

Now, when his wicked servants saw him in this disgrace with the world, they on the other side began to disdain him. Notwithstanding that he (to his great cost) had long time brought them up, yet did they nothing regard it, but behind his back in most scornful sort derided him, and both in their words and actions greatly abuse him; reverence they would do none unto him, but when they spake, it was in such malapert sort as would grieve an honest mind to hear it.

At last it came to pass, that breaking out into mere contempt, they said they would stay no longer with him, and that it was a great discredit for them to serve a person so beggarly; whereupon they thought it convenient to seek for their benefits elsewhere. When the distressed man found the matter so plain, being in great grief, he spake thus unto them:

Now do I find, to my sorrow, the small trust that is in this false world. Why, my Masters (quoth he) have you so much forgotten my former prosperity that you nothing regard my present necessity? In your wants I forsook you not, in your sickness I left you not, nor despised you in your great poverty. It is not unknown, though you do not consider it, that I took some of you up in the highway, other some from your needy parents, and brought the rest from mere beggary to a house of bounty; where from paltry boys, I brought you up to man's state, and have, to my great cost,

taught you a trade whereby you may live like men. And in requital of all my courtesy, cost, and good will, will you now on a sudden forsake me? Is this the best recompence that you can find your hearts to yield me?

This is far from the minds of honest servants. The fierce Lion is kind to those that do him good; pluck but one thorn out of his foot, and for the same he will show manifold favors. The wild Bull will not overthrow his Dam; and the very Dragons are dutiful to their nourishers. Be better advised, and call to mind, I beseech you, that I have not plucked a thorn out of your feet, but drawn your whole bodies out of perils; and when you had no means to help yourselves, I only was your support, and he, that when all other forsook you, did comfort you in all your extremities.

And what of all this, quoth one of them? Because you took us up poor, doth it therefore follow that we must be your slaves? We are young men, and for our parts, we are no further to regard your profit than it may stand with our preferment. Why should we lose our benefit to pleasure you? If you taught us our trade, and brought us up from boys to men, you had our service for it, whereby you made no small benefit, if you had as well used it as we got it. But if you be poor, you may thank yourself, being a just scourge for your prodigality; and it is my opinion plain, that to stay with you is the next way to make us like you, neither able to help ourselves, nor our friends. Therefore, in brief, come pay me my wages, for I will not stay; let the rest do as they will, for I am resolved.

Well, said his Master, if needs thou wilt be gone, here is part of thy wages in hand, and the rest, so soon as God sends it thou shalt have it. And with that, turning to the rest, he said, Let me yet entreat you to stay, and leave me not altogether destitute of help; by your labors must I live, and without you I know not what to do. Consider therefore my need, and regard my great charge. And if for my sake you will do nothing, take compassion on my poor children; stay my sliding foot, and let me not utterly fall through your flying from me.

Tush (quoth they) what do you talk to us? We can have better wages, and serve a man of credit, where our fare shall be far better, and our gains greater; therefore the world might count us right coxcombs if we should forsake our profit to pleasure you. Therefore, adieu. God send you more money, for you are like to have no more men. And thus they departed.

When they were gone, within a while after they met one with another, saying, What cheer? Are you all come away?

In faith, aye; what should we do else (quoth they). But hear'st thou sirra, hast thou got thy wages?

Not yet, saith the other, but I shall have it; and that is as good; 'tis but ten shillings.

Sayest thou so (quoth he) now I see thou are one of God Almighty's idiots.

Why so, said the other?

Because (quoth he) thou wilt be fed with shales; but I'll tell thee one thing, 'twere better for thee quickly to arrest him, lest some other doing it before, there be nothing left to pay thy debt. Hold thy peace, fair words make fools fain, and it is an old saying, One bird in hand is worth two in bush; if thou dost not arrest him presently, I will not give thee two pence for thy ten shillings.

How shall I come by him (quoth the other)?

Give me but two pots of ale, and I'll betray him, saith he.

So they being agreed, this smooth-faced Judas comes to his late Master, and told him that a friend of his at the door would speak with him. The unmistrusting man, thinking no evil, went to the door where presently an Officer arrested him at his man's suit.

The poor man seeing this, being strucken into a sudden sorrow, in the grief of his heart spake to this effect: Ah, thou lewd fellow, are thou the first man that seeks to augment my misery? Have I thus long given thee bread, to breed my overthrow? and nourished thee in thy need, to work my destruction? Full little did I think, when thou so often didest dip thy false fingers in my dish, that I gave food to my chiefest foe. But what booteth complaints in these extremes? Go, wife, quoth he, unto my neighbors, and see if thou canst get any of them to be my bail.

But in vain was her pains spent. Then he sent to his kinsfolks, and they denied him; to his brother, and he would not come at him; so that there was no shift, but to prison he must. But as he was going, a messenger met him with a letter from Master Cole, wherein as you heard, he had promised him two hundred pounds; which when the poor man read, he greatly rejoiced, and shewing the same to the officer, he was content to take his own word. Whereupon Tom Dove went presently to Reading, where, at his coming, he found all the rest of the Clothiers, lamenting Cole's untimely death; where the woeful widow paid him the money, by which deed all the rest of the Clothiers were induced to do something for Dove. And thereupon one gave him ten pounds, another twenty, another thirty pounds, to begin the world anew. And by this means (together with the blessing of God) he grew into greater credit than ever he was before. And riches being thus come upon him, his former friends came fawning unto him; and when he had no need of them, then every one was ready to proffer him kindness. His wicked servants also, that disdained him in his distress, were after glad to come creeping unto him, entreating with cap and knee for his favor and friendship. And albeit he seemed to forgive

their trespasses done against him, yet he would often say, he would never trust them for a straw.

And thus he ever after lived in great wealth and prosperity, doing much good to the poor, and at his death left to his children great lands.

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ROBERT ASHLEY

The Introduction and Notes are at page 839

FROM ASHLEY'S translation of LOUIS LEROY, *Of The Interchangeable Course, or Variety of Things in the Whole World*, 1594

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Whether it be true, or no, that there can be nothing said which hath not been said before; and that we must by our own inventions augment the doctrine of the ancients, not contenting ourselves only with translations, expositions, corrections, and abridgements of their writings.

The Twelfth and Last Book.

The beginnings of the arts have been small, and the greatest difficulty was in the first inventing of them; then by the industry of the learned, they were by little and little augmented, correcting such things as were evil observed, and supplying such as were omitted, but yet without making anything entirely absolute, whereunto there might nothing be added. Nothing is begun and ended at one time; but by succession of time things are increased, amended, and become better polished. Almost all the arts have been invented by use and experience; and afterwards gathered and made by observation and reason: and then consequently reduced into better form, and more certain, by divisions, definitions, argumentations, and demonstrations; by general precepts and rules drawn from nature, not from opinion and tending to the same end; not by staying and resting on that which men had formerly done, said, or written; nor by only imitating of them, after the manner of slothful and cowardly persons: but by the adding of somewhat of their own, by some that came after, according as the matters from time to time discovered and cleared themselves; the honor commonly remaining to the last comers, as the most exquisite and accomplished. By whose example we ought to travail courageously, with

hope to make ourselves better than them; aspiring continually to perfection, which as yet is not seen anywhere, considering that there remain more things to be sought out than are already invented and found.

And let us not be so simple as to attribute so much unto the ancients that we believe that they have known all and said all, without leaving anything to be said by those that should come after them. They have not been so arrogant as to look that none should meddle or deal with those matters which they had handled; but on the contrary, considering the difficulty of knowledge, and the weakness of man's understanding, they have exhorted others to travail therein; speaking rather to stir them up and provoke them thereunto than to keep them back or stay them from writing. Let us not think that nature hath given them all her good gifts that she might be barren in time to come; but that as she hath in times past brought forth certain notable personages who have manifested many of her secrets, so she can again bring forth such as by the influence of heaven, and a singular inclination, by liveliness of understanding, and perseverance of labor, shall attain thither; whither long experience, diligent observation, and subtlety of reason have not pierced till this present. She is the same that she was in the former famous ages. The world is such as it was before. The heaven and the time keep the same order which they did. The sun and the other planets have not changed their courses, and there is no star removed out of his place. The elements have the same power. Men are made of the same matter, and in the same sort disposed as they were in old time. And were not the manner of living corrupted which we use, preferring idleness before diligence, pleasure before profit, and riches before virtue, nothing would let but this age might bring forth as eminent personages in Philosophy as were Plato and Aristotle; in Physic as Hippocrates and Galen; or in the Mathematics as Euclid, Archimedes, and Ptolemy. Considering the help which we receive of their books, the examples wherewith antiquity hath instructed us, so many observations and inventions sithence their time, and so long experience of all things: in such sort that (if we consider it well) there was never age more happy for the advancement of learning than this present; if, weighing the shortness of man's life, we resolve to employ our whole endeavor and industry on the study of true knowledge. Wisdom hath not fulfilled her work; much remaineth, and will always remain; there will never be wanting occasion to add thereunto. Truth doth offer herself to all those that will seek her, and are of capacity to receive her, albeit Democritus complaineth that she is hid in a place as deep as a well, wherehence (in his opinion) it is not possible to draw her forth. Whosoever giveth himself to it in good earnest shall find alway somewhat to do therein.

All the mysteries of God and secrets of nature are not discovered at one time. The greatest things are difficult and long in coming. How many are there not yet reduced into art? How many have been first known and found out in this age? I say, new lands, new seas, new forms of men, manners, laws, and customs; new diseases, and new remedies; new ways of the heaven and of the ocean, never before found out; and new stars seen? yea, and how many remain to be known by our posterity? That which is now hidden, with time will come to light, and our successors will wonder that we were ignorant of them.

M. Varro witnesseth that in the space of a thousand years the arts were invented and augmented, which yet until this time are not perfected and accomplished. But if the perfection of them hath not hitherto been found, it followeth not thereof that it cannot be found. For those things which at this day are held to be the greatest, and most admirable, had a time of beginning: and that which is now very good was not so at the first, but is increased by little and little, amending from time to time. Certainly, the excellency in all things is slow, difficult, and rare, seeing that there is scarcely found in many hundreds and thousands of years, amongst an infinite number of students, one man worthy of admiration, being learned and eloquent indeed; that with a good natural wit, liveliness and sharpness of understanding, experience and use of things, hath the constancy and patience to persevere, which are requisite to such an enterprise. This notwithstanding, we ought not to faint, or to despair; for if there be but small hope to excel and go beyond the best; yet is it an honor to follow them; and if there be no means to reach them, yet it is commendable to be second or third unto them. It is therefore convenient to apply our industry to the searching out of the truth, as they have done; and to endeavor to augment the doctrine of the ancients, without so much subjecting ourselves to antiquity that we do nothing for our age, and have no care of our posterity.

Moreover, many things invented by the ancients are lost. The wisdom of the Egyptians, Persians, Indians, and Bactrians hath not come unto us; many good Greek and Latin authors are not found; and amongst those that remain there are few agreeable to the present manners and affairs. We do not build nowadays after the fashion of Vitruvius; neither till the ground nor plant according to Varro or Columella; nor take food or physic after the ordinance of Hippocrates and Galen. We judge not according to the civil law of the Romans; neither plead we as did Demosthenes and Cicero; or govern our commonwealths by the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, or following the politic precepts of Plato and Aristotle. We sing not as did the ancients; neither war we according to Vegetius,

the art military being changed, and all kind of arms, both offensive and defensive. Ptolemy in his cosmography doth advertise men to believe the latest travelers touching the longitude and latitude of places. Aristotle saith that the quadrature of the circle may be known; but that is not yet found out. Plato affirmeth that geometry was unperfect in his time and that stereometry and the cubic wanted. The calculations of the heavens are not all found true. Vesalius, curiously observing anatomy, hath found many points therein omitted by Aristotle and Galen. Pliny boasteth that he hath added in the *History of living creatures* that which Aristotle was ignorant of. Leonicenus reproveth Pliny of lies and errors in many places. Avenreis hath written against Galen; Galen against Aristotle; and Aristotle against Plato. There is no author so accomplished or perfected in whom one may not find somewhat wanting or worthy of reproof.

And that which is worse, there are some men so given and so affectionate to antiquity that they are ignorant or have very small knowledge of the country and time wherein they live. They know in every point how Athens, Lacedemon, Carthage, Persia, and Egypt were governed, not knowing the affairs of their own country, wherein they are strangers. As there are found many among us discoursing of the assembly of the *Areopagites*, and of the *Comices* of the Romans, understanding nothing of the council of France, the handling of the revenues, and the order of the parliaments. Is it not then an abusing of study and of learning to dwell continually among the ancients, and not to endeavor to bring forth new inventions, agreeable to the manners and affairs of this time? When will we leave taking of grass for corn; the flower for the fruit; and the rind for the wood; doing nothing but translate, correct, expound, or abridge, the books of the ancients? who, if they had been also of this mind, not setting themselves to write or to say anything but that which had been written or said before, no art should have been invented; or at least they had all remained in their beginnings, without receiving any increase. The perpetual imitators, or always translators or commentators, hiding themselves under the shadow of others, are very slaves, and have no generous courage in them, if they dare not once to do that which they have so long time learned. They always distrust themselves, and follow the first in those things wherein the latter have not agreed with the former; namely, in those which are not yet sought out, and will never be found if we content ourselves with that which is already invented without adding anything thereunto.

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FROM *Ellesmere Ms. 1117*, [1596]

Of Honour

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CHAPTER 7.

Of Honor as it consisteth in him which bestoweth it on another, and of the duty and parts of him which giveth honor to others.

I THINK we have already sufficiently entreated of honor as it is in the party which is honored, having set down both what it is, and what manner of thing, and also wherein it consisteth and of whom it is to be desired, and lastly the parts thereof and the degrees of the same. Now it is requisite that we should see what he which giveth honor unto others is to do, and to respect that he may discharge his duty; wherein we must especially consider what it is that he doth which honoreth another, that he may no less perceive what his duties are in giving of honor than the other in desiring or accepting of it. And although I have by the way somewhat touched it heretofore as the place required, yet is it in this place to be repeated, unto which it especially belongeth.

He therefore which honoreth another doth this, that he maketh himself a judge and an allower of another man's virtue. For as it is the part of the one without hope of praise to embrace virtue, so is it the part of th'other beholding the same virtue to use his judgment therein and to weigh the merits thereof; which, when he hath well (that is, without perturbation of mind) considered, then let him add thereunto such approbation as is worthy of his judgment and estimation; and that neither greater than his virtue deserveth, nor less than it requireth. Therefore as in the desire of honor we said that a mediocrity agreeable to reason was to be respected, so also the same in giving of honor ought to be regarded; because that in giving honor to anyone according to desert, the greatness and weight of the thing is to be well examined, lest we seem either flatterers or detractors; for they are both contrary to justice, which willeth that every one have his own and neither more nor less than befitteth him.

Wherefore they which are to honor others, let them think that they take upon them the person of a good and upright judge and are therefore to refrain their affections, as love, desire, hatred, envy, strife, and such others, or rather (because they are altogether evil) even utterly root them out, lest they bereave them of judgment and take away all power of dis-

edile and a consul, a king and a captain should be all of one accompt.

Whereunto is to be added that it is many times requisite and necessary to honor some not for virtue only (which peradventure is wanting in them) but either for courtesy's sake, for show of some outward good, or else for fear of offence. Civility and courtesy (as we said before) must be used towards all, in saluting of them and speaking gently unto them, and in all other things which belong to the conversation of human society.

As also certain external good things, as wealth and riches, magnificence and ornament, and other of like sort (because they may be instruments of good things, though they be not good of themselves) are not to be contemned, especially being joined with virtue.

The fear also of offending any with our incivility and contempt is of great moment unto honor; because as nothing is more to be avoided than to have the evil will or hatred of any by our own procurement, so by all means ought we to labor that by our humanity and honest endeavor we may gain the good will and favor of all that have power to honor us.

But there are divers sorts of giving honor unto others which are peculiar and different according to the custom and diversity of nations. As some in rising from their seat, others in attending, following, and accompanying, others in uncovering their heads, and others in such other things do imagine honor to consist. All which, since they cannot be comprehended under any certain rule, must be observed towards every one according to that degree which they have amongst those where they are used. Neither shall that which is the sign of the greatest honor (as to worship on bended knees, or to do some such other thing) be fit to use to every private man; no, nor to every prince; neither yet to give unto a great man such honor as is used to an inferior person. Moreover, this caution is to be held amongst all men, that those which are but light signs of honor are to be used indifferently to all, but such as are tokens of greater honor to be used only to the worthiest, or else to those whom reason shall teach that they ought to be used with such kind of honor.

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RICHARD HOOKER

The Introduction and Notes are at page 840

FROM *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiaticall Politie*, [1593]

Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity

The First Book

Concerning Laws, and their several kinds in general.

The matter contained in this first book.

1. The cause of writing this general discourse concerning laws.
2. Of that law which God from before the beginning hath set for himself to do all things by.
3. The law which natural agents observe, and their necessary manner of keeping it.
4. The law which the Angels of God obey.
5. The law whereby man is in his actions directed to the imitation of God.
6. Men's first beginning to understand that law.
7. Of man's will, which is the first thing that laws of action are made to guide.
8. Of the natural finding out of laws by the light of reason, to guide the will unto that which is good.
9. Of the benefit of keeping that law which reason teacheth.
10. How reason doth lead men unto the making of human laws, whereby politic societies are governed, and to agreement about laws whereby the fellowship or communion of independent societies standeth.
11. Wherefore God hath by Scripture further made known such supernatural laws as do serve for men's direction.
12. The cause why so many natural or rational laws are set down in Holy Scripture.
13. The benefit of having divine laws written.
14. The sufficiency of Scripture unto the end for which it was instituted.
15. Of laws positive contained in Scripture, the mutability of certain of them, and the general use of Scripture.
16. A conclusion, showing how all this belongeth to the cause in question.

I. He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible colour whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favour of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also to bar such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them.

[2] Albeit therefore much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate (for many talk of the truth which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth, and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured); yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring

and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof as may be in this case, I have endeavoured throughout the body of this whole discourse, that every former part might give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before. So that if the judgments of men do but hold themselves in suspense as touching these first more general meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue, what may seem dark at the first will afterwards be found more plain, even as the later particular decisions will appear I doubt not more strong, when the other have been read before.

[3] The Laws of the Church, whereby for so many ages together we have been guided in the exercise of Christian religion and the service of the true God, our rites, customs, and orders of ecclesiastical government are called in question; we are accused as men that will not have Christ Jesus to rule over them, but have wilfully cast his statutes behind their backs, hating to be reformed and made subject unto the sceptre of his discipline. Behold therefore we offer the laws whereby we live unto the general trial and judgment of the whole world, heartily beseeching Almighty God, whom we desire to serve according to his own will, that both we and others (all kind of partial affection being clean laid aside) may have eyes to see and hearts to embrace the things that in his sight are most acceptable.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life unto all the rest which are commendable, just, and good; namely the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work. Proceeding from hence to the law, first of Nature, then of Scripture, we shall have the easier access unto those things which come after to be debated, concerning the particular cause and question which we have in hand.

II. All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth any thing ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a Law. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular; that is to say, made suitable, fit and

correspondent unto their end, by some canon, rule, or law. Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself.

[2] All things therefore do work after a sort according to law: all other things according to a law whereof some superior, unto whom they are subject, is author; only the works and operations of God have Him both for their worker, and for the law whereby they are wrought. The being of God is a kind of law to his working: for that perfection which God is, giveth perfection to that he doth. Those natural, necessary, and internal operations of God—the generation of the Son, the proceeding of the Spirit—are without the compass of my present intent; which is to touch only such operations as have their beginning and being by a voluntary purpose, wherewith God hath eternally decreed when and how they should be. Which eternal decree is that we term an eternal law.

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High, whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.

Our God is one, or rather very Oneness, and mere unity, having nothing but itself in itself, and not consisting (as all things do besides God) of many things. In which essential Unity of God a Trinity personal nevertheless subsisteth, after a manner far exceeding the possibility of man's conceit. The works which outwardly are of God, they are in such sort of Him being one, that each Person hath in them somewhat peculiar and proper. For being Three, and they all subsisting in the essence of one Deity; from the Father, by the Son, through the Spirit, all things are. That which the Son doth hear of the Father, and which the Spirit doth receive of the Father and the Son, the same we have at the hands of the Spirit as being the last, and therefore the nearest unto us in order, although in power the same with the second and the first.

[3] The wise and learned among the very heathens themselves have all acknowledged some first cause, whereupon originally the being of all things dependeth. Neither have they otherwise spoken of that cause than as an Agent, which knowing what and why it worketh, observeth in working a most exact order or law. Thus much is signified by that which Homer mentioneth, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. Thus much acknowledged by Mercurius Trismegistus, τὸν πάντα κόσμον ἐποίησεν ὁ δημιουργὸς οὐ χερσὶν ἀλλὰ λόγῳ. Thus much confest by Anaxagoras and Plato, terming the Maker of the world an Intellectual worker. Finally the Stoics, although

imagining the first cause of all things to be fire, held nevertheless that the same fire, having art, did ὁδῷ βαδίζειν ἐπὶ γενέσει κόσμου. They all confess therefore in the working of that first cause, that Counsel is used, Reason followed, a Way observed; that is to say, constant Order and Law is kept, whereof itself must needs be author unto itself. Otherwise it should have some worthier and higher to direct it, and so could not itself be the first. Being the first, it can have no other than itself to be the author of that law which it willingly worketh by.

God therefore is a law both to himself, and to all other things besides. To himself he is a law in all those things, whereof our Saviour speaketh, saying, "My Father worketh as yet, so I." God worketh nothing without cause. All those things which are done by him have some end for which they are done; and the end for which they are done is a reason of his will to do them. His will had not inclined to create woman, but that he saw it could not be well if she were not created. *Non est bonum*, "It is not good man should be alone; therefore let us make a helper for him." That and nothing else is done by God, which to leave undone were not so good.

If therefore it be demanded, why God having power and ability infinite, the effects notwithstanding of that power are all so limited as we see they are: the reason hereof is the end which he hath proposed, and the law whereby his wisdom hath stinted the effects of his power in such sort that it doth not work infinitely, but correspondently unto that end for which it worketh, even "all things χρηστῶς, in most decent and comely sort, all things in measure, number, and weight."

[4] The general end of God's external working is the exercise of his most glorious and most abundant virtue. Which abundance doth shew itself in variety, and for that cause this variety is oftentimes in Scripture exprest by the name of riches. "The Lord hath made all things for his own sake." Not that any thing is made to be beneficial unto him, but all things for him to shew beneficence and grace in them.

The particular drift of every act proceeding externally from God we are not able to discern, and therefore cannot always give the proper and certain reason of his works. Howbeit undoubtedly a proper and certain reason there is of every finite work of God, inasmuch as there is a law imposed upon it; which if there were not, it should be infinite, even as the worker himself is.

[5] They err therefore who think that of the will of God to do this or that there is no reason besides his will. Many times no reason known to us; but that there is no reason thereof I judge it most unreasonable to imagine, inasmuch as he worketh all things κατὰ τὴν βουλὴν τοῦ θελήματος αὐτοῦ, not only according to his own will, but "the counsel of his own will." And whatsoever is done with counsel or wise resolution hath of necessity

some reason why it should be done, albeit that reason be to us in some things so secret, that it forceth the wit of man to stand, as the blessed Apostle himself doth, amazed thereat: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments," &c. That law eternal which God himself hath made to himself, and thereby worketh all things whereof he is the cause and author; that law in the admirable frame whereof shineth with most perfect beauty the countenance of that wisdom which hath testified concerning herself, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, even before his works of old, I was set up"; that law, which hath been the pattern to make, and is the card to guide the world by; that law which hath been of God and with God everlastingly; that law, the author and observer whereof is one only God to be blessed for ever: how should either men or angels be able perfectly to behold? The book of this law we are neither able nor worthy to open and look into. That little thereof which we darkly apprehend we admire, the rest with religious ignorance we humbly and meekly adore.

[6] Seeing therefore that according to this law He worketh, "of whom, through whom, and for whom, are all things," although there seem unto us confusion and disorder in the affairs of this present world: *Tamen quoniam bonus mundum rector temperat, recte fieri cuncta ne dubites:* "let no man doubt but that every thing is well done, because the world is ruled by so good a guide," as transgresseth not His own law, than which nothing can be more absolute, perfect, and just.

The law whereby He worketh is eternal, and therefore can have no show or colour of mutability; for which cause, a part of that law being opened in the promises which God hath made (because his promises are nothing else but declarations what God will do for the good of men) touching those promises the Apostle hath witnessed that God may as possibly "deny himself" and not be God, as fail to perform them. And concerning the counsel of God, he termeth it likewise a thing "unchangeable"; the counsel of God, and that law of God whereof now we speak, being one.

Nor is the freedom of the will of God any whit abated, let, or hindered by means of this; because the imposition of this law upon himself is his own free and voluntary act.

This law therefore we may name eternal, being "that order which God before all ages hath set down with himself, for himself to do all things by."

III. I am not ignorant that by "law eternal" the learned for the most part do understand the order, not which God hath eternally purposed himself in all his works to observe, but rather that which with himself he hath set down as expedient to be kept by all his creatures, according to

the several condition wherewith he hath endued them. They who thus are accustomed to speak apply the name of Law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposeth; whereas we somewhat more enlarging the sense thereof, term any kind of rule or canon whereby actions are framed, a law. Now that law which, as it is laid up in the bosom of God, they call Eternal, receiveth according unto the different kinds of things which are subject unto it different and sundry kinds of names. That part of it which ordereth natural agents we call usually Nature's law; that which angels do clearly behold and without any swerving observe is a law Celestial and heavenly; the law of Reason, that which bindeth creatures reasonable in this world, and with which by reason they may most plainly perceive themselves bound; that which bindeth them, and is not known but by special revelation from God, Divine law; Human law, that which out of the law either of reason or of God, men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law. All things therefore, which are as they ought to be, are conformed unto this second law eternal; and even those things which to this eternal law are not conformable are notwithstanding in some sort ordered by the first eternal law. For what good or evil is there under the sun, what action correspondent or repugnant unto the law which God hath imposed upon his creatures, but in or upon it God doth work according to the law which himself hath eternally purposed to keep; that is to say, the first law eternal? So that a twofold law eternal being thus made, it is not hard to conceive how they both take place in all things.

[2] Wherefore to come to the law of nature, albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep, yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly Natural agents which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do; and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of Voluntary agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other, expedient it will be that we sever the law of nature observed by the one from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law, is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men, that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, Let there be light: let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place: let the earth bring forth: let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of

Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose; namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of Nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. He "made a law for the rain"; He gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment." Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether though it were but for a while the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

[3] Notwithstanding, with nature it cometh sometimes to pass as with art. Let Phidias have rude and obstinate stuff to carve, though his art do that it should, his work will lack that beauty which otherwise in fitter matter it might have had. He that striketh an instrument with skill may cause notwithstanding a very unpleasant sound, if the string whereon he

striketh chance to be uncapable of harmony. In the matter whereof things natural consist, that of Theophrastus taketh place, πολὺ τὸ οὐχ ὑπακοῦον οὐδὲ δεχόμενον τὸ εὖ. "Much of it is oftentimes such as will by no means yield to receive that impression which were best and most perfect." Which defect in the matter of things natural, they who gave themselves unto the contemplation of nature amongst the heathen observed often; but the true original cause thereof, divine malediction laid for the sin of man upon these creatures which God had made for the use of man, this being an article of that saving truth which God hath revealed unto his Church, was above the reach of their merely natural capacity and understanding. But howsoever these swervings are now and then incident into the course of nature, nevertheless so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought, either always or for the most part, after one and the same manner.

[4] If here it be demanded what that is which keepeth nature in obedience to her own law, we must have recourse to that higher law whereof we have already spoken, and because all other laws do thereon depend, from thence we must borrow so much as shall need for brief resolution in this point. Although we are not of opinion, therefore, as some are, that nature in working hath before her certain exemplary draughts or patterns, which subsisting in the bosom of the Highest, and being thence discovered, she fixeth her eye upon them, as travellers by sea upon the pole-star of the world, and that according thereunto she guideth her hand to work by imitation; although we rather embrace the oracle of Hippocrates, that "each thing both in small and in great fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down"; and concerning the manner of executing and fulfilling the same, "what they do they know not, yet is it in show and appearance as though they did know what they do; and the truth is they do not discern the things which they look on": nevertheless, forasmuch as the works of nature are no less exact than if she did both behold and study how to express some absolute shape or mirror always present before her; yea, such her dexterity and skill appeareth, that no intellectual creature in the world were able by capacity to do that which nature doth without capacity and knowledge; it cannot be but nature hath some director of infinite knowledge to guide her in all her ways. Who the guide of nature, but only the God of nature? "In him we live, move, and are." Those things which nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using nature as an instrument; nor is there any such art or knowledge divine in nature herself working, but in the Guide of nature's work.

Whereas therefore things natural which are not in the number of voluntary agents (for of such only we now speak, and of no other), do so

necessarily observe their certain laws that as long as they keep those forms which give them their being, they cannot possibly be apt or inclinable to do otherwise than they do; seeing the kinds of their operations a both constantly and exactly framed according to the several ends for which they serve, they themselves in the meanwhile, though doing that which is fit, yet knowing neither what they do, nor why, it followeth that all which they do in this sort proceedeth originally from some such agent as knoweth, appointeth, holdeth up, and even actually frameth the same.

The manner of this divine efficiency, being far above us, we are no more able to conceive by our reason than creatures unreasonable by their sense are able to apprehend after what manner we dispose and order the cours of our affairs. Only thus much is discerned, that the natural generation and process of all things receiveth order of proceeding from the settled stability of divine understanding. This appointeth unto them their kinds of working, the disposition whereof in the purity of God's own knowledge and will is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it, was wont by the ancient to be called Natural Destiny. That law, the performance whereof we behold in things natural, is as it were an authentical or an original draught written in the bosom of God himself; whose Spirit being to execute the same useth every particular nature, every mere natural agent, only as an instrument created at the beginning, and ever since the beginning used, to work his own will and pleasure withal. Nature therefore is nothing else but God's instrument: in the course whereof Dionysius perceiving some sudden disturbance is said to have cried out, *Aut Deus naturae patitur, aut mundi machina dissolvetur:* "either God doth suffer impediment, and is by a greater than himself hindered; or if that be impossible, then hath he determined to make a present dissolution of the world; the execution of that law beginning now to stand still, without which the world cannot stand."

This workman whose servitor nature is, being in truth but only one, the heathens imagining to be moe, gave him in the sky the name of Jupiter, in the air the name of Juno, in the water the name of Neptune, in the earth the name of Vesta and sometimes of Ceres, the name of Apollo in the sun, in the moon the name of Diana, the name of Aeolus and divers other in the winds; and to conclude, even so many guides of nature they dreamed of, as they saw there were kinds of things natural in the world. These they honoured, as having power to work or cease accordingly as men deserved of them. But unto us there is one only Guide of all agents natural, and he both the Creator and the Worker of all in all, alone to be blessed, adored and honoured by all for ever.

[5] That which hitherto hath been spoken concerneth natural agents

considered in themselves. But we must further remember also (which thing to touch in a word shall suffice), that as in this respect they have their law, which law directeth them in the means whereby they tend to their own perfection; so likewise another law there is, which toucheth them as they are sociable parts united into one body; a law which bindeth them each to serve unto other's good, and all to prefer the good of the whole before whatsoever their own particular; as we plainly see they do when things natural in that regard forget their ordinary natural wont, that which is heavy mounting sometime upwards of it own accord and forsaking the centre of the earth which to itself is most natural, even as if it did hear itself commanded to let go the good it privately wisheth and to relieve the present distress of nature in common.

IV. But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the foot-stool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures; touching Angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell; as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect *idea* of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us, as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels. For beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unwearіable and even unsatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men; in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is no where but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the paynims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God; Orpheus confessing that "the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men"; and the Mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching that God moveth angels, even as that thing doth stir man's heart which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto

these three general kinds: first, most delectable love arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace.

[2] Of angels, we are not to consider only what they are and do in regard of their own being, but that also which concerneth them as they are linked into a kind of corporation amongst themselves, and of society or fellowship with men. Consider angels each of them severally in himself, and their law is that which the prophet David mentioneth, "All ye his angels praise him." Consider the angels of God associated, and their law is that which disposeth them as an army, one in order and degree above another. Consider finally the angels as having with us that communion which the apostle to the Hebrews noteth, and in regard whereof angels have not disdained to profess themselves our "fellow-servants"; from hence there springeth up a third law, which bindeth them to works of ministerial employment. Every of which their several functions are by them performed with joy.

[3] A part of the angels of God notwithstanding (we know) have fallen, and that their fall hath been through the voluntary breach of that law which did require at their hands continuance in the exercise of their high and admirable virtue. Impossible it was that ever their will should change or incline to remit any part of their duty, without some object having force to avert their conceit from God, and to draw it another way; and that before they attained that high perfection of bliss, wherein now the elect angels are without possiblity of falling. Of any thing more than of God they could not by any means like, as long as whatsoever they knew besides God they apprehended it not in itself without dependency upon God; because so long God must needs seem infinitely better than any thing which they so could apprehend. Things beneath them could not in such sort be presented unto their eyes, but that therein they must needs see always how those things did depend on God. It seemeth therefore that there was no other way for angels to sin but by reflex of their understanding upon themselves; when being held with admiration of their own sublimity and honour, the memory of their subordination unto God and their dependency on him was drowned in this conceit; whereupon their adoration, love, and imitation of God could not choose but be also interrupted. The fall of angels therefore was pride. Since their fall, their practices have been the clean contrary unto those before mentioned. For being dispersed, some in the air, some on the earth, some in the water, some among the

minerals, dens, and caves that are under the earth, they have by all means laboured to effect an universal rebellion against the laws, and, as far as in them lieth, utter destruction of the works of God. These wicked spirits the heathens honoured instead of gods, both generally under the name of *Dii inferi*, "gods infernal"; and particularly, some in oracles, some in idols, some as household gods, some as nymphs—in a word, no foul and wicked spirit which was not one way or other honoured of men as God, till such time as light appeared in the world and dissolved the works of the devil. Thus much therefore may suffice for angels, the next unto whom in degree are men.

V. God alone excepted, who actually and everlastingly is whatsoever he may be, and which cannot hereafter be that which now he is not; all other things besides are somewhat in possibility, which as yet they are not in act. And for this cause there is in all things an appetite or desire, whereby they incline to something which they may be; and when they are it, they shall be perfecter than now they are. All which perfections are contained under the general name of Goodness. And because there is not in the world any thing whereby another may not some way be made the perfecter, therefore all things that are, are good.

[2] Again, sith there can be no goodness desired which proceedeth not from God himself, as from the supreme cause of all things; and every effect doth after a sort contain, at leastwise resemble, the cause from which it proceedeth: all things in the world are said in some sort to seek the highest, and to covet more or less the participation of God himself. Yet this doth no where so much appear as it doth in man, because there are so many kinds of perfections which man seeketh. The first degree of goodness is that general perfection which all things do seek, in desiring the continuance of their being. All things therefore coveting as much as may be to be like unto God in being ever, that which cannot hereunto attain personally doth seek to continue itself another way, that is by offspring and propagation. The next degree of goodness is that which each thing coveteth by affecting resemblance with God in the constancy and excellency of those operations which belong unto their kind. The immutability of God they strive unto, by working either always or for the most part after one and the same manner; his absolute exactness they imitate, by tending unto that which is most exquisite in every particular. Hence have risen a number of axioms in philosophy, showing how "the works of nature do always aim at that which cannot be bettered."

[3] These two kinds of goodness rehearsed are so nearly united to the things themselves which desire them that we scarcely perceive the appetite to stir in reaching forth her hand towards them. But the desire of those perfections which grow externally is more apparent; especially

of such as are not expressly desired unless they be first known, or such as are not for any other cause than for knowledge itself desired. Concerning perfections in this kind, that by proceeding in the knowledge of truth, and by growing in the exercise of virtue, man amongst the creatures of this inferior world aspireth to the greatest conformity with God; this is not only known unto us, whom he himself hath so instructed, but even they do acknowledge who amongst men are not judged the nearest unto him. With Plato what one thing more usual than to excite men unto the love of wisdom, by shewing how much wise men are thereby exalted above men; how knowledge doth raise them up into heaven; how it maketh them, though not gods, yet as gods, high, admirable, and divine? And Mercurius Trismegistus speaking of the virtues of a righteous soul, "Such spirits" (saith he) "are never cloyed with praising and speaking well of all men, with doing good unto every one by word and deed, because they study to frame themselves according to THE PATTERN of the Father of spirits."

VI. In the matter of knowledge, there is between the angels of God and the children of men this difference: angels already have full and complete knowledge in the highest degree that can be imparted unto them; men, if we view them in their spring, are at the first without understanding or knowledge at all. Nevertheless, from this utter vacuity they grow by degrees, till they come at length to be even as the angels themselves are. That which agreeth to the one now, the other shall attain unto in the end; they are not so far disjoined and severed but that they come at length to meet. The soul of man being therefore at the first as a book, wherein nothing is and yet all things may be imprinted, we are to search by what steps and degrees it riseth unto perfection of knowledge.

[2] Unto that which hath been already set down concerning natural agents this we must add: that albeit therein we have comprised as well creatures living as void of life, if they be in degree of nature beneath men; nevertheless a difference we must observe between those natural agents that work altogether unwittingly, and those which have though weak yet some understanding what they do, as fishes, fowls, and beasts have. Beasts are in sensible capacity as ripe even as men themselves, perhaps more ripe. For as stones, though in dignity of nature inferior unto plants, yet exceed them in firmness of strength or durability of being; and plants, though beneath the excellency of creatures endued with sense, yet exceed them in the faculty of vegetation and of fertility: so beasts, though otherwise behind men, may notwithstanding in actions of sense and fancy go beyond them; because the endeavours of nature, when it hath a higher perfection to seek, are in lower the more remiss, not esteeming thereof so much as those things do which have no better proposed unto them.

[3] The soul of man, therefore, being capable of a more divine per-

fection, hath (besides the faculties of growing unto sensible knowledge which is common unto us with beasts) a further ability, whereof in them there is no show at all, the ability of reaching higher than unto sensible things. Till we grow to some ripeness of years, the soul of man doth only store itself with conceits of things of inferior and more open quality, which afterwards do serve as instruments unto that which is greater; in the meanwhile, above the reach of meaner creatures it ascendeth not. When once it comprehendeth any thing above this, as the differences of time, affirmations, negations, and contradictions in speech, we then count it to have some use of natural reason. Whereunto if afterwards there might be added the right helps of true art and learning (which helps, I must plainly confess, this age of the world, carrying the name of a learned age, doth neither much know nor greatly regard), there would undoubtedly be almost as great difference in maturity of judgment between men therewith inured, and that which now men are, as between men that are now, and innocents. Which speech if any condemn as being over-hyperbolical, let them consider but this one thing. No art is at the first finding out so perfect as industry may after make it. Yet the very first man that to any purpose knew the way we speak of and followed it, hath alone thereby performed more very near in all parts of natural knowledge than sithence in any one part thereof the whole world besides hath done.

[4] In the poverty of that other new devised aid two things there are notwithstanding singular. Of marvellous quick despatch it is, and doth shew them that have it as much almost in three days, as if it dwell threescore years with them. Again, because the curiosity of man's wit doth many times with peril wade farther in the search of things than were convenient; the same is thereby restrained unto such generalities as every where offering themselves are apparent unto men of the weakest conceit that need be. So as following the rules and precepts thereof, we may define it to be, an Art which teacheth the way of speedy discourse, and restraineth the mind of man that it may not wax over-wise.

[5] Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner able to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil. But at what time a man may be said to have attained so far forth the use of reason as sufficeth to make him capable of those Laws whereby he is then bound to guide his actions; this is a great deal more easy for common sense to discern, than for any man by skill and learning to determine; even as it is not in philosophers, who best know the nature both of fire and of gold, to teach what degree of the one will serve to purify the other, so well as the artisan, who doth this by fire, discerneth by sense when the fire hath that degree of heat which sufficeth for his purpose.

VII. By reason man attaineth unto the knowledge of things that are

and are not sensible. It resteth therefore that we search how man attaineth unto the knowledge of such things unsensible as are to be known that they may be done. Seeing then that nothing can move unless there be some end, the desire whereof provoketh unto motion; how should that divine power of the soul, that "spirit of our mind," as the apostle termeth it, ever stir itself unto action, unless it have also the like spur? The end for which we are moved to work is sometimes the goodness which we conceive of the very working itself, without any further respect at all; and the cause that procureth action is the mere desire of action, no other good besides being thereby intended. Of certain turbulent wits it is said, *Illis quieta movere magna merces videbatur:* they thought the very disturbance of things established an hire sufficient to set them on work. Sometimes that which we do is referred to a further end, without the desire whereof we would leave the same undone; as in their actions that gave alms to purchase thereby the praise of men.

[2] Man in perfection of nature being made according to the likeness of his Maker, resembleth him also in the manner of working; so that whatsoever we work as men, the same we do wittingly work and freely; neither are we according to the manner of natural agents any way so tied but that it is in our power to leave the things we do undone. The good which either is gotten by doing, or which consisteth in the very doing itself, causeth not action, unless apprehending it as good we so like and desire it: that we do unto any such end, the same we choose and prefer before the leaving of it undone. Choice there is not, unless the thing which we take be so in our power that we might have refused and left it. If fire consume the stubble, it chooseth not so to do, because the nature thereof is such that it can do no other. To choose is to will one thing before another. And to will is to bend our souls to the having or doing of that which they see to be good. Goodness is seen with the eye of the understanding. And the light of that eye, is Reason. So that two principal fountains there are of human action: Knowledge and Will; which Will, in things tending towards any end, is termed Choice. Concerning Knowledge, "Behold," saith Moses, "I have set before you this day good and evil, life and death." Concerning Will, he addeth immediately, "Choose life"; that is to say, the things that tend unto life, them choose.

[3] But of one thing we must have special care, as being a matter of no small moment; and that is, how the Will, properly and strictly taken, as it is of things which are referred unto the end that man desireth, differeth greatly from that inferior natural desire which we call Appetite. The object of Appetite is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of Will is that good which Reason doth lead us to seek. Affections, as joy, and grief, and fear, and anger, with such like, being as it

were the sundry fashions and forms of Appetite, can neither rise at the conceit of a thing indifferent, nor yet choose but rise at the sight of some things. Wherefore it is not altogether in our power whether we will be stirred with affections or no; whereas actions which issue from the disposition of the Will are in the power thereof to be performed or stayed. Finally, Appetite is the Will's solicitor, and the Will is Appetite's controller; what we covet according to the one by the other we often reject; neither is any other desire termed properly Will, but that where Reason and Understanding, or the show of Reason, prescribeth the thing desired.

It may be therefore a question, whether those operations of men are to be counted voluntary wherein that good which is sensible provoketh Appetite, and Appetite causeth action, Reason being never called to counsel; as when we eat or drink, and betake ourselves unto rest, and such like. The truth is, that such actions in men having attained to the use of Reason are voluntary. For as the authority of higher powers hath force even in those things which are done without their privity, and are of so mean reckoning that to acquaint them therewith it needeth not; in like sort, voluntarily we are said to do that also, which the Will if it listed might hinder from being done, although about the doing thereof we do not expressly use our Reason or understanding, and so immediately apply our Wills thereunto. In cases therefore of such facility, the Will doth yield her assent as it were with a kind of silence, by not dissenting; in which respect her force is not so apparent as in express mandates or prohibitions, especially upon advice and consultation going before.

[4] Where understanding therefore needeth, in those things Reason is the director of man's Will by discovering in action what is good. For the Laws of well-doing are the dictates of right Reason. Children, which are not as yet come unto those years whereat they may have; again, innocents, which are excluded by natural defect from ever having; thirdly, madmen, which for the present cannot possibly have the use of right Reason to guide themselves, have for their guide the Reason that guideth other men, which are tutors over them to seek and to procure their good for them. In the rest there is that light of Reason, whereby good may be known from evil, and which discovering the same rightly is termed right.

[5] The Will notwithstanding doth not incline to have or do that which Reason teacheth to be good, unless the same do also teach it to be possible. For albeit the Appetite, being more general, may wish any thing which seemeth good, be it never so impossible; yet for such things the reasonable Will of man doth never seek. Let Reason teach impossibility in any thing, and the Will of man doth let it go; a thing impossible it doth not affect, the impossibility thereof being manifest.

[6] There is in the Will of man naturally that freedom whereby it is

apt to take or refuse any particular object whatsoever being presented unto it. Whereupon it followeth, that there is no particular object so good, but it may have the shew of some difficulty or unpleasant quality annexed to it, in respect whereof the Will may shrink and decline it; contrariwise (for so things are blended) there is no particular evil which hath not some appearance of goodness whereby to insinuate itself. For evil as evil cannot be desired; if that be desired which is evil, the cause is the goodness which is, or seemeth to be, joined with it. Goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent; and therefore many things are neglected which are most precious, only because the value of them lieth hid. Sensible Goodness is most apparent, near, and present; which causeth the Appetite to be therewith strongly provoked. Now pursuit and refusal in the Will do follow, the one the affirmation the other the negation of goodness, which the understanding apprehendeth, grounding itself upon sense, unless some higher Reason do chance to teach the contrary. And if Reason have taught it rightly to be good, yet not so apparently that the mind receiveth it with utter impossibility of being otherwise, still there is place left for the Will to take or leave. Whereas therefore amongst so many things as are to be done, there are so few the goodness whereof Reason in such sort doth or easily can discover, we are not to marvel at the choice of evil even then when the contrary is probably known. Hereby it cometh to pass that custom inuring the mind by long practice, and so leaving there a sensible impression, prevaileth more than reasonable persuasion what way soever. Reason therefore may rightly discern the thing which is good, and yet the Will of man not incline itself thereunto, as oft as the prejudice of sensible experience doth oversway.

[7] Nor let any man think that this doth make any thing for the just excuse of iniquity. For there was never sin committed, wherein a less good was not preferred before a greater, and that wilfully; which cannot be done without the singular disgrace of Nature, and the utter disturbance of that divine order whereby the preëminence of chiefest acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged. There is not that good which concerneth us, but it hath evidence enough for itself, if Reason were diligent to search it out. Through neglect thereof, abused we are with the show of that which is not; sometimes the subtilty of Satan inveigling us as it did Eve, sometimes the hastiness of our Wills preventing the more considerate advice of sound Reason, as in the Apostles, when they no sooner saw what they liked not, but they forthwith were desirous of fire from heaven; sometimes the very custom of evil making the heart obdurate against whatsoever instructions to the contrary, as in them over whom our Saviour spake weeping, "O Jerusalem, how often, and thou wouldest

not!" Still therefore that wherewith we stand blameable, and can no way excuse it, is, In doing evil, we prefer a less good before a greater, the greatness whereof is by Reason investigable and may be known. The search of knowledge is a thing painful; and the painfulness of knowledge is that which maketh the Will so hardly inclinable thereunto. The root hereof, divine malediction; whereby the instruments being weakened wherewithal the soul (especially in reasoning) doth work, it preferreth rest in ignorance before wearisome labour to know. For a spur of diligence, therefore, we have a natural thirst after knowledge ingrafted in us. But by reason of that original weakness in the instruments, without which the understanding part is not able in this world by discourse to work, the very conceit of painfulness is as a bridle to stay us. For which cause the Apostle, who knew right well that the weariness of the flesh is an heavy clog to the Will, striketh mightily upon this key, "Awake thou that sleepest; Cast off all which presseth down; Watch; Labour; Strive to go forward, and to grow in knowledge."

VIII. Wherefore to return to our former intent of discovering the natural way whereby rules have been found out concerning that goodness wherewith the Will of man ought to be moved in human actions; as every thing naturally and necessarily doth desire the utmost good and greatest perfection whereof Nature hath made it capable, even so man. Our felicity therefore being the object and accomplishment of our desire, we cannot choose but wish and covet it. All particular things which are subject unto action, the Will doth so far forth incline unto as Reason judgeth them the better for us, and consequently the more available to our bliss. If Reason err, we fall into evil, and are so far forth deprived of the general perfection we seek. Seeing therefore that for the framing of men's actions the knowledge of good from evil is necessary, it only resteth that we search how this may be had. Neither must we suppose that there needeth one rule to know the good and another the evil by. For he that knoweth what is straight doth even thereby discern what is crooked, because the absence of straightness in bodies capable thereof is crookedness. Goodness in actions is like unto straightness; wherefore that which is done well we term "right." For as the straight way is most acceptable to him that travelleth, because by it he cometh soonest to his journey's end; so in action, that which doth lie the evenest between us and the end we desire must needs be the fittest for our use. Besides which fitness for use, there is also in rectitude, beauty; as contrariwise in obliquity, deformity. And that which is good in the actions of men doth not only delight as profitable, but as amiable also. In which consideration the Grecians most divinely have given to the active perfection of men a name expressing both beauty and

goodness, because goodness in ordinary speech is for the most part applied only to that which is beneficial. But we in the name of goodness do here imply both.

[2] And of discerning goodness there are but these two ways: the one the knowledge of the causes whereby it is made such; the other the observation of those signs and tokens, which being annexed always unto goodness, argue that where they are found, there also goodness is, although we know not the cause by force whereof it is there. The former of these is the most sure and infallible way, but so hard that all shun it, and had rather walk as men do in the dark by haphazard than tread so long and intricate mazes for knowledge' sake. As therefore physicians are many times forced to leave such methods of curing as themselves know to be the fittest, and being overruled by their patients' impatiency are fain to try the best they can, in taking that way of cure which the cured will yield unto; in like sort, considering how the case doth stand with this present age full of tongue and weak of brain, behold we yield to the stream thereof; into the causes of goodness we will not make any curious or deep inquiry; to touch them now and then it shall be sufficient, when they are so near at hand that easily they may be conceived without any far-removed discourse. That way we are contented to prove, which being the worse in itself, is not withstanding now by reason of common imbecility the fitter and likelier to be brooked.

[3] Signs and tokens to know good by are of sundry kinds; some more certain and some less. The most certain token of evident goodness is, if the general persuasion of all men do so account it. And therefore a common received error is never utterly overthrown till such time as we go from signs unto causes, and shew some manifest root or fountain thereof common unto all, whereby it may clearly appear how it hath come to pass that so many have been overseen. In which case surmises and slight probabilities will not serve, because the universal consent of men is the perfectest and strongest in this kind which comprehendeth only the signs and tokens of goodness. Things casual do vary, and that which a man doth but chance to think well of cannot still have the like hap. Wherefore, although we know not the cause, yet thus much we may know; that some necessary cause there is, whensoever the judgments of all men generally or for the most part run one and the same way, especially in matters of natural discourse. For of things necessarily and naturally done there is no more affirmed but this, "they keep either always or for the most part one tenure." The general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God himself. For that which all men have at all times learned, Nature herself must needs have taught; and God being the author of Nature, her voice is but his instrument. By her from Him we receive whatsoever in such sort we

learn. Infinite duties there are, the goodness whereof is by this rule sufficiently manifested, although we had no other warrant besides to approve them. The Apostle St. Paul having speech concerning the heathen saith of them, "They are a law unto themselves." His meaning is, that by force of the light of Reason, wherewith God illuminateth every one which cometh into the world, men being enabled to know truth from falsehood, and good from evil, do thereby learn in many things what the will of God is; which will himself not revealing by any extraordinary means unto them, but they by natural discourse attaining the knowledge thereof, seem the makers of those Laws which indeed are his, and they but only the finders of them out.

[4] A law, therefore, generally taken, is a directive rule unto goodness of operation. The rule of divine operations outward, is the definitive appointment of God's own wisdom set down within himself. The rule of natural agents that work by simple necessity is the determination of the wisdom of God, known to God himself, the principal director of them, but not unto them that are directed to execute the same. The rule of natural agents which work after a sort of their own accord, as the beasts do, is the judgment of common sense or fancy concerning the sensible goodness of those objects wherewith they are moved. The rule of ghostly or immaterial natures, as spirits and angels, is their intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object, which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that Reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do. And the sentences which Reason giveth are some more, some less general, before it come to define in particular actions what is good.

[5] The main principles of Reason are in themselves apparent. For to make nothing evident of itself unto man's understanding were to take away all possibility of knowing any thing. And herein that of Theophrastus is true, "They that seek a reason of all things do utterly overthrow Reason." In every kind of knowledge some such grounds there are as that, being proposed, the mind doth presently embrace them as free from all possibility of error, clear and manifest without proof. In which kind axioms or principles more general are such as this, "that the greater good is to be chosen before the less." If therefore it should be demanded what reason there is, why the Will of man, which doth necessarily shun harm and covet whatsoever is pleasant and sweet, should be commanded to count the pleasures of sin gall, and notwithstanding the bitter accidents wherewith virtuous actions are compassed, yet still to rejoice and delight in them: surely this could never stand with Reason, but that wisdom, thus prescribing, groundeth her laws upon an infallible rule of comparison, which is,

that small difficulties, when exceeding great good is sure to ensue, and on the other side momentany benefits, when the hurt which they draw after them is unspeakable, are not at all to be respected. This rule is the ground whereupon the wisdom of the Apostle buildeth a law, enjoining patience unto himself: "The present lightness of our affliction worketh unto us even with abundance upon abundance an eternal weight of glory; while we look not on the things which are seen, but on the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"; therefore Christianity to be embraced, whatsoever calamities in those times it was accompanied withal. Upon the same ground our Saviour proveth the law most reasonable that doth forbid those crimes which men for gain's sake fall into. "For a man to win the world if it be with the loss of his soul, what benefit or good is it?" Axioms less general, yet so manifest that they need no further proof, are such as these, "God to be worshipped"; "parents to be honoured"; "others to be used by us as we ourselves would by them." Such things, as soon as they are alleged, all men acknowledge to be good; they require no proof or further discourse to be assured of their goodness.

Notwithstanding whatsoever such principle there is, it was at the first found out by discourse, and drawn from out of the very bowels of heaven and earth. For we are to note that things in the world are to us discernible, not only so far forth as serveth for our vital preservation, but further also in a twofold higher respect. For first, if all other uses were utterly taken away, yet the mind of man being by nature speculative and delighted with contemplation in itself, they were to be known even for mere knowledge and understanding's sake. Yea further besides this, the knowledge of every the least thing in the whole world hath in it a second peculiar benefit unto us, inasmuch as it serveth to minister rules, canons, and laws, for men to direct those actions by, which we properly term human. This did the very heathens themselves obscurely insinuate, by making Themis, which we call *Jus*, or Right, to be the daughter of heaven and earth.

[6] We know things either as they are in themselves, or as they are in mutual relation one to another. The knowledge of that which man is in reference unto himself, and other things in relation unto man, I may justly term the mother of all those principles which are as it were edicts, statutes, and decrees, in that Law of Nature whereby human actions are framed. First, therefore, having observed that the best things, where they are not hindered, do still produce the best operations (for which cause, where many things are to concur unto one effect, the best is in all congruity of reason to guide the residue, that it prevailing most, the work principally done by it may have greatest perfection); when hereupon we come to observe in ourselves, of what excellency our souls are in comparison of

our bodies, and the diviner part in relation unto the baser of our souls; seeing that all these concur in producing human actions, it cannot be well unless the chiefest do command and direct the rest. The soul then ought to conduct the body, and the spirit of our minds the soul. This is therefore the first Law, whereby the highest power of the mind requireth general obedience at the hands of all the rest concurring with it unto action.

[7] Touching the several grand mandates which, being imposed by the understanding faculty of the mind, must be obeyed by the Will of man, they are by the same method found out, whether they import our duty towards God or towards man.

Touching the one, I may not here stand to open by what degrees of discourse the minds even of mere natural men have attained to know, not only that there is a God, but also what power, force, wisdom, and other properties that God hath, and how all things depend on him. This being therefore presupposed, from that known relation which God hath unto us as unto children, and unto all good things as unto effects whereof himself is the principal cause, these axioms and laws natural concerning our duty have arisen: "that in all things we go about his aid is by prayer to be craved"; "that he cannot have sufficient honour done unto him, but the utmost of that we can do to honour him we must"; which is in effect the same that we read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," which Law our Saviour doth term the "first and the great commandment."

Touching the next, which as our Saviour addeth is "like unto this" (he meaneth in amplitude and largeness, inasmuch as it is the root out of which all Laws of duty to men-ward have grown, as out of the former all offices of religion towards God), the like natural inducement hath brought men to know that it is their duty no less to love others than themselves. For seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure, if I cannot but wish to receive all good, even as much at every man's hand as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless myself be careful to satisfy the like desire which is undoubtedly in other men, we all being of one and the same nature? To have any thing offered them repugnant to this desire must needs in all respects grieve them as much as me, so that if I do harm I must look to suffer; there being no reason that others should shew greater measure of love to me than they have by me shewed unto them. My desire therefore to be loved of my equals in nature as much as possible may be, imposeth upon me a natural duty of bearing to them-ward fully the like affection. From which relation of equality between ourselves and them that are as ourselves, what several rules and canons natural Reason hath drawn for direction of life no man is ignorant; as namely, "That

because we would take no harm, we must therefore do none"; "That sith we would not be in any thing extremely dealt with, we must ourselves avoid all extremity in our dealings"; "That from all violence and wrong we are utterly to abstain"; with such like; which further to wade in would be tedious, and to our present purpose not altogether so necessary, seeing that on these two general heads already mentioned all other specialities are dependent.

[8] Wherefore the natural measure whereby to judge our doings, is the sentence of Reason, determining and setting down what is good to be done. Which sentence is either mandatory, shewing what must be done; or else permissive, declaring only what may be done; or thirdly admonitory, opening what is the most convenient for us to do. The first taketh place where the comparison doth stand altogether between doing and not doing of one thing which in itself is absolutely good or evil; as it had been for Joseph to yield or not to yield to the impotent desire of his lewd mistress, the one evil, the other good simply. The second is when, of divers things evil, all being not evitable, we are permitted to take one; which one, saving only in case of so great urgency, were not otherwise to be taken; as in the matter of divorce amongst the Jews. The last when, of divers things good, one is principal and most eminent; as in their act who sold their possessions and laid the price at the Apostles' feet, which possessions they might have retained unto themselves without sin. Again, in the Apostle St. Paul's own choice to maintain himself by his own labour; whereas in living by the Church's maintenance, as others did, there had been no offence committed. In Goodness, therefore, there is a latitude or extent, whereby it cometh to pass that even of good actions some are better than other some; whereas otherwise one man could not excel another, but all should be either absolutely good, as hitting jump that indivisible point or centre wherein goodness consisteth; or else, missing it, they should be excluded out of the number of well-doers. Degrees of well-doing there could be none, except perhaps in the seldomness and oftenness of doing well. But the nature of Goodness being thus ample, a Law is properly that which Reason in such sort defineth to be good that it must be done. And the Law of Reason or human nature is that which men by discourse of natural Reason have rightly found out themselves to be all for ever bound unto in their actions.

[9] Laws of Reason have these marks to be known by. Such as keep them resemble most lively in their voluntary actions that very manner of working which Nature herself doth necessarily observe in the course of the whole world. The works of Nature are all behooveful, beautiful, without superfluity or defect; even so theirs, if they be framed according to that which the Law of Reason teacheth. Secondly those Laws are in-

vestigable by Reason, without the help of Revelation supernatural and divine. Finally, in such sort they are investigable, that the knowledge of them is general, the world hath always been acquainted with them; according to that which one in Sophocles observeth concerning a branch of this Law, "It is no child of to-day's or yesterday's birth, but hath been no man knoweth how long sithence." It is not agreed upon by one, or two, or few, but by all. Which we may not so understand, as if every particular man in the whole world did know and confess whatsoever the Law of Reason doth contain; but this Law is such that, being proposed, no man can reject it as unreasonable and unjust. Again, there is nothing in it but any man (having natural perfection of wit and ripeness of judgment) may by labour and travail find out. And to conclude, the general principles thereof are such, as it is not easy to find men ignorant of them. Law rational therefore, which men commonly use to call the Law of Nature, meaning thereby the Law which human Nature knoweth itself in reason universally bound unto, which also for that cause may be termed most fitly the Law of Reason: this Law, I say, comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or at leastwise may know, to be beseeming or unbeseeming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do.

[10] Now although it be true, which some have said, that "whatsoever is done amiss, the Law of Nature and Reason thereby is transgressed," because even those offences which are by their special qualities breaches of supernatural laws do also, for that they are generally evil, violate in general that principle of Reason which willeth universally to fly from evil; yet do we not therefore so far extend the Law of Reason as to contain in it all manner laws whereunto reasonable creatures are bound, but (as hath been shewed) we restrain it to those only duties which all men by force of natural wit either do or might understand to be such duties as concern all men. "Certain half-waking men there are" (as Saint Augustine noteth), "who neither altogether asleep in folly, nor yet throughly awake in the light of true understanding, have thought that there is not at all any thing just and righteous in itself; but look wherewith nations are inured, the same they take to be right and just. Whereupon their conclusion is, that seeing each sort of people hath a different kind of right from other, and that which is right of its own nature must be everywhere one and the same, therefore in itself there is nothing right. These good folk," saith he, "(that I may not trouble their wits with rehearsal of too many things) have not looked so far into the world as to perceive that 'Do as thou wouldest be done unto' is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon. Refer this sentence to the love of God, and it extinguisheth all heinous crimes; refer it to the love of

thy neighbour, and all grievous wrongs it banisheth out of the world." Wherefore as touching the Law of Reason, this was (it seemeth) Saint Augustine's judgment: namely, that there are in it some things which stand as principles universally agreed upon; and that out of those principles, which are in themselves evident, the greatest moral duties we owe towards God or man may without any great difficulty be concluded.

[11] If then it be here demanded, by what means it should come to pass (the greatest part of the Law moral being so easy for all men to know) that so many thousands of men notwithstanding have been ignorant even of principal moral duties, not imagining the breach of them to be sin: I deny not but lewd and wicked custom, beginning perhaps at the first amongst few, afterwards spreading into greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding; because men will not bend their wits to examine whether things wherewith they have been accustomed be good or evil. For example's sake, that grosser kind of heathenish idolatry, whereby they worshipped the very works of their own hands, was an absurdity to Reason so palpable, that the Prophet David, comparing idols and idolaters together, maketh almost no odds between them, but the one in a manner as much without wit and sense as the other. "They that make them are like unto them, and so are all that trust in them." That wherein an idolater doth seem so absurd and foolish is by the Wise Man thus exprest, "He is not ashamed to speak unto that which hath no life; he calleth on him that is weak for health; he prayeth for life unto him which is dead; of him which hath no experience he requireth help; for his journey he sueth to him which is not able to go; for gain and work and success in his affairs he seeketh furtherance of him that hath no manner of power." The cause of which senseless stupidity is afterwards imputed to custom. "When a father mourned grievously for his son that was taken away suddenly, he made an image for him that was once dead, whom now he worshippeth as a god, ordaining to his servants ceremonies and sacrifices. Thus by process of time this wicked custom prevailed, and was kept as a law"; the authority of rulers, the ambition of craftsmen, and such like means thrusting forward the ignorant, and increasing their superstition.

Unto this which the Wise Man hath spoken somewhat besides may be added. For whatsoever we have hitherto taught, or shall hereafter, concerning the force of man's natural understanding, this we always desire withal to be understood: that there is no kind of faculty or power in man or any other creature which can rightly perform the functions allotted to it, without perpetual aid and concurrence of that Supreme Cause of all things. The benefit whereof as oft as we cause God in his justice to with-

draw, there can no other thing follow than that which the Apostle noteth, even men endued with the light of reason to walk notwithstanding "in the vanity of their mind, having their cogitations darkened, and being strangers from the life of God through the ignorance which is in them, because of the hardness of their hearts." And this cause is mentioned by the prophet Esay, speaking of the ignorance of idolaters, who see not how the manifest Law of Reason condemneth their gross iniquity and sin. "They have not in them," saith he, "so much wit as to think, 'Shall I bow to the stock of a tree?' All knowledge and understanding is taken from them; for God hath shut their eyes that they cannot see."

That which we say in this case of idolatry serveth for all other things wherein the like kind of general blindness hath prevailed against the manifest Laws of Reason. Within the compass of which laws we do not only comprehend whatsoever may be easily known to belong to the duty of all men, but even whatsoever may possibly be known to be of that quality, so that the same be by necessary consequence deduced out of clear and manifest principles. For if once we descend unto probable collections what is convenient for men, we are then in the territory where free and arbitrary determinations, the territory where human laws take place; which laws are after to be considered.

IX. Now the due observation of this law which reason teacheth us, cannot but be effectual unto their great good that observe the same. For we see the whole world and each part thereof so compacted that as long as each thing performeth only that work which is natural unto it, it thereby preserveth both other things, and also itself. Contrariwise, let any principal thing, as the Sun, the Moon, any one of the heavens or elements, but once cease or fail, or swerve, and who doth not easily conceive that the sequel thereof would be ruin both to itself and whatsoever dependeth on it? And is it possible that man, being not only the noblest creature in the world but even a very world in himself, his transgressing the law of his nature should draw no manner of harm after it? Yes, "tribulation and anguish unto every soul that doth evil." Good doth follow unto all things by observing the course of their nature, and on the contrary side, evil by not observing it; but not unto natural agents that good which we call "Reward," not that evil which we properly term "Punishment." The reason whereof is, because amongst creatures in this world, only man's observation of the law of his nature is "Righteousness," only man's transgression "Sin." And the reason of this is the difference in his manner of observing or transgressing the law of his nature. He doth not otherwise than voluntarily the one or the other. What we do against our wills, or constrainedly, we are not properly said to do it; because the motive cause of doing it is not in ourselves, but carrieth us as if the wind should drive

a feather in the air, we no whit furthering that whereby we are driven. In such cases, therefore, the evil which is done moveth compassion; men are pitied for it, as being rather miserable in such respect than culpable. Some things are likewise done by man, though not through outward force and impulsion, though not against, yet without their wills; as in alienation of mind, or any the like inevitable utter absence of wit and judgment. For which cause, no man did ever think the hurtful actions of furious men and innocents to be punishable. Again, some things we do neither against nor without, and yet not simply and merely with our wills, but with our wills in such sort moved that, albeit there be no impossibility but that we might, nevertheless we are not so easily able to do otherwise. In this consideration one evil deed is made more pardonable than another. Finally, that which we do being evil, is notwithstanding by so much more pardonable, by how much the exigence of so doing, or the difficulty of doing otherwise, is greater; unless this necessity or difficulty have originally risen from ourselves. It is no excuse therefore unto him who, being drunk, committeth incest, and allegeth that his wits were not his own, in as much as himself might have chosen whether his wits should by that mean have been taken from him. Now rewards and punishments do always presuppose some thing willingly done well or ill; without which respect, though we may sometimes receive good or harm, yet then the one is only a benefit, and not a reward; the other simply an hurt, not a punishment. From the sundry dispositions of man's will, which is the root of all his actions, there groweth variety in the sequel of rewards and punishments, which are by these and the like rules measured: "Take away the will, and all acts are equal. That which we do not, and would do, is commonly accepted as done." By these and the like rules men's actions are determined of and judged, whether they be in their own nature rewardable or punishable.

[2] Rewards and punishments are not received but at the hands of such as being above us, have power to examine and judge our deeds. How men have come to have this authority one over another in external actions we shall more diligently examine in that which followeth. But for this present, so much all do acknowledge, that since every man's heart and conscience doth in good or evil, even secretly committed and known to none but itself, either like or disallow itself, and accordingly either rejoice—very nature exulting (as it were) in certain hope of reward—, or else grieve (as it were) in a sense of future punishment, neither of which can in this case be looked for from any other saving only from Him who discerneth and judgeth the very secrets of all hearts; therefore He is the only rewarder and revenger of all such actions, although not of such actions only, but of all whereby the law of nature is broken, whereof Himself is author. For which cause the Roman laws called the Laws of the

Twelve Tables, requiring offices of inward affection which the eye of man cannot reach unto, threaten the neglecters of them with none but divine punishment.

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THE BIBLE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 843

FROM *The Holy Bible . . . Newly Translated*, 1611 [the King James Version]

The Translators to the Reader

ZEAL to promote the common good, whether it be by devising anything ourselves, or revising that which hath been laboured by others, deserveth certainly much respect and esteem, but yet findeth but cold entertainment in the world. It is welcomed with suspicion instead of love, and with emulation instead of thanks: and if there be any hole left for cavil to enter (and cavil, if it do not find a hole, will make one), it is sure to be misconstrued, and in danger to be condemned. This will easily be granted by as many as know story, or have any experience. For, was there ever anything projected, that savoured any way of newness or renewing, but the same endured many a storm of gainsaying, or opposition? A man would think that Civility, wholesome Laws, learning and eloquence, Synods, and Church-maintenance (that we speak of no more things of this kind), should be as safe as a Sanctuary, and out of shot, as they say, that no man would lift up the heel, no, nor dog move his tongue against the motioners of them. For by the first, we are distinguished from brute-breasts led with sensuality: By the second, we are bridled and restrained from outrageous behaviour, and from doing of injuries, whether by fraud or by violence: By the third, we are enabled to inform and reform others, by the light and feeling that we have attained unto ourselves: Briefly, by the fourth being brought together to a parle face to face, we sooner compose our differences than by writings, which are endless: And lastly, that the Church be sufficiently provided for, is so agreeable to good reason and conscience, that those mothers are holden to be less cruel, that kill their children as soon as they are born, than those nursing fathers and mothers (wheresoever they be) that withdraw from them who hang upon their breasts (and upon whose breasts again themselves do hang to receive the Spiritual and sincere milk of the word) livelihood and support fit for

their estates. Thus it is apparent, that these things which we speak of, are of most necessary use, and therefore, that none, either without absurdity can speak against them, or without note of wickedness can spurn against them.

Yet for all that, the learned know that certain worthy men have been brought to untimely death for none other fault, but for seeking to reduce their Countrymen to good order and discipline: and that in some Commonweals it was made a capital crime, once to motion the making of a new Law for the abrogating of an old, though the same were most pernicious: And that certain, which would be counted pillars of the State, and paterns of Virtue and Prudence, could not be brought for a long time to give way to good Letters and refined speech, but bare themselves as averse from them, as from rocks or boxes of poison: And fourthly, that he was no babe, but a great clerk, that gave forth (and in writing to remain to posterity) in passion peradventure, but yet he gave forth, that he had not seen any profit to come by any Synod, or meeting of the Clergy, but rather the contrary: And lastly, against Church-maintenance and allowance, in such sort, as the Embassadors and messengers of the great King of Kings should be furnished, it is not unknown what a fiction or fable (so it is esteemed, and for no better by the reporter himself, though superstitious) was devised; Namely, that at such time as the professors and teachers of Christianity in the Church of Rome, then a true Church, were liberally endowed, a voice forsooth was heard from heaven, saying; Now is poison poured down into the Church, &c. Thus not only as oft as we speak, as one saith, but also as oft as we do anything of note or consequence, we subject ourselves to everyone's censure, and happy is he that is least tossed upon tongues; for utterly to escape the snatch of them it is impossible. If any man conceit that this is the lot and portion of the meaner sort only, and that Princes are privileged by their high estate, he is deceived.

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This, and more to this purpose, His Majesty that now reigneth (and long, and long may he reign, and his offspring forever, *Himself and children, and children's children always*) knew full well, according to the singular wisdom given unto him by God, and the rare learning and experience that he hath attained unto; namely that whosoever attempteth anything for the public (specially if it pertain to Religion, and to the opening and clearing of the word of God) the same setteth himself upon a stage to be glouted upon by every evil eye, yea, he casteth himself headlong upon pikes, to be gored by every sharp tongue. For he that medleth with men's Religion in any part, medleth with their custom, nay, with their freehold; and though they find no content in that which they have, yet they cannot

abide to hear of altering. Notwithstanding his Royal heart was not daunted or discouraged for this or that colour, but stood resolute, *as a statue immoveable, and an anvil not easy to be beaten into plates,* as one saith; he knew who had chosen him to be a Soldier, or rather a Captain, and being assured that the course which he intended made much for the glory of God, and the building up of his Church, he would not suffer it to be broken off for whatsoever speeches or practises. It doth certainly belong unto Kings, yea, it doth specially belong unto them, to have care of Religion, yea, to know it aright, yea, to profess it zealously, yea to promote it to the uttermost of their power. This is their glory before all nations which mean well, and this will bring unto them a far most excellent weight of glory in the day of the Lord Jesus. For the Scripture saith not in vain, *Them that honor me, I will honor,* neither was it a vain word that *Eusebius* delivered long ago, that piety towards God was the weapon, and the only weapon that both preserved *Constantine's* person, and avenged him of his enemies.

But now what piety without truth? what truth (what saving truth) without the word of God? what word of God (whereof we may be sure) without the Scripture?

* * * * *

But how shall men meditate in that, which they cannot understand? How shall they understand that which is kept close in an unknown tongue? . . . Translation it is that openeth the window, to let in the light; that breaketh the shell, that we may eat the kernel; that putteth aside the curtain, that we may look into the most Holy place; that removeth the cover of the well, that we may come by the water, even as *Jacob* rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well, by which means the flocks of *Laban* were watered. Indeed without translation into the vulgar tongue, the unlearned are but like children at *Jacob's* well (which was deep) without a bucket or some thing to draw with: or as that person mentioned by *Esay,* to whom when a sealed book was delivered, with this motion, *Read this, I pray thee,* he was fain to make this answer, *I cannot, for it is sealed.*

While God would be known only in *Jacob,* and have his Name great in *Israel,* and in none other place, while the dew lay on *Gideon's* fleece only, and all the earth besides was dry; then for one and the same people, which spake all of them the language of *Canaan,* that is, *Hebrew,* one and the same original in *Hebrew* was sufficient. But when the fulness of time drew near, that the Sun of righteousness, the Son of God should come into the world, whom God ordained to be a reconciliation through faith in his blood, not of the *Jew* only, but also of the *Greek,* yea, of all them that were scattered abroad; then lo, it pleased the Lord to stir up the spirit of a *Greek*

Prince (*Greek* for descent and language) even of *Ptolome Philadelph* King of *Egypt*, to procure the translating of the Book of God out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*. This is the translation of the *Seventy* Interpreters, commonly so called, which prepared the way for our Saviour among the Gentiles by written preaching, as Saint *John* Baptist did among the *Jews* by vocal. For the *Grecians* being desirous of learning, were not wont to suffer books of worth to lie moulding in Kings' Libraries, but had many of their servants, ready scribes, to copy them out, and so they were dispersed and made common. Again, the *Greek* tongue was well known and made familiar to most inhabitants in *Asia*, by reason of the conquest that there the *Grecians* had made, as also by the Colonies, which thither they had sent. For the same causes also it was well understood in many places of *Europe*, yea, and of *Affrike*, too. Therefore the word of God being set forth in *Greek*, becometh hereby like a candle set upon a candelstick, which giveth light to all that are in the house, or like a proclamation sounded forth in the market place, which most men presently take knowledge of; and therefore that language was fittest to contain the Scriptures, both for the first Preachers of the Gospel to appeal unto for witness, and for the learners also of those times to make search and trial by. It is certain, that that Translation was not so sound and so perfect, but that it needed in many places correction; and who had been so sufficient for this work as the Apostles or Apostolike men? Yet it seemed good to the holy Ghost and to them, to take that which they found, (the same being for the greatest part true and sufficient) rather than by making a new, in that new world and green age of the Church, to expose themselves to many exceptions and cavilations, as though they made a Translation to serve their own turn, and therefore bearing witness to themselves, their witness not to be regarded. This may be supposed to be some cause, why the Translation of the *Seventy* was allowed to pass for current. Notwithstanding, though it was commended generally, yet it did not fully content the learned, no not of the *Jews*. For not long after *Christ*, *Aquila* fell in hand with a new Translation, and after him *Theodotion*, and after him *Symmachus:* yea, there was a fift and sixt edition, the Authours whereof were not known. These with the *Seventy* made up the *Hexapla*, and were worthily and to great purpose compiled together by *Origen*. Howbeit the Edition of the *Seventy* went away with the credit, and therefore not only was placed in the midst by *Origen* (for the worth and excellency thereof above the rest, as Epiphanius gathered) but also was used by the *Greek* fathers for the ground and foundation of their Commentaries. Yea, *Epiphanius* above named doth attribute so much unto it, that he holdeth the Authors thereof not only for Interpreters, but also for Prophets in some respect: and *Justinian* the Emperour enjoining the *Jews* his subjects to use specially

the Translation of the *Seventy*, rendreth this reason thereof, because they were as it were enlightened with prophetical grace. Yet for all that, as the *Egyptians* are said of the Prophet to be men and not God, and their horses flesh and not spirit: so it is evident (and Saint *Hierome* affirmeth as much) that the *Seventy* were Interpreters, they were not Prophets; they did many things well, as learned men; but yet as men they stumbled and fell, one while through oversight, another while through ignorance, yea, sometimes they may be noted to add to the Original, and sometimes to take from it; which made the Apostles to leave them many times, when they left the *Hebrew*, and to deliver the sence thereof according to the truth of the word, as the spirit gave them utterance. This may suffice touching the *Greek* Translations of the old Testament.

There were also within a few hundreth years after CHRIST, translations many into the Latin tongue: for this tongue also was very fit to convey the Law and the Gospel by, because in those times very many Countries of the West, yea of the South, East and North, spake or understood Latin, being made Provinces to the *Romanes*. But now the Latin Translations were too many to be all good, for they were infinite (*Latini Interpretes nullo modo numerari possunt*, saith S. *Augustine*.) Again they were not out of the *Hebrew* fountain (we speak of the *Latin* Translations of the Old Testament) but out of the *Greek* stream, therefore the *Greek* being not altogether clear, the *Latin* derived from it must needs be muddie. This moved *S. Hierome* a most learned father, and the best linguist without controversy, of his age, or of any that went before him, to undertake the translating of the Old Testament, out of the very fountains themselves; which he performed with that evidence of great learning, judgment, industry and faithfulness, that he hath forever bound the Church unto him, in a debt of special remembrance and thankfulness.

Now though the Church were thus furnished with *Greek* and *Latin* Translations, even before the faith of CHRIST was generally embraced in the Empire: (for the learned know that even in S. *Hierom's* time, the Consul of *Rome* and his wife were both Ethnicks, and about the same time the greatest part of the Senate also) yet for all that the godly-learned were not content to have the Scriptures in the Language which themselves understood, *Greek* and *Latin*, (as the good Lepers were not content to fare well themselves, but acquainted their neighbours with the store that God had sent, that they also might provide for themselves) but also for the behoof and edifying of the unlearned which hungred and thirsted after Righteousness, and had souls to be saved as well as they, they provided Translations into the vulgar for their Countrymen, insomuch that most nations under heaven did shortly after their conversion, hear CHRIST speaking unto them in their mother tongue, not by the voice

of their Minister only, but also by the written word translated. If any doubt hereof, he may be satisfied by examples enough, if enough will serve the turn.

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Now the Church of Rome would seem at the length to bear a motherly affection towards her children, and to allow them the Scriptures in their mother tongue: but indeed it is a gift, not deserving to be called a gift, an unprofitable gift: they must first get a Licence in writing before they may use them, and to get that, they must approve themselves to their Confessor, that is, to be such as are, if not frozen in the dregs, yet soured with the leaven of their superstition. Howbeit, it seemed too much to *Clement the 8.* that there should be any Licence granted to have them in the vulgar tongue, and therefore he overruleth and frustrateth the grant of *Pius* the fourth. So much are they afraid of the light of the Scripture, (*Lucifugae Scripturarum*, as *Tertullian* speaketh) that they will not trust the people with it, no not as it is set forth by their own sworn men, no not with the License of their own Bishops and Inquisitors. Yea, so unwilling they are to communicate the Scriptures to the people's understanding in any sort, that they are not ashamed to confess, that we forced them to translate it into English against their wills. This seemeth to argue a bad cause, or a bad conscience, or both. Sure we are, that it is not he that hath good gold, that is afraid to bring it to the touch-stone, but he that hath the counterfeit; neither is it the true man that shunneth the light, but the malefactour, lest his deeds should be reproved: neither is it the plain dealing merchant that is unwilling to have the weights, or the meteyard brought in place, but he that useth deceit. But we will let them alone for this fault, and return to translation.

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. . . How many books of profane learning have been gone over again and again, by the same translators, by others? Of one and the same book of Aristotle's Ethikes, there are extant not so few as six or seven several translations. Now if this cost may be bestowed upon the goord, which affordeth us a little shade, and which today flourisheth, but tomorrow is cut down; what may we bestow, nay what ought we not to bestow upon the Vine, the fruit whereof maketh glad the conscience of man, and the stem whereof abideth forever? And this is the word of God, which we translate. *What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord? Tanti vitreum, quanti verum margaritum* (saith *Tertullian,*) if a toy of glass be of that reckoning with us, how ought we to value the true pearl? Therefore let no man's eye be evil, because his Majesty's is good; neither let any be

grieved, that we have a Prince that seeketh the increase of the spiritual wealth of Israel (let *Sanballats* and *Tobiahs* do so, which therefore do bear their just reproof) but let us rather bless God from the ground of our heart, for working this religious care in him, to have the translations of the Bible maturely considered of and examined. For by this means it cometh to pass, that whatsoever is sound already (and all is sound for substance, in one or other of our editions, and the worst of ours far better than their authentic vulgar) the same will shine as gold more brightly, being rubbed and polished; also, if anything be halting, or superfluous, or not so agreeable to the original, the same may be corrected, and the truth set in place. And what can the King command to be done, that will bring him more true honour than this? and wherein could they that have been set a work, approve their duty to the King, yea their obedience to God, and love to his Saints more, than by yielding their service, and all that is within them, for the furnishing of the work? But besides all this, they were the principal motives of it, and therefore ought least to quarel it: for the very Historical truth is, that upon the importunate petitions of the Puritans, at his Majesty's coming to this Crown, the Conference at Hampton Court having been appointed for hearing their complaints: when by force of reason they were put from all other grounds, they had recourse at the last, to this shift, that they could not with good conscience subscribe to the Communion book, since it maintained the Bible as it was there translated, which was as they said, a most corrupted translation. And although this was judged to be but a very poor and empty shift; yet even hereupon did his Majesty begin to bethink himself of the good that might ensue by a new translation, and presently after gave order for this Translation which is now presented unto thee. Thus much to satisfy our scrupulous Brethren.

Now to the later we answer; that we do not deny, nay we affirm and avow, that the very meanest translation of the Bible in English, set forth by men of our profession (for we have seen none of theirs of the whole Bible as yet) containeth the word of God, nay, is the word of God. As the King's Speech which he uttered in Parliament, being translated in *French, Dutch, Italian* and *Latin*, is still the King's speech, though it be not interpreted by every Translator with the like grace, nor peradventure so fitly for phrase, nor so expressly for sense, everywhere. For it is confessed, that things are to take their denomination of the greater part; and a natural man could say, *Verùm ubi multa nitent in carmine, non ego paucis offendor maculis, &c.* A man may be counted a virtuous man, though he have made many slips in his life (else, there were none virtuous, for *in many things we offend all*), also a comely man and lovely, though he have some warts upon his hand, yea, not only freckles upon his

face, but also scars. No cause therefore why the word translated should be denied to be the word, or forbidden to be current, not withstanding that some imperfections and blemishes may be noted in the setting forth of it. For whatever was perfect under the Sun, where Apostles or Apostolike men, that is, men imbued with an extraordinary measure of God's spirit, and privileged with the privilege of infallibility, had not their hand? The Romanists therefore in refusing to hear, and daring to burn the Word translated, did no less than despite the spirit of grace, from whom originally it proceeded, and whose sense and meaning, as well as man's weakness would enable, it did express.

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Yet before we end, we must answer a third cavil and objection of theirs against us, for altering and amending our Translations so oft; wherein truly they deal hardly, and strangely with us. For to whom ever was it imputed for a fault (by such as were wise) to go over that which he had done, and to amend it where he saw cause? Saint *Augustine* was not afraid to exhort S. *Hierome* to a *Palinodia* or recantation; the same S. *Augustine* was not ashamed to retractate, we might say revoke, many things that had passed him, and doth even glory that he seeth his infirmities. If we will be sons of the Truth, we must consider what it speaketh, and trample upon our own credit, yea, and upon other men's too, if either be any way an hinderance to it. This to the cause: then to the persons we say, that of all men they ought to be most silent in this case. For what varieties have they, and what alterations have they made, not only of their Service books, Portesses, and Breviaries, but also of their *Latin* Translation?

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But it is high time to leave them, and to shew in brief what we proposed to ourselves, and what course we held in this our perusal and survey of the Bible. Truly (good Christian Reader) we never thought from the beginning, that we should need to make a new Translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one (for then the imputation of *Sixtus* had been true in some sort, that our people had been fed with gall of Dragons instead of wine, with whey instead of milk); but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones, one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against; that hath been our endeavour, that our mark. To that purpose there were many chosen, that were greater in other mens' eyes than in their own, and that sought the truth rather than their own praise. . . . In this confidence, and with this devotion did they assemble together; not too many, lest one should trouble another; and yet many, lest many things haply might escape them. If you ask what they had before them,

truly it was the *Hebrew* text of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New. These are two golden pipes, or rather conduits, where-through the olive branches empty themselves into the gold. Saint *Augustine* calleth them precedent, or original tongues; Saint *Hierome*, fountains. The same Saint *Hierome* affirmeth, and *Gratian* hath not spared to put it into his Decree, That *as the credit of the old Books* (he meaneth of the Old Testament) *is to be tried by the Hebrew Volumes, so of the New by the Greek tongue*, he meaneth by the original *Greek*. If truth be to be tried by these tongues, then whence should a Translation be made, but out of them? These tongues therefore, the Scriptures we say in those tongues, we set before us to translate, being the tongues wherein God was pleased to speak to his Church by his Prophets and Apostles. Neither did we run over the work with that posting haste that the *Septuagint* did, if that be true which is reported of them, that they finished it in 72 days; neither were we barred or hindered from going over it again, having once done it, like S. *Hierome*, if that be true which himself reporteth, that he could no sooner write anything, but presently it was caught from him, and published, and he could not have leave to mend it: neither, to be short, were we the first that fell in hand with translating the Scripture into English, and consequently destitute of former helps, as it is written of *Origen*, that he was the first in a manner, that put his hand to write Commentaries upon the Scriptures, and therefore no marvel, if he overshot himself many times. None of these things: the work hath not been huddled up in 72 days, but hath cost the workmen, as light as it seemeth, the pains of twice seven times seventy-two days and more: matters of such weight and consequence are to be speeded with maturity: for in a business of moment a man feareth not the blame of convenient slackness. Neither did we think much to consult the Translators or Commentators, *Chaldee, Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, or Latin*, or nor the *Spanish, French, Italian*, or *Dutch;* neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered: but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at the length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see.

Some peradventure would have no variety of senses to be set in the margin, lest the authority of the Scriptures for deciding of controversies by that shew of uncertainty, should somewhat be shaken. But we hold their judgment not to be so sound in this point. For though, *whatsoever things are necessary are manifest*, as S. *Chrysostome* saith, and as S. *Augustine, In those things that are plainly set down in the Scriptures, all such matters are found that concern Faith, hope, and Charity*. Yet for all that it cannot be dissembled, that partly to exercise and whet our

wits, partly to wean the curious from loathing of them for their everywhere-plainness, partly also to stir up our devotion to crave the assistance of God's spirit by prayer, and lastly, that we might be forward to seek aid of our brethren by conference, and never scorn those that be not in all respects so complete as they should be, being to seek in many things ourselves, it hath pleased God in his divine providence, here and there to scatter words and sentences of that difficulty and doubtfulness, not in doctrinal points that concern salvation (for in such it hath been vouched that the Scriptures are plain), but in matters of less moment, that fearfulness would better beseem us than confidence, and if we will resolve, to resolve upon modesty with S. *Augustine*, (though not in this same case altogether, yet upon the same ground) *Melius est dubitare de occultis, quàm litigare de incertis*, it is better to make doubt of those things which are secret, than to strive about those things that are uncertain. There be many words in the Scriptures, which be never found there but once (having neither brother nor neighbour, as the *Hebrews* speak) so that we cannot be holpen by conferences of places. Again, there be many rare names of certain birds, beasts and precious stones, &c. concerning which the *Hebrews* themselves are so divided among themselves for judgment, that they may seem to have defined this or that, rather because they would say something, than because they were sure of that which they said, as S. *Hierome* somewhere saith of the *Septuagint*. Now in such a case, doth not a margin do well to admonish the Reader to seek further, and not to conclude or dogmatize upon this or that peremptorily? For as it is a fault of incredulity, to doubt of those things that are evident: so to determine of such things as the Spirit of God hath left (even in the judgment of the judicious) questionable, can be no less than presumption. Therefore as S. *Augustine* saith, that variety of Translations is profitable for the finding out of the sense of the Scriptures: so diversity of signification and sense in the margin, where the text is not so clear, must needs do good, yea, is necessary, as we are persuaded. We know that *Sixtus Quintus* expressly forbiddeth, that any variety of readings of their vulgar edition, should be put in the margin (which though it be not altogether the same thing to that we have in hand, yet it looketh that way), but we think he hath not all of his own side his favourers, for this conceit. They that are wise, had rather have their judgments at liberty in differences of readings, than to be captivated to one, when it may be the other. If they were sure that their high Priest had all laws shut up in his breast, as *Paul* the second bragged, and that he were as free from errour by special privilege, as the Dictators of *Rome* were made by law inviolable, it were another matter; then his word were an Oracle, his opinion a decision. But the eyes of the world are now open, God be thanked, and have been a great while, they

find that he is subject to the same affections and infirmities that others be, that his skin is penetrable, and therefore so much as he proveth, not as much as he claimeth, they grant and embrace.

Another thing we think good to admonish thee of (gentle Reader) that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe, that some learned men somewhere, have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places (for there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But, that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as for example, if we translate the *Hebrew or Greek* word once by *Purpose*, never to call it *Intent*; if one where *Journeying*, never *Traveiling*; if one where *Think*, never *Suppose*; if one where *Pain*, never *Ache*; if one where *Joy*, never *Gladness*, &c. Thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the Atheist, than bring profit to the godly Reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? why should we be in bondage to them if we may be free, use one precisely when we may use another no less fit, as commodiously? A godly Father in the Primitive time shewed himself greatly moved, that one of new-fangleness called κράββατον, σκίμπους, though the difference be little or none; and another reporteth, that he was much abused for turning *Cucurbita* (to which reading the people had been used) into *Hedera*. Now if this happen in better times, and upon so small occasions, we might justly fear hard censure, if generally we should make verbal and unnecessary changings. We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words. For as it is written of a certain great Philosopher, that he should say, that those logs were happy that were made images to be worshipped; for their fellows, as good as they, lay for blocks behind the fire: so if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always, and to others of like quality, Get ye hence, be banished forever, we might be taxed peradventure with S. *James* his words, namely, *To be partial in ourselves and judges of evil thoughts*. Add hereunto, that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling, and so was to be curious about names too: also that we cannot follow a better pattern for elocution than God himself; therefore he using divers words, in his holy writ, and indifferently for one thing in nature: we, if we will not be superstitious, may use the same liberty in our English versions out of *Hebrew* & *Greek*, for that copy or store that he hath given us. Lastly, we have on

the one side avoided the scrupulosity of the Puritans, who leave the old Ecclesiastical words, and betake them to other, as when they put *washing* for *Baptism*, and *Congregation* instead of *Church:* as also on the other side we have shunned the obscurity of the Papists, in their *Azimes*, *Tunike*, *Rational*, *Holocausts*, *Praepuce*, *Pasche*, and a number of such like, whereof their late Translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sense, that since they must needs translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof, it may be kept from being understood. But we desire that the Scripture may speak like itself, as in the language of *Canaan*, that it may be understood even of the very vulgar.

Many other things we might give thee warning of (gentle Reader) if we had not exceeded the measure of a Preface already. It remaineth, that we commend thee to God, and to the Spirit of his grace, which is able to build further than we can ask or think. He removeth the scales from our eyes, the veil from our hearts, opening our wits that we may understand his word, enlarging our hearts, yea correcting our affections, that we may love it above gold and silver, yea that we may love it to the end. Ye are brought unto fountains of living water which ye digged not; do not cast earth into them with the Philistines, neither prefer broken pits before them with the wicked Jews. Others have laboured, and you may enter into their labours; O receive not so great things in vain, O despise not so great salvation! Be not like swine to tread under foot so precious things, neither yet like dogs to tear and abuse holy things. Say not to our Saviour with the *Gergesites*, Depart out of our coasts; neither yet with *Esau* sell your birthright for a mess of potage. If light be come into the world, love not darkeness more than light; if food, if clothing be offered, go not naked, starve not yourselves. Remember the advice of *Nazianzene*, *It is a grievous thing* (or dangerous) *to neglect a great fair, and to seek to make markets afterwards:* also the encouragement of S. *Chrysostome*, *It is altogether impossible, that he that is sober* (*and watchful*) *should at any time be neglected:* Lastly, the admonition and menacing of S. *Augustine*, *They that despise God's will inviting them, shall feel God's will taking vengeance of them.* It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; but a blessed thing it is, and will bring us to everlasting blessedness in the end, when God speaketh unto us, to hearken; when he setteth his word before us, to read it; when he stretcheth out his hand and calleth, to answer, Here am I; here we are to do thy will, O God. The Lord work a care and conscience in us to know him and serve him, that we may be acknowledged of him at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with the holy Ghost, be all praise and thanksgiving. Amen.

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The Sermon on the Mount (Matthew, Chapter 5)

The King James Version compared with Five Sixteenth-Century Versions

FROM (1) *The Holy Bible . . . Newly Translated,* 1611: KING JAMES
(2) *The newe Testament, dylygently corrected and compared with the Greke by Willyam Tindale,* 1534: TYNDALE
(3) *The Byble in Englyshe,* 1539: GREAT BIBLE
(4) *The Bible and Holy Scriptures,* 1560: GENEVA BIBLE
(5) *The holie Byble,* 1572: BISHOPS' BIBLE (revised)
(6) *The New Testament of Iesus Christ,* 1582: RHEIMS BIBLE

*

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V

Christ beginneth his Sermon in the Mount: 3 declaring who are blessed, 13 who are the salt of the earth, 14 the light of the world, the city on an hill, 15 the candle: 17 that he came to fulfill the Law: 21 what it is to kill, 27 to commit adultery, 33 to swear: 38 Exhorteth to suffer wrong, 44 to love even our enemies, 48 and to labour after perfectness.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him.

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER

When he saw the people, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came to him;

and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Blessed are the povre in sprete: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER

In thys Chapter and in the two nexte followynge is conteyned the moste excellent & loving Sermon of Christ in the mount: which sermon, is the very keye that openeth the understandyng into the lawe. In this fyfth Chapter, specially he preacheth of the viii beatitudes or blessynges, of manslaughter, wrath, and anger: of advoutry, of sweringe, of sufferynge wronge, and of love, even towarde a mans enemyes.

When he saw the people, he went up into a mountain, & when he was set his disciples came to him: and after that he had opened his mouth, he taught them, saying blessed are the poor in sprete: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V.

3 Christ teacheth who are blessed. 13 The salt of the earth & light of the world. 16 Good works. 17 Christ came to fulfil the Law. 21 What is meant by killing. 23 Reconciliation. 27 Adulterie. 29 Offences. 31 Divorcement. 33 Not to sweare. 39 To suffer wrong. 43 To love our enemies. 48 Perfection.

1 And when he saw the multitude, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came to him.

2 And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER

In this Chapter, and in the two next following, is contained the most excellent and loving sermon of Christ, in the mount. Which sermon, is the very key, that openeth the understanding into the lawe. In this fifth Chapter specially, 3. he preacheth of the eight beatitudes or blessings, 21. of manslaughter, 22. wrath, and anger, 27. of adultery, 33. of swearing, 39. of suffering wrong. 44. and of love, even toward a mans enemy.

1 When he saw the multitude, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came to him.

2 And when he had opened his mouth, he taught them, saying,

3 Blessed (*are*) the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V.

First, 3 he promiseth rewards, 13 and he layeth before the Apostles their office. 17 Secondly, he protesteth unto us that We must keep the commandments, and that more exactly than the Scribes and Pharisees, whose justice was counted most perfite: but yet that it was unsufficient, he sheweth in the precepts of 21 Murder, 27 Advoutrie, 31 Divorce, 33 Swearing, 38 Revenge, 42 Usurie, 43 Enemies.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain:
2 and when he was set, his Disciples came unto him, and opening his mouth he taught them, saying,
3 Blessed are the poor in Spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

4 Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed *are* ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be conforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for rightewesnes: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which suffer persecution for rightewesnes sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall falsely say all manner of evil sayings against you for my sake.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall receive comfort.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall receive the inheritance of the earth.

Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after rightewesnes: for they shall be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which suffer persecution for rightwesnes sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall falsely say all manner of evil sayings against you, for my sake.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

4 Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed *are* they which hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed *are* they which suffer persecution for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed *are* ye when men revile you, and persecute *you*, and say all manner of evil against you for my sake, falsely.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

4 Blessed (*are*) they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed (*are*) the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed (*are*) they which do hunger and thirst (*after*) righteousness: for they shall be satisfied.

7 Blessed (*are*) the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed (*are*) the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed (*are*) the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed (*are*) they which have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when (*men*) shall revile you, and persecute (*you*), and lying, shall say all manner of evil saying against you, for my sake.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

4 heaven. Blessed are the meek:
for they shall possess the land.
5 Blessed are they that mourn:
for they shall be comforted.
6 Blessed are they that hunger &
thirst after justice: for they
7 shall have their fill. Blessed are
the merciful: for they shall ob-
8 tain mercy. Blessed are the
clean of heart: for they shall
9 see God. Blessed are the peace-
makers: for they shall be called
10 the children of God. Blessed
are they that suffer persecution
for justice: for theirs is the
11 Kingdom of heaven. Blessed
are ye when they shall revile
you, and persecute you, and
speak all that naught is against
12 you, untruly, for my sake: be

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: For so persecuted they the Prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: But if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel: but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the Prophets which were before your days.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but and if the salt have lost her saltness, what can be salted therewith? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill, cannot be hid,

neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick, and it lighteth all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the Prophets, which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: But if the salt have lost the saltness, what shall be seasoned therewith? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden down of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid,

neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men That they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

12 Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the Prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, & to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill, cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, & it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, & glorify your Father which is in heaven.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

12 Rejoice ye and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets, which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt become unsavory, wherein shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel: but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father, which is in heaven.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

glad & rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the Prophets that were before you.

13 You are the salt of the earth.
14 But if the salt leese his virtue, wherewith shall it be salted? It is good for nothing any more but to be cast forth, and to be
15 trodden of men. You are the light of the world. A city cannot be hid, situated on a moun-
16 tain. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are
17 in the house. So let your light shine before men: that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the Prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach *them*, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the Prophets: no, I am not come to destroy them, but to fulfil them.

For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth perish, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever observeth & teacheth, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the Prophets: no, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.

For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever doeth and teacheth, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, except your rightewesness exceed the rightewesness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets. I am not come to destroy them, but to fulfil them.

18 For truly I say unto you, Till heaven, and earth perish, one jot, or one tittle of the Law shall not 'scape, till all things be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, & teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall observe and teach *them*, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, except your righteousness exceed the *righteousness* of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18 For truly I say unto you, Till heaven & earth pass, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach (*so*), the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

18 Do not think that I am come to break the Law or the Prophets. I am not come to break:
19 but to fulfil. For assuredly I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall not pass of the Law; till all be
20 fulfilled. He therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, & shall so teach men: shall be called the least in the Kingdom of heaven. But he that shall do and teach: he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

21 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment.

22 But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the Judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Racha, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, *Thou* fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee:

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

For I say unto you, except your rightewesness exceed the rightewesness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard how it was said unto them of the old time: Thou shalt not kill. For whosoever killeth shall be in danger of judgment.

But I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of judgment. Whosoever sayeth unto his brother Racha, shall be in danger of a council. But whosoever sayeth thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore when thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee:

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Ye have heard that it was said unto them of the old time: Thou shalt not kill: whosoever killeth, shall be in danger of judgment.

But I say unto you: that whosoever is angry with his brother (unadvisedly) shall be in danger of judgment. And whosoever say unto his brother, Racha, shall be in danger of a council. But whosoever sayeth, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore, if thou offrest thy gift at the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee:

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

21 Ye have heard that it was said unto them of the old time, Thou shalt not kill: for whosoever killeth, shall be culpable of judgment.

22 But I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his brother unadvisedly shall be culpable of judgment. And whosoever sayeth unto his brother, Raca, shall be worthy to be punished by the council; and whosoever shall say, Fool, shall be worthy to be punished with hell fire.

23 If then thou bring thy gift to the altar, & there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

20 For I say unto you, Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21 Ye have heard, that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: whosoever killeth, shall be in danger of judgment.

22 But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, unadvisedly, shall be in danger of judgment: and whosoever shall say unto his brother *Racha* shall be in danger of a council: but whosoever shall say (*thou*) fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, & there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee:

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

21 For I tell you, that unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven.

22 You have heard that it was said to them of old. Thou shalt not kill, and whoso killeth, shall be in danger of judgment. But I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of judgment. And whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca: shall be in danger of a council. And whosoever shall say, Thou fool: shall be guilty of the hell of fire.

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him: lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery.

28 But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

leave there thine offering before the altar, and go thy way first and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest that adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, & then thou be cast into prison.

I say unto thee verily: thou shalt not come out thence till thou have paid the utmost farthing.

Ye have heard how it was said to them of old time: Thou shalt not commit advoutry.

But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a wife, lusting after her, hath committed advoutry with her already in his heart.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

leave there thine offering before the altar & go thy way first, and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, and then thou be cast into prison.

Verily I say unto thee: thou shalt not come out thence till thou have paid the utmost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time: Thou shall not commit advoutry.

But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on another man's wife to lust after her, hath committed advoutry with her already in his heart.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. v. (*continued*)

24 Leave there thine offering before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, & then come & offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou are in the way with him, lest thine adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the sergeant, and thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence, till thou hast paid the utmost farthing.

27 Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery.

28 But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother: and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him: lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, and then thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27 Ye have heard that it was said unto them of time, Thou shalt not commit adultery.

28 But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. v. (*continued*)

24 If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath
25 aught against thee: leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming
26 thou shalt offer thy gift. Be at agreement with thy adversary betimes whiles thou art in the way with him: lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be
27 cast into prison. Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing.
28 You have heard that it was said to them of old, Thou shall

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

29 And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee. For it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee. For it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement.

32 But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Wherefore if thy right eye offend thee, pluck him out, and cast him from thee. Better it is for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

Also if thy right hand offend thee, cut him off and cast him from thee. Better it is that one of thy members perish, than that all thy body should be cast into hell.

It is said, whosoever put away his wife, let him give her a testimonial also of the divorcement.

But I say unto you: whosoever put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to break matrimony. And whosoever marrieth her that is divorced breaketh wedlock.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

If thy right eye hinder thee, pluck him out, & cast him from thee. For better it is unto thee, that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

And if thy right hand hinder thee, cut him off, and cast him from thee. For better it is unto thee, that one of thy members perish, than that all thy body should be cast into hell.

It is said, whosoever putteth away his wife let him give her a letter of the divorcement.

But I say unto you: that whosoever doth put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to break matrimony. And whosoever marrieth her that is divorced, committeth advoutry.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

29 Wherefore if thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for better it is for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 Also if thy right hand make thee to offend, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for better it is for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said also, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a testimonial of divorcement.

32 But I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

29 If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee, that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee, that one of thy members should perish, and not that all thy body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever will put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement.

32 But I say unto you, that whosoever doth put away his wife, except it be for fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever marrieth her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

29 not commit advoutry. But I say to you, that whosoever shall see a woman to lust after her, hath already committed advoutry
30 with her in his heart. And if thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out, & cast it from thee; for it is expedient for thee that one of thy limbs perish, rather than thy whole body be cast
31 into hell. And if thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is expedient for thee that one of thy limbs perish, rather than that thy whole body go into hell.
32 It was said also, whosoever shall dimiss his wife, let him give her a bill of divorcement.

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

33 Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.

34 But I say unto you, Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne:

35 Nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool: neither by Hierusalem, for it is the city of the great king.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be Yea, yea: Nay, nay: For whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Again ye have heard how it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform thine oath to God.

But I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's seat:

nor yet by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of that great king: neither shalt thou sware by thy head, because thou canst not make one white hair, or black:

But your communication shall be, yea, yea: nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than that, cometh of evil.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Again, ye have heard how it was said to them of old time: thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the lord those things that thou swearest.

But I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's seat,

nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great king:

neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

But your communication shall be yea, yea: nay, nay. For whatsoever is added more than these, it cometh of evil.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

33 Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform thine oaths to the Lord.

34 But I say unto you, Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God:

35 Nor yet by the earth: for it is his foot-stool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great King.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thine head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be, Yea, yea: Nay, nay. For whatsoever *is* more than these, cometh of evil.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

33 Again, ye have heard that it hath been said unto them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thee self, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.

34 But I say unto you, Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's seat:

35 Nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool: neither by Hierusalem, for it is the city of the great king.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be yea, yea: nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

33 But I say to you, whosoever shall dimiss his wife, excepting the cause of fornication, maketh her to commit advoutry: and he that shall marry her that is dimissed, committeth advoutry.

34 Again you have heard that it was said to them of old, Thou shalt not commit perjury; but thou shalt perform thy oaths to

35 our Lord. But I say to you not to swear at all: neither by heaven, because it is the throne of God: neither by the earth, because it is the foot-stool of his feet: neither by Hierusalem, because it is the city of the great

36 King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or

37 black. Let your talk be yea, yea: no, no: and that which is over and above these is of evil.

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

39 But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy:

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Ye have heard how it is said, an eye for an eye: a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, that ye resist not wrong. But whosoever give thee a blow on thy right cheek, turn to him the other.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that axeth, and from him that would borrow turn not away.

Ye have heard how it is said: thou shalt love thine neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

Ye have heard that it is said: an eye for an eye: and a tooth for a tooth.

But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil. But whosover give thee a blow on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, & take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it is said thou shalt love thine neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, & a tooth for a tooth.

39 But I say unto you, Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41 And whosoever will compel thee *to go* a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

39 But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever will give thee a blow on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41 And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

38 You have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a
39 tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil: but if one strike thee on thy right cheek,
40 turn to him also the other: and to him that will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak
41 also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile, go
42 with him other twain. He that asketh of thee, give to him: and to him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.
43 You have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neigh-

(1) KING JAMES, 1611

CHAP. V (*continued*)

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you:

45 That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same?

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what do you more *than others?* Do not even the Publicans so?

48 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father, which is in heaven, is perfect.

(2) TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, 1534

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

But I say unto you, love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them which do you wrong and persecute you,
that ye may be the children of your father that is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil, and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and unjust.

For if ye love them, which love you, what reward shall ye have? Do not the Publicans even so?
And if ye be friendly to your brethren only: what singular thing do ye? Do not the Publicans likewise?
Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven, is perfect.

(3) GREAT BIBLE, 1539

THE V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

But I say unto you, love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them which hurt you and persecute you,
that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil, & on the good, & sendeth rain on the just & unjust.

For if ye love them, which love you: what reward have ye? Do not the publicans also even the same?
And if ye make much of your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not also the Publicans likewise?
Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven, is perfect.

(4) GENEVA, 1560

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies: bless them that curse you: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which hurt you, and persecute you,

45 That ye may be the children of your Father that is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil, and the good, and sendeth rain on the just, & unjust.

46 For if ye love them, which love you, what reward shall you have? Do not the Publicans even the same?

47 And if ye be friendly to your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not even the Publicans likewise?

48 Ye shall therefore be perfit, as your Father which is in heaven, is perfit.

(5) BISHOPS' BIBLE, 1572

THE .V. CHAPTER (*continued*)

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which hurt you, and persecute you:

45 That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not the Publicans even the same?

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not also the Publicans likewise?

48 Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

(6) RHEIMS NEW TESTAMENT, 1582

CHAP. V. (*continued*)

44 bor, and hate thine enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that per-
45 secute and abuse you: that you may be the children of your father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise upon good & bad, and raineth upon
46 just & unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? do not
47 also the Publicans this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? do not also
48 the heathen this? Be you perfect therefore, as also your heavenly father is perfect.

THOMAS DEKKER

The Introduction and Notes are at page 846

FROM *The Wonderfull yeare*, 1603

The Wonderful Year

* * * * *

HERE would I fain make a full point, because posterity should not be frighted with those miserable tragedies, which now my muse (as Chorus) stands ready to present. Time, would thou hadst never been made wretched by bringing them forth! Oblivion, would in all the graves and sepulchers, whose rank jaws thou hast already closed up or shalt yet hereafter burst open, thou couldst likewise bury them for ever!

A stiff and freezing horror sucks up the rivers of my blood. My hair stands an end with the panting of my brains. Mine eye-balls are ready to start out, being beaten with the billows of my tears. Out of my weeping pen does the ink mournfully and more bitterly than gall drop on the pale-faced paper, even when I do but think how the bowels of my sick country have been torn, Apollo, therefore, and you bewitching silver-tongued Muses, get you gone! I invocate none of your names. Sorrow and Truth, sit you on each side of me, whilst I am delivered of this deadly burden. Prompt me that I may utter ruthfull and passionate condolement. Arm my trembling hand, that it may boldly rip up and anatomize the ulcerous body of this anthropophagized plague. Lend me art (without any counterfeit shadowing) to paint and delineate to the life the whole story of this mortal and pestiferous battle. And you, the ghosts of those more (by many) than 40,000, that with the virulent poison of infection have been driven out of your earthly dwellings; you desolate hand-wringing widows, that beat your bosoms over your departing husbands; you woefully distracted mothers that with disheveled hair are fallen into swounds, whilst you lie kissing the insensible cold lips of your breathless infants; you out-cast and down-trodden orphans, that shall many a year hence remember more freshly to mourn, when your mourning garments shall look old and be forgotten; and you, the Genii of all those emptied families, whose habitations are now among the antipodes; join all your hands together, and with your bodies cast a ring about me. Let me behold your ghastly visages, that my paper may receive their true pictures. Echo forth your groans through the hollow trunk of my

pen, and rain down your gummy tears into mine ink, that even marble bosoms may be shaken with terror, and hearts of adamant melt into compassion.

What an unmatchable torment were it for a man to be barred up every night in a vast silent charnel-house? hung (to make it more hideous) with lamps dimly and slowly burning, in hollow and glimmering corners; where all the pavement should, in stead of green rushes, be strewd with blasted rosemary, withered hyacinths, fatal cypress and ewe, thickly mingled with heaps of dead men's bones; the bare ribs of a father that begat him, lying there; here the chapless hollow skull of a mother that bore him; round about him a thousand corses, some standing bolt upright in their knotted winding sheets, others half molded in rotten coffins, that should suddenly yawn wide open, filling his nostrils with noisome stench, and his eyes with the sight of nothing but crawling worms. And to keep such a poor wretch waking, he should hear no noise but of toads croaking, screech-owls howling, mandrakes shrieking; were not this an infernal prison? Would not the strongest-hearted man (beset with such a ghastly horror) look wild? and run mad? and die? And even such a formidable shape did the diseased city appear in. For he that durst (in the dead hour of gloomy midnight) have been so valiant as to have walked through the still and melancholy streets, what think you should have been his music? Surely the loud groans of raving sick men, the struggling pangs of souls departing; in every house grief striking up an allarum, servants crying out for masters, wives for husbands, parents for children, children for their mothers. Here he should have met some franticly running to knock up sextons; there, others fearfully sweating with coffins, to steal forth dead bodies, lest the fatal hand-writing of death should seal up their doors. And to make this dismal consort more full, round about him bells heavily tolling in one place, and ringing out in another. The dreadfulness of such an hour is inutterable. Let us go further.

If some poor man, suddenly starting out of a sweet and golden slumber, should behold his house flaming about his ears, all his family destroyed in their sleeps by the merciless fire, himself in the very midst of it, woefully and like a madman calling for help, would not the misery of such a distressed soul appear the greater, if the rich usurer dwelling next door to him should not stir (though he felt part of the danger), but suffer him to perish, when the thrusting out of an arm might have saved him? O how many thousands of wretched people have acted this poor man's part! How often hath the amazed husband waking, found the comfort of his bed lying breathless by his side! his children at the same instant gasping for life! and his servants mortally wounded at the heart by sickness! The distracted creature beats at death's doors, exclaims at windows; his cries

are sharp enough to pierce heaven, but on earth no ear is opened to receive them.

* * * * *

. . . But thou art gotten safe (out of the civil city calamity) to thy parks and palaces in the country. Lading thy asses and thy mules with thy gold (thy god), thy plate, and thy jewels; and the fruits of thy womb thriftily growing up but in one only son (the young landlord of all thy careful labors), him also hast thou rescued from the arrows of infection. Now is thy soul jocund, and thy senses merry. But open thine eyes, thou fool! and behold that darling of thine eye (thy son) turned suddenly into a lump of clay; the hand of pestilence hath smote him even under thy wing. Now dost thou rend thine hair, blaspheme thy Creator, cursest thy creation, and basely descendest into brutish and unmanly passions, threatening, in despite of death and his plague, to maintain the memory of thy child in the everlasting breast of Marble. A tomb must now defend him from tempests. And for that purpose, the sweaty hind (that digs the rent he pays thee out of the entrails of the earth) he is sent for, to convey forth that burden of thy sorrow. But note how thy pride is disdained. That weather-beaten sun-burnt drudge, that not a month since fawned upon thy worship like a spaniel, and like a bond-slave would have stooped lower than thy feet, does now stop his nose at thy presence, and is ready to set his mastiff as high as thy throat, to drive thee from his door. All thy gold and silver cannot hire one of those (whom before thou didst scorn) to carry the dead body to his last home. The country round about thee shun thee as a basilisk; and therefore to London (from whose arms thou cowardly fledst away) post upon post must be gallping, to fetch from thence those that may perform that funeral office. But there are they so full of grave-matters of their own that they have no leisure to attend thine. Doth not this cut thy very heart-strings in sunder? If that do not, the shutting up of this tragical act, I am sure, will; for thou must be enforced with thine own hands to wind up that blasted flower of youth in the last linen that ever he shall wear. Upon thine own shoulders must thou bear part of him, thy amazed servant the other; with thine own hands must thou dig his grave, not in the church or common place of burial (thou hast not favor, for all thy riches, to be so happy), but in thine orchard, or in the proud walks of thy garden, wringing thy palsy-shaken hands in stead of bells (most miserable father), must thou search him out a sepulcher.

My spirit grows faint with rowing in this Stygian ferry; it can no longer endure the transportation of souls in this doleful manner. Let us therefore shift a point of our compass, and (since there is no remedy but

that we must still be tossed up and down in this *Mare mortuum*) hoist up all our sails, and on the merry wings of a lustier wind seek to arrive on some prosperous shore.

Imagine, then, that all this while Death (like a Spanish Leaguer, or rather like stalking Tamburlaine) hath pitched his tents (being nothing but a heap of winding sheets tacked together) in the sinfully-polluted suburbs; the plague is muster-master and marshall of the field; burning fevers, boils, blains, and carbuncles, the leaders, lieutenants, sergeants, and corporals; the main army consisting (like Dunkirk) of a mingle-mangle; viz., dumpish mourners, merry sextons, hungry coffin-sellers, scrubbing bearers, and nasty grave-makers. But indeed they are the pioneers of the camp that are employed only (like moles) in casting up of earth and digging of trenches; Fear and Trembling (the two catch-polls of Death) arrest every one. No parley will be granted, no composition stood upon, but the allarum is struck up, the toxin rings out for life, and no voice heard but *Tue, Tue, Kill, Kill;* the little bells only (like small shot) do yet go off, and make no great work for worms; a hundred or two lost in every skirmish, or so. But alas that's nothing. Yet by these desperate sallies, what by open setting upon them by day, and secret ambuscadoes by night, the skirts of London were pitifully pared off, by little and little. Which they within the gates perceiving, it was no boot to bid them take their heels, for away they trudge thick and three-fold, some riding, some on foot, some without boots, some in their slippers, by water, by land, in shoales swam they westward; marry, to Graves-end none went unless they were driven, for whosoever landed there never came back again. Hacknies, waterman and wagons were not so terribly employed many a year; so that within a short time there was not a good horse in Smithfield, nor a coach to be set eye on. For after the world had once run upon the wheels of the pest-cart, neither coach nor caroche durst appear in his likeness.

* * * * *

Never let any man ask me what became of our physicians in this massacre; they hid their synodical heads as well as the proudest. And I cannot blame them, for their phlebotomies, losenges, and electuaries, with their diacatholicons, diacodions, amulets, and antidotes, had not so much strength to hold life and soul together as a pot of Pindar's ale and a nutmeg. Their drugs turned to dirt, their simples were simple things; Galen could do no more good than Sir Giles Goosecap; Hipocrates, Avicen, Paracelsus, Rasis, Fernelius, with all their succeeding rabble of doctors and watercasters, were at their wits' end, or I think rather at the world's end, for not one of them durst peep abroad; or if any one did

take upon him to play the venturous knight, the plague put him to his *Nonplus;* in such strange, and such changeable shapes did this cameleon-like sickness appear, that they could not (with all the cunning in their budgets) make pursenets to take him napping.

Only a band of Desper-vewes, some few empirical madcaps (for they could never be worth velvet caps) turned themselves into bees (or more properly into drones) and went humming up and down, with honey-brags in their mouths, sucking the sweetness of silver (and now and then of *aurum potabile*) out of the poison of blains and carbuncles. And these jolly mountebanks clapped up their bills upon every post (like a fencer's challenge) threatening to canvas the plague, and to fight with him at all his own several weapons. I know not how they sped, but some they sped I am sure; for I have heard them banned for the heavens, because they sent those thither that were wished to tarry longer upon earth.

* * * * *

It is plain, therefore, by the evidence of these two witnesses, that death, like a thief, sets upon men in the highway, dogs them into their own houses, breaks into their bed-chambers by night, assaults them by day, and yet no law can take hold of him. He devours man and wife: offers violence to their fair daughters; kills their youthful sons, and deceives them of their servants. Yea, so full of treachery is he grown (since this plague took his part) that no lovers dare trust him, nor by their good wills would come near him; for he works their downfall even when their delights are at the highest.

Too ripe a proof have we of this in a pair of lovers. The maid was in the pride of fresh blood and beauty. She was that which to be now is a wonder, young and yet chaste. The gifts of her mind were great, yet those which fortune bestowed upon her (as being well descended) were not much inferior. On this lovely creature did a young man so steadfastly fix his eye that her looks kindled in his bosom a desire, whose flames burnt the more brightly, because they were fed with sweet and modest thoughts. Hymen was the God to whom he prayed day and night that he might marry her. His prayers were received, and at length (after many tempests of her denial and the frowns of kinsfolk) the element grew clear, and he saw the happy landing-place where he had long sought to arrive. The prize of her youth was made his own, and the solemn day appointed when it should be delivered to him. Glad of which blessedness (for to a lover it is a blessedness) he wrought by all the possible art he could use to shorten the expected hour, and bring it nearer. For whether he feared the interception of parents, or that his own soul (with excess of joy) was drowned in strange passions, he would often, with sighs

mingled with kisses and kisses half sinking in tears, prophetically tell her, that sure he should never live to enjoy her. To discredit which opinion of his, behold, the sun has made haste and wakened the bridal morning.

Now does he call his heart traitor, that did so falsely conspire against him. Lively blood leaps into his cheeks. He's got up, and gaily attired to play the bridegroom; she likewise does as cunningly turn herself into a bride; kindred and friends are met together; sops and muscadine run sweating up and down till they drop again, to comfort their hearts; and because so many coffins pestered London churches that there was no room left for weddings, coaches are provided, and away rides all the train into the country. On a Monday morning are these lusty lovers on their journey, and before noon are they alighted, entering (in stead of an inn) for more State into a church, where they no sooner appeared but the priest fell to his business, the holy knot was a tying, but he that should fasten it, coming to this, "In sickness and in health," there he stopped; for suddenly the bride took hold of, "in sickness," for "in health" all that stood by were in fear she should never be kept. The maiden-blush into which her cheeks were lately dyed, now began to lose color. Her voice (like a coward) would have shrunk away, but that her lover reaching her a hand, which he brought thither to give her (for he was not yet made a full husband), did with that touch somewhat revive her. On went they again so far till they met with "For better, for worse"; there was she worse than before, and had not the holy officer made haste, the ground on which she stood to be married might easily have been broken up for her burial.

All ceremonies being finished, she was led between two, not like a bride, but like a corse, to her bed. *That;* must now be the table on which the wedding dinner is to be served up (being at this time nothing but tears and sighs and lamentation), and Death is chief waiter; yet at length her weak heart, wrestling with the pangs, gave them a fall, so that up she stood again, and in the fatal funeral coach that carried her forth, was she brought back (as upon a bier) to the city. But see the malice of her enemy that had her in chase; upon the Wednesday following being overtaken, was her life overcome; Death rudely lay with her, and spoiled her of a maidenhead in spite of her husband.

Oh the sorrow that did round beset him! Now was his divination true; she was a wife, yet continued a maid. He was a husband and a widower, yet never knew his wife. She was his own, yet he had her not; she had him, yet never enjoyed him. Here is a strange alteration, for the rosemary that was washed in sweet water to set out the bridal is now wet in tears to furnish her burial. The music that was heard to sound forth dances cannot now be heard for the ringing of bells; all the comfort that

happened to either side being this, that he lost her before she had time to be an ill wife, and she left him ere he was able to be a bad husband.

* * * * *

A merrier bargain than the poor sexton's did a tinker meet withal in a country town; through which a citizen of London being driven (to keep himself under the lee-shore in this tempestuous contagion) and casting up his eye for some harbor, spied a bush at the end of a pole (the ancient badge of a country ale-house). Into which as good luck was (without any resistance of the barbarians, that all this year used to keep such landing places), vailing his bonnet, he struck in. The host had been a mad Greek (marry, he could now speak nothing but English); a goodly fat burgher he was, with a belly arching out like a beer-barrell, which made his legs (that were thick and short like two piles driven under London-bridge) to straddle half as wide as the top of Paul's, which upon my knowledge hath been burnt twice or thrice. A leathern pouch hung at his side, that opened and shut with a snap hance, and was indeed a flask for gunpowder when King Henry went to Boulogne. An antiquary might have picked rare matter out of his nose, but that it was worm-eaten (yet that proved it to be an ancient nose). In some corners of it there were bluish holes that shone like shells of mother of pearl, and to do his nose right, pearls had been gathered out of them. Other were richly garnished with rubies, chrysolites and carbuncles, which glistered so oriently that the Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an East-Indian voyage, to have stood a nights in the poop of their Admiral, only to save the charges of candles.

In conclusion, he was an host to be led before an emperor, and though he were one of the greatest men in all the shire, his bigness made him not proud, but he humbled himself to speak the base language of a tapster, and upon the Londoner's first arrival, cried "Welcome, a cloth for this gentleman." The linen was spread, and furnished presently with a new cake and a can; the room voided, and the guest left (like a French Lord) attended by nobody. Who, drinking half a can (in conceit) to the health of his best friend the city, which lay extreme sick, and had never more need of health, I know not what qualms came over his stomach, but immediately he fell down without uttering any more words, and never rose again.

Anon (as it was his fashion) enters my puffing host, to relieve (with a fresh supply out of his cellar) the shrinking can, if he perceived it stood in danger to be overthrown. But seeing the chief leader dropped at his feet, and imagining at first he was but wounded a little in the head, held up his gouty golls and blessed himself that a Londoner (who had wont

to be the most valiant [of] rob-pots) should now be struck down only with two hoops; and thereupon jogged him, fumbling out these comfortable words of a soldier, If thou art a man, stand a thy legs! He stirred not for all this. Whereupon the maids, being raised (as it had been with a hue and cry) came hobbling into the room, like a flock of geese, and having upon search of the body given up this verdict, that the man was dead, and murthered by the plague; oh daggers to all their hearts that heard it! Away trudge the wenches, and one of them having had a freckled face all her life time, was persuaded presently that now they were the tokens, and had liked to have turned up her heels upon it. My gorbelly host, that in many a year could not without grunting crawl over a threshhold but two foot broad, leaped half a yard from the corse (it was measured by a carpenter's rule) as nimbly as if his guts had been taken out by the hangman. Out of the house he wallowed presently, being followed with two or three dozen of napkins to dry up the lard that ran so fast down his heels, that all the way he went was more greasy than a kitchen-stuff-wife's basket. You would have sworn it had been a barrel of pitch on fire, if you had looked upon him, for such a smoky cloud (by reason of his own fatty hot steam) compassed him round that, but for his voice, he had quite been lost in that stinking mist. Hanged himself he had, without all question (in this pitiful taking), but that he feared the weight of his intolerable paunch would have burst the rope, and so he should be put to a double death.

At length the town was raised, the country came down upon him, and yet not upon him neither, for after they understood the tragedy, every man gave ground, knowing my pursy ale-cunner could not follow them. What is to be done in this strange allarum? The whole village is in danger to lie at the mercy of God, and shall be bound to curse none but him for it. They should do well, therefore, to set fire on his house before the plague scape out of it, lest it forage higher into the country, and knock them down, man, woman, and child, like oxen, whose blood (they all swear) shall be required at his hands.

At these speeches my tender-hearted host fell down on his maribones, meaning indeed to entreat his audience to be good to him; but they, fearing he had been peppered too, as well as the Londoner, tumbled one over another, and were ready to break their necks for haste to be gone. Yet some of them (being more valiant than the rest because they heard him roar out for some help) very desperately stepped back, and with rakes and pitch-forks lifted the gulch from the ground; concluding (after they had laid their hogsheads together to draw out some wholesome counsel) that whosoever would venture upon the dead man and bury him, should have forty shillings (out of the common town-purse, though it would

be a great cut to it) with the love of the churchwardens and sidemen during the term of life. This was proclaimed, but none darst appear to undertake the dreadful execution. They loved money well; marry, the plague hanging over any man's head that should meddle with it in that sort, they all vowed to die beggars before it should be chronicled they killed themselves for forty shillings. And in that brave resolution, every-one with bag and baggage marched home, barricadoing their doors and windows with firbushes, fern, and bundles of straw to keep out the pestilence at the stave's end.

At last a tinker came sounding through the town, mine host's house being the ancient watering place where he did use to cast anchor. You must understand he was none of those base rascally tinkers that with a bandog and a drab at their tails, and a pikestaff on their necks, will take a purse sooner than stop a kettle. No, this was a devout tinker, he did honor God Pan; a musical tinker, that upon his kettle-drum could play any country dance you called for, and upon holidays had earned money by it, when no fiddler could be heard of. He was only feared when he stalked through some towns where bees were, for he struck so sweetly on the bottom of his copper instrument that he would empty whole hives, and lead the swarms after him only by the sound.

This excellent egregious tinker calls for his draught (being a double jug). It was filled for him, but before it came to his nose the lamentable tale of the Londoner was told; the chamber-door (where he lay) being thrust open with a long pole (because none durst touch it with their hands), and the tinker bidden (if he had the heart) to go in and see if he knew him. The tinker, being not to learn what virtue the medicine had which he held at his lips, poured it down his throat merrily, and crying trillill, he feared no plagues, in he stepped, tossing the dead body to and fro, and was sorry he knew him not. Mine host, that with grief began to fall away villanously, looking very ruefully on the tinker, and thinking him a fit instrument to be played upon, offered a crown out of his own purse if he would bury the party. A crown was a shrewd temptation to a tinker; many a hole might he stop before he could pick a crown of it; yet, being a subtle tinker (and to make all sextons pray for him, because he would raise their fees) an angel he wanted to be his guide, and under ten shillings (by his ten bones) he would not put his finger in the fire.

The whole parish had warning of this presently. Thirty shillings was saved by the bargain, and the town likely to be saved too; therefore ten shillings was levied out of hand, put into a rag, which was tied to the end of a long pole and delivered (in sight of all the parish, who stood aloof stopping their noses) by the Headborough's own self in proper person to the tinker, who with one hand received the money, and with the other

struck the board, crying, hey, a fresh double-pot. Which armor of proof being fitted to his body, up he hoists the Londoner on his back (like a schoolboy), a shovel and pick-axe standing ready for him. And thus furnished, into a field some good distance from the town he bears his deadly load, and there throws it down, falling roundly to his tools; upon which the strong beer having set an edge, they quickly cut out a lodging in the earth for the citizen. But the tinker, knowing that worms needed no apparel, saving only sheets, stripped him stark naked; but first dived nimbly into his pockets, to see what linings they had, assuring himself that a Londoner would not wander so far without silver. His hopes were of the right stamp, for from one of his pockets he drew a leathern bag with seven pounds in it. This music made the tinker's heart dance; he quickly tumbled his man into the grave, hid him over head and ears in dust, bound up his clothes in a bundle, and carrying that at the end of his staff on his shoulder, with the purse of seven pounds in his hand, back again comes he through the town, crying aloud, Have ye any more Londoners to bury, hey downe a downe derry, have ye any more Londoners to bury? the hobbinolls running away from him as if he had been the dead citizen's ghost, and he marching away from them in all the haste he could, with that song still in his mouth.

You see, therefore, how dreadful a fellow Death is, making fools even of wise men, and cowards of the most valiant; yea, in such a base slavery hath it bound men's senses that they have no power to look higher than their own roofs, but seem by their Turkish and barbarous actions to believe that there is no felicity after this life, and that (like beasts) their souls shall perish with their bodies. How many upon sight only of a letter (sent from London) have started back, and durst have laid their salvation upon it that the plague might be folded in that empty paper, believing verily that the arm of omnipotence could never reach them, unless it were with some weapon drawn out of the infected city; in so much that even the western pugs receiving money here, have tied it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames, lest plague-sores sticking upon shillings, they should be nailed up for counterfeits when they were brought home.

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JOHN STOW

The Introduction and Notes are at page 847

FROM *A Survay of London*, 1598

The City of Westminster, with the Antiquities, Bounds, and Liberties thereof.

* * * * *

AND NOW to pass to the famous monastery of Westminster. At the very entrance of the close thereof is a lane that leadeth toward the west, called Thieving Lane, for that thieves were led that way to the gatehouse while the sanctuary continued in force.

This monastery was founded and builded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, upon the persuasion of Ethelbert, king of Kent, who, having embraced Christianity, and being baptized by Melitus, Bishop of London, immediately (to shew himself a Christian indeed) built a church to the honor of God and Saint Peter on the west side of the city of London, in a place (which because it was overgrown with thorns and environed with water) the Saxons called Thorney, and now of the monastery and west situation thereof is called Westminster.

In this place (saith Fulcardus) long before was a temple of Apollo, which being overthrown, King Lucius built therein a church of Christianity.

Sebert was buried in this church with his wife Athelgoda; whose bodies many years after, to wit, in the reign of Richard the Second (saith Walsingham) were translated from the old church to the new and there interred.

Edgar, king of the West Saxons, repaired this monastery about the year of Christ 958. Edward the Confessor built it of new, whereupon T. Clifford writeth thus.

Without the walls of London (saith he), upon the river of Thames, there was, in times past, a little monastery, builded to the honor of God and Saint Peter, with a few Benedict monks in it under an abbot, serving Christ. Very poor they were, and little was given them for their relief. Here the king intended (for that it was near to the famous city of London and the river of Thames, that brought in all kind of merchandises from all parts of the world) to make his sepulcher; he commanded, therefore, that, of the tenths of all his rents, the work should be begun in such sort as should become the Prince of the Apostles.

At this his commandment the work is nobly begun, even from the foundation, and happily proceedeth till the same was finished; the charges bestowed, or to be bestowed, are not regarded. He granted to this church great privileges, above all the churches in this land, as partly appear by this his charter.*

Edweard cyng graet Willm biscope & Leofstane & Alfsie port gerefen & ealle minre burhthegn on Lunden freondlice: And ic cythe eow thaet ic haebbe seo gifta gyfen and unnam Christ and S. Peter tham haligan Apostel into Westminster: fulra freodome ofer ealle tha land the longath into thaere haligan stow, &c.

Edward, king, greets William, bishop, and Leofstan and Alfsie, portreeves, and all my burgesses of London, friendly, and I tell you that I have this gift given and granted to Christ and St. Peter the holy apostle at Westminster, full freedom over all the land that belongeth to that holy place, *etc.*

He also caused the parish church of St. Margaret to be newly builded without the abbey church of Westminster, for the ease and commodity of the monks, because before that time the parish church stood within the old abbey church in the south aisle, somewhat to their annoyance. This church of St. Margaret (which that King Edward builded) continued till the days of King Edward the First, at what time the staple of wools was at Westminster, and then the parishioners and Merchants of the Staple builded it all of new (the great chancel excepted, which was done by the abbots of Westminster, as is afore shewed).

King Henry the Third, in the year of Christ 1220, began the new work of Our Lady's Chapel, and, in the year 1245, the walls and steeple of the old church (builded by King Edward) were taken down, and, enlarging the same church, caused them to be made more comely; for the furtherance whereof, in the year 1246, the same king (devising how to extort money from the citizens of London towards the charges) appointed a mart to be kept at Westminster, the same to last fifteen days, and, in the mean space, all trade of merchandise to cease in the city, which thing the citizens were fain to redeem with two thousand pound of silver.

The work of this church, with the houses of office, was finished to the end of the choir in the year 1285, the 14 of Edward the First. All which labor of 66 years was, in the year 1299, defaced by a fire kindled in the lesser hall of the king's palace at Westminster. The same, with many other houses adjoining, and with the queen's chamber, were all consumed, the flame thereof also (being driven with the wind) fired the monastery, which was also with the palace consumed.

Then was this monastery again repaired by the abbots of that church,

* The charter that follows is printed in Old English characters.

King Edward the First and his successors putting to their helping hands.

Edward the Second appropriated unto this church the patronages of the churches of Kelveden and Sabritsworth in Essex, in the diocese of London.

Simon Langham, abbot (having been a great builder there in the year 1362) gave 400 pounds to the building of the body of the church; but (amongst others) Abbot Islip was in his time a great builder there, as may appear in the stone work and glass windows of the church.

Since whose decease that work hath stayed as he left it, unperfected, the church and steeple being all of one height.

King Henry the Seventh, about the year of Christ 1502, caused the chapel of Our Lady, builded by Henry the Third, with a tavern also, called the White Rose near adjoining, to be taken down. In which plot of ground, on the 24 of January, the first stone of the new chapel was laid by the hands of Abbot Islip, Sir Reginald Bray, Knight of the Garter, Dr. Barnes, Master of the Rolls, Dr. Wall, chaplain to the king, Master Hugh Aldham, chaplain to the Countess of Derby and Richmond (the king's mother), Sir Edward Stanhope, knight, and divers other; upon the which stone was engraven the same day and year, etc.

* * * * *

This church hath had great privilege of sanctuary within the precinct thereof, to wit, the church, churchyard, and close, etc., from whence it hath not been lawful for any prince or other to take any person that fled thither for any cause. Which privilege was first granted by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, since increased by Edgar, king of the West Saxons, renewed and confirmed by King Edward the Confessor, as appeareth by this his charter following:

Edward, by the grace of God, King of Englishmen: I make it to be known to all generations of the world after me that, by special commandment of our holy father, Pope Leo, I have renewed and honored the holy church of the blessed apostle St. Peter of Westminster, and I order and establish forever that what person, of what condition or estate soever he be, from whence soever he come, or for what offense or cause it be, either for his refuge into the said holy place, he be assured of his life, liberty, and limbs. And over this, I forbid, under the pain of everlasting damnation, that no minister of mine, or of my successors, intermeddle them with any the goods, lands, or possessions of the said persons taking the said sanctuary; for I have taken their goods and livelihood into my special protection, and therefore I grant to every each of them, inasmuch as my terrestrial power may suffice, all manner freedom of joyous liberty. And whosoever presumes or doth contrary to this my grant, I will he lose his

name, worship, dignity, and power, and that, with the great traitor Judas that betrayed Our Saviour, he be in the everlasting fire of hell; and I will and ordain that this my grant endure as long as there remaineth in England either love or dread of Christian name.

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Now since that I have given you an outward view of this city, it shall not be impertinent to let you take an insight also of the same, such as a Londoner born discoursed above twenty years agone, for answer (as it seemeth) to some objections that then were made against the growing greatness thereof. The author gave it me, and therefore howsoever I conceal his name (which itself pretendeth not), I think I may without his offense impart it to others, that they may take pleasure in the reading, as I doubt not but he did in the writing. Long may they (that list) envy, and long may we and our posterity enjoy the good estate of this city.

* * * * *

And whereas commonwealths and kingdoms cannot have (next after God) any surer foundation than the love and good will of one man towards another, that also is closely bred and maintained in cities, where men by mutual society and companying together do grow to alliances, communalties, and corporations.

The liberal sciences and learnings of all sorts, which be *lumina reipublicae* do flourish only in peopled towns, without the which a realm is in no better case than a man that lacketh both his eyes.

Manual arts or handicrafts, as they have for the most part been invented in towns and cities, so they cannot any where else be either maintained or amended. The like is to be said of merchandise, under which name I comprehend all manner of buying, selling, bartering, exchanging, communicating of things that men need, to and fro. Wealth and riches (which are truly called *subsidia belli, et ornamenta pacis*) are increased chiefly in towns and cities, both to the prince and people.

The necessity of the poor and needy is in such places both sooner to be espied, and hath means to be more charitably relieved.

The places themselves be surer refuges in all extremities of foreign invasion, and the inhabitants be a ready hand and strength of men with munition to oppress intestine sedition.

Moreover, for as much as the force of the wars of our time consisteth chiefly in shot (all other soldiers being either horsemen or footmen armed on land, or mariners at the sea) it seemeth to me that citizens and townsmen be as fit to be employed in any of these services (that on horseback only excepted) as the inhabitants that be drawn out of the country.

Furthermore, even as these societies and assemblies of men in cities and great towns are a continual bridle against tyranny, which was the cause that Tarquin, Nero, Dionisius, and such others have always sought to weaken them. So (being well tempered) they are a strong fort and bulwark not only in the Aristocracy, but also in the lawful kingdom or just royalty.

At once the propagation of religion, the execution of good policy, the exercise of charity, and the defence of the country is best performed by towns and cities; and this civil life approacheth nearest to the shape of that mystical body whereof Christ is the head, and men be the members. Whereupon both at the first that man of God, Moses, in the commonwealth of the Israelites, and the governors of all countries in all ages sithence have continually maintained the same. And to change it were nothing else but to *metamorphose* the world, and to make wild beasts of reasonable men. To stand longer upon this it were, *in re non dubia, uti oratione non necessaria;* and therefore I will come to London.

The singularities of the City of London

Whatsoever is said of cities generally, maketh also for London specially. Howbeit, these things are particularly for our purpose to be considered in it: the situation; the former estimation that it hath had; the service that it hath done; the present estate and government of it; and such benefits as do grow to the realm by the maintenance thereof.

This realm hath only three principal rivers whereon a royal city may well be situated: Trent in the north, Severne in the southwest, and Thames in the southeast. Of the which, Thames, both for the straight course in length reachest furthest into the belly of the land, and for the breadth and stillness of the water is most navigable up and down the stream; by reason whereof London (standing almost in the middle of that course) is more commodiously served with provision of necessaries than any town standing upon any of the other two rivers can be, and doth also more easily communicate to the rest of the realm the commodities of her own intercourse and traffic.

This river openeth indifferently upon France and Flanders, our mightiest neighbours, to whose doings we ought to have a bent eye, and special regard. And this city standeth thereon in such convenient distance from the sea, as it is not only near enough for intelligence of the affairs of those princes and for the resistance of their attempts, but also sufficently removed from the fear of any sudden dangers that may be offered by them; whereas for the Prince of this realm to dwell upon Trent were to turn his back, or blind side, to his most dangerous borderers; and for him to rest and dwell upon Severne were to be shut up in a cumbersome corner

which openeth but upon Ireland only, a place of much less importance.

Neither could London be pitched so commodiously upon any other part of the same river of Thames, as where it now standeth. For if it were removed more to the west, it should lose the benefit of the ebbing and flowing; and if it were seated more towards the east, it should be nearer to danger of the enemy, and further both from the good air and from doing good to the inner parts of the realm. Neither may I omit that none other place is so plentifully watered with springs as London is.

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. . . This, shortly as I could, is the historical and outward estate of London. Now come I to the inward pith and substance.

The estate of this city is to be examined by the quantity, and by the quality.

The quantity therefore consisteth in the number of the citizens, which is very great, and far exceedeth the proportion of Hippodamus, which appointed 10,000, and of others which have set down other numbers as meet stints, in their opinions, to be well governed. But yet, seeing both reason and experience have freed us from the law of any definite number, so that other things be observed, let that be admitted. Neither is London, I fear me, so great as populous; for well saith one, *Non idem est magna Civitas & frequens, magna est enim quae multos habet qui arma ferre possunt.* Whatsoever the number be, it breedeth no fear of sedition; for as much as the same consisteth not in the extremes, but in a very mediocrity of wealth and riches, as it shall better appear anon. And if the causes of English rebellions be searched out, they shall be found in effect to be these twain, *ambition* and *covetousness;* of which the first reigneth in the minds of high and noble personages, or of such others as seek to be gracious and popular, and have robbed the hearts of the multitude; whereas in London, if any where in the world, *honos vere onus est,* and every man rather shunneth than seeketh the mayoralty which is the best mark amongst them. Neither hath there been any strong faction, nor any man more popular than the rest, forasmuch as the government is by a pattern (as it were) and always the same, how often soever they change their magistrate. *Covetousness* (that other sire of sedition) possesseth the miserable and needy sort, and such as be naughty packs, unthrifts (which although it cannot be chosen but that in a frequent city as London is, there shall be found many); yet bear they not any great sway, seeing the multitude and most part there is of a competent wealth, and earnestly bent to honest labour. I confess that London is a mighty arm and instrument to bring any great desire to effect, if it may be won to a man's devotion; whereof also there want not examples in the English history. But

forasmuch as the same is by the like reason serviceable and meet to impeach any disloyal attempt, let it rather be well governed than evil liked therefore; for it shall appear anon that as London has adhered to some rebellions, so hath it resisted many, and was never the author of any one.

The quality of this city consisteth either in the law and government thereof, or in the degrees and condition of the citizens, or in their strength and riches.

It is besides the purpose to dispute, whether the estate of the government here be a *Democracy* or *Aristocracy;* for whatsoever it be, being considered in it self, certain it is that in respect of the whole realm, London is but a citizen, and no city, a subject, and no free estate, an obedienciary, and no place endowed with any distinct or absolute power. For it is governed by the same law that the rest of the realm is, both in causes criminal and civil, a few customs only excepted, which also are to be adjudged or forjudged by the common law. And in the assembly of the estates of our realm (which we call Parliament) they are but a member of the Comminaltie, and send two Burgesses for their city, as every poor borough doth, and two knights for their county as every other shire doth, and are as straightly bound by such laws as any part of the realm is; for if contribution in subsidy of money to the Prince be decreed, the Londoners have none exemption, no not so much as to assess themselves, for the prince doth appoint the Commissioners.

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The wealth and warlike furniture of London is either public or private, and no doubt the common treasure cannot be much there, seeing that the revenue which they have hardly sufficeth to maintain their bridge and conduits, and to pay their officers and servants. Their toll doth not any more than pay their fee-farm, that they pay to the Prince. Their issues for default of appearances be never levied, and the profits of their courts of justice do go to particular men's hands. Arguments hereof be these two: one, that they can do nothing of extraordinary charge without a general contribution; another, that they have suffered such as have borne the chief office amongst them, and were become bankrupt, to depart the city without relief, which I think they neither would nor could have done if the common treasure had sufficed to cover their shame. Hereof, therefore, we need not be afraid. The public armour and munition of this city remaineth in the halls of the companies, as it doth throughout the whole realm for a great part in the parish churches. Neither is that kept together but only for obedience to the law which commandeth it, and therefore if that threaten danger to the estate it may by another law be taken from them, and committed to a more safe armoury.

The private riches of London resteth chiefly in the hands of the merchants and retailers, for artificers have not much to spare, and labourers have need that it were given unto them. Now how necessary and serviceable the estate of merchandise is to this realm, it may partly appear by the practise of that peaceable, politic and rich Prince, King Henry the Seventh, of whom Polydore (writing his life) sayeth thus: *Mercatores ille saepenumero pecunia multa data gratuito juvabat, ut mercatura (ars una omnium cunctis aequè mortalibus tum commoda, tum necessaria) in suo regno copiosior esset.* But chiefly by the inestimable commodities that grow thereby; for who knoweth not that we have extreme need of many things whereof foreign countries have great store, and that we may spare many things whereof they have need? Or who is ignorant of this, that we have no mines of silver or gold within our realm? So that the increase of our coin and bullion cometh from else where, and yet nevertheless we be both fed, clad, and otherwise served with foreign commodities and delights as plentiful as with our domestical. Which thing cometh to pass by the mean of merchandise only, which importeth necessaries from other countries, and exporteth the superfluities of our own. For seeing we have no way to increase our treasure by mines of gold or silver at home, and can have nothing without money or ware from other countries abroad, it followeth necessarily that if we follow the counsel of that good old husband Marcus Cato, saying, *oportet patrem familias vendacem esse, non emacem,* and do carry more commodities in value over the seas than we bring hither from thence, that then the realm shall receive that overplus in money. But if we bring from beyond the seas merchandise of more value than that which we do send over may countervail, then the realm payeth for that overplus in ready money, and consequently is a loser by that ill husbandry. And therefore, in this part, great and heedful regard must be had that *symmetria* and due proportion be kept, lest otherwise either the realm be defrauded of her treasure, or the subjects corrupted in vanity by excessive importation of superfluous and needless merchandise, or else that we feel penury, even in our greatest plenty and store, by immoderate exportation of our own needful commodities.

Other the benefits that merchandise bringeth shall hereafter appear in the general recital of the commodities that come by London; and therefore it resteth that I speak a word of retailers, and finally show that much good groweth by them both. The chief part of retailing is but a handmaid to merchandise, dispersing by piecemeal that which the merchant bringeth in gross. Of which trade be mercers, grocers, vintners, haberdashers, ironmongers, milliners, and all such as sell wares growing or made beyond the seas; and therefore so long as merchandise it self shall be profitable, and such proportion kept as neither we lose our treasure

thereby nor be cloyed with unnecessary foreign wares, this kind of retailing is to be retained also.

Now that merchants and retailers of London be very rich and great, it is so far from any harm that it is a thing both praiseworthy and profitable. For *Mercatura* (sayeth Cicero) *si tenuis est, sordida putanda est, sin magna est et copiosa, non est vituperanda.* And truly merchants and retailers do not altogether *intus canere*, and profit themselves only, for the prince and realm both are enriched by their riches. The realm winneth treasure, if their trade be so moderated by authority that it break not proportion; and they besides bear a good fleece, which the prince may shear when she seeth good.

But here, before I conclude this part, I have shortly to answer the accusation of those men which charge London with the loss and decay of many or most of the ancient cities, corporate towns, and markets within this realm, by drawing from them to her self alone, say they, both all trade of traffic by sea, and the retailing of wares and exercise of manual arts also. Touching navigation, which I must confess is apparently decayed in many port towns, and flourisheth only or chiefly at London, I impute that partly to the fall of the staple, the which being long since a great trade, and bestowed sometimes at one town and sometimes at another within the realm, did much enrich the place where it was; and being now not only diminished in force, but also translated over the seas, cannot but bring some decay with it, partly to the impairing of havens, which in many places have impoverished those towns whose estate doth ebb and flow with them, and partly to the dissolution of religious houses, by whose wealth and haunt many of those places were chiefly fed and nourished. I mean not to rehearse particular examples of every sort; for the thing it self speaketh, and I haste to an end.

As for retailers therefore, and handicrafts men, it is no marvel if they abandon country towns and resort to London. For not only the Court (which is now a days much greater and more gallant than in former times, and which was wont to be contented to remain with a small company, sometimes at an abbey or priory, sometimes at a Bishop's house, and sometimes at some mean manor of the king's own) is now for the most part either abiding at London, or else so near unto it, that the provision of things most fit for it may easily be fetched from thence; but also by occasion thereof, the gentlemen of all shires do fly and flock to this city, the younger sort of them to see and shew vanity, and the elder to save the cost and charge of hospitality and house keeping. For hereby it cometh to pass that the gentlemen being either for a good portion of the year out of the country, or playing the farmers, graziers, brewers or such like, more than gentlemen were wont to do within the country,

retailers and artificers, at the least of such things as pertain to the back or belly, do leave the country towns where there is no vent, and do fly to London, where they be sure to find ready and quick market. And yet I wish that, even as many towns in the Low Countries of King Philip do stand, some by one handy art, and some by an other, so also that it might be provided here, that the making of some things might by discreet dispensation be allotted to some special towns, to the end that although the daintiness of men cannot be restrained, which will needs seek those things at London, yet other places also might be relieved, at the least by the workmanship of them.

Thus much, then, of the estate of London, in the government thereof, in the condition of the citizens, and in their power and riches. Now follow the enumeration of such benefits as redound to the Prince and this realm by this city. In which doing I profess not to rehearse all, but only to recite and run over the chief and principal of them.

Besides the commodities of the furtherance of religion and justice, the propagation of learning, the maintenance of arts, the increase of riches, and the defence of countries (all which are before shewed to grow generally by cities, and be common to London with them), London bringeth singularly these good things following:

By advantage of the situation it disperseth foreign wares (as the stomach doth meat) to all the members most commodiously.

By the benefit of the river of Thames, and great trade of merchandise, it is the chief maker of mariners, and nurse of our navy; and ships (as men know) be the wooden walls for defence of our realm.

It maintaineth, in flourishing estate, the countries of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex, which, as they lie in the face of our most puissant neighbor, so ought they (above others) to be conserved in the greatest strength and riches; and these, as it is well known, stand not so much by the benefit of their own soil as by the neighborhood and nearness which they have to London.

It relieveth plentifully, and with good policy, not only her own poor people (a thing which scarcely any other town or shire doth) but also the poor that from each quarter of the realm doth flock unto it, and it imparteth liberally to the necessity of the Universities besides.

It is an ornament to the realm by the beauty thereof, and a terror to other countries by reason of the great wealth and frequency.

It spreadeth the honor of our country far abroad by her long navigations, and maketh our power feared, even of barbarous Princes.

It only is stored with rich merchants, which sort only is tolerable; for beggarly merchants do bite too near, and will do more harm than good to the realm.

It only of any place in this realm is able to furnish the sudden necessity with a strong army It availeth the prince in tonnage, poundage, and other her customs, much more than all the rest of the realm.

It yieldeth a greater subsidy than any one part of the realm. I mean not for the proportion of the value of the goods only, but also for the faithful service there used in making the assess; for no where else be men taxed so near to their just value as in London. Yea, many are found there that for their countenance and credit sake refuse not to be rated above their ability, which thing never happeneth abroad in the country. I omit that in ancient time the inhabitants of London and other cities were accustomably taxed after the tenth of their goods, when the country was assessed at the fifteenth; and rated at the eighth when the country was set at the twelfth, for that were to awake a sleeping dog, and I should be thought *dicenda, tacenda, locutus,* as the poet said.

It only doth and is able to make the Prince a ready prest, or loan of money.

It only is found fit and able to entertain strangers honorably, and to receive the Prince of the Realm worthily.

Almighty God (*qui nisi custodiat ciuitatem, frustra vigilat custos*), grant that her Majesty evermore rightly esteem and rule this city, and he give grace that the citizens may answer duty, as well towards God and her Majesty as towards this whole realm and country, *Amen.*

JOHN FLORIO

The Introduction and Notes are at page 849

FROM *The Essayes, or Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne,* 1603 [translated by FLORIO from the French edition of 1595; the first edition of MONTAIGNE'S *Essais* was published in 1580]

The Essays of Montaigne

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

That to philosophi[z]e is to learn how to die.

Cicero saith that "to philosophi[z]e is no other thing than for a man to prepare himself to death." Which is the reason that study and contemplation doth, in some sort, withdraw our soul from us and severally employ it from the body, which is a kind of apprenticeage and resemblance

of death; or else it is that all the wisdom and discourse of the world doth in the end resolve upon this point, to teach us not to fear to die. Truly either reason mocks us or it only aimeth at our contentment and, in fine, bends all her travail to make us live well, and, as the Holy Scripture saith, "at our ease." All the opinions of the world conclude that pleasure is our end, howbeit they take divers means unto and for it, else would men reject them at their first coming.

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The end of our career is death; it is the necessary object of our aim. If it affright us, how is it possible we should step one foot further without an ague? The remedy of the vulgar sort is not to think on it. But from what brutal stupidity may so gross a blindness come upon him? He must be made to bridle his ass by the tail,

Qui capite ipse suo instituit vestigia retro.
Who doth a course contrary run
With his head to his course begun.

It is no marvel if he be so often taken tripping. Some do no sooner hear the name of death spoken of but they are afraid, yea, the most part will cross themselves as if they heard the devil named. And because mention is made of it in men's wills and testaments, I warrant you there is none will set his hand to them till the physician have given his last doom and utterly forsaken him. And God knows, being then between such pain and fear, with what sound judgment they endure him. Forsomuch as this syllable sounded so unpleasantly in their ears and this voice seemed so ill-boding and unlucky, the Romans had learned to allay and dilate the same by a periphrasis. In lieu of saying, "He is dead," or, "He hath ended his days," they would say, "He hath lived." So it be life, be it past or no, they are comforted.

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. . . They come, they go, they trot, they dance: but no speech of death. All that is good sport. But if she be once come and, on a sudden and openly, surprise either them, their wives, their children, or their friends, what torments, what outcries, what rage, and what despair doth then overwhelm them? Saw you ever anything so drooping, so changed, and so distracted? A man must look to it and, in better times, foresee it. . . .

Let us learn to stand and combat her with a resolute mind. And [to] begin to take the greatest advantage she hath upon us from her, let us take a clean contrary way from the common. Let us remove her strange-

ness from her; let us converse, frequent and acquaint ourselves with her; let us have nothing so much in mind as death; let us at all times and seasons, and in the ugliest manner that may be, yea, with all faces, shapen and represent the same unto our imagination. At the stumbling of a horse, at the fall of a stone, at the least prick with a pin, let us presently ruminate and say with ourselves, What if it were death itself? And thereupon let us take heart of grace and call our wits together to confront her. Amidst our banquets, feasts, and pleasures, let us ever have this restraint or object before us, that is, the remembrance of our condition, and let not pleasure so much mislead or transport us that we altogether neglect or forget how many ways our joys or our feastings be subject unto death, and by how many hold-fasts she threatens us and them. So did the Ægyptians, who, in the midst of their banquetings and in the full of their greatest cheer, caused the anatomy of a dead man to be brought before them as a memorandum and warning to their guests.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum,
Grata superveniet, quae non sperabitur hora.
Think every day shines on thee as thy last,
Welcome it will come, whereof hope was past.

It is uncertain where death looks for us; let us expect her everywhere. The premeditation of death is a forethinking of liberty. He who hath learned to die hath unlearned to serve. There is no evil in life for him that hath well conceived how the privation of life is no evil. To know how to die doth free us from all subjection and constraint.

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Our religion hath had no surer human foundation than the contempt of life. Discourse of reason doth not only call and summon us unto it (for why should we fear to lose a thing which, being lost, cannot be moaned?), but also, since we are threatened by so many kinds of death, there is no more inconvenience to fear them all than to endure one. What matter is it when it cometh, since it is unavoidable? Socrates answered one that told him, "The Thirty Tyrants have condemned thee to death"; "And nature them," said he. What fondness is it to cark and care so much at that instant and passage from all exemption of pain and care? As our birth brought us the birth of all things, so shall our death the end of all things. Therefore, is it as great folly to weep we shall not live a hundred years hence as to wail we lived not a hundred years ago. "Death is the beginning of another life." So wept we, and so much did it cost us to enter into this life; and so did we spoil us of our ancient veil in entering into it. Nothing can be grievous that is but once. Is it reason so long to fear a

thing of so short time? Long life or short life is made all one by death. For long or short is not in things that are no more. Aristotle saith there are certain little beasts alongst the River Hispanis that live but one day; she which dieth at 8 o'clock in the morning dies in her youth, and she that dies at 5 in the afternoon dies in her decrepitude. Who of us doth not laugh when we shall see this short moment of continuance to be had in consideration of good or ill fortune? The most and the least in ours, if we compare it with eternity, or equal it to the lasting of mountains, rivers, stars, and trees, or any other living creature is no less ridiculous.

But nature compels us to it. "Depart," saith she, "out of this world, even as you came into it. The same way you came from death, to death return, without passion or amazement, from life to death. Your death is but a piece of the world's order and but a parcel of the world's life." . . .

All the time you live, you steal it from death. It is at her charge. The continual work of your life is to contrive death; you are in death during the time you continue in life. For you are after death when you are no longer living. Or if you had rather have it so, you are dead after life: but during life you are still dying; and death doth more rudely touch the dying than the dead, and more lively and essentially. If you have profited by life, you have also been fed thereby; depart then satisfied.

Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis?
Why, like a full-fed guest,
Depart you not to rest?

If you have not known how to make use of it; if it were unprofitable to you, what need you care to have lost it? To what end would you enjoy it longer?

——————cur amplius addere quaeris
Rursum quod pereat male, et ingratum occidat omne?
Why seek you more to gain, what must again
All perish ill, and pass with grief or pain?

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is the place of good or evil, according as you prepare it for them. And if you have lived one day, you have seen all; one day is equal to all other days. There is no other light, there is no other night. This sun, this moon, these stars, and this disposition, is the very same which your forefathers enjoyed and which shall also entertain your posterity.

Non alium videre patres: aliumve nepotes
Aspicient.
No other saw our sires of old,
No other shall their sons behold.

And if the worst happen, the distribution and variety of all the acts of my comedy is performed in one year. If you have observed the course of my four seasons, they contain the infancy, the youth, the virility, and the old age of the world. . . .

Death is less to be feared than nothing, if there were anything less than nothing.

———multo mortem minus ad nos esse putandum,
Si minus esse potest quàm quod nihil esse videmus.
Death is much less to us, we ought esteem,
If less may be, than what doth nothing seem.

Nor alive, nor dead, it doth concern you nothing. Alive, because you are; dead, because you are no more. Moreover, no man dies before his hour. The time you leave behind was no more yours than that which was before your birth, and concerneth you no more.

Respice enim quam nil ad nos anteacta vetustas
Temporis aeterni fuerit,
For mark how all antiquity foregone
Of all time ere we were, to us was none.

Wheresoever your life endeth, there is it all. The profit of life consists not in the space but rather in the use. Some man hath lived long that hath had a short life. Follow it whilst you have time. It consists not in number of years, but in your will that you have lived long enough. Did you think you should never come to the place where you were still going? There is no way but hath an end. And if company may solace you, doth not the whole world walk the same path? . . .

. . . I have oftentimes bethought myself whence it proceedeth that in times of war the visage of death (whether we see it in us or in others) seemeth, without all comparison, much less dreadful and terrible unto us than in our houses or in our beds (otherwise it should be an army of physicians and whiners); and she ever being one, there must needs be much more assurance amongst country people and of base condition than in others. I verily believe these fearful looks and astonishing countenances wherewith we encompass it are those that more amaze and terrify us than death. A new form of life; the outcries of mothers; the wailing of women and children; the visitation of dismayed and swooning friends; the assistance of a number of pale-looking, distracted, and whining servants; a dark chamber, tapers burning round about; our couch beset round with physicians and preachers; and, to conclude, nothing but horror and astonishment on every side of us—are we not already dead and buried? The very children are afraid of their friends when they see them masked;

and so are we. The mask must as well be taken from things as from men. Which, being removed, we shall find nothing hid under it but the very same death that a sely varlet or a simple maidservant did lately suffer without amazement or fear. Happy is that death which takes all leisure from the preparations of such an equipage.

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THE FIVE AND TWENTIETH CHAPTER

Of The Institution and Education of Children: To the Lady Diana of Foix, Countess of Gurson

I never knew father, how crooked and deformed soever his son were, that would either altogether cast him off, or not acknowledge him for his own; and yet (unless he be merely besotted or blinded in his affection) it may not be said but he plainly perceiveth his defects, and hath a feeling of his imperfections. But so it is, he is his own. So it is in myself. I see better than any man else, that what I have set down is nought but the fond imaginations of him who in his youth hath tasted nothing but the paring, and seen but the superficies of true learning; whereof he hath retained but a general and shapeless form: a smack of every thing in general, but nothing to the purpose in particular, after the French manner. To be short, I know there is an art of Physic; a course of Laws; four parts of the Mathematics; and I am not altogether ignorant what they tend unto. And perhaps I also know the scope and drift of Sciences in general to be for the service of our life. But to wade further, or that ever I tired myself with plodding upon Aristotle (the monarch of our modern doctrine) or obstinately continued in search of any one science—I confess I never did it. Nor is there any one art whereof I am able so much as to draw the first lineaments. And there is no scholar (be he of the lowest form) that may not repute himself wiser than I, who am not able to oppose him in his first lesson; and if I be forced to it, I am constrained very impertinently to draw in matter from some general discourse, whereby I examine and give a guess at his natural judgment—a lesson as much unknown to them as theirs is to me. I have not dealt or had commerce with any excellent book, except Plutarch or Seneca, from whom (as the Danaïdes) I draw my water, uncessantly filling, and as fast emptying. Some thing whereof I fasten to this paper, but to myself nothing at all.

And touching books, History is my chief study, Poesy my only delight, to which I am particularly affected; for as Cleanthes said, that as the voice being forcibly pent in the narrow gullet of a trumpet, at last issueth

forth more strong and shriller, so, meseems, that a sentence cunningly and closely couched in measure-keeping Poesie darts it self forth more furiously, and wounds me even to the quick. And concerning the natural faculties that are in me (whereof behold here an essay), I perceive them to faint under their own burthen; my conceits, and my judgment march but uncertain, and as it were groping, staggering, and stumbling at every rush. And when I have gone as far as I can, I have no whit pleased myself; for the further I sail the more land I descry, and that so dimmed with fogs and overcast with clouds that my sight is so weakened I cannot distinguish the same. And then undertaking to speak indifferently of all that presents itself unto my fantasy, and having nothing but mine own natural means to employ therein, if it be my hap (as commonly it is) among good authors to light upon those very places which I have undertaken to treat of, as even now I did in Plutarch, reading his discourse of the power of imagination, wherein, in regard of those wise men, I acknowledge myself so weak and so poor, so dull and gross-headed, as I am forced both to pity and disdain myself. Yet am I pleased with this, that my opinions have often the grace to jump with theirs, and that I follow them aloof-off, and thereby possess at least that which all other men have not; which is, that I know the utmost difference between them and myself. All which notwithstanding, I suffer my inventions to run abroad as weak and faint as I have produced them, without bungling and botching the faults which this comparison hath discovered to me in them. A man had need have a strong back to undertake to march foot to foot with these kind of men. The indiscreet writers of our age, amidst their trivial compositions, intermingle and wrest in whole sentences taken from ancient authors, supposing by such filching theft to purchase honor and reputation to themselves, do clean contrary. For this infinite variety and dissemblance of lustres makes a face so wan, so ill-favored, and so ugly in respect of theirs, that they lose much more than gain thereby. . . .

I have no authority to purchase belief, neither do I desire it; knowing well that I am not sufficiently taught to instruct others. Some having read my precedent Chapter, told me not long since in mine own house, I should somewhat more have extended myself in the discourse concerning the institution of children. Now (Madam) if there were any sufficiency in me touching that subject, I could not better employ the same than to bestow it as a present upon that little lad which ere long threateneth to make a happy issue from out your honorable womb: for (Madame) you are too generous to begin with other than a man child. And having had so great a part in the conduct of your successful marriage, I may challenge some right and interest in the greatness and prosperity of all that shall proceed from it. Moreover, the ancient and rightful posses-

sion which you from time to time have ever had, and still have, over my service, urgeth me with more than ordinary respects to wish all honor, welfare, and advantage to whatsoever may in any sort concern you and yours. And truly, my meaning is but to shew that the greatest difficulty and importing [of] all human knowledge seemeth to be in this point where the nurture and institutions of young children is in question. For as in matters of husbandry, the labor that must be used before sowing, setting, and planting, yea in planting itself, is most certain and easy; but when that which was sowen, set, and planted cometh to take life, before it come to ripeness, much ado, and great variety of proceeding belongeth to it. So in men, it is no great matter to get them; but being born, what continual cares, what diligent attendance, what doubts and fears do daily wait to their parents and tutors before they can be nurtured and brought to any good? The fore-shew of their inclination whilest they are young is so uncertain, their humours so variable, their promises so changing, their hopes so false, and their proceedings so doubtful, that it is very hard (yea for the wisest) to ground any certain judgment, or assured success upon them. Behold Cymon, view Themistocles, and a thousand others, how they have differed, and fallen to better from themselves, and deceive the expectation of such as knew them. The young whelps both of dogs and bears at first sight shew their natural disposition, but men headlong embracing this custom or fashion, following that humor or opinion, admitting this or that passion, allowing of that or this law, are easily changed, and soon disguised. Yet it is hard to force the natural propension or readiness of the mind, whereby it followeth that, for want of heedy fore-sight in those that could not guide their course well, they often employ much time in vain, to address young children in those matters whereunto they are not naturally addicted. All which difficulties notwithstanding, mine opinion is to bring them up in the best and profitablest studies, and that a man should slightly pass over those fond presages, and deceiving prognostics, which we over precisely gather in their infancy. And (without offence be it said) me thinks that Plato in his *Commonwealth* allowed them too-too much authority.

Madame, Learning joined with true knowledge is an especial and graceful ornament, and an implement of wonderful use and consequence; namely, in persons raised to that degree of fortune wherein you are. And in good truth, learning hath not her own true form, nor can she make shew of her beauteous lineaments, if she fall into the hands of base and vile persons. . . .

To a gentleman born of noble parentage, and heir of a house, that aimeth at true learning and in it would be disciplined, not so much for gain or commodity to himself (because so abject an end is far unworthy

the grace and favour of the Muses, and besides hath a regard or dependencie of others), nor for external shew and ornament, but to adorn and enrich his inward mind, desiring rather to shape and institute an able and sufficient man, than a bare learned man; my desire is, therefore, that the parents or overseers of such a gentleman be very circumspect and careful in choosing his director, whom I would rather commend for having a well composed and temperate brain than a full-stuffed head, yet both will do well. And I would rather prefer wisdom, judgment, civil customs, and modest behavior than bare and mere literal learning; and that in his charge he hold a new course. . . .

I would have him make his scholar narrowly to sift all things with discretion, and harbour nothing in his head by mere authority, or upon trust. Aristotle's principles shall be no more axioms unto him than the Stoic's or Epicurians'. Let this diversity of judgments be proposed unto him. If he can, he shall be able to distinguish the truth from falsehood; if not, he will remain doubtful.

Che non men che saper dubbiar m'aggrada.
No less it pleaseth me,
To doubt, than wise to be.

For if by his own discourse he embrace the opinions of Xenophon, or of Plato, they shall be no longer theirs, but his. He that merely followeth another, traceth nothing, and seeketh nothing: *Non sumus sub rege, sibi quisque se vindicet:* "We are not under a King's command; every one may challenge himself, for let him at least know that he knoweth." It is requisite he endeavor as much to feed himself with their conceits, as labour to learn their precepts; which, so he know how to apply, let him hardily forget where or whence he had them. Truth and reason are common to all, and are no more proper unto him that spake them heretofore than unto him that shall speak them hereafter. And it is no more according to Plato's opinion than to mine, since both he and I understand and see alike. The bees do here and there suck this and cull that flower, but afterward they produce the honey, which is peculiarly their own; then is it no more thyme or marjoram. So of pieces borrowed of others, he may lawfully alter, transform, and confound them, to shape out of them a perfect piece of work, altogether his own; always provided his judgment, his travel, study, and institution tend to nothing but to frame the same perfect.

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There is a marvelous clearness, or as I may term it an enlightening of man's judgment drawn from the commerce of men, and by frequenting

abroad in the world; we are all so contrived and compact in our selves, that our sight is made shorter by the length of our nose. When Socrates was demanded whence he was, he answered, not "of Athens," but "of the world"; for he, who had his imagination more full and farther stretching, embraced all the world for his native city, and extended his acquaintance, his society, and affections to all man-kind, and not as we do, that look no further than our feet. If the frost chance to nip the vines about my village, my Priest doth presently argue that the wrath of God hangs over our head, and threateneth all mankind, and judgeth that the pip is already fallen upon the cannibals.

In viewing these intestine and civil broils of ours, who doth not exclaim that this world's vast frame is near unto a dissolution, and that the day of judgment is ready to fall on us? never remembering that many worse revolutions have been seen, and what whilst we are plunged in grief, and overwhelmed in sorrow, a thousand other parts of the world besides are blessed with all happiness, and wallow in pleasures, and never think on us? Whereas, when I behold our lives, our license, and impunity, I wonder to see them so mild and easy. He on whose head it haileth, thinks all the hemisphere besides to be in a storm and tempest. And as that dull-pated Savoyard said, that if the seely King of France could cunningly have managed his fortune, he might very well have made himself chief steward of his Lord's household; whose imagination conceived of no other greatness than his Master's; we are all insensible of this kind of error—an error of great consequence and prejudice.

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But touching philosophy, namely, in that point where it treateth of man, and of his duties and offices, it hath been the common judgment of the wisest that in regard of the pleasantness of her conversation, she ought not to be rejected, neither at banquets nor at sports. And Plato having invited her to his solemn feast, we see how kindly she entertaineth the company with a mild behaviour, fitly suiting her self to time and place, notwithstanding it be one of his learned'st and profitable discourses.

> Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequè,
> Et neglecta aequè pueris senibusque nocebit.
>
> Poor men alike, alike rich men it easeth,
> Alike it, scorned, old and young displeaseth.

So doubtless he shall less be idle than others; for even as the paces we bestow walking in a gallery, although they be twice as many more, weary us not so much as those we spend in going a set journey; so our lesson being past over, as it were, by chance or way of encounter, without strict

observance of time or place, being applied to all our actions, shall be digested and never felt. All sports and exercises shall be a part of his study: running, wrestling, music, dancing, hunting, and managing of arms and horses. I would have the exterior demeanor or decency, and the disposition of his person to be fashioned together with his mind. For, it is not a mind, it is not a body that we erect, but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him. And as Plato saith, "They must not be erected one without another, but equally be directed, no otherwise than a couple of horses matched to draw in one self-same team."

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Yet can no man say but that to speak well is most gracious and commendable, but not so excellent as some make it; and I am grieved to see how we employ most part of our time about that only. I would first know mine own tongue perfectly; then my neighbor's with whom I have most commerce. I must needs acknowledge that the Greek and Latin tongues are great ornaments in a gentleman, but they are purchased at over-high a rate. Use it who list, I will tell you how they may be gotten better cheap, and much sooner than is ordinarily used; which was tried in myself. My late father, having, by all the means and industry that is possible for man, sought amongst the wisest and men of best understanding to find a most exquisite and ready way of teaching, being advised of the inconveniences then in use, was given to understand that the lingering while and best part of our youth that we employ in learning the tongues which cost them nothing, is the only cause we can never attain to that absolute perfection of skill and knowledge of the Greeks and Romans. I do not believe that to be the only cause. But so it is, the expedient my father found out was this; that being yet at nurse, and before the first loosing of my tongue, I was delivered to a German (who died since, a most excellent physician in France) he being then altogether ignorant of the French tongue, but exquisitely ready and skilful in the Latin. This man, whom my father had sent for of purpose, and to whom he gave very great entertainment, had me continually in his arms, and was mine only overseer. There was also joined unto him two of his countrymen, but not so learned, whose charge was to attend, and now and then to play with me. And all these together did never entertain me with other than the Latin tongue. As for others of his household, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself, nor my mother, nor man, nor maid-servant, were suffered to speak one word in my company, except such Latin words as every one had learned to chat and prattle with me. It were strange to tell how every one in the house profited therein. My father and my mother learned so much Latin that for a need they could understand it when they heard it spoken; even so did all the

household servants, namely such as were nearest and most about me. To be short, we were all so Latinized that the towns round about us had their share of it, insomuch as even at this day many Latin names both of workmen and of their tools are yet in use amongst them. And as for myself, I was above six years old, and could understand no more French or Perigordine than Arabic; and that without art, without books, rules, or grammar, without whipping or whining, I had gotten as pure a Latin tongue as my master could speak, the rather because I could neither mingle or confound the same with other tongues. If for an essay they would give me a theme, whereas the fashion in colleges is to give it in French, I had it in bad Latin, to reduce the same into good. And Nicholas Grouchy, who hath written *De comitiis Romanorum;* William Guerente, who hath commented Aristotle; George Buchanan, that famous Scottish poet; and Marc Antoine Muret, whom (while he lived) both France and Italy to this day, acknowledge to have been the best orator—all which have been my familiar tutors—have often told me that in mine infancy I had the Latin tongue so ready and so perfect that themselves feared to take me in hand. And Buchanan, who afterward I saw attending on the Marshall of Brissac, told me he was about to write a treatise of the institution of children, and that he took the model and pattern from mine. For at that time he had the charge and bringing up of the young Earl of Brissac, whom since we have seen prove so worthy and so valiant a Captain.

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The first taste or feeling I had of books, was of the pleasure I took in reading the fables of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* for, being but seven or eight years old, I would steal and sequester my self from all other delights, only to read them; forsomuch as the tongue wherein they were written was to me natural, and it was the easiest book I knew, and by reason of the matter therein contained most agreeing with my young age. For of King Arthur, of Lancelot du Lake, of Amadis, of Huon of Bordeaux, and such idle, time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of books wherein youth doth commonly amuse itself, I was not so much as acquainted with their names, and to this day know not their bodies, nor what they contain, so exact was my discipline. Whereby I became more careless to study my other prescript lessons. And well did it fall out for my purpose, that I had to deal with a very discreet master, who out of his judgment could with such dexterity wink at and second my untowardliness, and such other faults that were in me. For by that means I read over Virgil's *Æneados,* Terence, Plautus, and other Italian comedies, allured thereunto by the pleasantness of their several subjects. Had he been so foolishly-severe, or so severely froward as to cross this course of mine, I think verily I had never brought any thing

from the college but the hate and contempt of books, as doth the greatest part of our nobility. Such was his discretion, and so warily did he behave himself, that he saw and would not see; he would foster and increase my longing, suffering me but by stealth and by snatches to glut my self with those books, holding ever a gentle hand over me concerning other regular studies. For, the chiefest thing my father required at their hands (unto whose charge he had committed me) was a kind of well conditioned mildness and facility of complexion. And, to say truth, mine had no other fault but a certain dull languishing and heavy slothfulness. The danger was not, I should do ill, but that I should do nothing.

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And I have ever accused them of impertinency that condemn and disallow such kinds of recreations, and blame those of injustice that refuse good and honest comedians, or (as we call them) players, to enter our good towns, and grudge the common people such public sports. Politic and well ordered commonwealths endeavor rather carefully to unite and assemble their citizens together; as in serious offices of devotion, so in honest exercises of recreation. Common society and loving friendship is thereby cherished and increased. And besides, they cannot have more formal and regular pastimes allowed them than such as are acted and represented in open view of all, and in the presence of the magistrates themselves. And if I might bear sway, I would think it reasonable that Princes should sometimes, at their proper charges, gratify the common people with them, as an argument of a fatherly affection and loving goodness towards them. And that in populous and frequented cities, there should be theatres and places appointed for such spectacles, as a diverting of worse inconveniences, and secret actions.

But to come to my intended purpose, there is no better way to allure the affection, and to entice the appetite; otherwise a man shall breed but asses laden with books. With jerks of rods they have their satchels full of learning given them to keep; which to do well, one must not only harbor in himself, but wed and marry the same with his mind.

EDWARD GRIMESTON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 851

FROM GRIMESTON'S translation of Nicholas Coeffeteau's *A Table of Humane Passions*, 1621 [the French edition was published in 1615]

Of Human Passions

The Preface

As PROVIDENT Nature hath prescribed certain ends to all the creatures of this universe, whom she hath clothed with certain qualities and allurements fit to inflame them with their love; so there is not anyone in this world but doth endeavor by all means to attaine unto those ends which are propounded. As the sun, having been placed in the firmament to contribute to the birth and preservation of beasts and plants, runs continually from one hemisphere to the other, to pour out the beams of his influence and light over all; so, after his example, there is not any other cause in all this great world but is careful to seek and pursue her end, according to the motions which Nature hath engrafted. But to make them capable, it was necessary that the same Nature which hath prescribed them their ends, should also give them as it were two wings to raise them up. That is to say, it was needful she should impart unto them the knowledge, and engraft in them the inclination and desire to pursue them. Desire alone were not sufficient, for that is fashioned in the Appetite, which is a blind power, and requires some light to guide and conduct it in its motions; even as they say the whale, which hath a weak and heavy sight, hath need of a guide to conduct it through the waves of the sea, lest that this great and weighty mass which she draws after her should strike against some rock and be crushed in pieces. Neither were Knowledge alone sufficient, for that it proceeds from a faculty which, being born to give light, doth necessarily presuppose another power which doth receive the beams of her light, and, as we may say, suffers itself to be guided by that light. As for example, to cause the king (being incited by the glory of his ancestors, or induced by the greatness of his courage) to undertake the sack of Constantinople, or to replant the cross in Palestine, it were not sufficient that he knew where Constantinople stood, or in what part of the world Palestine were; but besides all this it were needful that with this knowledge the heat and ardor to carry him to so glorious a conquest should breed a desire. As in old time

to thrust on Alexander to undertake the voyage of Persia, or of the Indies, it was not only requisite this prince should have some knowledge of that stately empire and of those rich provinces; but it was also necessary his generosity should beget in him a passion and will to conquer them. So as no man embraceth any design whatsoever, until that knowledge be united with desire, and desire joined unto knowledge.

In this manner, then, if things knew their ends and did not desire them, or if they desired them without the knowledge, they could not be drawn to endeavor to get them; for as much as, through the want of those helps, they should be in danger to labor in vain, and to lose all the pains of their pursuits. So as to effect it they had need of Knowledge and Desire. The proofs hereof are seen in all the creatures which make a part of this universal world. For leaving apart the angels of heaven, whose actions show sufficiently that their substance is indued with an understanding full of knowledge, and a will capable to frame divers desires, if we will fix our eyes upon visible nature, we shall find that there is not any creature, not only among those that have life, but even among those that have no souls, in the motions and course of whose actions this truth doth not appear and demonstrate itself plainly.

It is true, that in things which are insensible and without life, it is not necessary that the knowledge of their ends should remain in themselves, as the desires and inclinations to attain unto them do reside; but it sufficeth that they be guided and conducted by a cause conjoined to their actions. And to return to our last example, as it was necessary (to draw Alexander to undertake the voyage of Asia and the Indies) he should have knowledge of the provinces, yet he might borrow this knowledge from those which had seen them and observed them. Even as blind men, who, led by their guides, go where their affairs do call them; even so, although that natural things which of themselves are not indued with any knowledge besides the inclination which they have unto their end, have yet some need to know it, to the end they may affect it and seek it; yet having a desire, it imports not whether the knowledge be precisely in themselves, or that some other cause supplies this defect and insinuates itself into this action to guide it. The reason whereof is, that although they be deprived of knowledge, yet it hinders not the force of their motions; for that they are united to that great Intelligence which knoweth all things, and cannot err in her knowledge, but guides all the natural causes to their ends by her wise providence.

But these things have always need of Knowledge and Desire to put them into action, although that in regard of knowledge it is not absolutely necessary it reside in them, but it sufficeth that it be imparted unto them by the influence and assistance of a more eminent cause. As for those which

have life, it may be plainly observed in the course of their lives. But we must remember that the soul, being the form of living things, and natural forms having this in particular, that the more noble contains the perfection of that which is less noble; as a quadrangle comprehends with a certain eminency all that enters into the composition of a triangle; and as the forms of beasts contain the forms of the Elements; it follows that there being three degrees of souls; that is to say, that which gives life, which is the less perfect; that which gives sense, which is the second rank; and the Reasonable, which is the noblest of all; this Reasonable soul, which is peculiar only to man, contains all the powers and perfections of the other, and can effect as much as all the rest together. By reason whereof man hath a Vegetative soul, which is common with plants; he hath the Sensitive, which he hath common with brute beasts; but he alone is in possession of the Reasonable soul, whereby he hath nothing common with the rest of the creatures.

After this, either of these souls hath a number of powers befitting the operations which must arise. The powers of the Vegetative soul are principally those which nourish, which contribute to the growing and increase, and which serve to generation. And those have other powers for instruments to their actions, as the power to draw, the power to retain, the power to expell the excrements, the power to digest the nourishment, and others which philosophers assign unto them.

Moreover, there is a power which is as it were the queen of all the rest, to whose command and conduct they refer all their actions. And that is the power of the Natural Appetite, the which (as we have said) is one of those two things necessary to accomplish the actions of Nature. According unto these laws, we see that the power we call Attractive draws the nourishment unto her, for that the Natural Appetite doth press and command her; and in like manner the power which they call Expulsive, doth cast forth and expel those things which the same Natural Appetite doth abhor; and so of the other powers which are ordained to diverse ends. But for that the Appetite, which is blind and void of all Knowledge, is not sufficient in Vegetative things to exercise their action, but withal it is requisite that they be accompanied with Knowledge; it therefore happens that the Vegetative soul, being not so noble that among all her powers there is not any one indued with Knowledge, the universal Nature, which provides for all, supplies this defect, and conducts by her light the inclination of Vegetative substances to their ends, and by the same means guides all the other powers which follow her motions in their actions. So as Nature, knowing the substance fitting and proper for the nourishment, shews it and instructs the Natural Appetite, and ordains that it shall be drawn and digested, and converted into nourishment for the preserva-

tion of the Vegetable Individue; and the like may be said of the other actions; wherein doubtless living things differ not much from those that have no life. And we must not object that plants seem to be indued with Knowledge, for that they can distinguish a juice which is proper for them from that which is pernicious, the which seems to be a mark of Knowledge. For although there were Philosophers which did attribute unto plants a feeling of things, which they said was less pure and less active than that of creatures, yet it is most certain that the nature of the Vegetative soul is too earthly to be fit for the functions of the senses, which require other organs than those of the plants. And therefore, although they draw unto them good juice, and reject the bad, it proceeds not from any Knowledge wherewith they are indued, but from their Natural virtues, and properties, guided by that sovereign Intelligence which disperseth her care over all the creatures how base and abject soever. And it is also by her motion that the same plants fly their contraries, as the vine shuns the bay tree; and that they shew such grace and beauty in their works, as we see in the springtime; so as all these things bind us not to believe that they are indued with Knowledge.

But let us return to our discourse, and (leaving the Vegetative soul) ascend a degree higher, and come to the Sensitive. This as the more noble hath in herself the possession of Knowledge and hath no need to borrow it, like unto the Vegetative soul and things without life. Moreover, she hath three kinds of powers; that is to say, the faculty to know, the faculty to desire, and the moving power. By the moving power I understand that which executes the motion from one place to another, as it is commanded and ordained by the faculty where the Desire is framed, after that it is enlightened and guided by Knowledge.

The Knowing powers are of two sorts that is to say, the exterior and the interior. The exterior are the five senses of Nature, as seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching, the which as messengers carry to the interior powers indued with Knowledge whatsoever we can comprehend and desire. These exterior powers of the senses answer in some sort to the bodies of the universe, whereof they comprehend the colors, the sounds, the smells, the savors, the cold, the heat, and the other natural qualities wherewith they are clothed. The interior powers capable of Knowledge are three; whereof the first is the Common sense, the which is called by that name for that it is, as it were, the center to which do flow the forms which are sent unto it from the other senses. So as from the eyes it receives the forms of colors which they have seen; from the hearing the forms of sounds which have touched the ear; from smelling the forms of savors which it hath scented; from the tongue, the form of sweetness or bitterness which it hath tasted; and from the body the forms

of those things which fall under the sense of touching. And it not only receives the forms which the other senses send unto it, but it also compares them, discerns them, and judgeth of them; the which the particular senses cannot do, for that they are limited and tied to their particular objects, and never exceed the bounds thereof.

For the eyes are only employed to judge of the difference of colors, as betwixt white and black, and never seek to meddle with that which concerns the sound, smelling, or the other qualities which have nothing common with colors. The Common sense, then, is necessary to judge thus generally of all the objects of the other senses, that by means thereof the creature may distinguish that which is healthful from that is hurtful.

But to the end the knowledge which this sense doth gather from the objects whose forms are presented unto it by the exterior senses be not lost by their absence, it sends all it hath gathered, compared and distinguished, to another power merely Knowing, which is called the Imaginative, as that wherein are graven the forms of things which are offered unto it by the Common sense, to the end the Knowledge may remain after they are vanished away. Besides this Imaginative, there is another power proper to perform things, which is the Memory, the which, although it be not directly ordained to judge but rather to serve as a store-house and treasury to shut up and to preserve the forms of things which are imprinted in her; yet for that she doth continually represent unto the Common sense the forms which are consigned unto her, she may well be said also to help to Knowledge.

These, then, are the three interior powers capable of Knowledge; to the which, although that some add others, yet I will hold with their opinion who not willing to multiply the powers without necessity, reject them as superfluous, seeing the Imaginative power sufficeth to do all the offices which are attributed unto them. There are then in the Sensitive soul eight Knowing faculties; five external, and three internal, as we have shewed.

As for the Appetitive powers where the desires are formed, there are but two; that is to say, the Concupiscible or desiring power, and the Irascible or angry power; the one of which without the other sufficeth not for the health of the creatures. For if the lion had no other inclination, nor any other spur of desire than to run after meat fit for his nourishment, doubtless the least difficulty and obstacle he should encounter would hinder the pursuit of his prey; for that he should be without any desire to surmount this difficulty, and so he should not be able to preserve his life for want of nourishment.

In like manner men would be daunted for the least crosses they should find in the pursuit of any good thing, or in the avoiding of evil; and al-

though the danger were not great nor urgent, yet would they not dare to oppose themselves and encounter it. And so they would yield to these difficulties, and not pursue the objects of their desires, how great soever their inclination were to seek them. Wherefore provident Nature, to prevent this inconvenience, besides the other powers hath given unto the Sensitive soul two Appetites; that is to say, the Concupiscible and the Irascible; whereof this last, when as any difficulty ariseth and opposeth itself to the desire of the Concupiscible, comes presently to succour it; and inflaming the blood, excites choler, hope, courage, or some other like passion destined and ordained to make him surmount the difficulties which cross the contentment of the soul. For that which concerns the powers of the Sensitive soul, there remains none but the faculty moving from one place to another, which is dispersed and resides in the sinews, muscles and ligaments, and which is dispersed over all the members of the creature. This power, being commanded by the Appetite, doth presently exercise his office, serving for an instrument to that part of the blood which for the great subtlety and pureness thereof hath gotten the name of Spirit.

To come now to the Reasonable soul, it hath two principal powers; the one indued with Knowledge, which is the Understanding; and the other capable of Desire, which is the Will; the which being blind as all the Appetites are naturally, she followeth in the pursuit of her objects the light of the Understanding, by reason whereof she is termed the Intellectual Appetite, but more properly the Will. The office of our Understanding, particularly of that which we call possible, is to receive, and in receiving to know, and in knowing to offer unto the Will those kinds or forms which are sent unto it from the Imagination. It is true that, being a more noble power than the Sensitive, it cannot receive those images and forms so material, gross, and sensible as they are of themselves in their particular being, for that they are not proportionable to the purity and excellency of her condition. By reason whereof the philosophers have placed in our souls another power wonderfully noble, whose office is to purge and to clothe as it were with a new lustre all the images or forms which are found in the Imagination or fantasy; and by the means of this light, to cause those forms which were material, sensible, and singular to become so purified from these earthly conditions as they seem universal, and so well proportioned to the pureness of our Understanding as they easily receive the impression.

Thus, then, the powers of all the three souls concur in man in regard of the Rational, the which as more noble than the Sensitive or Vegetative, comprehends all their powers, and withal adds many things to their perfection. In the mean time, we must consider that man hath no kind of

command, neither over the powers of the Vegetative soul, whose actions are merely natural; nor over those of the Sensitive soul, which are destined to Knowledge, as the interior and exterior senses, unless it be by accident, when as by a resolution of his Will, he denies these powers the means which are necessary to put them in action. But he may well have power over those of the Sensitive Appetite, which are proper to obey the discourse of Reason, and the command of the Will, as over the Irascible and Concupiscible.

To the end, then, that amidst the bond of the Intellectual powers with the Sensitive, and the communication and correspondency which is betwixt them for the exercise of their functions, we may the better see how the less noble obey and serve the more noble, and execute their offices, we must here represent the form. As soon as the exterior senses, busied about the objects which are proper for them, have gathered the forms of things which come from without, they carry them to the Common sense; the which receives them, judgeth of them, and distinguisheth them, and then to preserve them in the absence of their objects, presents them to the Imagination; which, having gathered them together, to the end she may represent them whensoever need shall require, she delivers them to the custody of the Memory; from whence retiring them when occasion requires, she propounds them unto the Appetite, under the appearance of things that are pleasing or troublesome, that is to say, under the form of good and evil; and at the same instant the same forms, enlightened with the light of the Understanding, and purged from the Sensible and singular conditions which they retain in the Imagination, and instead of that which they represented of particular things, representing them general, they become capable to be embraced by the Understanding; the which, under the appearance of things which are profitable or hurtful, that is to say, under the form of good and evil, represents them unto the Will; the which, being blind, refers itself to that which the Understanding proposeth unto it. And then, as queen of the powers of the soul, she ordains what they shall embrace and what they shall fly as it pleaseth her; whereunto the Sensitive Appetite, yielding a prompt obedience to execute her command, from the which it never strays so long as it contains itself within the bounds and order prescribed by Nature, quickeneth all the powers and passions over which she commands, and sets to work those which are necessary to that action, and by their means commands the moving power, dispersed over all the members, to follow or fly, to approach or to recoil, or to do any other motion which it requireth. And she obeying suddenly, if she be not hindered, moves the whole body with the organs which reside in the parts, and induceth them to fly or embrace things according to the command which she hath received.

After this manner man proceeds in his free operations, if he will observe the order which he ought. The which I say, for that oftentimes he overthrows and perverts this order, either by bad education, or by custom, or the organs being unsound, or for that his Will hath bad inclination, so as reason cannot enjoy her power and subject the Sensual Appetite unto her; but contrariwise he abandons himself in prey unto this disordered Appetite, and suffers himself to be transported by his furious motions. So as suddenly whenas Fantasy offers to the Appetite the forms which she receives from the senses under the show of good or evil, he without stay to have them judged by the discourse of Understanding and chosen by the Will, commands of himself the moving power, and makes it to act according to his pleasure. And herein consists the disorder which the passions cause in the life of man, which divert him many times from the laws of Reason. But we have spoken enough hereof. Let us now enter the subject, and begin by the definition of passions to know their nature and essence.

SIR WALTER RALEGH

The Introduction and Notes are at page 851

FROM *The History of the World*, 1614

The History of the World

The Preface

HOW UNFIT and how unworthy a choice I have made of myself to undertake a work of this mixture, mine own reason, though exceeding weak, hath sufficiently resolved me. For had it been begotten then with my first dawn of day, when the light of common knowledge began to open itself to my younger years, and before any wound received, either from fortune or time, I might yet well have doubted that the darkness of age and death would have covered over both it and me long before the performance. For, beginning with the creation, I have proceeded with the history of the world, and lastly purposed (some few sallies excepted) to confine my discourse within this, our renowned island of Great Britain. I confess that it had better sorted with my disability, the better part of whose times are run out in other travails, to have set together (as I could) the unjointed and scattered frame of our English affairs than of the universal; in whom, had there been no other defect (who am all defect) than the time of the day, it were enough; the day of a tempestuous life

drawn on to the very evening ere I began. But those inmost and soul-piercing wounds which are ever aching while uncured, with the desire to satisfy those few friends which I have tried by the fire of adversity—the former enforcing, the latter persuading—have caused me to make my thoughts legible, and myself the subject of every opinion, wise or weak.

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To me it belongs in the first part of this preface, following the common and approved custom of those who have left the memories of time past to other ages, to give, as near as I can, the same right to History which they have done. Yet, seeing therein I should but borrow other men's words, I will not trouble the reader with the repetition. True it is that, among many other benefits for which it hath been honored, in this one it triumpheth over all human knowledge: That it hath given us life in our understanding, since the world itself had life and beginning, even to this day; yea, it hath triumphed over time, which, besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over. For it hath carried our knowledge over the vast and devouring space of so many thousands of years, and given so fair and piercing eyes to our mind, that we plainly behold, living now, as if we had lived then, that great world, *Magni Dei sapiens opus*, "The wise work" (saith Hermes) "of a great GOD," as it was then, when but new to itself. By it, I say it is, that we live in the very time when it was created. We behold how it was governed; how it was covered with waters, and again re-peopled; how kings and kingdoms have flourished and fallen; and for what virtue and piety GOD made prosperous, and for what vice and deformity he made wretched, both the one and the other. And it is not the least debt which we owe unto History that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors, and, out of the depth and darkness of the earth, delivered us their memory and fame. In a word, we may gather out of History a policy no less wise than eternal, by the comparison and application of other men's forepast miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings.

But it is neither of examples the most lively instructions, nor the words of the wisest men, nor the terror of future torments that hath yet so wrought in our blind and stupefied minds as to make us remember that the infinite eye and wisdom of GOD doth pierce through all our pretenses; as to make us remember that the justice of GOD doth require none other accuser than our own consciences, which neither the false beauty of our apparent actions, nor all the formality which (to pacify the opinions of men) we put on, can in any, or the least, kind cover from his knowledge. And so much did that heathen wisdom confess, no way as yet qualified by the knowledge of a true GOD. "If any" (saith Euripides), "having in

his life committed wickedness, think he can hide it from the everlasting gods, he thinks not well."

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To Edward the Fourth succeeded Richard the Third, the greatest master in mischief of all that forewent him. Who, although for the necessity of his tragedy he had more parts to play and more to perform in his own person than all the rest, yet he so well fitted every affection that played with him as if each of them had but acted his own interest. For he wrought so cunningly upon the affections of Hastings and Buckingham, enemies to the Queen and to all her kindred, as he easily allured them to condescend that Rivers and Grey, the king's maternal uncle and half-brother, should (for the first) be severed from him. Secondly, he wrought their consent to have them imprisoned, and lastly (for the avoiding of future inconvenience) to have their heads severed from their bodies. And having now brought those, his chief instruments, to exercise that common precept which the devil hath written on every post, namely, To depress those whom they had grieved, and to destroy those whom they had depressed; he urged that argument so far and so forcibly, as nothing but the death of the young king himself and of his brother could fashion the conclusion. For he caused it to be hammered into Buckingham's head that whensoever the king or his brother should have able years to exercise their power, they would take a most severe revenge of that cureless wrong offered to their uncle and brother, Rivers and Grey.

But this was not his manner of reasoning with Hastings, whose fidelity to his master's sons was without suspect; and yet the devil, who never dissuades by impossibility, taught him to try him. And so he did. But when he found by Catesby, who sounded him, that he was not fordable, he first resolved to kill him sitting in council; wherein, having failed with his sword, he set the hangman upon him with a weapon of more weight. And, because nothing else could move his appetite, he caused his head to be stricken off before he eat his dinner. A greater judgment of GOD than this upon Hastings I have never observed in any story. For the self-same day that the Earl Rivers, Grey, and others were (without trial of law or offense given) by Hastings' advice executed at Pomfret, I say Hastings himself, in the same day, and (as I take it) in the same hour, in the same lawless manner, had his head stricken off in the Tower of London. But Buckingham lived a while longer, and with an eloquent oration persuaded the Londoners to elect Richard for their king. And having received the earldom of Hereford for reward, besides the high hope of marrying his daughter to the king's only son, after many grievous vexations of mind and unfortunate attempts, being in the end betrayed and delivered up by

his trustiest servant, he had his head severed from his body as Salisbury, without the trouble of any of his peers. And what success had Richard himself after all these mischiefs and murders, policies, and counter-policies to Christian religion, and after such time as, with a most merciless hand, he had pressed out the breath of his nephews and natural lords, other than the prosperity of so short a life, as it took end ere himself could well look over and discern it? the great outcry of innocent blood obtaining at GOD'S hands the effusion of his; who became a spectacle of shame and dishonor both to his friends and enemies.

This cruel king, Henry the Seventh cut off; and was therein (no doubt) the immediate instrument of GOD'S justice. A politic prince he was, if ever there were any, and who, by the engine of his wisdom, beat down and overturned as many strong oppositions, both before and after he ware the crown, as ever king of England did. I say by his wisdom, because, as he ever left the reins of his affections in the hands of his profit, so he always weighed his undertakings by his abilities, leaving nothing more to hazard than so much as cannot be denied it in all human actions. He had well observed the proceedings of Louis the Eleventh, whom he followed in all that was royal or royal-like, but he was far more just, and begun not their processes whom he hated or feared by the execution, as Louis did.

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But it is now time to sound a retreat, and to desire to be excused of this long pursuit; and withal, that the good intent which hath moved me to draw the picture of time past (which we call history) in so large a table, may also be accepted in place of a better reason.

The examples of divine Providence everywhere found (the first divine histories being nothing else but a continuation of such examples) have persuaded me to fetch my beginning from the beginning of all things; to wit, Creation. For though these two glorious actions of the Almighty be so near, and, as it were, linked together, that the one necessarily implieth the other: Creation inferring Providence (for what father forsaketh the child that he hath begotten?), and Providence presupposing Creation; yet many of those that have seemed to excel in worldly wisdom have gone about to disjoin this coherence, the Epicure denying both Creation and Providence, but granting that the world had a beginning; the Aristotelian granting Providence, but denying both the Creation and the beginning.

Now although this doctrine of faith, touching the creation in time (for "by faith we understand that the world was made by the word of God") be too weighty a work for Aristotle's rotten ground to bear up, upon which he hath (notwithstanding) founded the defences and fortresses of

all his verbal doctrine; yet that the necessity of infinite power, and the world's beginning, and the impossibility of the contrary, even in the judgment of natural reason, wherein he believed, had not better informed him, it is greatly to be marvelled at. And it is no less strange, that those men which are desirous of knowledge (seeing Aristotle hath failed in this main point, and taught little other than terms in the rest) have so retrenched their minds from the following and overtaking of truth, and so absolutely subjected themselves to the law of those philosophical principles, as all contrary kind of teaching, in the search of causes, they have condemned either for fantastical or curious. But doth it follow, that the positions of heathen philosophers are undoubted grounds and principles indeed because so called? or that *ipsi dixerunt* doth make them to be such? Certainly no. But this is true, that where natural reason hath built any thing so strong against itself as the same reason can hardly assail it, much less batter it down, the same, in every question of nature, and finite power, may be approved for a fundamental law of human knowledge. For saith Charron, in his book *Of Wisdom*, *Toute proposition humaine a autant d'authorité que l'autre, si la raison n'on fait la difference:* "Every human proposition hath equal authority, if reason make not the difference," the rest being but the fables of principles. But hereof how shall the upright and unpartial judgment of man give a sentence, where opposition and examination are not admitted to give in evidence? And to this purpose it was well said of Lactantius, *Sapientiam sibi adimunt, qui sine ullo judicio inventa majorum probant, et ab allis pecudum more ducuntur:* "They neglect their own wisdom, who, without any judgment, approve the invention of those that forewent them; and suffer themselves, after the manner of beasts, to be led by them." By the advantage of which sloth and dullness, ignorance is now become so powerful a tyrant as it hath set true philosophy, physic, and divinity, in a pillory; and written over the first, *Contra negantem principia;* over the second *Virtus specifica;* and over the third, *Ecclesia Romana.*

But for myself, I shall never be persuaded that GOD hath shut up all light of learning within the lantern of Aristotle's brains; or that it was ever said unto him, as unto Esdras, *Accendam in corde tuo lucernam intellectus;* that God hath given invention but to the heathen, and that they only have invaded Nature, and found the strength and bottom thereof; the same Nature having consumed all her store, and left nothing of price to after-ages. That these and these be the causes of these and these effects, time hath taught us, and not reason; and so hath experience, without art. The cheese-wife knoweth it as well as the philosopher that sour runnet doth coagulate her milk into a curd. But if we ask a reason of this cause, why the sourness doth it? whereby it doth it? and the manner how? I

think that there is nothing to be found in vulgar philosophy to satisfy this and many other like vulgar questions. But man, to cover his ignorance in the least things, who cannot give a true reason for the grass under his feet, why it should be green rather than red or of any other colour; that could never yet discover the way and reason of Nature's working in those which are far less noble creatures than himself, who is far more noble than the heavens themselves; "man," saith Salomon, "that can hardly discern the things that are upon the earth, and with great labour find out the things that are before us"; that hath so short a time in the world as he no sooner begins to learn than to die; that hath in his memory but borrowed knowledge; in his understanding, nothing truly; that is ignorant of the essence of his own soul, and which the wisest of the naturalists (if Aristotle be he) could never so much as define but by the action and effect, telling us what it works (which all men know as well as he), but not what it is, which neither he nor any else doth know but GOD that created it ("For though I were perfect, yet I know not my soul," saith Job)—man, I say, that is but an idiot in the next cause of his own life, and in the cause of all the actions of his life, will, notwithstanding, examine the art of GOD in creating the world; of God, who, saith Job, "is so excellent as we know him not"; and examine the beginning of the work which had end before mankind had a beginning of being. He will disable God's power to make a world without matter to make it of. He will rather give the motes of the air for a cause; cast the work on necessity or chance; bestow the honour thereof on Nature; make two powers, the one to be the author of the matter, the other of the form; and lastly, for want of a workman, have it eternal. Which latter opinion Aristotle, to make himself the author of a new doctrine, brought into the world.

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For the rest, I do also account it not the meanest, but an impiety monstrous, to confound God and Nature, be it but in terms. For it is God that only disposeth of all things according to his own will, and maketh of one earth "vessels of honour and dishonour"; it is Nature that can dispose of nothing, but according to the will of the matter wherein it worketh. It is God that commandeth all; it is Nature that is obedient to all. It is God that doth good unto all, knowing and loving the good he doth; it is Nature that secondarily doth also good, but it neither knoweth nor loveth the good it doth. It is God that hath all things in himself; Nature nothing in itself. It is God which is the Father, and hath begotten all things; it is Nature which is begotten by all things, in which it liveth and laboureth, for by itself it existeth not. For shall we say that it is out of affection to the earth that heavy things fall towards it? Shall we call it reason which doth con-

duct every river into the salt sea? Shall we term it knowledge in fire, that makes it to consume combustible matter? If it be affection, reason, and knowledge in these, by the same affection, reason, and knowledge it is that Nature worketh. And therefore, seeing all things work as they do (call it by form, by Nature, or by what you please), yet because they work by an impulsion which they cannot resist, or by a faculty infused by the supremest power, we are neither to wonder at nor to worship the faculty that worketh, nor the creature wherein it worketh. But herein lies the wonder, and to Him is the worship due, who hath created such a Nature in things, and such a faculty, as, neither knowing itself the matter wherein it worketh, nor the virtue and power which it hath, doth yet work all things to their last and uttermost perfection. And therefore every reasonable man, taking to himself for a ground that which is granted by all antiquity, and by all men truly learned that ever the world had, to wit, that there is a power infinite and eternal (which also necessity doth prove unto us, without the help of faith; and reason, without the force of authority), all things do as easily follow which have been delivered by divine letters as the waters of a running river do successively pursue each other from the first fountains.

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For I protest before the majesty of GOD that I malice no man under the sun. Impossible I know it is to please all, seeing few or none are so pleased with themselves or so assured of themselves by reason of their subjection to their private passions, but that they seem divers persons in one and the same day. Seneca hath said it and so do I, *Unus mihi pro populo erat;* and to the same effect Epicurus, *Hoc ego non multis sed tibi;* or (as it hath since lamentably fallen out) I may borrow the resolution of an ancient philosopher, *Satis est unus, satis est nullus.* For it was for the service of that inestimable Prince Henry, the successive hope and one of the greatest of the Christian world, that I undertook this work. It pleased him to peruse some part thereof and to pardon what was amiss. It is now left to the world without a master; from which all that is presented hath received both blows and thanks. *Eadem probamus, eadem reprehendimus: hic exitus est omnis judicii, in quo lis secundum plures datur.*

But these discourses are idle. I know that as the charitable will judge charitably; so against those *qui gloriantur in malitia*, my present adversity hath disarmed me. I am on the ground already, and therefore have not far to fall; and for rising again, as in the natural privation there is no recession to habit, so is it seldom seen in the privation politic. I do therefore forbear to style my readers "gentle," "courteous," and "friendly," thereby to beg their good opinions, or to promise a second and third volume (which

I also intend) if the first receive grace and good acceptance. For that which is already done may be thought enough; and too much. And it is certain, let us claw the reader with never so many courteous phrases, yet shall we evermore be thought fools that write foolishly. For conclusion, all the hope I have lies in this, That I have already found more ungentle and uncourteous readers of my love towards them, and well-deserving of them, than ever I shall do again. For had it been otherwise, I should hardly have had this leisure to have made myself a fool in print.

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BOOK I, CHAP. IX, SECT. 2

Of the three commendable sorts of government, with their opposites: and of the degrees of human society.

What other policy was exercised or state founded after such time as mankind was greatly multiplied before the flood, it cannot be certainly known, though it seem by probable conjecture that the same was not without kings in that first age, it being possible that many princes of the Egyptians (remembered among their antiquities) were before the general flood; and very likely that the cruel oppressions in that age proceeded from some tyranny in government, or from some rougher form of rule than the paternal.

Berosus ascribeth the rule of the world in those days to the giants of Libanus, who mastered (saith he) all nations from the sunrising to the sunset. But in the second age of the world, and after such time as the rule of eldership failed, three several sorts of government were in several times established among men, according to the divers natures of places and people.

The first, the most ancient, most general, and most approved was the government of one, ruling by just laws, called *monarchy;* to which *tyranny* is opposed, being also a sole and absolute rule, exercised according to the will of the commander, without respect or observation of the laws of God or men. For a lawful prince or magistrate (saith Aristotle) is the keeper of right and equity; and of this condition ought every magistrate to be, according to the rule of God's word. "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in thy cities: and these shall judge the people with righteous judgment."

The second government is of divers principal persons established by order, and ruling by laws, called *aristocracy*, or *optimatum potestas;* to which *oligarchia* (or the particular faction and usurpation of a few great ones) is opposed; as the *decemviri* or *triumviri*, and the like.

The third is a state popular (or government of the people) called *democratia,* to which is opposed *ochlocratia,* or the turbulent, unjust ruling of the confused multitude, seditiously swaying the state, contrary to their own laws and ordinances. These three kinds of government are briefly expressed by Tholosanus: *unius, paucorum, et multorum:* "of one, of few, of many."

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BOOK III, CHAP. XII, SECT. 7

So died Epaminondas, the worthiest man that ever was bred in that nation of Greece, and hardly to be matched in any age or country; for he equalled all others in the several virtues which in each of them were singular. His justice and sincerity, his temperance, wisdom, and high magnanimity were no way inferior to his military virtue; in every part whereof he so excelled, that he could not [im]properly be called a wary, a valiant, a politic, a bountiful, or an industrious and a provident captain; all these titles, and many other, being due unto him, which, with his notable discipline and good conduct, made a perfect composition of an heroic general. Neither was his private conversation unanswerable to those high parts which gave him praise abroad. For he was grave, and yet very affable and courteous; resolute in public business, but in his own particular easy, and of much mildness; a lover of his people, bearing with men's infirmities, witty and pleasant in speech, far from insolence, master of his own affections, and furnished with all qualities that might win and keep love. To these graces were added great ability of body, much eloquence, and very deep knowledge in all parts of philosophy and learning, wherewith his mind being enlightened, rested not in the sweetness of contemplation, but brake forth into such effects as gave unto Thebes, which had evermore been an underling, a dreadful reputation among all people adjoining, and the highest command in Greece.

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BOOK V, CHAP. I, SECT. 9

And to say the truth, it is impossible for any maritime country, not having the coasts admirably fortified, to defend itself against a powerful enemy that is master of the sea. Hereof I had rather that Spain than England should be an example. Let it therefore be supposed, that king Philip the Second had fully resolved to hinder Sir John Norris in the year 1589 from presenting Don Antonio, king of Portugal, before the gates of

Lisbon; and that he would have kept off the English by power of his land-forces, as being too weak at sea, through the great overthrow of his mighty Armada by the fleet of queen Elizabeth in the year foregoing. Surely it had not been hard for him to prepare an army that should be able to resist our eleven thousand. But where should this his army have been bestowed? if about Lisbon, then would it have been easy unto the English to take, ransack, and burn the town of Groin, and to waste the country round about it. For the great and threatening preparations of the Earl of Altemira, the marquis of Seralba, and others, did not hinder them from performing all this. Neither did the hasty levy of eight thousand, under the Earl of Andrada, serve to more effect than the increase of honour to Sir John Norris and his associates; considering that the English charged these at Puente de Burgos, and passing the great bridge behind which they lay, that was flanked with shot and barricadoed at the further end, routed them, took their camp, took their general's standard with the king's arms, and pursued them over all the country, which they fired. If a royal army, and not (as this was) a company of private adventurers, had thus begun the war in Galicia, I think it would have made the Spaniards to quit the guard of Portugal, and make haste to the defence of their St. Iago, whose temple was not far from the danger. But, had they held their first resolution, as knowing that Sir John Norris's main intent was to bring Don Antonio, with an army, into his kingdom, whither coming strong, he expected to be readily and joyfully welcomed; could they have hindered his landing in Portugal? Did not he land at Penicha, and march over the country to Lisbon, six days' journey? Did not he (when all Don Antonio his promises failed) pass along by the river of Lisbon to Cascaliz, and there, having won the fort, quietly embark his men, and depart? But these, though no more than an handful, yet were they Englishmen.

Let us consider of the matter itself; what another nation might do, even against England, in landing an army by advantage of a fleet, if we had none. This question, *Whether an invading army may be resisted at their landing upon the coast of England, were there no fleet of ours at the sea to impeach it?* is already handled by a learned gentleman of our nation, in his observations upon Caesar's *Commentaries*, that maintains the affirmative. This he holds only upon supposition, *in absence of our shipping;* and comparatively, as, that it is a more safe and easy course to defend all the coast of England, than to suffer an enemy to land, and afterwards to fight with him. Surely I hold, with him, that it is the best way to keep our enemy from treading upon our ground; wherein, if we fail, then must we seek to make him wish that he had stayed at his own home. In such a case, if it should happen, our judgments are to weigh many particular circumstances that belong not unto this discourse. But making the question general and

positive, *Whether England, without help of her fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing,* I hold that it is unable so to do; and therefore I think it most dangerous to make the adventure. For the encouragement of a first victory to an enemy, and the discouragement of being beaten to the invaded, may draw after it a most perilous consequence.

It is true, that the marshal Monluc, in his *Commentaries,* doth greatly complain that, by his wanting forces wherewith to have kept the frontier of Guienne, they of the Protestant religion, after the battle of Moncounter, entered that country, and gathered great strength and relief thence; for if the king (saith he) would have given me but reasonable means, *J'eusse bien gardé à monsieur l'admiral de faire boire ses chevaux en la Garonne:* "I would have kept the admiral from watering his horses in the river of Garonne." Monsieur de Langey, on the contrary side, prefers the not fighting upon a frontier with an invading enemy, and commends the delay; which course the constable of France held against the emperor Charles when he invaded Provençe. Great difference I know there is, and a diverse consideration to be had between such a country as France is, strengthened with many fortified places; and this of ours, where our ramparts are but of the bodies of men. And it was of invasions upon firm land that these great captains spake, whose entrances cannot be uncertain.

But our question is, of an army to be transported over sea, and to be landed again in an enemy's country, and the place left to the choice of the invader. Hereunto I say, that such an army cannot be resisted on the coast of England without a fleet to impeach it; no, nor on the coast of France, or any other country, except every creek, port, or sandy bay, had a powerful army in each of them to make opposition. For let his whole supposition be granted: that Kent is able to furnish twelve thousand foot, and that those twelve thousand be laid in the three best landing places within that county, to wit, three thousand at Margate, three thousand at the Ness, and six thousand at Folkstone, that is somewhat equally distant from them both; as also, that two of these troops (unless some other order be thought more fit) be directed to strengthen the third, when they shall see the enemy's fleet to bend towards it; I say that, notwithstanding this provision, if the enemy, setting sail from the Isle of Wight, in the first watch of the night, and towing their long boats at their sterns, shall arrive by dawn of day at the Ness, and thrust their army on shore there, it will be hard for those three thousand that are at Margate (twenty and four long miles from thence) to come time enough to reinforce their fellows at the Ness. Nay, how shall they at Folkstone be able to do it, who are nearer by more than half the way? seeing that the enemy, at his first arrival, will either make his entrance by force, with three or four hundred shot of great artillery, and quickly put the first three thousand, that were entrenched at

the Ness, to run; or else give them so much to do, that they shall be glad to send for help to Folkstone, and perhaps to Margate, whereby those places will be left bare. Now let us suppose that all the twelve thousand Kentish soldiers arrive at the Ness ere the enemy can be ready to disembark his army, so that he shall find it unsafe to land in the face of so many prepared to withstand him; yet must we believe that he will play the best of his own game, and (having liberty to go which way he list) under covert of the night, set sail towards the east, where what shall hinder him to take ground, either at Margate, the Downs, or elsewhere, before they at the Ness can be well aware of his departure? Certainly there is nothing more easy than to do it. Yea, the like may be said of Weymouth, Purbeck, Pool, and of all landing places on the south coast. For there is no man ignorant that ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them. *Les armées ne volent poynt en poste:* "Armies neither fly, nor run post," saith a marshal of France. And I know it to be true, that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset, and after it, at the Lizard; yet by the next morning they may recover Portland; whereas an army of foot shall not be able to march it in six days. Again, when those troops, lodged on the sea-shores, shall be forced to run from place to place in vain after a fleet of ships, they will at length sit down in the midway, and leave all at adventure. But say it were otherwise; that the invading enemy will offer to land in some such place where there shall be an army of ours ready to receive him; yet it cannot be doubted but that, when the choice of all our trained bands, and the choice of our commanders and captains, shall be drawn together (as they were at Tilbury in the year 1588) to attend the person of the prince, and for the defence of the city of London, they that remain to guard the coast can be of no such force as to encounter an army like unto that wherewith it was intended that the prince of Parma should have landed in England.

The isle of Tercera hath taught us by experience what to think in such a case. There are not many islands in the world better fenced by nature and strengthened by art; it being everywhere hard of access, having no good harbour wherein to shelter a navy of friends, and upon every cove or watering-place a fort erected to forbid the approach of an enemy's boat. Yet when Emanuel de Sylva and Monsieur de Chattes, that held it to the use of Don Antonio with five or six thousand men, thought to have kept the Marquis of Santa Cruz from setting foot on ground therein, the Marquis, having shewed himself in the road of Angra, did set sail ere any was aware of it and arrived at the Port des Moles, far distant from thence, where he won a fort, and landed, ere Monsieur de Chattes, running thither in vain, could come to hinder him. The example of Philip Strossie, slain the year before, without all regard of his worth, and of three hundred

French prisoners murdered in cold blood, had instructed de Chattes and his followers what they might expect at that marquis's hands; therefore it is not like that they were slow in carrying relief to Port des Moles. Whether our English would be persuaded to make such diligent haste from Margate to the Ness, and back again, it may be doubted. Sure I am that it were a greater march than all the length of Tercera, whereof the Frenchmen had not measured the one half when they found themselves prevented by the more nimble ships of Spain.

This may suffice to prove that a strong army, in a good fleet, which neither foot nor horse is able to follow, cannot be denied to land where it list in England, France, or elsewhere, unless it be hindered, encountered, and shuffled together by a fleet of equal or answerable strength.

The difficult landing of our English at Fayal, in the year 1597, is alleged against this; which example moves me no way to think that a large coast may be defended against a strong fleet. I landed those English in Fayal myself, and therefore ought to take notice of this instance. For whereas I find an action of mine cited with omission of my name, I may by a civil interpretation think that there was no purpose to defraud me of any honour, but rather an opinion that the enterprise was such, or so ill managed, as that no honour could be due unto it. There were indeed some which were in that voyage who advised me not to undertake it; and I hearkened unto them somewhat longer than was requisite, especially whilst they desired me to reserve the title of such an exploit (though it were not great) for a greater person. But when they began to tell me of difficulty, I gave them to understand the same which I now maintain, that it was more difficult to defend a coast than to invade it. The truth is, that I could have landed my men with more ease than I did, yea, without finding any resistance, if I would have rowed to another place; yea, even there where I landed, if I would have taken more company to help me. But, without fearing any imputation of rashness, I may say that I had more regard of reputation in that business than of safety. For I thought it to belong unto the honour of our prince and nation that a few islanders should not think any advantage great enough against a fleet set forth by Queen Elizabeth; and further, I was unwilling that some Low-Country captains, and others not of mine own squadron, whose assistance I had refused, should please themselves with a sweet conceit (though it would have been short, when I had landed in some other place) that for want of their help I was driven to turn tail. Therefore I took with me none but men assured, commanders of mine own squadron, with some of their followers, and a few other gentlemen, voluntaries, whom I could not refuse; as Sir William Brooke, Sir William Harvey, Sir Arthur Gorges, Sir John Skot, Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Sir Henry Thinne, Sir Charles Morgan, Sir Walter Chute,

Marcellus Throckmorton, Captain Laurence Kemis, Captain William Morgan, and others, such as well understood themselves and the enemy; by whose help, with God's favour, I made good the enterprise I undertook. As for the working of the sea, the steepness of the cliffs, and other troubles, that were not new to us; we overcame them well enough. And these (notwithstanding) made five or six companies of the enemy's, that sought to impeach our landing, abandon the wall whereon their musketeers lay on the rest for us, and won the place of them without any great loss. This I could have done with less danger, so that it should not have served for example of a rule that failed even in this example; but the reasons before alleged (together with other reasons well known to some of the gentlemen above named, though more private than to be here laid down) made me rather follow the way of bravery and take the shorter course, having it still in mine own power to fall off when I should think it meet. It is easily said that "the enemy was more than a coward" (which yet was more than we knew); neither will I magnify such a small piece of service by seeking to prove him better; whom, had I thought equal to mine own followers, I would otherwise have dealt with. But for so much as concerns the proposition in hand, he that beheld this may well remember that the same enemy troubled us more in our march towards Fayal than in our taking the shore; that he sought how to stop us in place of his advantage; that many of our men were slain or hurt by him, among whom Sir Arthur Gorges was shot in that march; and that such as, thinking all danger to be past when we had won good footing, would needs follow us to the town, were driven by him to forsake the pace of a man of war, and betake themselves to an hasty trot.

For end of this disgression, I hope that this question shall never come to trial; his majesty's many moveable forts will forbid the experience. And although the English will no less disdain, than any nation under heaven can do, to be beaten upon their own ground, or elsewhere, by a foreign enemy, yet to entertain those that shall assail us with their own beef in their bellies, and before they eat of our Kentish capons, I take to be the wisest way. To do which, his majesty, after God, will employ his good ships on the sea, and not trust to any entrenchment upon the shore.

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BOOK V, CHAP. III, SECT. 15

. . . But there lived at that time in Syracuse Archimedes the noble mathematician, who at the request of Hiero the late king, that was his kinsman, had framed such engines of war, as being in this extremity put

in use, did more mischief to the Romans than could have been wrought by the cannon, or any instruments of gunpowder, had they in that age been known. This Archimedes, discoursing once with Hiero, maintained that it were possible to remove the whole earth out of the place wherein it is, if there were some other earth, or place of sure footing, whereon a man might stand. For proof of this bold assertion, he performed some strange works, which made the king entreat him to convert his study unto things of use, that might preserve the city from danger of enemies. To such mechanical works Archimedes, and the philosophers of those times, had little affection. They held it an injury done unto the liberal sciences to submit learned propositions unto the workmanship and gain of base handicraftsmen. And of this opinion Plato was an author, who greatly blamed some geometricians that seemed unto him to profane their science by making it vulgar. Neither must we rashly task a man so wise as Plato with the imputation of supercilious austerity, or affected singularity in his reprehension. For it hath been the unhappy fate of great inventions to be vilified as idle fancies, or dreams, before they were published; and, being once made known, to be undervalued, as falling within compass of the meanest wit, and things that every one could well have performed.

Hereof (to omit that memorable example of Columbus his discovery, with the much different sorts of neglect which he underwent before and after it), in a familiar and most homely example, we may see most apparent proof. He that looks upon our English brewers, and their servants that are daily exercised in the trade, will think it ridiculous to hear one say, that the making of malt was an invention proceeding from some of an extraordinary knowledge in natural philosophy. Yet is not the skill of the inventors any whit the less, for that the labour of workmanship grows to be the trade of ignorant men. The like may be said of many handicrafts; and particularly in the printing of books, which being devised and bettered by great scholars and wise men, grew afterward corrupted by those to whom the practice fell; that is, by such as could slubber things easily over, and feed their workmen at the cheapest rate. In this respect therefore the alchemists, and all others that have or would seem to have any secret skill whereof the publication might do good unto mankind, are not without excuse of their close concealing. For it is a kind of injustice that the long travails of an understanding brain, beside the loss of time and other expense, should be cast away upon men of no worth; or yield less benefit unto the author of a great work than to mere strangers, and perhaps his enemies. And surely, if the passion of envy have in it any thing allowable and natural, as have anger, fear, and other the like affections, it is in

some such case as this, and serveth against those which would usurp the knowledge wherewith God hath denied to endue them.

Nevertheless, if we have regard unto common charity, and the great affection that every one ought to bear unto the generality of mankind, after the example of Him that "suffereth his sun to shine upon the just and unjust," it will appear more commendable in wise men to enlarge themselves, and to publish unto the world those good things that lie buried in their own bosoms. This ought specially to be done when a profitable knowledge hath not annexed to it some dangerous cunning that may be perverted by evil men to a mischievous use. For if the secret of any rare antidote contained in it the skill of giving some deadly and irrecoverable poison, better it were that such a jewel remain close in the hands of a wise and honest man than, being made common, bind all men to use the remedy by teaching the worst men how to do mischief.

But the works which Archimedes published were such as tended to very commendable ends. They were engines serving unto the defence of Syracuse, not fit for the Syracusians to carry abroad, to the hurt and oppression of others. Neither did he altogether publish the knowledge how to use them, but reserved so much to his own direction that after his death more of the same kind were not made, nor those of his own making were employed by the Romans. It sufficed unto this worthy man that he had approved, even unto the vulgar, the dignity of his science, and done especial benefit unto his country. For to enrich a mechanical trade, or teach the art of murdering men, it was besides his purpose.

Marcellus had caused certain of his quinquereme galleys to be fastened together, and towers erected on them, to beat the defendants from the wall. Against these, Archimedes had sundry devices, of which any one sort might have repelled the assailants; but all of them together shewed the multiplicity of his great wit. He shot heavy stones and long pieces of timber, like unto the yards of ships, which brake some of the galleys by their force and weight. These afflicted such as lay far off. They that were come nearer the walls lay open to a continual volley of shot, which they could not endure. Some with an iron grapple were taken by the prow and hoisted up, shaking out all the men, and afterward falling down into the water. Some by strange engines were lifted up into the air, where, turning round a while, they were broken against the walls, or cast upon the rocks; and all of them were so beaten that they durst never come to any second assault. In like sort was the land army handled. Stones and timber, falling upon it like hail, did not only overwhelm the men, but brake down the Roman engines of battery, and forced Marcellus to give over the assault. For remedy hereof it was conceived that if the Romans could early before

day get near unto the walls, they should be (as it were) under the point-blank, and receive no hurt by these terrible instruments, which were wound up hard to shoot a great compass. But this vain hope cost many of the assailants' lives; for the shot came down right upon them, and beating them from all parts of the wall, made a great slaughter of them all the way as they fled (for they were unable to stay by it), even till they were gotten very far off. This did so terrify the Romans that, if they perceived any piece of timber or a rope's end upon the walls, they ran away, crying out that Archimedes's engines were ready to discharge.

Neither knew Marcellus how to overcome these difficulties, or to take away from his men that fear, against the cause whereof he knew no remedy. If the engines had stood upon the walls, subject to firing, or any such annoyance from without, he might have holpen it by some device to make them unserviceable; but all, or the most of them, were out of sight, being erected in the streets behind the walls, where Archimedes gave directions how to use them. Wherefore the Roman had none other way left than to cut off from the town all provision of victuals, both by land and by sea. This was a desperate piece of work; for the enemies having so goodly an haven, the sea in a manner free, and the Carthaginians, that were strong by sea, willing to supply them, were not likely so soon to be consumed with famine as the besiegers to be wearied out by lying in leaguer before so strong a city, having no probability to carry it. Yet, for want of better counsel to follow, this was thought the best and most honourable course.

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BOOK V, CHAP. VI, SECT. 12

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but who believes it till Death tells it us? It

was Death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrières, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou has drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

FROM *Sloane Ms. 3520*

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Walter Ralegh to his wife

YOU SHALL now receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Besse. Let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you any more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thy self.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and cares taken for me, which —though they have not taken effect as you wished—yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death, but by your travails seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me; I am but dust.

You shall understand that my land was conveyed *bona fide* to my child. The writings were drawn at midsummer twelvemonths. My honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberie, too, can remember somewhat therein. And I trust my blood will quench the malice that

have thus cruelly murdered me; and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty.

To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am (God knows) that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate. God is my witness I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it; half my stuff, and all my jewels; but some on't for the boy. But God hath prevented all my resolutions; even that great God that ruleth all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more; the rest is but vanity.

Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on Him; therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed and wearied all your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by Sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God, while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him. And the same God will be a husband unto you, and a father unto him; a husband and a father which can not be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrian Gilbert six hundred pounds. In Jersey I have also much money owing me. Besides, the arrearages of the wines will pay my debts. And, howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men.

When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich; but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections; for they last not but in honest and worthy men. And no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this (God knows) to dissuade you from marriage—for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest times. Get those letters (if it be possible) which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true that I disdain myself for begging it. For know it (dear wife) that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth Death, and all his misshapen and ugly shapes.

I cannot write much. God he knows how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep; and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied

thee; and either lay it at Sherborne, if the land continue, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more. Time and Death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite and omnipotent God, that almighty God who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine; and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers; and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy; pray for me; and let my good God hold you both in His arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas!) overthrown.

Wa. Raleigh

Yours that was; but now not my own,

W. R.

SIR FRANCIS BACON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 853

Essays

FROM *Essayes, Religious Meditations, Places of perswasion and dissuasion*, 1597

To M. Anthony Bacon, his dear brother.

LOVING and beloved brother, I do now like some that have an orchard ill-neighbored, that gather their fruit before it is ripe, to prevent stealing. These fragments of my conceits were going to print; to labor the stay of them had been troublesome and subject to interpretation; to let them pass had been to adventure the wrong they might receive by untrue copies, or by some garnishment which it might please any that should set them forth to bestow upon them. Therefore I held it best discretion to publish them myself, as they passed long ago from my pen, without any further disgrace than the weakness of the author. And, as I did ever hold, there might be as great a vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits (except they be of some nature) from the world as in obtruding them; so, in these particulars, I have played myself the inquisitor, and find nothing, to my understanding, in them contrary or infectious to the state of religion or manners, but rather (as I suppose) medicinable. Only I disliked now to put them out because they will be like the late new half-pence, which, though the silver were good, yet the pieces were small. But since they would not stay with their master, but would needs travel abroad,

I have preferred them to you that are next myself, dedicating them, such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof (I assure you) I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that Her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fittest. So commend I you to the preservation of the Divine Majesty. From my chamber at Gray's Inn this 30 of January, 1597.

Your entire loving brother,
FRAN. BACON.

Of regiment of health

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. But it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth well with me; therefore I will continue it," than this, "I find no offense of this; therefore, I may use it." For strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.

Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still.

Beware of any sudden change in any great point of diet, and, if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it.

To be free-minded, and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise, is the best precept of long lasting.

If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange to your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh.

Despise no new accident in the body, but ask opinion of it.

In sickness, respect health principally; and in health, action. For those that put their bodies to endure in health may, in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering.

Physicians are, some of them, so pleasing and conformable to the humors of the patient as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper, or, if it may not be found in one man, compound two of both sorts, and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body as the best reputed of for his faculty.

Of Studies

Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments, and for abilities. Their chief use for pastime is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse,

and for ability is in judgment. For expert men can execute, but learned men are fittest to judge or censure.

To spend too much time in them is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

They perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience.

Crafty men contemn them, simple men admire them, wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and disgested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but cursorily; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

From *The Essayes or Counsels, Civill and Morall*, 1625

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are

to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores.* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Of Friendship

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and Holy Fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* [a great town is a great solitude]; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But

we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. And even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum;* for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L[ucius] Sulla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sulla's over-match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sulla, and that Sulla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, "for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages and especially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dis-

miss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica*, witch; as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as when he consulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *haec pro amicitiâ nostrâ non occultavi* [these things, as our friendship required, I have not concealed from you]; and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves as all of these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire. And yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: *Cor ne edito:* "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth of operation upon a man's mind,

of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression. And even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another. He tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thought they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our

faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour.

As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit; which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say that a friend is another himself, for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man

hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

FROM *Ms. Sloane 4259*

The draft of a dedication to Prince Henry, intended for the 1612 edition of the Essayes [Prince Henry died 6 November, 1612]

To the most high and excellent Prince Henry, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester

It may please your Highness

HAVING divided my life into the contemplative and active part, I am desirous to give His Majesty and Your Highness of the fruits of both, simple though they be. To write just treatises requireth leisure in the writer, and leisure in the reader, and therefore are not so fit, either in regard of Your Highness's princely affairs, nor in regard of my continual services. Which is the cause that hath made me choose to write certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *Essays*. The word is late, but the thing is ancient. For Seneca's *Epistles to Lucilius*, if one mark them well, are but essays—that is, dispersed meditations, though conveyed in the form of epistles.

These labors of mine I know cannot be worthy of Your Highness—for what can be worthy of you? But my hope is they may be as grains of salt, that will rather give you an appetite than offend you with satiety. And although they handle those things wherein both men's lives and their pens be most conversant, yet (what I have attained I know not) but I have endeavored to make them not vulgar; but of a nature whereof a man shall find much in experience, little in books; so as they are neither repetitions nor fancies. But howsoever, I shall most humbly desire Your

Highness to accept them in gracious part, and to conceive that if I cannot rest, but must shew my dutiful and devoted affection to Your Highness in these things which proceed from myself, I shall be much more ready to do it in performance of any your princely commandments. And so, wishing Your Highness all princely felicity, I rest

Your Highness's most humble servant.

FROM *The Twoo Bookes of Francis Bacon Of the proficience and aduancement of Learning*, 1605

The Proficience and Advancement of Learning

THE FIRST BOOK

To the King.

THERE were under the Law (excellent King) both daily sacrifices and free will offerings; the one proceeding upon ordinary observance, the other upon a devout cheerfulness. In like manner there belongeth to kings from their servants both tribute of duty and presents of affection. In the former of these, I hope I shall not live to be wanting according to my most humble duty and the good pleasure of Your Majesty's employments; for the latter, I thought it more respective to make choice of some oblation which might rather refer to the propriety and excellency of your individual person than to the business of your crown and state.

Wherefore, representing Your Majesty many times unto my mind, and beholding you not with the inquisitive eye of presumption, to discover that which the Scripture telleth me is inscrutable; but with the observant eye of duty and admiration; leaving aside the other parts of your virtue and fortune, I have been touched, yea, and possessed with an extreme wonder at those your virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual: the largeness of your capacity, the faithfulness of your memory, the swiftness of your apprehension, the penetration of your judgment, and the facility and order of your elocution. And I have often thought that, of all the persons living that I have known, Your Majesty were the best instance to make a man of Plato's opinion that all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath but her own native and original motions (which, by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored. Such a light of nature I have observed in Your Majesty, and such a readiness to take flame and blaze from the least occasion presented or the least spark of another's knowledge delivered. And as the Scripture saith of the wisest King: that his heart was as the

sands of the sea, which, though it be one of the largest bodies, yet it consisteth of the smallest and finest portions; so hath God given Your Majesty a composition of understanding admirable, being able to compass and comprehend the greatest matters, and nevertheless to touch and apprehend the least; whereas it should seem an impossibility in nature for the same instrument to make itself fit for great and small works. And for your gift of speech, I call to mind what Cornelius Tacitus saith of Augustus Caesar: *Augusto profluens et quae principem deceret, eloquentia fuit* [that his style of speech was flowing and prince-like]. For, if we note it well, speech that is uttered with labor and difficulty, or speech that savoreth of the affectation of art and precepts, or speech that is framed after the imitation of some pattern of eloquence, though never so excellent —all this hath somewhat servile, and holding of the subject. But Your Majesty's manner of speech is indeed princelike, flowing as from a fountain, and yet streaming and branching itself into nature's order, full of facility and felicity, imitating none and inimitable by any. And as in your civil estate there appeareth to be an emulation and contention of Your Majesty's virtue with your fortune; a virtuous disposition with a fortunate regiment; a virtuous expectation (when time was) of your greater fortune, with a prosperous possession thereof in the due time; a virtuous observation of the laws of marriage, with most blessed and happy fruit of marriage; a virtuous and most Christian desire of peace, with a fortunate inclination in your neighbor princes thereunto; so, likewise, in these intellectual matters, there seemeth to be no less contention between the excellency of Your Majesty's gifts of nature and the universality and perfection of your learning. For I am well assured that this which I shall say is no amplification at all, but a positive and measured truth; which is that there hath not been, since Christ's time, any king or temporal monarch which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human. For let a man seriously and diligently revolve and peruse the succession of the emperors of Rome, of which Caesar the Dictator, who lived some years before Christ, and Marcus Antoninus were the best learned; and so descend to the emperors of Grecia, or of the West, and then to the lines of France, Spain, England, Scotland, and the rest, and he shall find this judgment is truly made. For it seemeth much in a king if, by the compendious extractions of other men's wits and labors, he can take hold of any superficial ornaments and shews of learning, or if he countenance and prefer learning and learned men. But to drink indeed of the true fountains of learning, nay, to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a king, and in a king born, is almost a miracle. And the more because there is met in Your Majesty a rare conjunction as well of divine and sacred literature as of profane and human; so as Your Majesty

standeth invested of that triplicity which, in great veneration, was ascribed to the ancient Hermes: the power and fortune of a king; the knowledge and illumination of a priest; and the learning and universality of a philosopher. This propriety inherent and individual attribute in Your Majesty deserveth to be expressed, not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history or tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in some solid work, fixed memorial, and immortal monument bearing a character or signature both of the power of a king and the difference and perfection of such a king.

Therefore, I did conclude with myself that I could not make unto Your Majesty a better oblation than of some treatise tending to that end; whereof the sum will consist of these two parts: the former concerning the excellency of learning and knowledge, and the excellency of the merit and true glory in the augmentation and propagation thereof; the latter, what the particular acts and works are which have been embraced and undertaken for the advancement of learning, and again what defects and undervalues I find in such particular acts; to the end that, though I cannot positively or affirmatively advise Your Majesty, or propound unto you framed particulars, yet I may excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treasure of your own mind, and thence to extract particulars for this purpose agreeable to your magnanimity and wisdom.

In the entrance to the former of these, to clear the way, and as it were to make silence to have the true testimonies concerning the dignity of learning to be better heard without the interruption of tacit objections, I think good to deliver it from the discredits and disgraces which it hath received; all from ignorance, but ignorance severally disguised, appearing sometimes in the zeal and jealousy of divines, sometimes in the severity and arrogancy of politics, and sometimes in the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves.

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Now, therefore, we come to that third sort of discredit, or diminution of credit, that groweth unto learning from learned men themselves, which commonly cleaveth fastest. It is either from their fortune, or from their manners, or from the nature of their studies; for the first, it is not in their power; and the second is accidental; the third only is proper to be handled. But because we are not in hand with true measure, but with popular estimation and conceit, it is not amiss to speak somewhat of the two former. The derogations, therefore, which grow to learning from the fortune or condition of learned men are either in respect of scarcity of means, or in respect of privateness of life and meanness of employments.

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Not that I can tax or condemn the morigeration or application of learned men to men in fortune. For the answer was good that Diogenes made to one that asked him in mockery, How it came to pass that philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers? He answered soberly, and yet sharply, Because the one sort knew what they had need of, and the other did not. And of the like nature was the answer which Aristippus made, when having a petition to Dionysius and no ear given to him, he fell down at his feet; whereupon Dionysius stayed and gave him the hearing and granted it; and afterward some person tender on the behalf of philosophy reproved Aristippus that he would offer the profession of philosophy such an indignity, as for a private suit to fall at a tyrant's feet; but he answered it was not his fault, but it was the fault of Dionysius, that had his ears in his feet. Neither was it accounted weakness, but discretion, in him that would not dispute his best with Adrianus Caesar; excusing himself, that it was reason to yield to him that commanded thirty legions. These and the like applications and stooping to points of necessity and convenience cannot be disallowed; for though they may have some outward baseness, yet in a judgment truly made they are to be accounted submissions to the occasion and not to the person.

Now I proceed to those errors and vanities which have intervened amongst the studies themselves of the learned; which is that which is principal and proper to the present argument, wherein my purpose is not to make a justification of the errors, but, by a censure and separation of the errors, to make a justification of that which is good and sound, and to deliver that from the aspersion of the other. For we see that it is the manner of men to scandalize and deprave that which retaineth the state and virtue, by taking advantage upon that which is corrupt and degenerate; as the Heathens in the primitive church used to blemish and taint the Christians with the faults and corruptions of heretics. But nevertheless I have no meaning at this time to make any exact animadversion of the errors and impediments in matters of learning which are more secret and remote from vulgar opinion, but only to speak unto such as do fall under, or near unto, a popular observation.

There be, therefore, chiefly three vanities in studies whereby learning hath been most traduced. For those things we do esteem vain which are either false or frivolous, those which either have no truth or no use; and those persons we esteem vain which are either credulous or curious; and curiosity is either in matter or words. So that in reason as well as in experience there fall out these three distempers (as I may term them) of learning: the first, fantastical learning; the second, contentious learning; and the last, delicate learning—vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations. And with the last I will begin.

Martin Luther, conducted (no doubt) by an higher Providence, but in discourse of reason finding what a province he had undertaken against the bishop of Rome and the degenerate traditions of the church, and finding his own solitude being no ways aided by the opinions of his own time, was enforced to awake all antiquity, and to call former times to his succors to make a party against the present time; so that the ancient authors, both in divinity and in humanity, which had long time slept in libraries, began generally to be read and revolved. This, by consequence, did draw on a necessity of a more exquisite travail in the languages original wherein those authors did write, for the better understanding of those authors and the better advantage of pressing and applying their words. And thereof grew again a delight in their manner of style and phrase and an admiration of that kind of writing; which was much furthered and precipitated by the enmity and opposition that the propounders of those (primitive, but seeming-new) opinions had against the schoolmen, who were generally of the contrary part; and whose writings were altogether in a differing style and form, taking liberty to coin and frame new terms of art to express their own sense, and to avoid circuit of speech, without regard to the pureness, pleasantness, and (as I may call it) lawfulness of the phrase or word. And again, because the great labor that then was with the people (of whom the Pharisees were wont to say: *Execrabilis ista turba quae non novit legem* [the wretched crowd that has not known the law]) for the winning and persuading of them, there grew of necessity in chief price and request eloquence and variety of discourse, as the fittest and forciblest access into the capacity of the vulgar sort: so that these four causes concurring—the admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching—did bring in an affectionate study of eloquence and copie of speech, which then began to flourish. This grew speedily to an excess; for men began to hunt more after words than matter, and more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment. Then grew the flowing and watery vein of Osorius, the Portugal bishop, to be in price; then did Sturmius spend such infinite and curious pains upon Cicero the orator and Hermogenes the rhetorician, besides his own books of periods, and imitation, and the like; then did Car of Cambridge and Ascham, with their lectures and writings, almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious unto that delicate and polished kind of learning. Then did Erasmus take occasion to make the scoffing echo; *Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone*

[I have spent ten years in reading Cicero]; and the echo answered in Greek, *One: asine*. Then grew the learning of the schoolmen to be utterly despised as barbarous. In sum, the whole inclination and bent of those times was rather towards copie than weight.

Here therefore [is] the first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter; whereof, though I have represented an example of late times, yet it hath been and will be *secundum majus et minus* in all time. And how is it possible but this should have an operation to discredit learning, even with vulgar capacities, when they see learned men's works like the first letter of a patent or limned book, which, though it hath large flourishes, yet it is but a letter? It seems to me that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity; for words are but the images of matter, and except they have life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one as to fall in love with a picture.

But yet notwithstanding, it is a thing not hastily to be condemned to clothe and adorn the obscurity even of philosophy itself with sensible and plausible elocution. For hereof we have great examples in Xenophon, Cicero, Seneca, Plutarch, and of Plato also in some degree; and hereof likewise there is great use. For surely, to the severe inquisition of truth and the deep progress into philosophy, it is some hindrance, because it is too early satisfactory to the mind of man, and quencheth the desire of further search before we come to a just period; but then if a man be to have any use of such knowledge in civil occasions, of conference, counsel, persuasion, discourse, or the like, then shall he find it prepared to his hands in those authors which write in that manner. But the excess of this is so justly contemptible that as Hercules, when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus' minion, in a temple, said in disdain, *Nil sacri es* [you are no divinity]; so there is none of Hercules' followers in learning, that is, the more severe and laborious sort of inquirers into truth, but will despise those delicacies and affectations as indeed capable of no divineness. And thus much of the first disease or distemper of learning.

The second, which followeth, is in nature worse than the former; for as substance of matter is better than beauty of words, so contrariwise vain matter is worse than vain words. Wherein it seemeth the reprehension of St. Paul was not only proper for those times, but prophetical for the times following; and not only respective to divinity, but extensive to all knowledge: *Devita profanas vocum novitates, et oppositiones falsi nominis scientiae* [shun profane novelties of terms and oppositions of science falsely so called]. For he assigneth two marks and badges of suspected and falsified science; the one, the novelty of and strangeness of terms; the other, the strictness of positions, which of necessity doth induce oppositions, and so questions and altercations. Surely, like as many substances in nature

which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtile, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the Schoolmen; who, having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading, but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time, did out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.

This same unprofitable subtility or curiosity is of two sorts; either in the subject itself that they handle, when it is a fruitless speculation or controversy (whereof there are no small number both in divinity and philosophy), or in the manner or method of handling of a knowledge, which amongst them was this: upon every particular position or assertion to frame objections, and to those objections, solutions; which solutions were for the most part not confutations, but distinctions; whereas indeed the strength of all sciences is as the strength of the old man's faggot, in the bond. For the harmony of a science supporting each part the other is, and ought to be, the true and brief confutation and suppression of all the smaller sort of objections. But on the other side, if you take out every axiom, as the sticks of the faggot, one by one, you may quarrel with them and bend them and break them at your pleasure; so that as was said of Seneca, *Verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera* [that he broke up the weight and mass of the matter by verbal points and niceties]; so a man may truly say of the Schoolmen, *Quaestionum minutiis scientiarum frangunt soliditatem* [they broke up the solidity and coherency of the sciences by the minuteness and nicety of their questions]. For were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch candle into every corner? And such is their method, that rests not so much upon evidence of truth proved by arguments, authorities, similitudes, examples, as upon particular confutations and solutions of every scruple, cavillation, and objection; breeding for the most part one question as fast it solveth another; even as in the former resemblance, when you carry the light

into one corner, you darken the rest; so that the fable and fiction of Scylla seemeth to be a lively image of this kind of philosophy or knowledge, which was transformed into a comely virgin for the upper parts, but then *Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris* [there were barking monsters all about her loins]. So the generalities of the Schoolmen are for a while good and proportionable; but then when you descend into their distinctions and decisions, instead of a fruitful womb for the use and benefit of man's life, they end in monstrous altercations and barking questions. So as it is not possible but this quality of knowledge must fall under popular contempt, the people being apt to contemn truth upon occasion of controversies and altercations, and to think they are all out of their way which never meet; and when they see such digladiation about subtilities and matter of no use nor moment, they easily fall upon that judgment of Dionysius of Syracusa, *Verba ista sunt senum otiosorum* [it is the talk of old men that have nothing to do].

Notwithstanding, certain it is that if those Schoolmen to their great thirst of truth and unwearied travail of wit had joined variety and universality of reading and contemplation, they had proved excellent lights, to the great advancement of all learning and knowledge. But as they are, they are great undertakers indeed, and fierce with dark keeping; but as in the inquiry of the divine truth their pride inclined to leave the oracle of God's word and to vanish in the mixture of their own inventions, so in the inquisition of nature they ever left the oracle of God's works and adored the deceiving and deformed images which the unequal mirror of their own minds or a few received authors or principles did represent unto them. And thus much for the second disease of learning.

For the third vice or disease of learning, which concerneth deceit or untruth, it is of all the rest the foulest; as that which doth destroy the essential form of knowledge, which is nothing but a representation of truth: for the truth of being and the truth of knowing are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected. This vice therefore brancheth itself into two sorts: delight in deceiving, and aptness to be deceived; imposture and credulity; which, although they appear to be of a diverse nature, the one seeming to proceed of cunning and the other of simplicity, yet certainly they do for the most part concur. For as the verse noteth,

Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,

an inquisitive man is a prattler, so upon the like reason a credulous man is a deceiver; as we see it in fame, that he that will easily believe rumours will as easily augment rumours and add somewhat to them of his own; which Tacitus wisely noteth, when he saith, *Fingunt simul creduntque*

[they invented a tale, and credited their own lie], so great an affinity hath fiction and belief.

This facility of credit, and accepting or admitting things weakly authorized or warranted, is of two kinds, according to the subject. For it is either a belief of history (as the lawyers speak, matter of fact), or else of matter of art and opinion. As to the former, we see the experience and inconvenience of this error in ecclesiastical history, which hath too easily received and registered reports and narrations of miracles wrought by martyrs, hermits, or monks of the deserts, and other holy men, and their relics, shrines, chapels, and images; which though they had a passage for a time, by the ignorance of the people, the superstitious simplicity of some, and the politic toleration of others, holding them but as divine poesies, yet after a period of time, when the mist began to clear up, they grew to be esteemed but as old wives' fables, impostures of the clergy, illusions of spirits, and badges of antichrist, to the great scandal and detriment of religion.

So in natural history, we see there hath not been that choice and judgment used as ought to have been; as may appear in the writings of Plinius, Cardanus, Albertus, and divers of the Arabians; being fraught with much fabulous matter, a great part not only untried but notoriously untrue, to the great derogation of the credit of natural philosophy with the grave and sober kind of wits. Wherein the wisdom and integrity of Aristotle is worthy to be observed, that having made so diligent and exquisite a history of living creatures, hath mingled it sparingly with any vain or feigned matter; and yet on the other side hath cast all prodigious narrations which he thought worthy the recording into one book, excellently discerning that matter of manifest truth, such whereupon observation and rule was to be built, was not to be mingled or weakened with matter of doubtful credit; and yet again that rarities and reports that seem uncredible are not to be suppressed or denied to the memory of men.

And as for the facility of credit which is yielded to arts and opinions, it is likewise of two kinds; either when too much belief is attributed to the arts themselves, or to certain authors in any art. The sciences themselves which have had better intelligence and confederacy with the imagination of man than with his reason are three in number: Astrology, Natural Magic, and Alchemy; of which sciences nevertheless the ends or pretences are noble. For astrology pretendeth to discover that correspondence or concatenation which is between the superior globe and the inferior; natural magic pretendeth to call and reduce natural philosophy from a variety of speculations to the magnitude of works; and alchemy pretendeth to make separation of all the unlike parts of bodies which in mixtures of nature are incorporate. But the derivations and prosecutions to

these ends, both in the theories and in the practices, are full of error and vanity, which the great professors themselves have sought to veil over and conceal by enigmatical writings, and referring themselves to auricular traditions, and such other devices to save the credit of impostures. And yet surely to alchemy this right is due, that it may be compared to the husbandman whereof Æsop makes the fable, that when he died told his sons that he had left unto them gold buried under ground in his vineyard; and they digged all over the ground, and gold they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following. So assuredly the search and stir to make gold hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful inventions and experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature as for the use of man's life.

And as for the overmuch credit that hath been given unto authors in sciences, in making them dictators that their words should stand, and not counsels to give advice, the damage is infinite that sciences have received thereby, as the principal cause that hath kept them low, at a stay without growth or advancement. For hence it hath comen that in arts mechanical the first deviser comes shortest, and time addeth and perfecteth; but in sciences the first author goeth furthest, and time leeseth and corrupteth. So we see artillery, sailing, printing, and the like, were grossly managed at the first, and by time accommodated and refined; but contrariwise the philosophies and sciences of Aristotle, Plato, Democritus, Hippocrates, Euclide, Archimedes, of most vigour at the first, and by time degenerate and imbased; whereof the reason is no other, but that in the former many wits and industries have contributed in one; and in the later many wits and industries have been spent about the wit of some one, whom many times they have rather depraved than illustrated. For as water will not ascend higher than the level of the first spring-head from whence it descendeth, so knowledge derived from Aristotle, and exempted from liberty of examination, will not rise again higher than the knowledge of Aristotle. And therefore, although the position be good, *Oportet discentum credere* [a man who is learning must be content to believe what he is told], yet it must be coupled with this, *Oportet edoctum judicare* [when he has learned it he must exercise his judgment and see whether it be worthy of belief]; for disciples do owe unto masters only a temporary belief and a suspension of their own judgment until they be fully instructed, and not an absolute resignation or perpetual captivity. And therefore to conclude this point, I will say no more but, So let great authors have their due, as time, which is the author of authors, be not deprived of his due, which is further and further to discover truth.

Thus have I gone over these three diseases of learning; besides the

which, there are some other rather peccant humours than formed diseases, which nevertheless are not so secret and intrinsic but that they fall under a popular observation and traducement, and therefore are not to be passed over.

The first of these is the extreme affecting of two extremities; the one antiquity, the other novelty; wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. For as he devoureth his children, so one of them seeketh to devour and suppress the other; while antiquity envieth there should be new additions, and novelty cannot be content to add but it must deface. Surely the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this matter, *State super vias antiquas, et videte quaenam sit via recta et bona, et ambulate in ea* [stand ye in the old ways, and see which is the good way, and walk therein]. Antiquity deserveth that reverence that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression. And to speak truly, *Antiquitas saeculi juventus mundi.* These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrograde,* by a computation backward from ourselves.

Another error, induced by the former, is a distrust that any thing should be now to be found out which the world should have missed and passed over so long time; as if the same objection were to be made to time that Lucian maketh to Jupiter and other heathen gods, of which he wondereth that they begot so many children in old time and begot none in his time, and asketh whether they were become septuagenary, or whether the law Pappia, made against old men's marriages, had restrained them. So it seemeth men doubt lest time is become past children and generation; wherein contrariwise we see commonly the levity and unconstancy of men's judgments, which, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done; as we see in the expedition of Alexander into Asia, which at first was prejudged as a vast and impossible enterprise; and yet afterwards it pleaseth Livy to make no more of it than this, *Nil aliud quàm bene ausus vana contemnere* [it was but taking courage to despise vain apprehensions]. And the same happened to Columbus in the western navigation. But in intellectual matters it is much more common; as may be seen in most of the propositions of Euclid, which till they be demonstrate, they seem strange to our assent; but being demonstrate, our mind accepteth of them by a kind of relation (as the lawyers speak) as if we had known them before.

Another error, that hath also some affinity with the former, is a conceit that of former opinions or sects, after variety and examination, the

best hath still prevailed and suppressed the rest; so as if a man should begin the labour of a new search, he were but like to light upon somewhat formerly rejected, and by rejection brought into oblivion; as if the multitude, or the wisest for the multitude's sake, were not ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial than to that which is substantial and profound. For the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid.

Another error, of a diverse nature from all the former, is the over-early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods; from which time, commonly, sciences receive small or no augmentation. But as young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrate, and accommodated for use and practice, but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

Another error, which doth succeed that which we last mentioned, is that after the distribution of particular arts and sciences, men have abandoned universality, or *philosophia prima;* which cannot but cease and stop all progression. For no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level. Neither is it possible to discover the more remote and deeper parts of any science, if you stand but upon the level of the same science, and ascend not to a higher science.

Another error hath proceeded from too great a reverence, and a kind of adoration of the mind and understanding of man; by means whereof men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of nature and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reason and conceits. Upon these intellectualists, which are notwithstanding commonly taken for the most sublime and divine philosophers, Heraclitus gave a just censure, saying, "Men sought truth in their own little worlds, and not in the great and common world." For they disdain to spell and so by degrees to read in the volume of God's works; and contrariwise by continual meditation and agitation of wit do urge and as it were invocate their own spirits to divine and give oracles unto them, whereby they are deservedly deluded.

Another error that hath some connexion with this latter is, that men have used to infect their meditations, opinions, and doctrines, with some conceits which they have most admired, or some sciences which they have most applied, and given all things else a tincture according to them, utterly untrue and unproper. So hath Plato intermingled his philosophy with theology, and Aristotle with logic, and the second school of Plato,

Proclus and the rest, with the mathematics. For these were the arts which had a kind of primogeniture with them severally. So have the alchemists made a philosophy out of a few experiments of the furnace; and Gilbertus, our countryman, hath made a philosophy out of the observations of a loadstone. So Cicero, when, reciting the several opinions of the nature of the soul, he found a musician that held the soul was but a harmony, saith pleasantly, *Hic ab arte sua non recessit,* etc. [he was constant to his own art]. But of these conceits Aristotle speaketh seriously and wisely, when he saith, *Qui respiciunt ad pauca de facili pronunciant* [they who take only few points into account find it easy to pronounce judgment].

Another error is an impatience of doubt, and haste to assertion without due and mature suspension of judgment. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action commonly spoken of by the ancients; the one plain and smooth in the beginning, and in the end impassable; the other rough and troublesome in the entrance, but after a while fair and even. So it is in contemplation; if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

Another error is in the manner of the tradition and delivery of knowledge, which is for the most part magistral and peremptory, and not ingenuous and faithful; in a sort as may be soonest believed, and not easiliest examined. It is true that in compendious treatises for practice, that form is not to be disallowed. But in the true handling of knowledge, men ought not to fall either on the one side into the vein of Velleius the Epicurean, *Nil tam metuens, quàm ne dubitare aliqua de re videretur* [who feared nothing so much as the seeming to be in doubt about anything], nor on the other side into Socrates his ironical doubting of all things, but to propound things sincerely, with more or less asseveration, as they stand in a man's own judgment proved more or less.

Other errors there are in the scope that men propound to themselves, whereunto they bend their endeavours; for whereas the more constant and devote kind of professors of any science ought to propound to themselves to make some additions to their science, they convert their labours to aspire to certain second prizes; as to be a profound interpreter or commenter, to be a sharp champion or defender, to be a methodical compounder or abridger; and so the patrimony of knowledge cometh to be sometimes improved, but seldom augmented.

But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge. For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable

them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men. As if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter the planet of civil society and action. Howbeit, I do not mean, when I speak of use and action, that end before-mentioned of the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession. For I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge; like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered,

Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit.

Neither is my meaning, as was spoken of Socrates, to call philosophy down from heaven to converse upon the earth; that is, to leave natural philosophy aside, and to apply knowledge only to manners and policy. But as both heaven and earth do conspire and contribute to the use and benefit of man, so the end ought to be, from both philosophies to separate and reject vain speculations and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful; that knowledge may not be as a courtesan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bond-woman, to acquire and gain to her master's use, but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort.

Thus have I described and opened, as by a kind of dissection, those peccant humours (the principal of them) which have not only given impediment to the proficience of learning but have given also occasion to the traducement thereof; wherein if I have been too plain, it must be remembered *Fidelia vulnera amantis, sed dolosa oscula malignantis* [faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful]. This I think I have gained: that I ought to be the better believed in that which I shall say pertaining to commendation, because I have proceeded so freely in that which concerneth censure.

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JOHN DONNE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 856

FROM *Juvenilia: Or Certaine Paradoxes, and Problemes,* 1633

Paradoxes

I.

A Defence of Women's Inconstancy

THAT women are *inconstant,* I with any man confess, but that *inconstancy* is a bad quality, I against any man will maintain. For every thing, as it is one better than another, so is it fuller of change. The heavens themselves continually turn, the stars move, the moon changeth; fire whirleth, air flyeth, water ebbs and flows, the face of the earth altereth her looks, time stays not; the colour that is most light will take most dyes. So in men, they that have the most reason are the most intolerable in their designs, and the darkest or most ignorant do seldomest change; therefore women changing more than men, have also more reason. They cannot be immutable like stocks, like stones, like the earth's dull center. Gold that lyeth still, rusteth; water, corrupteth; air that moveth not, poisoneth; then why should that which is the perfection of other things be imputed to women as greatest imperfection?

Because thereby they deceive men? Are not your wits pleased with those jests which cozen your expectation? You can call it pleasure to be beguiled in troubles, and in the most excellent toy in the world, you call it treachery. I would you had your mistresses so constant—that they would never change—no, not so much as their smocks; then should you see what sluttish virtue constancy were. Inconstancy is a most commendable and cleanly quality, and women in this quality are far more absolute than the heavens, than the stars, moon, or any thing beneath it; for long observation hath picked certainty out of their mutability. The learned are so well acquainted with the stars, signs, and planets, that they make them but characters to read the meaning of the heaven in his own forehead. Every simple fellow can bespeak the change of the moon a great while beforehand; but I would fain have the learned man so skillful as to tell when the simplest woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no rules to know, much less knowledge to rule the mind of a woman. For as philosophy teacheth us that light things do always tend upwards and heavy things de-

cline downward, experience teacheth us otherwise, that the disposition of a light woman is to fall down, the nature of women being contrary to all art and nature. Women are like flies which feed among us at our table, or fleas sucking our very blood, who leave not our most retired places free from their familiarity; yet for all their fellowship will they never be tamed nor commanded by us. Women are like the sun, which is violently carried one way, yet hath a proper course contrary; so, though they, by the mastery of some over-ruling churlish husbands, are forced to his bias, yet have they a motion of their own, which their husbands never know of.

It is the nature of nice and fastidious minds to know things only to be weary of them. Women by their sly changeableness, and pleasing doubleness, prevent even the mislike of those, for they can never be so well known but that there is still more unknown. Every woman is a science; for he that plods upon a woman all his life long shall at length find himself short of the knowledge of her. They are born to take down the pride of wit and ambition of wisdom, making fools wise in the adventuring to win them, wise men fools in conceit of loving their labours, witty men stark mad being confounded with their uncertainties. Philosophers write against them for spite, not desert, that having attained to some knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are merely ignorant. Active and experienced men rail against them, because they love in their liveless and decrepit age, when all goodness leaves them. These envious libellers ballad against them, because having nothing in themselves able to deserve their love, they maliciously discommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make men believe they know much because they are able to dispraise much, and rage against inconstancy, when they were never admitted into so much favour as to be forsaken. In mine opinion such men are happy that women are inconstant, for so may they chance to be beloved of some excellent women (when it comes to their turn) out of their inconstancy and mutability though not out of their own desert.

And what reason is there to clog any woman with one man, be he never so singular. Women had rather, and it is far better and more judicial to enjoy all the virtues in several men, than but some of them in one; for otherwise they lose their taste, like diverse sorts of meat minced together in one dish; and to have all excellencies in one man (if it were possible) is confusion and diversity. Now who can deny but such as are obstinately bent to undervalue their worth are those that have not soul enough to comprehend their excellency, women being the most excellentest creatures, in that man is able to subject all things else and to grow wise in every thing, but still persists a fool in woman! The greatest scholar, if he once take a wife, is found so unlearned that he must begin his hornbook, and all is by inconstancy. To conclude, therefore, this name of *inconstancy*, which hath so

much been poisoned with slanders, ought to be changed into *variety*, for the which the world is so delightful, and a woman for that, the most delightful thing in this world.

FROM *A Sermon . . . Preach'd to the Honourable Company of the Virginian Plantation, 13° Nouemb. 1622*, 1622

A Sermon

ACTS I. 8.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

There are reckoned in this book 22 sermons of the Apostles; and yet the book is not called the Preaching but the Practise, not the Words but the Acts of the Apostles: and the Acts of the Apostles were to convey that name of Christ Jesus and to propagate His Gospel over all the world. Beloved, you are actors upon the same stage too. The uttermost part of the earth are your scene. Act over the Acts of the Apostles; be you a light to the Gentiles, that sit in darkness; be you content to carry Him over these seas, who dried up one Red Sea for His first people, and hath poured out another Red Sea, His own blood, for them and us. When man was fallen, God clothed him; made him a leather garment; there God descended to one occupation. When the time of man's redemption was come, then God, as it were to house him, became a carpenter's son; there God descended to another occupation. Naturally, without doubt, man would have been his own tailor and his own carpenter; something in these two kinds man would have done of himself, though he had had no pattern from God. But in preserving man, who was fallen, to this redemption by which he was to be raised, in preserving man from perishing in the flood, God descended to a third occupation, to be his shipwright, to give him the model of a ship, an ark, and so to be the author of that which man himself, in likelihood, would never have thought of, a means to pass from nation to nation. Now, as God taught us to make clothes, not only to clothe ourselves, but to clothe Him, in His poor and naked members here; as God taught us to build houses, not to house ourselves, but to house Him, in erecting churches to His glory; so God taught us to make ships, not to transport ourselves, but to transport Him, *That when we have received power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon us, we might be witnesses unto Him, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*

As I speak now principally to them who are concerned in this Plantation of Virginia, yet there may be divers in this congregation who, though they have no interest in this Plantation, yet they may have benefit and edification by that which they hear me say; so Christ spoke the words of this text principally to the Apostles who were present and questioned Him at His ascension, but they are, in their just extension and due accommodation, appliable to our present occasion of meeting here. As Christ Himself is alpha and omega, so first, as that He is last too, so these words which He spoke in the East belong to us, who are to glorify Him in the West; *That we, having received power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon us, might be witnesses unto Him, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*

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2. PART.

. . . . . God says to you, No kingdom, not ease, not abundance; nay, nothing at all yet; the Plantation shall not discharge the charges, not defray itself yet; but yet already, now at first, it shall conduce to great uses. It shall redeem many a wretch from the jaws of death, from the hands of the executioner, upon whom perchance a small fault, or perchance a first fault, or perchance a fault heartily and sincerely repented, perchance no fault, but malice, had otherwise cast a present and ignominious death. It shall sweep your streets and wash your doors from idle persons, and the children of idle persons, and employ them; and truly, if the whole country were but such a Bridewell to force idle persons to work, it had a good use. But it is already not only a spleen, to drain the ill humors of the body, but a liver, to breed good blood; already the employment breeds mariners; already the place gives essays, nay, freights, of merchantable commodities; already it is a mark for the envy and for the ambition of our enemies. I speak but of our doctrinal, not national, enemies; as they are papists, they are sorry we have this country; and surely twenty lectures in matter of controversy do not so much vex them as one ship that goes and strengthens that Plantation. Neither can I recommend it to you by any better rhetoric than their malice. They would gladly have it, and therefore let us be glad to hold it.

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Those of our profession that go, you, that send them who go, do all an apostolical function. What action soever hath in the first intention thereof a purpose to propagate the Gospel of Christ Jesus, that is an apostolical action; before the end of the world come, before this mortality

shall put on immortality, before the creature shall be delivered of the bondage of corruption under which it groans, before the martyrs under the altar shall be silenced, before all things shall be subdued to Christ, His kingdom perfected, and the last enemy, Death, destroyed, the Gospel must be preached to those men to whom ye send; to all men. Further and hasten you this blessed, this joyful, this glorious consummation of all, and happy reunion of all bodies to their souls, by preaching the Gospel to those men. Preach to them doctrinally, preach to them practically; enamor them with your justice, and (as far as may consist with your security) your civility; but inflame them with your godliness and your religion. Bring them to love and reverence the name of that King that sends men to teach them the ways of civility in this world, but to fear and adore the name of that King of Kings that sends men to teach them the ways of religion for the next world. Those amongst you that are old now shall pass out of this world with this great comfort, that you contributed to the beginning of that commonwealth and of that church, though they live not to see the growth thereof to perfection: Apollos watered, but Paul planted; he that begun the work was the greater man. And you that are young now may live to see the enemy as much impeached by that place, and your friends, yea, children, as well accommodated in that place as any other. You shall have made this island, which is but as the suburbs of the old world, a bridge, a gallery, to the new; to join all to that world that shall never grow old, the kingdom of heaven, you shall add persons to this kingdom, and to the kingdom of heaven, and add names to the Books of our Chronicles, and to the Book of Life.

To end all as the orators which declaimed in the presence of the Roman emperors, in their pangeyrics took that way to make those emperors see what they were bound to do, to say in those public orations that those emperors had done so (for that increased the love of the subject to the prince to be so told that he had done those great things, and then it conveyed a counsel into the prince to do them after). As their way was to procure things to be done by saying they were done, so, beloved, I have taken a contrary way. For when I, by way of exhortation, all this while have seemed to tell you what should be done by you, I have, indeed, but told the congregation what hath been done already. Neither do I speak to move a wheel that stood still, but to keep the wheel in due motion; nor persuade you to begin, but to continue, a good work; nor propose foreign, but your own, examples to do still as you have done hitherto. For, for that, that which is especially in my contemplation, the conversion of the people, as I have received, so I can give this testimony, that, of those persons who have sent in moneys and concealed their names, the greatest part, almost all,

have limited their devotion and contribution upon that point, the propagation of religion and the conversion of the people; for the building and beautifying of the house of God and for the instruction and education of their young children. *Christ Jesus Himself is yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever.* In the advancing of His glory, be you so too, yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever, here; and hereafter, when time shall be no more, no more yesterday, no more to-day, yet forever and ever you shall enjoy that joy and that glory which no ill accident can attain to diminish or eclipse it.

Prayer

We return to thee again, O God, with praise and prayer; as for all Thy mercies from before minutes began, to this minute; from our election to this present beam of sanctification, which Thou hast shed upon us now. And more particularly that Thou hast afforded us that great dignity to be this way witnesses of Thy Son, Christ Jesus, and instruments of His glory. Look graciously, and look powerfully, upon this body, which Thou hast been now some years in building and compacting together, this Plantation. Look graciously upon the head of this body, our sovereign, and bless him with a good disposition to this work, and bless him for that disposition. Look graciously upon them who are as the brain of this body, those who by his power counsel, and advise, and assist in the government thereof. Bless them with disposition to unity and concord, and bless them for that disposition. Look graciously upon them who are as eyes of this body, those of the clergy who have any interest therein: bless them with a disposition to preach there, to pray here, to exhort everywhere for the advancement thereof, and bless them for that disposition. Bless them who are the feet of this body, who go thither; and the hands of this body, who labor there; and them who are the heart of this body, all that are heartily affected, and declare actually that heartiness to this action; bless them all with a cheerful disposition to that, and bless them for that disposition. Bless it so in this calm, that, when the tempest comes, it may ride it out safely; bless it so with friends now, that it may stand against enemies hereafter; prepare Thyself a glorious harvest there, and give us leave to be Thy laborers; that so the number of Thy saints being fulfilled, we may with better assurance join in that prayer, *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,* and so meet all in that kingdom which the Son of God hath purchased for us with the inestimable price of His incorruptible blood. To which glorious Son of GOD, etc.

Amen.

From *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, 1624

Devotions

I.

Insultas Morbi primus: The first alteration; the first grudging of the sickness.

1. *Meditation*

VARIABLE, and therefore miserable condition of man; this minute I was well, and am ill this minute. I am surpriz'd with a sudden change and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study Health, and we deliberate upon our meats, and drink, and air, and exercises, and we hew, and we polish every stone that goes to that building; and so our Health is a long and a regular work. But in a minute a cannon batters all, overthrows all, demolishes all; a sickness unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiosity; nay, undeserved, if we consider only disorder, summons us, seizes us, possesses us, destroys us in an instant. O miserable condition of man, which was not imprinted by God, who as he is immortal himself, had put a coal, a beam of immortality into us, which we might have blown into a flame, but blew it out by our first sin; we beggared our selves by hearkning after false riches, and infatuated our selves by hearkning after false knowledge. So that now, we do not only die, but die upon the rack, die by the torment of sickness; nor that only, but are preafflicted, superafflicted with these jealousies, and suspicions, and apprehensions of sickness before we can call it a sickness; we are not sure we are ill; one hand asks the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our urine, how we do.

O multiplied misery! we die, and cannot enjoy death, because we die in this torment of sickness; we are tormented with sickness, and cannot stay till the torment come, but pre-apprehensions and presages prophesy those torments which induce that death, before either come; and our dissolution is conceived in these first changes, quickened in the sickness itself, and born in death, which bears date from these first changes. Is this the honour which man hath by being a little world, that he hath these earthquakes in himself, sudden shakings; these lightnings, sudden flashes; these thunders, sudden noises; these eclipses, sudden offuscations, and darknings of his senses; these blazing stars, sudden fiery exhalations; these rivers of blood, sudden red waters? Is he a world to himself only, therefore, that he hath enough in himself, not only to destroy and execute himself, but to presage that execution upon himself; to assist the sickness, to antedate the sickness, to make sickness the more irremediable by sad apprehensions;

and, as if he would make a fire the more vehement by sprinkling water upon the coals, so to wrap a hot fever in cold melancholy, lest the fever alone should not destroy fast enough without this contribution, nor perfit the work (which is destruction) except we joined an artificial sickness of our own melancholy; to our natural, our unnatural fever. O perplex'd discomposition, O ridling distemper, O miserable condition of man!

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IV. *Medicusque vocatur: The Physician is sent for.*

4. Meditation

It is too little to call man a little world. Except God, man is a diminutive to nothing. Man consists of more pieces, more parts, than the world; than the world doeth, nay than the world is. And if those pieces were extended, and stretched out in man, as they are in the world, man would be the giant, and the world the dwarf, the world but the map, and the man the world. If all the veins in our bodies were extended to rivers; and all the sinews, to veins of mines; and all the muscles, that lie upon one another, to hills; and all the bones to quarries of stones; and all the other pieces, to the proportion of those which correspond to them in the world, the air would be too little for this orb of man to move in, the firmament would be but enough for this star; for, as the whole world hath nothing to which something in man doth not answer, so hath man many pieces of which the whole world hath no representation.

Enlarge this meditation upon this great world, man, so far as to consider the immensity of the creatures this world produces; our creatures are our thoughts, creatures that are born giants; that reach from east to west, from earth to heaven, that do not only bestride all the sea, and land, but span the sun and firmament at once. My thoughts reach all, comprehend all. Inexplicable mystery; I their creator am in a close prison, in a sick bed, any where, and any one of my creatures, my thoughts, is with the sun, and beyond the sun, overtakes the sun, and overgoes the sun in one pace, one step, everywhere. And then as the other world produces serpents and vipers, malignant and venomous creatures; and worms, and caterpillars, that endeavour to devour that world which produces them; and monsters compiled and complicated of divers parents, and kinds; so this world, our selves, produces all these in us, in producing diseases and sicknesses of all those sorts; venomous, and infectious diseases, feeding and consuming diseases, and manifold and entangled diseases, made up of many several ones. And can the other world name so many venomous, so many

consuming, so many monstrous creatures, as we can diseases of all these kinds? O miserable abundance! O beggarly riches!

How much do we lack of having remedies for every disease, when as yet we have not names for them? But we have a Hercules against these giants, these monsters; that is the physician; he musters up all the forces of the other world, to succour this; all nature to relieve man. We have the physician, but we are not the physician. Here we shrink in our proportion, sink in our dignity, in respect of very mean creatures who are physicians to themselves. The hart that is pursued and wounded, they say, knows an herb which, being eaten, throws off the arrow. A strange kind of vomit. The dog that pursues it, though he be subject to sickness, even proverbially knows his grass that recovers him. And it may be true that the drugger is as near to man as to other creatures; it may be that obvious and present simples, easy to be had, would cure him; but the apothecary is not so near him, nor the physician so near him, as they two are to other creatures. Man hath not that innate instinct to apply these natural medicines to his present danger, as those inferior creatures have; he is not his own apothecary, his own physician, as they are. Call back therefore thy meditation again, and bring it down; what's become of man's great extent and proportion, when himself shrinks himself, and consumes himself to a handful of dust; what's become of his soaring thoughts, his compassing thoughts, when himself brings himself to the ignorance, to the thoughtlessness of the grave? His diseases are his own, but the physician is not; he hath them at home, but he must send for the physician.

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VI. *Metuit: The Physician is afraid.*

6. Meditation

I observe the physician with the same diligence as he the disease; I see he fears, and I fear with him. I overtake him, I overrun him in his fear, and I go the faster because he makes his pace slow. I fear the more, because he disguises his fear; and I see it with the more sharpness, because he would not have me see it. He knows that his fear shall not disorder the practise and exercise of his art, but he knows that my fear may disorder the effect and working of his practise.

As the ill affections of the spleen complicate, and mingle themselves with every infirmity of the body, so doth fear insinuate itself in every action or passion of the mind; and as the wind in the body will counterfeit any disease, and seem the stone, and seem the gout, so fear will counterfeit any disease of the mind. It shall seem love, a love of having; and it is but

a fear, a jealous and suspicious fear of losing. It shall seem valor in despising, and undervaluing danger; and it is but fear, in an overvaluing of opinion and estimation, and a fear of losing that. A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums, and trumpets, and shot, and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field.

I know not what fear is, nor I know not what it is that I fear now; I fear not the hastening of my death, and yet I do fear the increase of the disease; I should belie nature if I should deny that I feared this, and if I should say that I feared death, I should belie God. My weakness is from nature, who hath but her measure; my strength is from God, who possesses, and distributes infinitely. As then every cold air is not a damp, every shivering is not a stupefaction, so every fear is not a fearfulness, every declination is not a running away, every debating is not a resolving, every wish that it were not thus, is not a murmuring, nor a dejection though it be thus; but as my physician's fear puts not him from his practise, neither doth mine put me, from receiving from God, and man, and myself, spiritual, and civil, and moral assistances, and consolations.

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11. *Expostulation*

My God, my God, all that thou askest of me, is my heart, "My Son, give me thy heart." Am I thy son as long as I have but my heart? Wilt thou give me an inheritance, a filiation, any thing for my heart? O thou, who saidst to Satan, "Has thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him upon the earth"; shall my fear, shall my zeal, shall my jealousy, have leave to say to thee, "Hast thou considered my heart, that there is not so perverse a heart upon earth; and wouldst thou have that, and shall I be thy son, thy eternal son's coheir, for giving that?" "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" He that asks that question, makes the answer, "I the Lord search the heart." When didst thou search mine? Dost thou think to find it, as thou madest it in Adam? Thou has searched since, and found all these gradations in the ill of our hearts, "That every imagination, of the thoughts of our hearts, is only evil continually." Dost thou remember this, and wouldest thou have my heart?

O God of all light, I know thou knowest all; and it is Thou, that declarest unto man, what is his heart. Without thee, O sovereign goodness,

I could not know how ill my heart were. Thou hast declared unto me, in thy Word, that for all this deluge of evil that hath surrounded all hearts, yet thou soughtest and "foundest a man after thine own heart." "That thou couldest and wouldest give thy people Pastors according to thine own heart." And I can gather out of thy Word so good testimony of the hearts of men, as to find single hearts, docile and apprehensive hearts; hearts that can, hearts that have learnt; wise hearts, in one place, and in another, in a great degree, wise, perfect hearts; straight hearts, no perverseness without, and clean hearts, no foulness within. Such hearts I can find in thy Word; and if my heart were such a heart, I would give thee my heart. But I find stony hearts too, and I have made mine such. I have found hearts that are snares, and I have conversed with such; hearts that burn like ovens, and the fuel of lust, and envy, and ambition, hath inflamed mine; hearts in which their masters trust, and "he that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool." His confidence in his own moral constancy and civil fortitude will betray him, when thou shalt cast a spiritual damp, a heaviness, and dejection of spirit upon him. I have found these hearts, and a worse than these, a heart into the which the Devil himself is entered, Judas heart.

The first kind of heart, alas, my God, I have not; the last are not hearts to be given to thee. What shall I do? Without that present I cannot be thy Son, and I have it not. To those of the first kind thou givest joyfulness of heart, and I have not that. To those of the other kind, thou givest faintness of heart. And blessed be thou, O God, for that forbearance, I have not that yet. There is then a middle kind of hearts, not so perfect as to be given, but that the very giving mends them; not so desperate, as not to be accepted, but that the very accepting dignifies them. This is a melting heart, and a troubled heart, and a wounded heart, and a broken heart, and a contrite heart; and by the powerful working of thy piercing Spirit, such heart I have. Thy Samuel spake unto all the house of thy Israel, and said, "If you return to the Lord with all your hearts, prepare your hearts unto the Lord." If my heart be prepared, it is a returning heart; and if thou see it upon the way, thou wilt carry it home. Nay, the preparation is thine too; this melting, this wounding, this breaking, this contrition which I have now, is thy way to thy end; and those discomforts are, for all that, "the earnest of thy Spirit in my heart"; and where thou givest earnest, thou wilt perform the bargain. Naball was confident upon his wine, but "in the morning his heart died within him"; Thou, O Lord, hast given me wormwood, and I have had some diffidence upon that; and thou hast cleared a morning to me again, and my heart is alive. "David's heart smote him when he cut off the skirt from Saul"; and "his heart smote him when he had numbered his people." My heart hath struck me, when I

come to number my sins; but that blow is not to death, because those sins are not to death, but my heart lives in thee. But yet as long as I remain in this great hospital, this sick, this diseaseful world, as long as I remain in this leprous house, this flesh of mine, this heart, though thus prepared *for* thee, prepared *by* thee, will still be subject to the invasion of malign and pestilent vapours. But I have my cordials in thy promise; "when I shall know the plague of my heart, and pray unto thee in thy house," thou wilt preserve that heart from all mortal force of that infection. And the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

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XVII. *Nunc lento sonitu dicunt, Morieris: Now, this bell tolling softly for another, says to me, thou must die.*

17. Meditation

Perchance he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill as that he knows not it tolls for him. And perchance I may think my self so much better than I am, as that they who are about me, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for me, and I know not that. The church is catholic, universal; so are all her actions. All that she does, belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that head which is my head too, and engraffed into that body, whereof I am a member. And when she buries a man, that action concerns me. All mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translation; and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another.

As therefore the bell that rings to a sermon calls not upon the preacher only, but upon the congregation to come; so this bell calls us all. But how much more me, who am brought so near the door by this sickness. There was a contention as far as a suit (in which both piety and dignity, religion and estimation, were mingled), which of the religious orders should ring to prayers first in the morning; and it was determined that they should ring first that rose earliest. If we understand aright the dignity of this bell that tolls for our evening prayer, we would be glad to make it ours by rising early, in that application that it might be ours, as well as His, whose indeed it is. The bell doth toll for him that thinks it doth; and though it

intermit again, yet from that minute that that occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? but who takes off his eye from a comet when that breaks out? Who bends not his ear to any bell, which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that bell which is passing a piece of himself out of this world? No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

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XXI. *Atque annuit ille, qui, per eos, clamat, linquas iam, Lazare, lectum: God prospers their practice, and he, by them, calls Lazarus out of his tomb, me out of my bed.*

21. Meditation

If man had been left alone in this world at first, shall I think that he would not have fallen? If there had been no woman, would not man have served to have been his own tempter? When I see him now, subject to infinite weaknesses, fall into infinite sin without any foreign temptations, shall I think he would have had none if he had been alone? God saw that man needed a helper, if he should be well; but to make woman ill, the Devil saw that there needed no third. When God and we were alone in Adam, that was not enough; when the Devil and we were alone in Eve, it was enough. O what a giant is man, when he fights against himself, and what a dwarf when he needs, or exercises his own assistance for himself? I cannot rise out of my bed till the physician enable me; nay, I cannot tell that I am able to rise, till he tell me so. I do nothing, I know nothing of myself. How little, and how impotent a piece of the world, is any man alone? and how much less a piece of himself is that man? So little, as that when it falls out (as it falls out in some cases) that more misery, and more oppression, would be an ease to a man, he cannot give himself that miserable addition of more misery. A man that is pressed to death, and might be eased by more weights, cannot lay those more weights upon himself. He can sin alone, and suffer alone, but not repent, not be absolved without another. Another tells me, I may rise, and I do so. But is every raising a preferment? or is every present preferment a station? I am readier to fall to the earth, now I am up, than I was when I lay in the bed.

O perverse way, irregular motion of man; even rising itself is the way

to ruin. How many men are raised, and then do not fill the place they are raised to? No corner of any place can be empty; there can be no vacuity. If that man do not fill the place, other men will; complaints of his insufficiency will fill it. Nay, such an abhorring is there in nature of vacuity, that if there be but an imagination of not filling in any man, that which is but imagination neither, will fill it; that is, rumor and voice; and it will be given out (upon no ground but imagination, and no man knows whose imagination) that he is corrupt in his place, or insufficient in his place, and another prepared to succeed him in his place. A man rises, sometimes, and stands not, because he doth not, or is not believed to fill his place; and sometimes he stands not because he overfills his place. He may bring so much virtue, so much justice, so much integrity to the place as shall spoil the place, burthen the place; his integrity may be a libel upon his predecessor, and cast an infamy upon him, and a burthen upon his successor to proceed by example, and to bring the place itself to an undervalue, and the market to an uncertainty.

I am up, and I seem to stand, and I go round; and I am a new argument of the new philosophy that the earth moves round; why may I not believe that the whole earth moves in a round motion, though that seem to me to stand, when as I seem to stand to my company, and yet am carried, in a giddy, and circular motion, as I stand? Man hath no center but misery; there, and only there, he is fixt, and sure to find himself. How little soever he be raised, he moves, and moves in a circle, giddily. And as in the heavens there are but a few circles that go about the whole world, but many epicycles, and other lesser circles, but yet circles; so of those men which are raised and put into circles, few of them move from place to place, and pass through many and beneficial places, but fall into little circles, and, within a step or two, are at their end; and not so well as they were in the center, from which they were raised. Every thing serves to exemplify, to illustrate man's misery. But I need go no farther, than myself. For a long time, I was not able to rise. At last, I must be raised by others; and now I am up, I am ready to sink lower than before.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 859

FROM *Essayes. By Sir William Cornewallys the yonger, Knight,* 1606 [1st edition, 1600]

Of Discourse

IT IS a pitiful thing at great assemblies to see how the rich and gay will engross the talk, and how basely they use that commodity, not a word able to profit a hackneyman. They send away Time worse appareled than their horsekeepers, poor and naked of what is precious, but loaden with straw and dirt, good only for thatchers and daubers. At this time I suffer much, specially if I would choose rather to fill my ears than my belly. I wish for fiddlers to confound them, or any noise saving theirs. I would at this time lose my memory, for she is covetous and takes all, and with this she will pollute all, make all taste of barbarism.

In this time my eye, wandering to find a handsome cause of interruption, meets with a fellow in black; back again they come with their intelligence and tell me they have found a scholar. I go to this vessel and, thirsting after some good liquor, hastily pierce it, when there issueth medicines or law terms. Alas, it is either a surgeon or an attorney. My expectation hath broken her neck.

Well, these are places to grow fat in, not wise. Let us travel somewhither else, to the university. Their discourse is good, but too finical; you undo them if you suffer them not to go methodically to work. *Nego maiorem, aut minorem, probo, ipse dixit, etc.* I like not this. Except his adversary be a fencer too, there is no understanding one another. It is a general fault among the best professions. For mercenary and mechanic, it skills not. It becomes them well to discover themselves by their speech. But a gentleman should talk like a gentleman; which is, like a wise man. His knowledge ought to be general; it becomes him not to talk of one thing too much, or to be weighed down with any particular profession. Herein I admire Plato his description of Socrates, who, though a soldier and a scholar, yet he discoursed still like wisdom, which commands over all. One knowledge is but one part of the house, a bay-window or a gable-end. Who builds his house so maimed, much less himself? No, be complete. If thy guests be weary of thy parlor, carry them into thy gallery. Be thus; but yet if thou meetest with a fellow that would fain show thee he is a

mathematician or a navigator, be content to talk with him of circles and quadrangles, of the poles and navigating stars.

There is another creature that weighs every word and will be sure to turn the verb behind, affects elegancy, and to be thought learned; this fellow is formal, he robs himself of his commendations with this premeditated course. Men look for much where they discern such a preparation. Besides, methinks he dresses truth and wisdom too gaudily. It is the country fashion to sugar over what is naturally sweet: he profits not his auditory.

I knew a country church furnished with a clock whose hammer was stricken by an image like a man; upon the wheels stood a cat, which, when the image struck, made such haste away as the parishoners, when they should have wept for their sins and were moved thereunto by the preacher, laughed at the cat's nimbleness. So is it with this man's hearers; they catch at some pretty sounding words and let the matter slip without any attention. Let ape-keepers and players catch the ears of their auditory and spectators with fair bombast words and set speeches. It shall be my course, when I must discourse (but I had rather hear), not to lose myself in my tale, to speak words that may be understood, and to my power to mean wisely rather than to speak eloquently.

Of Affectation

Affectation begets extremities. Man is allowed only the middle way. He strayeth when he affects; his error is punished with deformity; whatsoever he performeth thus becoming disgraceful and uncomely. There is not any in this kind to be pardoned. Even the open affecting of virtue turns into hypocrisy and makes him seem rather as if he played virtue than possessed it. The ordering of the body, if it be subject to this apish imitation, is wholly disordered; for his inward director is disobeyed and forced contrary to it[s] excellent nature to become base and to borrow. The excellent Artisan that made all, gave all his children portions of qualities befitting them, as heat to fire, moisture to water, trees to be plentiful mothers, and herbs to have an healing ability; should these fall to affecting and to like others' qualities better than their own, what a confusion would it beget? How much wrong to the workman? Thus is it with us; every soul casts a color upon the body suitable to it[s] own nature, not like our common colors which will endure a second dye, but which at first is naturally ingrain.

Every one in truth is fitted by nature; whose fashion if he likes not, but will choose rather to wear other men's cast clothes, it is pity the admiration he affects should not be turned into laughter. I have seen some seely creatures that have had the extremity of this disease in words. But what

hath been the end? Alas, they have delivered prisoners that have turned traitors, and instantly betrayed them to derision.

For my part, I think generally it ought to be shunned, and if ever I were subject to any affectation, it was not at all to affect, in which I have been so precise that I have been afraid to wear fashions until they have been aired by a general use.

Let no man think this mislike bars my allowance of enriching myself by the example of the virtuous. No, the best may want if he be only stored by his own meditation. Books and men are both good instructions; those we must read and observe; but when that is done, to make our reading and observation no longer theirs, but our own. I have noted a people content inwardly to be so humble as to wear cast apparel; but for the outward satisfaction, they would alter and trim them to defend them from being known, and so fit them to their bodies, though before they were too wide. Thus must they do that desire to be adorned with knowledge, and judgment, and virtue. Whatsoever I read, I understand it not if my disgestion makes it not naturally mine. Thus it becometh men, and makes the constitution of the mind strong, and fair, and worthy of allowance, if not of admiration.

Of Imitation

The first times had a great advantage of us; all came from them, we must now say, because they got the start, spake before us and lived before us. In truth, I think they were more industrious; for out of their natural wits and observations, they founded arts and sciences, in which they were much more profound than latter times, though we are assisted by their travails and know whither we should go and how to go by their methodical courses. We must lay the fault to covetousness and pleasure, with whose enticements we are diverted so that we choose now rather to be rich men than wise men. In these trades they have not outrun us; our times may safely brag with them that we have hunted out more fashions to please the senses and to get riches. The age after us, that shall see both and must be our judges, I am afraid will determine the times of old, times begetting philosophers and wise men; ours, an age of cooks and tailors.

I wonder not that virtue is so out of regard, for we imitate nothing but what we see. Plato his Socrates and Xenophon his Cyrus are things to be talked of, not to be worn. I should be sorry for our times (but that is out of fashion to be sorrowful for others) to see how willingly we put on all habits saving virtues. Our hair shall go off or on as occasion serves; we will pull our brows and endure any pain to imitate the fashion; but not entertain the least virtue though she offer herself and would be ours with less pains and expense. All this time we are free from imitation—yea, from

following the good—but in the apish kind we are exact; for a new congee or protestation we swallow presently, and the fashions of our apparel run among us like a plague. I observe a people that will tell you where they were last by their behavior and table-talk as well as upon the inwardest acquaintance. If he hath but seen Callis, he cries out of the English beer, and that with a shrug and shaking of the head as if he knew more than he durst utter. A year in Italy makes him forget his English and speak it broken and lisping. They run away with all villainous customs and think it fine to talk of Giulia and Lucretia, the famous courtesans. Methinks these fellows are like snowballs that carry away part of the dirt they are rolled upon. These are base imitations begotten between the senses and the fantasy, bastards unknown to the inward true discerning soul.

There are another kind that will hold their necks awry with Alexander; these are not wanton but subtle apes, which seek to creep into princes and great men with putting on their habits. They are the dangerousest flatterers. Come, I will make an end with these fantastics; they go against my stomach. They are worse than onions. I can commend them for nothing. Sometimes, perhaps, the stuff they wear is good, and the stockings and the hat and the rest, all saving the man. They are like hatter's blocks that wear what is worthier than themselves.

But now to a worthier subject. I will not reject imitation; yet I will hardly imitate any man living, especially in things apparently his, as his behavior and accustomed phrases. In virtue it is very lawful, for that is neither his nor mine. It carries no mark of any owner, but of the real possessor of Eternity, whom if we could imitate in the least perfection, we were blessed.

There are a great sort past, as worthy as any living; among whom I will choose some one by whom I would be most governed; yet not in all things, for I would not license myself to put on his imperfections. I have too many of mine own that were born with me; I have no need of his. But when he speaks well and virtuously, I would think he speaks to me and do my endeavor to execute his advice. The actions performed by him I hold like the vaulter's instructions, done first to shew me how to perform them with greatest facility.

We are beholding to times past; they have shewed us the ends of all courses. We may know virtues and vices as lively by their example as Lycurgus taught it the Lacedemonians in the persons of their Ephori and the Helots, their slaves. If I find my strength able to follow one of these and to get his virtues by heart, I will take out a new lesson and buy some perfections of others, wherein he was wanting. Thus is imitation ennobled and well becomes the worthiest; so shall he enjoy abundance when he hath his own store multiplied with gathering from the stored with virtue.

From *A Second Part of Essayes*, 1610

Of Adversity

It is true that when we are become of the world, we are thrown into a troublesome inn, where respect goeth upon the legs of riches; but this is our delicacy. Nature for her part is not to be blamed, for she gave us leave to choose our own occupation. It is custom, and the softness of our metals and opinion is not an accessory but a principal in the stealing the hearts of men; for ever since necessity's banishment, there is a new account, and he that hath most, too much is honoured. Can there be a marvel stranger than that we, professing reason, do best when compelled? He that is born a beggar plays the philosopher; he that from rich becomes poor, the woman. They are now in one state, why not in one continuance? Forsooth because once in abundance, who should lament his corrupter thus? It is too pitiful to spend tears on so treacherous an enemy.

The historiographers disputing about the easiness of the Eastern Conquests attribute it to the effeminateness of the men; their effeminateness to the climate. Methinks, and I am sure, that wealth hath the same operation, for her possessors grow weaklings. It is proved often amongst us, for from industrious parents comes a slothful and degenerate issue; and this I hold not Nature's fault but the heat of their abundant fires, their affections, which chokes their reason and consumes their bodies. How many thousand of things have we entitled precious that in themselves are meritless, and how many more despised, to which estimation is due from our trouble? For had judgment the survey of our desires, we should go more bravely to work, and if weep, weep for shame. For what a madness is it to give the rule of our thoughts to our sick appetites, to have our countenances governed by the orb of vanity, and, which is worse, to bind our reason prentice to these transitory things. They that think thus feel no adversity. It was only ordained to punish the disciples of fortune, who will needs sell the perfections of the mind for the jewels of opinion; for the other, they look not so low, but as their countenance is upward, so their intentions. *Os homini sublime dedit caelumque tueri.* This is to be a man; the other have but the shape, since we are made to no other purpose but to witness the incomprehensible power of the Divine essence.

It is, besides the rest, even dishonest not to pay for our making. If it be his pleasure I should serve him in a mean place, I will; if he like to try me with alterations, be it so. He hath done me no wrong, for he hath given me reason and patience, qualities able both to perform his pleasure and comfort my travails; he that carries this about him, is safe, and now he may (if other things fit) come out of his study into the world. He is armed, if

not to resist, to suffer. It is no matter how often he be hit, since he feels it not. If he finds opposition, he resists it; if it overcomes, not him but his fortune. The man is safe, for his reckoning is inward.

How many revolutions, turnings, and reformings have we read, heard, and seen? Empires, kingdoms, states, nay, even the whole world hath endured alterations of all kinds. We turn not over this without great pleasure; and if we would take pleasure in our profit, we should arm ourselves with these examples and endure our fortunes without grutching; since we cannot doubt of his wisdom which governs nor that our weakness ought to glory in any thing more than obedience. What is it now that melts us into tears or throws us into exclamations? The false fire of opinion? Stand up man; it cannot hurt thee if thou beest a man. Wherefore, let none complain of adversity but those that will confess themselves slaves to her glittering contrary.

JOSEPH HALL

The Introduction and Notes are at page 860

FROM *Characters of Vertues and Vices*, 1608

Character of the Wise Man

THERE is nothing that he desires not to know, but most and first himself; and not so much his own strength, as his weaknesses; neither is his knowledge reduced to discourse, but practise. He is a skilful logician, not by nature so much as use; his working mind doth nothing all his time but make syllogisms and draw out conclusions; everything that he sees and hears serves for one of the premises; with these he cares first to inform himself, then to direct others. Both his eyes are never at once from home, but one keeps house while the other roves abroad for intelligence. In material and weighty points, he abides not his mind suspended in uncertainties; but hates doubting where he may, where he should be resolute: and first he makes sure work for his soul; accounting it no safety to be unsettled in the foreknowledge of his final estate. The best is first regarded; and vain is that regard which endeth not in security. Every care hath his just order; neither is there any one either neglected or misplaced. He is seldom overseen with credulity; for, knowing the falseness of the world, he hath learned to trust himself always; others, so far as he may not be damaged by their disappointment. He seeks his quietness in secrecy and is wont both to hide himself in retiredness and his tongue in himself. He loves to be guessed at,

not known; and to see the world unseen; and, when he is forced into the light, shews by his actions that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. His purposes are neither so variable as may argue inconstancy, nor obstinately unchangeable; but framed according to his after-wits, or the strength of new occasions. He is both an apt scholar and an excellent master; for both everything he sees informs him, and his mind, enriched with plentiful observation, can give the best precepts. His free discourse runs back to the ages past and recovers events out of memory, and then preventeth time in flying forward to future things; and, comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well near prophetical: wherein his conjectures are better than another's judgments. His passions are so many good servants which stand in a diligent attendance, ready to be commanded by reason, by religion; and if, at any time forgetting their duty, they be miscarried to rebel, he can first conceal their mutiny, then suppress it. In all his just and worthy designs, he is never at a loss, but hath so projected all his courses that a second begins where the first failed; and fetcheth strength from that which succeeded not. There be wrongs which he will not see; neither doth he always look that way which he meaneth; nor take notice of his secret smarts when they come from great ones. In good turns, he loves not to owe more than he must; in evil, to owe and not pay. Just censures he deserves not, for he lives without the compass of an adversary; unjust he contemneth, and had rather suffer false infamy to die alone than lay hands upon it in an open violence. He confineth himself in the circle of his own affairs, and lists not to thrust his finger into a needless fire. He stands like a center unmoved, while the circumference of his estate is drawn above, beneath, about him. Finally, his wit hath cost him much, and he can both keep, and value, and employ it. He is his own lawyer; the treasury of knowledge, the oracle of counsel; blind in no man's cause, best-sighted in his own.

Of the Truly Noble

He stands not upon what he borrowed of his ancestors, but thinks he must work out his own honor; and if he cannot reach the virtue of them that gave him outward glory by inheritance, he is more abashed of his impotency than transported with a great name. Greatness doth not make him scornful and imperious, but rather like the fixed stars, the higher he is, the less he desires to seem. Neither cares he so much for pomp and frothy ostentation as for the solid truth of nobleness. Courtesy and sweet affability can be no more severed from him than life from his soul; not out of a base and servile popularity and desire of ambitious insinuation, but of a native gentleness of disposition and true value of himself. His hand is open and

bounteous, yet not so as that he should rather respect his glory than his estate; wherein his wisdom can distinguish betwixt parasites and friends, betwixt changing of favors and expending them. He scorneth to make his height a privilege of looseness, but accounts his titles vain if he be inferior to others in goodness, and thinks he should be more strict the more eminent he is; because he is more observed and now his offenses are become exemplar. There is no virtue that he holds unfit for ornament, for use; nor any vice which he condemns not as sordid, and a fit companion of baseness; and whereof he doth not more hate the blemish than affect the pleasure. He so studies as one that knows ignorance can neither purchase honor, nor wield it; and that knowledge must both guide and grace him. His exercises are from his childhood ingenuous, manly, decent, and such as tend still to wit, valor, activity: and if (as seldom) he descend to disports of chance, his games shall never make him either pale with fear, or hot with desire of gain. He doth not so use his followers as if he thought they were made for nothing but his servitude; whose felicity were only to be commanded and please: wearing them to the back, and then either finding or framing excuses to discard them empty; but upon all opportunities lets them feel the sweetness of their own serviceableness and his bounty. Silence in officious service is the best oratory to plead for his respect: all diligence is but lent to him, none lost. His wealth stands in receiving, his honor in giving; he cares not either how many hold of his goodness, or to how few he is beholden; and if he have cast away favors, he hates either to upbraid them to his enemy, or to challenge restitution. None can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succor; and then most where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital. He is equally addressed to war and peace; and knows not more how to command others than how to be his country's servant in both. He is more careful to give true honor to his Maker than to receive civil honor from men. He knows that this service is free and noble, and ever loaded with sincere glory; and how vain it is to hunt after applause from the world till he be sure of Him that moldeth all hearts and poureth contempt on princes; and, shortly, so demeans himself as one that accounts the body of nobility to consist in blood, the soul in the eminence of virtue.

The Hypocrite

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much as he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, oftimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and (in the meantime) laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are

written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshiping that God which at home he cares not for; while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best and, in the midst of the sermon, pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to leese that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing; then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation; and folds the leaf as if he had found it; and asks aloud the name of the preacher and repeats it; whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse, if it had come from an honester mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth; indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him and says WHO SEES ME? No alms, no prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that he hath received them; and when he hath done (lest the world should not know it), his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds an hospital and harbors them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so, while he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday is more abomination to him than his neighbor's bed. He abhors more not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy and persuades the press; there is nothing that he dislikes in presence that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sickbed of his stepmother, and weeps, when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face; and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of, *When will you come?* and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest; yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shews well and says well; and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbor's disease, the blot of goodness; a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a cornfield, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out

smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The Characterism of the Busy-Body

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in other's affairs; yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows, and on what conditions; and with what success, is familiar to him before it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and rather than he will leese the news, he rides back with him to appose him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor that after many excuses he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners, in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up before the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it if the others' ear were as unwearable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and after many thanks and dismissions is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little; this man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbor's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The Market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes, carries fire-brands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbor at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter, whose choleric answer he returns to his first host enlarged with a second edition. So, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no Act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections, which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbors another man's servant, and amidst his entertainment asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his

guests? And when he hath by curious enquiries extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new. He hates constancy as an earthen dullness, unfit for men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place; neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him; for, as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible that any should not hate him but who know him not. So then he labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity; save that some say, "It was pity he died no sooner."

The Presumptuous

Presumption is nothing but hope out of his wits, an high house on weak pillars. The presumptuous man loves to attempt great things, only because they are hard and rare. His actions are bold and venturous, and more full of hazard than use. He hoisteth sail in a tempest, and saith never any of his ancestors were drowned; he goes into an infected house and says the plague dares not seize on noble blood; he runs on high battlements, gallops down steep hills, rides over narrow bridges, walks on weak ice, and never thinks, "What if I fall?" but, "What if I run over and fall not?" He is a confident alchemist and braggeth that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly born, for fear of his own bondage. In the meantime, his glass breaks; yet he, upon better luting, lays wagers of the success, and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith, "I will sin, and be sorry, and escape; either God will not see, or not be angry, or not punish it; or remit the measure. If I do well, He is just to reward; if ill, He is merciful to forgive." Thus his praises wrong God no less than his offense; and hurt himself no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him: shew him the way where any foot hath trod, he dares follow, although he see no steps returning; what if a thousand have attempted and miscarried; if but one have prevailed, it sufficeth. He suggests to himself false hopes of never too late; as if he could command either time or repentance, and dare defer the expectation of mercy till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons; either his old prophecy tells it him, or his stars. Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel, but he turns them over, and copies them out at pleasure. I know not whether in all his enterprises he shew less fear or wisdom; no man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. *I will go and sell, and return and*

purchase, and spend and leave my sons such estates; all which, if it succeed, he thanks himself; if not, he blames not himself. His purposes are measured not by his ability but his will, and his actions by his purposes. Lastly, he is ever credulous in assent, rash in undertaking, peremptory in resolving, witless in proceeding, and in his ending miserable; which is never other than either the laughter of the wise or the pity of fools.

The Distrustful

The distrustful man hath his heart in his eyes, or in his hand; nothing is sure to him but what he sees, what he handles. He is either very simple, or very false; and therefore believes not others, because he knows how little himself is worthy of belief. In spiritual things, either God must leave a pawn with him, or seek some other creditor. All absent things and unusual have no other but a conditional entertainment: they are strange, if true. If he see two neighbors whisper in his presence, he bids them speak out, and charges them to say no more than they can justify. When he hath committed a message to his servant, he sends a second after him, to listen how it is delivered. He is his own secretary, and of his own counsel, for what he hath, for what he proposeth; and when he tells over his bags, looks through the key-hole, to see if he have any hidden witness, and asks aloud, "Who is there?" when no man hears him. He borrows money when he needs not, for fear lest others should borrow of him. He is ever timorous, and cowardly; and asks every man's errand at the door, ere he opens. After his first sleep, he starts up, and asks if the furthest gate were barred, and out of a fearful sweat calls up his servant, and bolts the door after him; and then studies whether it were better to lie still and believe, or rise and see. Neither is his heart fuller of fears than his head of strange projects, and far-fetched constructions. "What means the State, think you, in such an action, and whither rends this course? Learn of me (if you know not). The ways of deep policies are secret, and full of unknown windings. That is their act; this will be their issue." So, casting beyond the moon, he makes wise and just proceedings suspected. In all his predictions and imaginations, he ever lights upon the worst; not what is most likely will fall out, but what is most ill. There is nothing that he takes not with the left hand; no text which his gloss corrupts not. Words, oaths, parchments, seals, are but broken reeds; these shall never deceive him; he loves no payments but real. If but one in an age have miscarried, by a rare casualty, he misdoubts the same event. If but a tile fallen from an high roof have brained a passenger, or the breaking of a coach-wheel have endangered the burden, he swears he will keep home, or take him to his horse. He dares not come to church for fear of the crowd; nor spare the

Sabbath's labor for fear of want; nor come near the Parliament house, because it should have been blown up. What might have been, affects him as much as what will be. Argue, vow, protest, swear; he hears thee, and believes himself. He is a Sceptic, and dare hardly give credit to his senses which he hath often arraigned of false intelligence. He so lives, as if he thought all the world were thieves, and were not sure whether himself were one. He is uncharitable in his censures, unquiet in his fears; bad enough always, but in his own opinion much worse than he is.

THE OVERBURIAN CHARACTERS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 861

FROM *A Wife, Now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye . . . Whereunto are added many witty Characters*, 1614 [2nd edition]

A Very, Very Woman

A VERY, very woman is a dough-baked man, or a she meant well towards man, but fell two bows short, strength and understanding. Her virtue is the hedge of modesty, that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She simpers as if she had no teeth, but lips, and she divides her eyes and keeps half for herself and gives th'other to her neat youth. Being set down, she casts her face into a platform, which dureth the meal, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to profess hunger; but nature takes her in private and stretcheth her upon meat. She is marriageable and fourteen at once; and after she doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale and writes red. She thinks she is fair, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glass and the Knight of the Sun for lying. She is hid away all but her face, and that's hanged about with toys and devices, like the sign of a tavern, to draw strangers. If she shew more, she prevents desire, and by too free-giving leaves no gift. She may escape from the servingman, but not from the chambermaid. She commits with her ears for certain; after that she may go for a maid, but she hath been lain with in her understanding. Her philosophy is a seeming neglect of those that be too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit. That comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it. Yet her vanity seldom matcheth her with one of her own degree, for then she will beget

another creature a beggar; and commonly, if she marry better, she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her suitor and, for a jest, laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for herself; and after takes him for his patience, and the land adjoining, ye may see it, in a serving-man's fresh napery, and his leg steps into an unknown stocking. I need not speak of his garters, the tassel shews itself. If she love, she loves not the man but the beast of him. She is Salomon's cruel creature and a man's walking consumption; every caudle she gives him is a purge. Her chief commendation is she brings a man to repentance.

A Pedant

He treads in rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his scepter. He dares not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb; and he never had meaning in his life, for he traveled only for words. His ambition is criticism and his example Tully. He values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants. To be brief, he is a *heteroclite*, for he wants the plural number, having only the single quality of words.

A Servingman

Is a creature which, though he be not drunk, yet is not his own man. He tells, without asking, who owns him by the superscription of his livery. His life is for ease and leisure much about gentlemanlike. His wealth enough to suffice nature and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little and wants nothing, he values himself higher or lower, as his master is. He hates or loves the men as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his master's horses or his Christmas; he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clock of his stomach is set to go an hour after his. He seldom breaks his own clothes. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledged; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose; and seldom abstains till he comes to a thirst. His discretion is to be careful for his master's credit, and his sufficiency to marshal dishes at a table and to carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linen. His courting language, visible bawdy jests; and against his matter fail, he is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chambermaid, but often purchaseth his master's daughter, by reason of opportunity or for want of a better; he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own widow. His master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heirs male forever.

FROM *A Wife*, 1614 [4th edition]

A Puritan

Is a diseased piece of *Apocrypha;* bind him to the Bible and he corrupts the whole text. Ignorance and fat feed are his founders; his nurses railings, rabies, and round breeches; his life is but a borrowed blast of wind, for between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is is yet unknown; for willingly his faith allows no father. Only thus far his pedigree is found, bragget and he flourished about a time first. His fiery zeal keeps him continual costive, which withers him into his own translation, and, till he eat a schoolman, he is hidebound. He ever prays against *non-residents,* but is himself the greatest discontinuer, for he never keeps near his text. Anything that the law allows, but marriage and March beer, he murmurs at. What it disallows and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline. Where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile; and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through. Give him advice, you run into traditions, and urge a modest course, he cries out councils. His greatest care is to contemn obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so cross a kind of teaching that should the church enjoin clean shirts, he were lousy. More sense than single prayers is not his, nor more in those than still the same petitions; from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Shew him a ring, he runs back like a bear; and hates square dealing as allied to caps. A pair of organs blow him out o'th parish, and are the only glister-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is best, there he confutes most; for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating. Good bits he holds breeds good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against in plumbroth. He is often drunk, but not as we are, temporally; nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him keeps him more surfeited and makes his heat break out in private houses. Women and lawyers are his best disciples; the one, next fruit, longs for forbidden doctrine; the other, to maintain forbidden titles; both which he sows amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order; yet if he can be brought to ceremony and made but master of it, he is converted.

FROM *New and Choise Characters, of severall Authors*, 1615

An Excellent Actor

WHATSOEVER is commendable in the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charms our attention. Sit in a full theater, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, whiles the actor is the center. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous; she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches. And for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example; for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us. A man of deep thought might apprehend the ghosts of our ancient heroes walk't again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labours; for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life; that is, between meals, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks, and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble; but some think this sport of men the worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation; and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile. A parasite this man tonight, tomorrow a precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all man living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be; for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. Therefore the imitating characterist was extreme idle in calling them rogues. His Muse, it seems, with all his loud invocation, could not be wak't to light him a snuff to read the statute. For I would let his malicious ignorance understand, that rogues are not to be employed as main ornaments to his Majesty's Revels; but the itch of bestriding the press, or getting up on this wooden Pacolet, hath defil'd more innocent paper, than ever did laxative physic. Yet is their invention such tired stuff, that like the Kentish post-horse they cannot go beyond their ordinary stage, should you flay them. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

JOHN STEPHENS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 862

FROM *Essayes and Characters, Ironicall and Instructive. The second impression*, 1615

An Humorist

Is the scorn of understanding, the traitor to reason, or the vanity of a better man. Blood-letting, a good whip, honest company, or reasonable instructions might (at the first) recover him. But if he continues among laughing spirits one quarter, the disease will grow inward, and then the cure grows desperate. If his humor be hereditary, he is more familiar with it and makes it the principal virtue of his family. If imitation breeds a habit, he makes it the pledge of sworn brotherhood, or at least the favor of new acquaintance. He never is infected single or with one only; for either he is now admitted to the several orders; or he is prompt enough to subscribe generally when occasion peeps. You must not dare to discommend or call in question his behavior seriously with his companions; for though you cannot call the humor lawful, it is sufficient if you can call it his humor. You may justly forbear to restrain him; for if he be truly adopted, he thinks it an especial part to be respectless. Tobacco is a good whetstone for his property; he doth seldom, therefore, forget to provoke his constitution this way: and (by being insatiate) he knows well his humor may escape the search of reason, by virtue of the mist. He hath from his cradle been swaddled up with much obstinate and peremptory affectation; it being, indeed, commonly the character of his ripest age to support that freely in his manhood which was forbidden in the spark of his minority. He never slips opportunity with deliberation; he is therefore prompt enough to begin, and the reason of his act is enough, though only that he hath begun, because humor is the motive. There is nothing within the compass of thought so trivial, so absurd, and monstrous, which his vanity will not aver to be ponderous, decent, and natural. Neither will he abhor to justify them by his own practice against all opposers. He travels up and down like Tom of Bedlam, under the title of *mad rascal, witty rogue, or notable mad slave;* and these attributes be a more effectual oratory to applaud his humor than a direct commendation. He will not sometimes (upon small discontinuance) vouchsafe to acknowledge or (at least) know his familiar friends without much impertinence and interrogatories of their name or

habitation; whilst another time he dares adventure his knowledge and salutations upon mere aliens. He is very much distracted, and yet I wonder how the frenzy should be dangerous; for he never breaks his brain about the study of reason or invention, seeing his humor is the privilege of both. It is therefore sufficient for him to be extreme melancholy, and most ignorant of the cause or object; and suddenly to be unmeasurably frolic without provocation, whilst he is only beholding to a brainless temperature in discharge of his credit. He will converse freely with servingmen and soldiers within twelve hours; and presently when the ague hath once seized him, he proves tyrannical and insolent towards the silly vermin. He never brake a vow in his whole life, or brake vows continually; for either they have not suited with his variety to be intended, or he hath intended to keep them no longer than might agree with his body, which ebbs and flows. When he grows old, and past voice, he learns foreign languages; as if, when he had dined, he would devour the dishes. In a word, he is a chief commander of new actions, but no commander of himself; being in his best bravery but a Turkish slave, ever subject to desire and appetite. According to their pattern, he is himself to himself praiseworthy or elegant; but to worthiness itself, odious.

A Common Player

Is a slow payer, seldom a purchaser, never a Puritan. The statute hath done wisely to acknowledge him a rogue [errant] for his chief essence is a daily counterfeit. He hath been familiar so long with outsides that he professes himself (being unknown) to be an apparent gentleman. But his thin felt and his silk stockings, or his foul linen and fair doublet do (in him) bodily reveal the broker. So being not suitable, he proves a motley; his mind observing the same fashion of his body: both consist of parcels and remnants. But his mind hath commonly the newer fashion and the newer stuff; he would not else hearken so passionately after new tunes, new tricks, new devises. These together apparel his brain and understanding, whilst he takes the materials upon trust and is himself the tailor to take measure of his soul's liking. He doth conjecture somewhat strongly; but dares not commend a play's goodness till he hath either spoken or heard the epilogue; neither dares he entitle good things *good* unless he be heartened on by the multitude. Till then he saith faintly what he thinks, with a willing purpose to recant or persist. So howsoever he pretends to have a royal master or mistress, his wages and dependence prove him to be the servant of the people.

[When he doth hold conference upon the stage, and should look directly in his fellow's face, he turns about his voice into the assembly for

applause sake, like a trumpeter in the fields, that shifts places to get an echo.] The cautions of his judging humor (if he dares undertake it) be a certain number of saucy rude jests against the common lawyer; handsome conceits against the fine courtiers; delicate quirks against the rich cuckold, a citizen; shadowed glances for good innocent ladies and gentlewomen; with a nipping scoff for some honest Justice who hath imprisoned him, or some thrifty tradesman who hath allowed him no credit. Always remembered, his object is *A new play*, or *A play newly revived;* other poems he admits, as good fellows take tobacco, or ignorant burgesses give a voice for company sake, as things that neither maintain nor be against him.

[To be a player is to have a *mithridate* against the pestilence; for players cannot tarry where the plague reigns, and therefore they be seldom infected.] He can seem no less than one in honor, or at least one mounted; for unto miseries which persecute such he is most incident. Hence it proceeds that in the prosperous fortune of a play frequented he proves immoderate, and falls into a drunkard's paradise till it be *last* no longer. Otherwise, when adversities come, they come together. For Lent and Shrove Tuesday be not far asunder; then he is dejected daily and weekly. His blessings be neither lame nor monstrous; they go upon four legs, but move slowly and make as great a distance between their steps as between the four Terms.

[Reproof is ill-bestowed upon him; it cannot alter his conditions. He hath been so accustomed to the scorn and laughter of his audience that he cannot be ashamed of himself; for he dares laugh in the midst of a serious conference without blushing.]

If he marries, he mistakes the woman for the boy in woman's attire, by not respecting a difference in the mischief. But so long as he lives unmarried, he mistakes the boy, or a whore, for the woman, by courting the first on the stage, or visiting the second at her devotions. [When he is most commendable you must confess there is no truth in him; for his best action is but an imitation of truth, and *nullum simile est idem.* It may be imagined I abuse his carriage and he perhaps may suddenly be thought fair-conditioned, for he *plays above board.*] Take him at the best, he is but a shifting companion; for he lives effectually by putting on and putting off. If his profession were single, he would think himself a simple fellow, as he doth all professions besides his own. His own therefore is compounded of all natures, all humors, all professions.

He is politic, also, to perceive the commonwealth doubts of his license, and therefore in spite of Parliaments or statutes he incorporates himself by the title of a brotherhood. [Painting and fine clothes may not by the

same reason be called abusive that players may not be called rogues: "for they be chief ornaments of His Majesty's Revels."]

I need not multiply his character, for boys and everyone will no sooner see men of this faculty walk along, but they will (unasked) inform you what he is by the vulgar title. [Yet, in the general number of them, many may deserve a wise man's commendation. And therefore did I prefix an epithet of "common" to distinguish the base and artless appendants of our city companies, which oftentimes start away into rustical wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start back again into the city number.

GREY BRYDGES, LORD CHANDOS

The Introduction and Notes are at page 863

FROM *Horae Subsecivae, Observations and Discourses*, 1620

Of Arrogance

ARROGANCE is the assuming to a man's self the titles of virtue, learning, honor, riches, or the like, without the possession or (if with the possession) without the evidence. For not only he that speaks of himself more good than is true, but he also that says more than he is sure will be believed justly deserves the name of arrogant.

This vice is offensive more to equals than to superiors or inferiors, because they be seldom, the one sort or the other, competitors with a man in praise. And more, when it concerns the gifts of the mind, especially wisdom and valor, than when it touches only upon the favors of fortune or abilities of the body, prerogative in these being less esteemed. *Nam cum omnis arrogantia odiosa est, tum illa ingenii atque eloquentiae molestissima. Quamobrem nihil dico de meo ingenio, etc.:* Whereas all arrogance is odious, that of a man's own wit and own eloquence is most tedious. Wherefore, I will speak nothing of my own wit, etc., saith Cicero. Likewise it is worse in mediocrity than extremes (though in most vices it be otherwise) because it becomes by excess ridiculous rather than hateful, and so passeth with better toleration.

Pretending to sufficiency argues the want of it. The claim itself is a plain conviction that there wants right to the thing claimed. For where virtue is really, her own light discovers the owner. *Vino vendibili suspensa hedera non est opus:* Good wine needs no bush. So that he need not be his own trumpet that is truly virtuous, but rather he that is not, but

only in his own conceit. Which opinion makes him also, by not pursuing that which he supposes he hath already obtained, to be out of all possibility of gaining the same.

Honor found out Cincinnatus digging in his garden and made him dictator. And many that in their own dispositions desired to live obscurely have been, against their wills, exposed to the toil of great affairs by the lustre of that virtue which they never boasted. If to admire anything argue defect of knowledge, much more to admire a man's self, which all men ought best to know, and are most familiar withal.

An arrogant person, if he join in the performance of any laudable action with men of modest natures, deals with them in the sharing of the praise as the lion in the fable did with the other beasts, dividing the prey they had taken; who, making of the whole four parts, pleads a title to three of them at least, and, if they yielded him not the fourth of their own good will, he would be no longer friends. And such a nature can hardly hold friendship that admitteth not the pillar thereof, which is parity, but thinks himself superior to all, if not in fortune (at which he therefore grudges, taunts her with her blindness, and rails at her with apothegms), yet in all other worth and desert.

He is so puffed up that to men in estate beneath him (for fear of contempt, which howsoever he cannot avoid) he will never speak familiarly, seldom any way, as if there could be no greater disparagement than not to observe the distance which he holds to be betwixt them. Which, being to the meanest sort unpleasing, causeth him to want not only the respect he looketh for as due, but even that (if any be so) that is due indeed.

He commonly commiserates his equals for their weaknesses, and loves to teach rather than learn the thing he knows not. Give him but such a handle and he will be sure to hold it till one be weary, and will instruct with such confidence that, though he produce no reason, a man must believe him on his word or he'll be angry. If he write or speak a discourse of any length, he cannot forbear but he must make known somewhat of his own custom, or humor, or life, with, *I was this, or did this, or like this, or thus am, or was wont;* belike supposing that all men would be glad to make him the pattern of their life and actions.

As he is distasteful to, so he distasteth, all men; for, according to his own estimate, he must needs hold himself undervalued, even by those that prize him above his just worth, than which nothing more vexes him. For though when himself detracts, he thinks the detracted ought to bear it as a righteous censure, yet if another be but sleepy in his discourse or, when he talks, be taken from him with any business, he is presently grieved thereat as a high neglect.

If he read another's writings, he finds somewhat to correct, but noth-

ing to praise, and so in their actions, himself being, in his own judgment, beyond censure. If he meet with one of his own nature, there's presently wars, and it will appear that he detests himself in the person of his enemy more than another can do him in his own. But meeting with modesty, he devours it, makes it his prey, and nourisheth his arrogance with such food; for whatsoever the one shall in modesty lay from himself, the other will take and yet think too little.

But it is best when he encounters a cunning flatterer, for such a one will spur him on, and blow his folly up to madness, and set him out to the laughter of them he most contemned. Or, as the fox served the crow, make him to let fall the meat from his mouth with attempting to sing. Or put him forward to seek an employment which he, not knowing his own strength, will be always ready to take upon him, and so ruin him. For such a one will not fear to undergo what he does not understand. All which be the fittest traps for this vice.

Some are arrogant (as one may say) indirectly, and will extol such a man in such a faculty as the hearers allow him to be better in than the party so by him praised. But it comes all to one purpose; for the face of arrogance, howsoever painted, is not without deformity. Yet I would not wish a man to be so much affrighted with it as to start to the contrary vice, pusillanimity. For a man should not derogate from himself, there being too many ready enough for that office, at least to believe him, as one that best knows what he most wants. And certainly he that doth sentence himself hath no color for an appeal, nor person to appeal unto, unless it be from his words to his deeds, which need then to be very remarkable. Howsoever, he must acknowledge it to be great folly to have denied that ability in himself which he desires to have made known.

But such men be seldom found that say not of themselves full as much as they can do.

JOHN EARLE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 863

FROM *Micro-cosmographie*, 1628

An Antiquary

HE IS a man strangely thrifty of time past, and an enemy, indeed, to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath that unnatural disease to be enamored of old age, and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen do cheese)

the better for being moldy and wormeaten. He is of our religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old monuments and reads only those characters where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a saint's well or ruined abbey; and if there be but a cross or stone footstool in the way, he'll be considering it so long till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels and Roman coins, and he hath more pictures of Caesar than James or Elizabeth. Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have raked from dung-hills, and he preserves their rags for precious relics. He loves no library but where there are more spiders' volumes than authors', and looks with great admiration on the antique work of cobwebs. Printed books he contemns as a novelty of this latter age; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all motheaten and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the books in his study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Roman binding or six lines of Tully in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange beasts' skins, and is a kind of charnel-house of bones extraordinary and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer. His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and his hat is as ancient as the Tower of Babel. He never looks upon himself till he is grey-haired, and then he is pleased with his own antiquity. His grave does not fright him, for he has been used to sepulchers, and he likes death the better because it gathers him to his fathers.

A Tavern

Is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy bush. The rooms are ill breathed, like the drinkers that have been washed well overnight and are smelt too fasting next morning; not furnished with beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary implements, stools, table, and a chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this music above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and, howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures where they are truly acted, not played, and the business as in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A

melancholy man would find here matter to work upon to see heads as brittle as glasses and ofter broken. Men come hither to quarrel and come hither to be made friends, and, if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus his sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer, or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that scorches his face, and tobacco the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out, and it is like those countries far in the north, where it is as clear at midnight as at midday. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above and the conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-a-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book, where we leave them.

A Young Gentleman of the University

Is one that comes there to wear a gown and to say hereafter he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shewn the colleges and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority is the bare velvet of his gown and his proficiency at tennis, where, when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loath to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days, for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history or a piece of *Euphormio;* for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honor, and turns a gentleman-critic in pedigrees. Of all things, he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit, though it be of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit, he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns of court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

A Plodding Student

Is a kind of alchemist or persecutor of nature that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and a nightcap to the vanquishing, perhaps, of some six lines. Yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it till he gets it without book. He may, with much industry, make a breach into logic and arrive at some ability in an argument; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there and his disposition of them is as just as the bookbinders', a setting or glueing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travail it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apothegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot-pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

THOMAS FULLER

The Introduction and Notes are at page 864

FROM *The Holy State*, 1642

The Holy State

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THE SECOND BOOK

CHAP. 24

The true gentleman

WE WILL consider him in his birth, breeding, and behavior.

He is extracted from ancient and worshipful parentage. When a pippin is planted on a pippin stock, the fruit growing thence is called a rennet,

a most delicious apple, as both by sire and dam well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gently born on both sides.

If his birth be not, at leastwise his qualities are generous. What if he cannot, with the Hevenninghams of Suffolk, count five and twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or, with the Nauntons, shew where their ancestors had seven hundred pound a year before or at the Conquest; yet he hath endeavored by his own deserts to ennoble himself. Thus valor makes him son to Caesar, learning entitles him kinsman to Tully, and piety reports him nephew to godly Constantine. It graceth a gentleman of low descent and high desert when he will own the meanness of his parentage. How ridiculous is it when many men brag that their families are more ancient than the moon, which all know are later than the star which some seventy years since shined in Cassiopeia. But, if he be generously born, see how his parents breed him.

He is not in his youth possessed with the great hopes of his possession. No flatterer reads constantly in his ears a survey of the lands he is to inherit. This hath made many boys' thoughts swell so great they could never be kept in compass afterwards. Only his parents acquaint him that he is the next undoubted heir to correction, if misbehaving himself; and he finds no more favor from his schoolmaster than his schoolmaster finds diligence in him, whose rod respects persons no more than bullets are partial in a battle.

At the university, he is so studious as if he intended learning for his profession. He knows well that cunning is no burthen to carry, as paying neither portage by land nor poundage by sea. Yea, though to have land be a good first, yet to have learning is the surest second, which may stand to it when the other may chance to be taken away.

At the Inns of Court, he applies himself to learn the laws of the kingdom. Object not, why should a gentleman learn law who, if he needeth it, may have it for his money, and, if he hath never so much of his own, he must but give it away. For what a shame is it for a man of quality to be ignorant of Solon in our Athens, of Lycurgus in our Sparta? Besides, law will help him to keep his own, and bestead his neighbors. Say not that there be enough which make this their set practise; for so there are also many masters of defense by their profession; and shall private men therefore learn no skill at their weapons?

As for the hospitality, the apparel, the traveling, the company, the recreations, the marriage of gentlemen, they are described in several chapters in the following book. A word or two of his behavior in the country.

He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best-

tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

He delights to see himself and his servants well mounted. Therefore, he loveth good horsemanship. Let never any foreign Rabshakeh send that brave to our Jerusalem, offering to lend her two thousand horses if she be able, for her part, to set riders upon them. We know how Darius got the Persian empire from the rest of his fellow peers by the first neighing of his generous steed. It were no harm if, in some needless suits of intricate precedency betwixt equal gentlemen, the priority were adjudged to him who keeps a stable of most serviceable horses.

He furnisheth and prepareth himself in peace against time of war. Lest it be too late to learn when his skill is to be used. He approves himself courageous when brought to the trial, as well remembering the custom which is used at the creation of the Knights of the Bath, wherein the king's master-cook cometh forth and presenteth his great knife to the new-made knights, admonishing them to be faithful and valiant, otherwise he threatens them that that very knife is prepared to cut off their spurs.

If the Commission of the Peace finds him out, he faithfully discharges it. I say, finds him out; for a public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it. And though he declined the place, the country knew to prize his worth who would be ignorant of his own. He compounds many petty differences betwixt his neighbors, which are easier ended in his own porch than in Westminster Hall; for many people think, if once they have fetched a warrant from a justice, they have given earnest to follow the suit, though otherwise the matter be so mean that the next night's sleep would have bound both parties to the peace, and made them as good friends as ever before. Yet

He connives not at the smothering of punishable faults. He hates that practise, as common as dangerous amongst country people who, having received again the goods which were stolen from them, partly out of foolish pity and partly out of covetousness to save charges in prosecuting the law, let the thief escape unpunished. Thus, whilst private losses are repaired, the wounds to the commonwealth (in the breach of the laws) are left uncured. And thus petty larceners are encouraged into felons, and afterwards are hanged for pounds because never whipped for pence, who, if they had felt the cord, had never been brought to the halter.

If chosen a member of parliament, he is willing to do his country service. If he be no rhetorician to raise affections (yea, Barnabas was a greater speaker than St. Paul himself), he counts it great wisdom to be the good manager of Yea and Nay. The slow pace of his judgment is recompensed by the swift following of his affections, when his judgment is once soundly

informed. And here we leave him in consultation, wishing him, with the rest of his honorable society, all happy success.

THE THIRD BOOK

Containing General Rules.

CHAP. I

Of Hospitality

Hospitality is threefold: for one's family—this is of necessity; for strangers—this is courtesy; for the poor—this is charity. Of the two latter.

To keep a disorderly house is the way to keep neither house nor lands. For whilst they keep the greatest roaring, their state steals away in the greatest silence. Yet when many consume themselves with secret vices, then hospitality bears the blame; whereas it is not the meat but the sauce, not the supper but the gaming after it, doth undo them.

Measure not thy entertainment of a guest by his estate, but thine own. Because he is a lord, forget not that thou art but a gentleman. Otherwise if, with feasting him, thou breakest thyself, he will not cure thy rupture, and (perchance) rather deride than pity thee.

When provision (as we say) groweth on the same, it is miraculously multiplied. In Northamptonshire all the rivers of the country are bred in it, besides those (Ouse and Charwell) it lendeth and sendeth into other shires; so the good housekeeper hath a fountain of wheat in his field, mutton in his fold, etc., both to serve himself and supply others. The expense of a feast will but breathe him which will tire another of the same estate who buys all by the penny.

Mean men's palates are best pleased with fare rather plentiful than various, solid than dainty. Dainties will cost more, and content less to those that are not critical enough to distinguish them.

Occasional entertainment of men greater than thyself is better than solemn inviting them. Then short warning is thy large excuse; whereas otherwise, if thou dost not overdo thy estate, thou shalt underdo his expectation, for thy feast will be but his ordinary fare. A king of France was often pleased in his hunting wilfully to lose himself, to find the house of a private park-keeper; where, going from the school of state affairs, he was pleased to make a play-day to himself. He brought sauce (hunger) with him, which made coarse meat dainties to his palate. At last the park-keeper took heart and solemnly invited the king to his house, who came with all his court, so that all the man's meat was not a morsel for them. "Well," (said the park-keeper) "I will invite no more kings";

having learnt the difference between princes when they please to put on the vizard of privacy and when they will appear like themselves, both in their person and attendants.

Those are ripe for charity which are withered by age or impotency. Especially if maimed in following their calling; for such are industry's martyrs, at least her confessors. Add to these those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death make it a drawn battle. Expect not, but prevent their craving of thee; for God forbid the heavens should never rain till the earth first opens her mouth, seeing some grounds will sooner burn than chap.

The house of correction is the fittest hospital for those cripples whose legs are lame through their own laziness. Surely King Edward the Sixth was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues as in giving St. Thomas' Hospital for the relief of the poor. I have done with the subject, only I desire rich men to awaken hospitality, which one saith since the year 1572 hath, in a manner, been laid asleep in the grave of Edward, Earl of Derby.

CHAP. 2

Of Jesting

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish" (said the queen), "it is his profession. I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the Crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed; for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the string in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349 wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more shewing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man who, when the priest coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii.* And let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

CHAP. 3

Of self-praising

He whose own worth doth speak need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert; whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites that want company may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It sheweth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self not in a straight line but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe

them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality wherein themselves excel in another man (though absent), whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or lastly (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise), when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defense. For though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face that, in skill and valor, he came far behind him. "'Tis true," said the other, "for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case, it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, is a saint; that boasteth of it, is a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville writes of the isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honor.

He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. Many brag how many gardens of virginity they have deflowered, who never came near the walls thereof, lying on those with whom they did never lie and with slanderous tongues committing rapes on chaste women's reputations. Others (who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword) boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valor; whereas, first let them be well whipped for their lying, and, as they like that, let them come afterward and entitle themselves to the gallows.

CHAP. 4

Of Traveling

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is grafted, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad.

Travel not too early before thy judgment be risen; lest thou observest rather shews than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, etc.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object not that the French tongue learnt in England must be unlearnt again in France; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, traveling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun. They that go over maids for their religion will be ravished at the sight of the first popish church they enter into. But if first thou be well grounded, their fooleries shall rivet thy faith the faster, and travel shall give thee confirmation in that baptism thou didst receive at home.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof. Especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. 'Tis a tale what Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria; the one of brick, fireproof; the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters to perpetuate learning in defiance of time. But it is truly moralized in our universities, Cambridge (of brick) and Oxford (of stone), wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sightworthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home-rarities; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontainebleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Anas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable. Yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal and want not their remarkables.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury; learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humors. One asked a barber who never before had been at the court what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed!" Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges, and marts; soldiers note forts, armories, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, etc. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labor to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several

nations. But (as it was said of one who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that "he weeded the library") many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondency with some choice foreign friend after thy return. As some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. 'Tis but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum,* to make a dictionary of their friends' names; but a selected familiar in every country is useful; betwixt you there may be a letter exchange. Be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkables of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn than willingly flow from thee. That thou mayest not seem weak to hold, or desirous to vent, news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful fools) and, in all their discourses, prefer foreign countries, herein shewing themselves of kin to the wild Irish in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

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CHAP. II

Of Fancy

It is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the Common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul; for while the Understanding and the Will are kept as it were in *libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum,* the Fancy is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed, in a moment striding from the center to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotence creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in Nature are married in Fancy as in a lawless place. It is also most restless; whilst the senses are bound,

and reason in a manner asleep, fancy like a sentinel walks the round, ever working, never wearied. The chief diseases of the Fancy are, either that they are too wild and highsoaring, or else too low and groveling, or else too desultory and overvoluble. Of the first.

If the Fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse, because with traveling he will mend it for his own ease. Thus lofty Fancies in young men will come down of themselves, and in process of time the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, then observe these rules.

Take part always with thy Judgment against thy Fancy in anything wherein they shall dissent. If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubtest of. Warily Tullie, *Bene monent, qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas, aequum sit an iniquum.*

Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure. When thou pennest an oration, let him have the power of *index expurgatorius*, to expunge what he pleases; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations, why that phrase least proper, this passage more cautious and advised, and after a while thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censurer. If thy Fancy be too low and humble,

Let thy judgment be king but not tyrant over it, to condemn harmless yea commendable conceits. Some for fear their orations should giggle will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger, that weak folks if they walk abroad will straggle far, as wanting strength.

Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there Fancy is in her throne; and in time the sparks of the author's wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy; however, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems to raise and provoke Fancy. If thy Fancy be overvoluble, then

Whip this vagrant home to the first object whereon it should be settled. Indeed nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse, and a skittish, that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary Fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last; and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of thy Fancy, I say whip it home to the first object whereon it should be

settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.

Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies, as school-divinity, which will clog thy overnimble Fancy. True, at the first it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst. Practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose. If beginning to try a conclusion, thou must make an end lest thou losest thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those bedlam fancies, all whose conceits are antics, but leave them for the physician to purge with hellebore.

To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine Fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren, to fasten the feathers of an estridge to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them; the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

Fine Fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful; and commonly one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them, except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

Imagination (the work of the Fancy) hath produced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced. I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman, having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which because of their multitude he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, Fancy put mettle into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenterhook catched his cloak. "At whose suit?" said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

The Introduction and Notes are at page 866

FROM *Flowres of Sion . . . To which is adjoyned his Cypresse Grove*, 1630 [1st edition 1623]

A Cypress Grove

THOUGH it hath been doubted if there be in the soul such imperious and superexcellent power as that it can, by the vehement and earnest working of it, deliver knowledge to another without bodily organs, and by the only conceptions and ideas of it produce real effects; yet it hath been ever, and of all, held as infallible and most certain that it often (either by outward inspiration or some secret motion in itself) is augur of its own misfortunes, and hath shadows of approaching dangers presented unto it before they fall forth. Hence so many strange apparitions and signs, true visions, uncouth heaviness, and causeless uncomfortable languishings; of which to seek a reason, unless from the sparkling of God in the soul, or from the God-like sparkles of the soul, were to make Reason unreasonable, by reasoning of things transcending her reach.

Having, when I had given myself to rest in the quiet solitariness of the night, found often my imagination troubled with a confused fear, no, sorrow or horror, which, interrupting sleep, did astonish my senses and rouse me all appalled and transported in a sudden agony and amazedness; of such an unaccustomed perturbation, not knowing nor being able to dive into any apparent cause, carried away with the stream of my (then doubting) thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret foreknowledge and presaging power of the prophetic mind, and to interpret such an agony to be to the spirit as a faintness and universal weariness useth to be to the body, a sign of following sickness; or as winter lightnings, earthquakes, and monsters prove to commonwealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events, and emblems of their hidden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange if whatsoever is human should befall me, knowing how Providence overcometh grief and discountenances crosses; and that, as we should not despair of evils which may happen us, we should not be too confident, nor lean much to those goods we enjoy I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to forecast every accident which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror shew itself to human eyes; till in the end (as by unities and points mathematicians are brought to

great numbers and huge greatness), after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind and those incumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of human terrors, or, as one termed it, the last of all dreadful and terrible evils, death. For too easy censure it would appear, that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus overgrieved and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustomed sorrow, considering their near union, long familiarity, and love, with the great change, pain, ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of death.

They had their being together, parts they are of one reasonable creature, the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses! They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight! If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more must the being without such noble tools and engines be plaintful to the soul? And if two pilgrims which have wandered some few miles together have a heart's grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at the parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers as are the body and soul?

Death is the sad estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or fabulous Paladins. All strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honor in contempt, glory into baseness. It is the unreasonable breaker off of all the actions of virtue; by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, neither contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens; sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It, in one moment, depriveth us of what, with so great toil and care, in many years we have heaped together. By this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, smoothed by gaudy flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can alter and help anything. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more people into it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames yield a sad prospect to the soul. And how should it consider the wrack of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body without horror?

Though it cannot well and altogether be denied that death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred, it being a privation of life and a not-being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear

of it, too, being ingenerate universally in all creatures; yet I have often thought that, even naturally to a mind by only nature resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity, and at the first glance than when well pried into, and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy than by what is in it; and that the marble colors of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (with which we ourselves limn it forth) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherways it hath. To aver which conclusion, when I had recollected my overcharged spirits, I began thus with myself.

If, on the great theater of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, *to die* were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from the which never an age bypast hath been exempted, and unto which these which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing availing stubbornness, oppose to so unevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, our general home. Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run! In so universal a calamity (if death be one), private complaints cannot be heard. With so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twinneth forth and again up-windeth our life?) and hold still time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a piece of the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for, while the world is the world, some creatures must die and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an still-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide. *Man* a long line of years hath continued; *this man* every hundredth is swept away. This air-encircled globe is the sole region of death, the grave where everything that taketh life must rot, the lists of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it; which, though many, seem yet to abide one; and, being a certain entire one, are every many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one in another, the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, othertimes hot and flowery. Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that mother of months and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her too great nearness unto us) to participate of

our changes, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again in the perfection and fulness of her beauty shining over us. Death here, no less than life, doth act a part, the taking away of what is old, being the making a way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out that the new may be written in. They which forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath shewed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart when He thinketh time to dislodge? This is His unalterable and unevitable decree; as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume of any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which He wills, whose very willing giveth being to all that it wills, and, adoring the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws which allwhere and always are so perfectly established that who would essay to correct and amend any of them should either make them worse or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us they have bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what they have not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so, that thou art not as old as that enlifening planet of time? For, not to have been a thousand years before this moment is as much to be deplored as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one. That will be after us which long, long ere we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days which we now, to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they empurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they discover not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, kingdoms have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses but their wanings and deaths; the ghastly Wonders of the World, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled; some lights above (deserving to be entitled stars) are loosed and never more seen of us; the excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin, and poor earthlings thus to be handled complain!

But is this life so great a good that the loss of it should be so dear unto

man? If it be, the meanest creatures of nature thus be happy, for they live no less than he. If it be so great a felicity, how is it esteemed of man himself at so small a rate that, for so poor gains, nay, one disgraceful word, he will not stand to lose it? What excellency is there in it for the which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at rest, and return to his old grandmother, dust? Of what moment are the labors and actions of it that the interruption and leaving off of them should be to him so distasteful and with such grudging lamentations received?

Is not the entering into life weakness? the continuing, sorrow? In the one, he is exposed to all the injuries of the elements and, like a condemned trespasser (as if it were a fault to come to light), no sooner born than fast manacled and bound; in the other, he is restlessly, like a ball, tossed in the tennis court of this world; when he is in the brightest meridian of his glory, there mistereth nothing to destroy him but to let him fall his own height. A reflex of the sun, a blast of wind, nay, the glance of an eye, is sufficient to undo him. How can that be any great matter of which so small instruments and slender actions are masters?

His body is but a mass of discording humors boiled together by the conspiring influences of superior lights, which, though agreeing for a trace of time, yet can never be made uniform and kept in a just proportion. To what sickness is it subject unto, beyond those of the other sensible creatures? no part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one; nay, every part with many? Yea, so many that the masters of that art can scarce number or name them. So that the life of divers of the meanest creatures of nature hath, with great reason, by the most wise been preferred to the natural life of man; and we should rather wonder how so fragile a matter should so long endure than how so soon dissolve and decay.

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But it is not of death (perhaps) that we complain, but of Time, under the fatal shadow of whose wings all things decay and wither. This is that tyrant which, executing against us his diamantine laws, altereth the harmonious constitution of our bodies, benumbing the organs of our knowledge, turneth our best senses senseless; makes us loathsome to others, and a burden to ourselves. Of which evils death relieveth us. So that if we could be transported (O happy colony!) to a place exempted from the laws and conditions of time, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of material and corruptible things were, but an immortal, unchangeable, impassible, all-sufficient kind of life, it were the last of things wishable, the term and center of all our desires. Death maketh this transplantation; for the last instant of corruption, or leaving off of anything to

be what it was, is the first of generation or being of that which succeedeth. Death, then, being the end of this miserable transitory life, of necessity must be the beginning of that other all-excellent and eternal. And so, causelessly of a virtuous soul it is either feared or complained on.

As those images were limned in my mind (the morning star now almost arising in the East), I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calm; and not long after, my senses, one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to rest, leaving me in a still and peaceable sleep, if sleep it may be called where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshly bondage. For heavy lids had not long covered their lights when I thought, nay, sure I was, where I might discern all in this great *all:* the large compass of the rolling circles, the brightness and continual motion of those rubies of the night which (by their distance) here below cannot be perceived; the silver countenance of the wandering moon, shining by another's light; the hanging of the earth (as environed with a girdle of crystal), the sun enthronized in the midst of the planets, eye of the heavens, gem of this precious ring the world. But whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestial splendors and the beaming lamps of that glorious temple (like a poor countryman brought from his solitary mountains and flocks to behold the magnificence of some great city), there was presented to my sight a man, as in the spring of his years, with that self-same grace, comely feature, majestic look which the late ( ) was wont to have; on whom I had no sooner fixed mine eyes when (like one planet-stroken) I became amazed. But he, with a mild demeanor and voice surpassing all human sweetness, appeared (methought) to say,

What is it doth thus pain and perplex thee? Is it the remembrance of death, the last period of wretchedness and entry to these happy places; the lantern which lighteneth men to see the mystery of the blessedness of spirits, and that glory which transcendeth the curtain of things visible? Is thy fortune below on that dark globe (which scarce by the smallness of it appeareth here) so great that thou art heartbroken and dejected to leave it? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a ( ) so glorious in the eye of the world (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a pond) as that of mine, so loving ( ), such great hopes? These had been apparent occasions of lamenting, and but apparent. Dost thou think thou leavest life too soon? Death is best young; things fair and excellent are not of long endurance upon earth. Who liveth well, liveth long. Souls most beloved of their Maker are soonest relieved from the bleeding cares of life and most swiftly wafted through the surges of human miseries. Opinion, that great enchantress and peiser of things, not as they are but as they seem, hath not in anything more than in the conceit of death abused man; who

must not measure himself and esteem his estate after his earthly being, which is but as a dream. For, though he be born on the earth, he is not born for the earth, more than the embryo for the mother's womb. It plaineth to be relieved of its bands and to come to the light of this world, and man waileth to be loosed from the chains with which he is fettered in that valley of vanities. It nothing knoweth whither it is to go, nor aught of the beauty of the visible works of God; neither doth man of the magnificence of the intellectual world above, unto which (as by a midwife) he is directed by death. Fools, which think that this fair and admirable frame, so variously disposed, so rightly marshaled, so strongly maintained, enriched with so many excellencies, not only for necessity but for ornament and delight, was by that Supreme Wisdom brought forth that all things in a circulary course should be and not be, arise and dissolve, and thus continue (as if they were so many shadows carelessly cast out and caused by the encountering of these superior celestial bodies, changing only their fashion and shape, or fantastical imageries, or shades of faces into crystal). But more they which believe that He doth no other-wayes regard his work than as a theater raised for bloody sword-players, wrestlers, chasers of timorous and combatters of terrible beasts, delighting in the daily torments, sorrows, distress, and misery of mankind. No, no. The Eternal Wisdom created man an excellent creature, though he fain would unmake himself and return to nothing. And though he seek his felicity among the reasonless wights, he hath fixed it above. He brought him into this world as a master to a sumptuous, well-ordered, and furnished inn, a prince to a populous and rich empiry, a pilgrim and spectator to a stage full of delightful wonders and wonderful delights. And as some emperor or great monarch, when he hath raised any stately city, the work being achieved, is wont to set his image in the midst of it to be admired and gazed upon, no otherwise did the sovereign of this world, the fabric of it perfected, place man (a great miracle) formed to His own pattern in the midst of this spacious and admirable city, by the divine splendor of his Reason to be an interpreter and trunchman of His creation, and admired and reverenced by all his other creatures. God containeth all in Him, as the beginning of all; man containeth all in him as the midst of all. Inferior things be in man more nobly than they exist, superior things more meanly; celestial things favor him, earthly things are vassaled unto him, he is the knot and band of both. Neither is it possible but that both of them have peace with man, if he have peace with Him who made the covenant between them and Him. He was made that he might, in the glass of the world, behold the infinite goodness, power, magnificence, and glory of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing love, and loving enjoy, and to hold the earth of Him as of his Lord Para-

mount, never ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compass of conceit to think that that Wisdom which made everything so orderly in the parts should make a confusion in the whole and the chief masterpiece; how, bringing forth so many excellencies for man, it should bring forth man for baseness and misery. And no less strange were it that so long life should be given to trees, beasts, and the birds of the air, creatures inferior to man, which have less use of it and which cannot judge of this goodly fabric, and that it should be denied to man; unless there were another manner of living prepared for him in a place more noble and excellent.

But, alas! (said I) had it not been better that, for the good of his country, a ( ), endued with so many peerless gifts, had yet lived upon earth? How long will ye (replied he), like the ants, think there are no fairer palaces than their hills; or, like to purblind moles, no greater light than that little which they shun? As if the master of a camp knew when to remove a sentinel and He who placeth man on the earth knew not how long He had need of him? Life is a government and office wherein man is so long continued as it pleaseth the installer; of the administration and charge of which, and what hath passed during the time of his residence, he must render an account so soon as his term expireth and he hath made room for others. As men's bodies differ in feature, which none can make more long or short after their desire, so do they vary in that length of time which is appointed for them to live upon the earth. That Providence which prescribeth causes to every event hath not only determined a definite and certain number of days, but of actions, to all men, which they cannot go beyond.

Most ( ) then (answered I), death is not such an evil and pain as it is of the vulgar esteemed? Death (said he) nor painful is nor evil (except in contemplation of the cause), being of itself as indifferent as birth. Yet can it not be denied but amidst those dreams of earthly pleasures, the uncouthness of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is unknown in it, are noisome. But the soul, sustained by its Maker, resolved and calmly retired in itself, doth find that death (sith it is in a moment of time) is but a short, nay, sweet, sigh; and is not worthy the remembrance compared with the smallest dram of the infinite felicity of this place. Here is the palace royal of the Almighty King, in which the Uncomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himself; in place highest, in substance not subject to any corruption or change, for it is above all motion and, solid, turneth not; in quantity greatest, for, if one star, one sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in exceeding dimensions must those bounds be which do them all contain? In quality most pure and orient, heaven here is all but a sun, or the sun all but a heaven. If to earthlings the footstool of God, and that stage

which He raised for a small course of time, seemeth so glorious and magnificent, how highly would they prize (if they could see) His eternal habitation and throne? And if these be so dazzeling, what is the sight of Him, for whom and by whom all was created? Of whose glory to behold the thousand thousand part the most pure Intelligences are fully satiate, and with wonder and delight rest amazed; for the beauty of His light and the light of His beauty are uncomprehensible? Here doth that earnest appetite of the Understanding content itself, not seeking to know any more; for it seeth before it, in the vision of the Divine Essence (a mirror in the which not images or shadows but the true and perfect essence of everything created is more clear and conspicuous than in itself), all that may be known or understood. And whereas on earth our senses shew us the Creator by his creatures, here we see the creatures by the Creator. Here doth the Will pause itself, as in the center of its eternal rest, glowing with a fiery affection of that infinite and all-sufficient good; which, being fully known, cannot (for the infinite motives and causes of love which are in Him) but be fully and perfectly loved. As He is only true and essential bounty, so is He the only essential and true beauty, deserving alone all love and admiration, by which the creatures are only insomuch fair and excellent as they participate of His beauty and excelling excellencies. Here is a blessed company, every one joying as much in another's felicity as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God. Thus their distinct joys are no fewer than the copartners of the joy: and as the assembly is in number answerable to the large capacity of the place, so are the joys answerable to the numberless number of the assembly. No poor and pitiful mortal, confined on the globe of earth, who hath never seen but sorrow, or, interchangeably, some painted superficial pleasures, can rightly think on, or be sufficient to conceive, the termless delights of this place. So many feathers move not on birds, so many birds dint not the air, so many leaves tremble not on trees, so many trees grow not in the solitary forests, so many waves turn not in the ocean, and so many grains of sand limit not those waves, as this triumphant court hath variety of delights, and joys exempted from all comparison. Happiness at once here is fully known and fully enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Here is flourishing and never-fading youth without age, strength without weakness, beauty never blasting, knowledge without learning, abundance without loathing, peace without disturbance, participation without envy, rest without labor, light without rising or setting sun, perpetuity without moments, for time (which is the measure of motion) did never enter in this shining eternity. Ambition, disdain, malice, difference of opinions cannot approach this place, resembling those foggy mists which cover those lists of sublunary things. All pleasure paragoned with what is here is pain, all mirth mourning, all beauty de-

formity. Here one day's abiding is above the continuing in the most fortunate estate on the earth many years, and sufficient to countervail the extremest torments of life. But although this bliss of souls be great and their joys many, yet shall they admit addition and be more full and perfect at that long-wished and general reunion with their bodies.

Amongst all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to be more wonderful nor more dazzle the eye of Reason (replied I) than that our bodies should arise, having suffered so many changes, and nature denying a return from privation to a habit.

Such power (said he), being above all that the Understanding of man can conceive, may well work such wonders; for, if man's Understanding could comprehend all the secrets and counsels of that eternal majesty, it must of necessity be equal unto it. The author of nature is not thralled to the laws of nature, but worketh with them or contrary to them, as it pleaseth Him. What He hath a will to do, He hath a power to perform. To that power, which brought all this round *all* from naught, to bring again in one instant any substance which ever was into it, unto what it was once, should not be thought impossible. For who can do more, can do less; and His power is no less after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed and vanished than it was before it was produced, being neither restrained to certain limits or instruments, or to any determinate and definite manner of working. Where the power is without restraint, the work admitteth no other limits than the worker's will. This world is as a cabinet to God, in which the small things (however to us hid and secret) are nothing less keeped than the great. For, as He was wise and powerful to create, so doth His knowledge comprehend His own creation; yea, every change and variety in it, of which it is the very source. Not any atom of the scattered dust of mankind, though daily flowing under new forms, is to Him unknown; and His knowledge doth distinguish and discern what once His power shall waken and raise up. What may not the Artsmaster of the world, like a molder, what He hath framed in divers shapes confound in one mass, and then severally fashion them again out of the same? Can the spagyric by his art restore for a space to the dry and withered rose the natural purple and blush, and cannot the Almighty raise and refine the body of man, after never so many alterations in the earth? Reason herself finds it more possible for infinite power to cast out from itself a finite world and restore anything in it, though decayed and dissolved, to what it was first, than for man, a finite piece of reasonable misery, to change the form of matter made to his hand. The power of God never brought forth all that it can, for then were it bounded and no more infinite. That time doth approach (oh, haste ye times away) in which the dead shall live and the living be changed, and of all actions the guerdon

is at hand. Then shall there be an end without an end, time shall finish, and place shall be altered, motion yielding unto rest, and another world of an age eternal and unchangeable shall arise. Which when he had said (methought) he vanished, and I, all astonished, did awake.

ROBERT BURTON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 867

FROM *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1638

The Anatomy of Melancholy

Democritus Junior to the Reader

GENTLE reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what personate actor this is that so insolently intrudes upon this common theater to the world's view, arrogating another man's name, whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say? . . .

* * * * *

Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laertius, was a little, wearyish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness; a famous philosopher in his age, *coævus* with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life; writ many excellent works; a great divine, according to the divinity of those times; an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as *Diacosmus* and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith Columella, and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds, and, as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. In a word, he was *omnifariàm doctus*, a general scholar, a great student, and, to that intent that he might better contemplate, I find it related that he put out his eyes and was in his old age voluntarily blind, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of every subject, *Nihil in toto opificio naturae de quo non scripsit*. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit, and, to attain knowledge the better in his younger years, he traveled to Egypt and to Athens to confer with learned men, admired of some, despised of others. After a wandering life, he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their lawmaker, recorder, or town clerk,

as some will; or, as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking him to his studies and a private life, "saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw." Such a one was Democritus.

But, in the meantime, how doth this concern me, or upon what reference do I usurp his habit? I confess, indeed, that to compare myself unto him for aught I have yet said were both impudency and arrogancy. I do not presume to make any parallel *Antistat mihi millibus trecentis, parvus sum, nullus sum; altum nec spiro, nec spero.* Yet thus much I will say of myself, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride or self-conceit, I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, *mihi et musis,* in the University as long, almost, as Xenocrates in Athens, *ad senectam ferè,* to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. For I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing College of Europe, *augustissimo collegio,* and can brag with Jovius, almost, *in eâ luce domicilii Vacicani, totius orbis celeberrimi, per 37 annos multa opportunaque didici;* for 30 years I have continued (having the use of as good libraries as ever he had) a scholar, and would be therefore loath, either by living as a drone to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned and noble a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonorable to such a royal and ample foundation. Something I have done, though by my profession a divine, yet *turbine raptus ingenii,* as he said, out of a running wit, an inconstant, unsettled mind, I had a great desire (not able to attain to a superficial skill in any) to have some smattering in all, to be *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis,* which Plato commends; and, out of him, Lipsius approves and furthers, "as fit to be imprinted in all curious wits, not be a slave of one science, or dwell altogether in one subject, as most do, but to rove abroad, *centum puer artium,*" to have an oar in every man's boat, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup, which, saith Montaigne, was well performed by Aristotle and his learned countryman, Adrian Turnebus. This roving humor (though not with like success) I have ever had, and, like a ranging spaniel that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all saving that which I should, and may justly complain, and truly, which Gesner did in modesty, that I have read many books, but to little purpose, for want of good method. I have confusedly tumbled over many authors in our libraries with small profit, for want of art, order, memory, judgment.

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. . . In which passions, howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud myself under his name, but either

under an unknown habit to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech; or, if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his epistle to Damogetus, wherein he doth express how, coming to visit him one day, he found Democritus in his garden at Abdera, in the suburbs, under a shady bower, with a book on his knees, busy at his study, sometimes writing, sometime walking. The subject of his book was melancholy and madness; about him lay the carcasses of many several beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomized, not that he did contemn God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this *atra bilis*, or melancholy, whence it proceeded and how it was engendered in men's bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, and, by his writings and observations, teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his, Hippocrates highly commended, and Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and, because he left it unperfect, to prosecute and finish in this treatise.

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PART I, SECT. I, MEMB. I, SUBSECT. 5

Melancholy in Disposition, improperly so called, Equivocations

Melancholy, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition, is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind; any manner of care, discontent, or thought, which causeth anguish, dulness, heaviness and vexation of the spirits any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved, or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions no man living is free; no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed but more or less, some time or other, he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper that "nothing could disturb him; but going out, and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befel him" (if we may believe Plato his disciple) was much tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all happiness, "The most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honour-

able, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children, &c."; yet this man was not void of melancholy; he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can secure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs, and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers; so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies." *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas,* there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

——medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid in ipsis floribus augat.

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow" (as Solomon holds); even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his *Com. on the 41st Psalm,* there is grief and discontent. *Inter delitias semper aliquid saevi nos strangulat,* for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. Nothing so prosperous and pleasant but it hath some bitterness in it, some complaining, some grudging; it is all γλυκύπικρον, a mixed passion, [and like a checker table, black and white men, families, cities, have their falls and wanes; now trines, sextiles, then quartiles and oppositions.] We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offence, with such constancy to continue for so many ages; but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupt, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where, with a reciprocalty, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi è mundo,* get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it but to arm thyself with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; (as Paul adviseth) constantly to bear it. But forasmuch as so few can embrace this good counsel of his, or use it aright, but rather as so many brute beasts give a way to their passions, voluntarily subject and

precipitate themselves into a labyrinth of cares, woes, miseries, and suffer their souls to be overcome by them, cannot arm themselves with that patience as they ought to do, it falleth out oftentimes that these dispositions become habits, and "many affects contemned (as Seneca notes) make a disease. Even as one distillation, not yet grown to custom, makes a cough; but continual and inveterate, causeth a consumption of the lungs"; so do these our melancholy provocations. And according as the humour itself is intended, or remitted in men, as their temperature of body, or rational soul is better able to make resistance, so are they more or less affected. For that which is but a flea-biting to one, causeth insufferable torment to another; and which one by his singular moderation and well-composed carriage can happily overcome, a second is no whit able to sustain, but upon every small occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, loss, cross, humour, &c. (if solitary, or idle) yields so far to passion that his complexion is altered, his digestion hindered, his sleep gone, his spirits obscured, and his heart heavy, his hypochondries misaffected; wind, crudity on a sudden overtake him, and he himself overcome with melancholy. As it is with a man imprisoned for debt, if once in the gaol every creditor will bring his action against him and there likely hold him, if any discontent seize upon a patient, in an instant all other perturbations (for—*qua data porta ruunt*) will set upon him, and then like a lame dog or broken-winged goose he droops and pines away, and is brought at last to that ill habit or malady of melancholy itself. So that as the philosophers make eight degrees of heat and cold, we may make eighty-eight of melancholy, as the parts affected are diversely seized with it, or have been plunged more or less into this infernal gulph, or waded deeper into it. But all these melancholy fits, howsoever pleasing at first, or displeasing, violent and tyrannizing over those whom they seize on for the time; yet these fits, I say, or men affected, are but improperly so called, because they continue not, but come and go, as by some objects they are moved. This melancholy of which we are to treat, is a habit, *morbus sonticus*, or *chronicus*, a chronic or continuate disease, a settled humour, as Aurelianus and others call it; not errant, but fixed; and as it was long increasing, so now being (pleasant, or painful) grown to an habit, it will hardly be removed.

SECT. I, MEMB. II, SUBSECT. I

Digression of Anatomy

Before I proceed to define the disease of melancholy, what it is, or to discourse farther of it, I hold it not impertinent to make a brief digression of the anatomy of the body and faculties of the soul, for the better under-

standing of that which is to follow; because many hard words will often occur, as myrache, hypochondries, hemrods, &c., imagination, reason, humours, spirits, vital, natural, animal, nerves, veins, arteries, chylus, pituita; which by the vulgar will not so easily be perceived, what they are, how cited, and to what end they serve. And besides, it may peradventure give occasion to some men to examine more accurately, search further into this most excellent subject, and thereupon with that royal prophet to praise God ("for a man is fearfully and wonderfully made, and curiously wrought") that have time and leisure enough, and are sufficiently informed in all other worldly businesses, as to make a good bargain, buy and sell, to keep and make choice of a fair hawk, hound, horse, &c. But for such matters as concern the knowledge of themselves, they are wholly ignorant and careless; they know not what this body and soul are, how combined, of what parts and faculties they consist, or how a man differs from a dog. And what can be more ignominious and filthy (as Melancthon well inveighs) "Than for a man not to know the structure and composition of his own body, especially since the knowledge of it tends so much to the preservation of his health, and information of his manners?" To stir them up, therefore, to this study, to peruse those elaborate works of Galen, Bauhinus, Plater, Vesalius, Falopius, Laurentius, Remelinus, &c., which have written copiously in Latin; or that which some of our industrious countrymen have done in our mother tongue, not long since, as that translation of Columbus, and *Microcosmographia, in thirteen books*, I have made this brief digression. Also because Wecker, Melancthon, Fernelius, Fuschius, and those tedious tracts *de Anima* (which have more compendiously handled and written of this matter) are not at all times ready to be had, to give them some small taste or notice of the rest, let this epitome suffice.

SUBSECT. 2

Division of the Body, Humours, Spirits

Of the parts of the body there be many divisions. The most approved is that of Laurentius, out of Hippocrates: which is, into parts contained, or containing. Contained, are either humours or spirits.

A humour is a liquid or fluent part of the body, comprehended in it, for the preservation of it; and is either innate or born with us, or adventitious and acquisite. The radical or innate, is daily supplied by nourishment, which some call cambium, and make those secondary humours of ros and gluten to maintain it: or acquisite, to maintain these four first primary humours, coming and proceeding from the first concoction in the liver, by which means chylus is excluded. Some divide them into profitable and excrementitious. But Crato out of Hippocrates will have all four to be

juice, and not excrements, without which no living creature can be sustained. Which four, though they be comprehended in the mass of blood, yet they have their several affections by which they are distinguished from one another, and from those adventitious, peccant, or diseased humours, as Melancthon calls them.

Blood is a hot, sweet, temperate, red humour, prepared in the meseraic veins, and made of the most temperate parts of the chylus in the liver, whose office is to nourish the whole body, to give it strength and colour, being dispersed by the veins through every part of it. And from it spirits are first begotten in the heart, which afterwards by the arteries are communicated to the other parts.

Pituita, or phlegm, is a cold and moist humour, begotten of the colder part of the chylus (or white juice coming out of the meat digested in the stomach) in the liver; his office is to nourish and moisten the members of the body which, as the tongue, are moved, that they be not over dry.

Choler is hot and dry, bitter, begotten of the hotter parts of the chylus, and gathered to the gall. It helps the natural heat and senses, and serves to the expelling of excrements.

Melancholy, cold and dry, thick, black, and sour, begotten of the more feculent part of nourishment, and purged from the spleen, is a bridle to the other two hot humours, blood and choler, preserving them in the blood, and nourishing the bones. These four humours have some analogy with the four elements, and to the four ages in man.

To these humours you may add serum, which is the matter of urine, and those excrementitious humours of the third concoction, sweat and tears.

Spirit is a most subtile vapour which is expressed from the blood, and the instrument of the soul to perform all his actions; a common tie or medium betwixt the body and the soul, as some will have it; or as Paracelsus, a fourth soul of itself. Melancthon holds the fountain of these spirits to be the heart, begotten there; and afterward conveyed to the brain, they take another nature to them. Of these spirits there be three kinds, according to the three principal parts, brain, heart, liver; natural, vital, animal. The natural are begotten in the liver, and thence dispersed through the veins, to perform those natural actions. The vital spirits are made in the heart of the natural, which by the arteries are transported to all the other parts: if these spirits cease, then life ceaseth, as in a syncope or swooning. The animal spirits formed of the vital, brought up to the brain, and diffused by the nerves to the subordinate members, give sense and motion to them all.

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SUBSECT. 5

Of the Soul and her Faculties

According to Aristotle, the soul is defined to be ἐντελέχεια, *perfectio et actus primus corporis organici, vitam habentis in potentia:* the perfection or first act of an organical body, having power of life; which most philosophers approve. But many doubts arise about the essence, subject, seat, distinction, and subordinate faculties of it. For the essence and particular knowledge, of all other things it is most hard (be it of man or beast) to discern, as Aristotle himself, Tully, Picus Mirandula, Tolet, and other Neoteric philosophers confess. "We can understand all things by her, but what she is we cannot apprehend." Some therefore make one soul, divided into three principal faculties; others, three distinct souls. Which question of late hath been much controverted by Picolomineus and Zabarel. Paracelsus will have four souls, adding to the three granted faculties a spiritual soul. Which opinion of his Campanella, in his book *de Sensu rerum*, much labours to demonstrate and prove, because carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer, with many such arguments. And some again, one soul of all creatures whatsoever, differing only in organs; and that beasts have reason as well as men, though, for some defect of organs, not in such measure. Others make a doubt whether it be all in all, and all in every part; which is amply discussed in Zabarel amongst the rest. The common division of the soul is into three principal faculties—vegetal, sensitive, and rational; which make three distinct kinds of living creatures—vegetal plants, sensible beasts, rational men. How these three principal faculties are distinguished and connected, *Humano ingenio inaccessum videtur*, is beyond human capacity, as Taurellus, Philip, Flavius, and others suppose. The inferior may be alone, but the superior cannot subsist without the other; so sensible includes vegetal, rational both; which are contained in it (saith Aristotle) *ut trigonus in tetragono*, as a triangle in a quadrangle.

Vegetal, the first of the three distinct faculties, is defined to be "a substantial act of an organical body, by which it is nourished, augmented, and begets another like unto itself." In which definition, three several operations are specified—*altrix, auctrix, procreatrix;* the first is nutrition, whose object is nourishment, meat, drink, and the like; his organ the liver in sensible creatures; in plants, the root or sap. His office is to turn the nutriment into the substance of the body nourished, which he performs by natural heat. This nutritive operation hath four other subordinate functions or powers belonging to it—attraction, retention, digestion, expulsion.

Attraction is a ministering faculty, which, as a loadstone doth iron,

draws meat into the stomach, or as a lamp doth oil; and this attractive power is very necessary in plants, which suck up moisture by the root, as another mouth, into the sap, as a like stomach.

Retention keeps it, being attracted into the stomach, until such time it be concocted; for if it should pass away straight, the body could not be nourished.

Digestion is performed by natural heat; for as the flame of a torch consumes oil, wax, tallow, so doth it alter and digest the nutritive matter. Indigestion is opposite unto it, for want of natural heat. Of this digestion there be three differences—maturation, elixation, assation. Maturation is especially observed in the fruits of trees; which are then said to be ripe when the seeds are fit to be sown again. Crudity is opposed to it, which gluttons, epicures, and idle persons are most subject unto, that use no exercise to stir natural heat, or else choke it, as too much wood puts out a fire. Elixation is the seething of meat in the stomach by the said natural heat, as meat is boiled in a pot; to which corruption or putrefaction is opposite. Assation is a concoction of the inward moisture by heat; his opposite is a semiustulation.

Besides these three several operations of disgestion, there is a four-fold order of concoction:—mastication, or chewing in the mouth; chylification of this so chewed meat in the stomach; the third is in the liver, to turn this chylus into blood, called sanguification; the last is assimulation, which is in every part.

Expulsion is a power of nutrition, by which it expels all superfluous excrements and relics of meat and drink by the guts, bladder, pores; as by purging, vomiting, spitting, sweating, urine, hairs, nails, &c.

As this nutritive faculty serves to nourish the body, so doth the augmenting faculty (the second operation or power of the Vegetal faculty) to the increasing of it in quantity, according to all dimensions—long, broad, thick—and to make it grow till it come to his due proportion and perfect shape; which hath his period of augmentation, as of consumption; and that most certain, as the poet observes:—

> *Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus*
> *Omnibus est vitae,* ————

> A term of life is set to every man,
> Which is but short, and pass it no one can.

The last of these vegetal faculties is generation, which begets another by means of seed, like unto itself, to the perpetual preservation of the species. To this faculty they ascribe three subordinate operations:—the first to turn nourishment into seed, &c.

Necessary concomitants or affections of this vegetal faculty are life and his privation, death. To the preservation of life the natural heat is most requisite, though siccity and humidity, and those first qualities, be not excluded. This heat is likewise in plants, as appears by their increasing, fructifying, &c., though not so easily perceived. In all bodies it must have radical moisture to preserve it, that it be not consumed; to which preservation our clime, country, temperature, and the good or bad use of those six non-natural things avail much. For as this natural heat and moisture decays, so doth our life itself; and if not prevented before by some violent accident, or interrupted through our own default, is in the end dried up by old age, and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a lamp for defect of oil to maintain it.

SUBSECT. 6

Of the sensible Soul

Next in order is the sensible faculty, which is as far beyond the other in dignity as a beast is preferred to a plant, having those vegetal powers included in it. 'Tis defined an "Act of an organical body by which it lives, hath sense, appetite, judgment, breath, and motion." His object in general is a sensible or passible quality, because the sense is affected with it. The general organ is the brain, from which principally the sensible operations are derived. This sensible soul is divided into two parts—apprehending, or moving. By the apprehensive power we perceive the species of sensible things present, or absent, and retain them as wax doth the print of a seal. By the moving, the body is outwardly carried from one place to another, or inwardly moved by spirits and pulse. The apprehensive faculty is subdivided into two parts, inward or outward. Outward, as the five senses of touching, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, to which you may add Scaliger's sixth sense of titillation, if you please; or that of speech, which is the sixth external sense, according to Lullius. Inward are three —common sense, phantasy, memory. Those five outward senses have their object in outward things only and such as are present; as the eye sees no colour except it be at hand, the ear sound. Three of these senses are of commodity—hearing, sight, and smell; two of necessity—touch, and taste, without which we cannot live. Besides, the sensitive power is active or passive. Active in sight, the eye sees the colour; passive when it is hurt by his object, as the eye by the sun-beams; according to that axiom, *Visibile forte destruit sensum.* Or if the object be not pleasing, as a bad sound to the ear, a stinking smell to the nose, &c.

Of these five senses, sight is held to be most precious, and the best; and that by reason of his object it sees the whole body at once. By it we learn,

and discern all things, a sense most excellent for use. To the sight three things are required—the object, the organ, and the medium. The object in general is visible, or that which is to be seen, as colours, and all shining bodies. The medium is the illumination of the air, which comes from light, commonly called diaphanum; for in dark we cannot see. The organ is the eye, and chiefly the apple of it, which by those optic nerves, concurring both in one, conveys the sight to the common sense. Between the organ and object a true distance is required, that it be not too near, nor too far off. Many excellent questions appertain to this sense, discussed by philosophers: as whether this sight be caused *intra mittendo, vel extra mittendo, &c.*, by receiving in the visible species, or sending of them out, which Plato, Plutarch, Macrobius, Lactantius, and others dispute. And besides, it is the subject of the perspectives, of which Alhazen the Arabian, Vitellio, Roger Bacon, Baptista Porta, Guidus Ubaldus, Aquilonius, &c., have written whole volumes.

Hearing, a most excellent outward sense, "by which we learn and get knowledge." His object is sound, or that which is heard; the medium, air; organ the ear. To the sound, which is a collision of the air, three things are required—a body to strike, as the hand of a musician; the body strucken, which must be solid and able to resist, as a bell, lute-string, not wool, or sponge; the medium, the air, which is inward, or outward; the outward being struck or collided by a solid body, still strikes the next air, until it come to that inward natural air, which as an exquisite organ is contained in a little skin formed like a drum-head, and, struck upon by certain small instruments like drum-sticks, conveys the sound, by a pair of nerves appropriated to that use, to the common sense, as to a judge of sounds. There is great variety and much delight in them; for the knowledge of which, consult with Boethius and other musicians.

Smelling is an "outward sense, which apprehends by the nostrils drawing in air." And of all the rest, it is the weakest sense in men. The organ in the nose, or two small hollow pieces of flesh a little above it; the medium the air to men, as water to fish; the object, smell, arising from a mixed body resolved, which, whether it be a quality, fume, vapour, or exhalation, I will not now dispute, or of their differences, and how they are caused. This sense is an organ of health, as sight and hearing, saith A. Gellius, are of discipline; and that by avoiding bad smells, as by choosing good, which do as much alter and affect the body many times as diet itself.

Taste, a necessary sense, "which perceives all savours by the tongue and palate, and that by means of a thin spittle, or watery juice." His organ is the tongue with his tasting nerves; the medium, a watery juice; the object, taste or savour, which is a quality in the juice, arising from the mixture of things tasted. Some make eight species or kinds of savour—

bitter, sweet, sharp, salt, &c., all which sick men (as in an ague) cannot discern by reason of their organs misaffected.

Touch, the last of the senses, and most ignoble, yet of as great necessity as the other, and of as much pleasure. This sense is exquisite in men, and by his nerves dispersed all over the body, perceives any tactile quality. His organ, the nerves; his object those first qualities, hot, dry, moist, cold; and those that follow them, hard, soft, thick, thin, &c. Many delightsome questions are moved by philosophers about these five senses, their organs, objects, mediums, which for brevity I omit.

SUBSECT. 7

Of the Inward Senses

Inner senses are three in number, so called because they be within the brain-pan: as common sense, phantasy, memory. Their objects are not only things present, but they perceive the sensible species of things to come, past, absent, such as were before in the sense. This common sense is the judge or moderator of the rest, by whom we discern all differences of objects; for by mine eye I do not know that I see, or by mine ear that I hear, but by my common sense, who judgeth of sounds and colours. They are but the organs to bring the species to be censured; so that all their objects are his, and all their offices are his. The forepart of the brain is his organ or seat.

Phantasy, or imagination, which some call estimative, or cogitative (confirmed, saith Fernelius, by frequent meditation), is an inner sense which doth more fully examine the species perceived by common sense, of things present or absent, and keeps them longer, recalling them to mind again, or making new of his own. In time of sleep this faculty is free, and many times conceives strange, stupend, absurd shapes, as in sick men we commonly observe. His organ is the middle cell of the brain; his objects all the species communicated to him by the common sense, by comparison of which he feigns infinite other unto himself. In melancholy men this faculty is most powerful and strong, and often hurts, producing many monstrous and prodigious things, especially if it be stirred up by some terrible object presented to it from common sense or memory. In poets and painters imagination forcibly works, as appears by their several fictions, antics, images; as Ovid's House of Sleep, Psyche's palace in Apuleius, &c. In men it is subject and governed by reason, or at least should be; but in brutes it hath no superior, and is *ratio brutorum*, all the reason they have.

Memory lays up all the species which the senses have brought in, and

records them as a good register, that they may be forthcoming when they are called for by phantasy and reason. His object is the same with phantasy, his seat and organ the back part of the brain.

The affections of these senses are sleep and waking, common to all sensible creatures. "Sleep is a rest or binding of the outward senses, and of the common sense, for the preservation of body and soul" (as Scaliger defines it); for when the common sense resteth, the outward senses rest also. The phantasy alone is free, and his commander, reason; as appears by those imaginary dreams, which are of divers kinds, natural, divine, demoniacal, &c., which vary according to humours, diet, actions, objects, &c., of which Artemidorus, Cardanus, and Sambucus, with their several interpretaters, have written great volumes, This ligation of senses proceeds from an inhibition of spirits, the way being stopped by which they should come; this stopping is caused of vapours arising out of the stomach, filling the nerves, by which the spirits should be conveyed. When these vapours are spent, the passage is open, and the spirits perform their accustomed duties; so that "waking is the action and motion of the senses, which the spirits, dispersed over all parts, cause."

SUBSECT. 8

Of the Moving Faculty

This moving faculty is the other power of the sensitive soul, which causeth all those inward and outward animal motions in the body. It is divided into two faculties, the power of appetite, and of moving from place to place. This of appetite is threefold, so some will have it. Natural, as it signifies any such inclination, as of a stone to fall downward, and such actions as retention, expulsion, which depend not on sense, but are vegetal, as the appetite of meat and drink; hunger and thirst. Sensitive is common to men and brutes. Voluntary, the third, or intellective, which commands the other two in men and is a curb unto them, or at least should be, but for the most part is captivated and overruled by them; and men are led like beasts by sense, giving reins to their concupiscence and several lusts. For by this appetite the soul is led or inclined to follow that good which the senses shall approve, or avoid that which they hold evil; his object being good or evil, the one he embraceth, the other he rejecteth; according to that aphorism, *Omnia appetunt bonum*, all things seek their own good, or at least seeming good. This power is inseparable from sense, for where sense is, there is likewise pleasure and pain. His organ is the same with the common sense, and is divided into two powers, or inclinations—concupiscible or irascible, or (as one translates it) coveting, anger

invading, or impugning. Concupiscible covets always pleasant and delightsome things, and abhors that which is distasteful, harsh, and unpleasant. Irascible, *quasi aversans per iram et odium*, as avoiding it with anger and indignation. All affections and perturbations arise out of these two fountains, which, although the Stoics make light of, we hold natural, and not to be resisted. The good affections are caused by some object of the same nature; and if present, they procure joy, which dilates the heart, and preserves the body: if absent, they cause hope, love, desire, and concupiscence. The bad are simple or mixed; simple for some bad object present, as sorrow, which contracts the heart, macerates the soul, subverts the good estate of the body, hindering all the operations of it, causing melancholy, and many times death itself; or future, as fear. Out of these two arise those mixed affections and passions of anger, which is a desire of revenge; hatred, which is inveterate anger; zeal, which is offended with him who hurts that he loves; and ἐπικαιρεκακία, a compound affection of joy and hate, when we rejoice at other men's mischief, and are grieved at their prosperity; pride, self-love, emulation, envy, shame, &c., of which elsewhere.

Moving from place to place is a faculty necessarily following the other. For in vain were it otherwise to desire and to abhor, if we had not likewise power to prosecute or eschew, by moving the body from place to place. By this faculty therefore we locally move the body, or any part of it, and go from one place to another. To the better performance of which, three things are requisite—that which moves; by what it moves; that which is moved. That which moves, is either the efficient cause, or end. The end is the object which is desired or eschewed; as in a dog to catch a hare, &c. The efficient cause in man is reason, or his subordinate, phantasy, which apprehends good or bad objects; in brutes imagination alone, which moves the appetite; the appetite this faculty which, by an admirable league of nature, and by mediation of the spirit, commands the organ by which it moves; and that consists of nerves, muscles, cords, dispersed through the whole body, contracted and relaxed as the spirits will, which move the muscles or nerves in the midst of them, and draw the cord, and so *per consequens*, the joint, to the place intended. That which is moved is the body, or some member apt to move. The motion of the body is divers, as going, running, leaping, dancing, sitting, and such like, referred to the predicament of *situs*. Worms creep, birds fly, fishes swim; and so of parts, the chief of which is respiration or breathing, and is thus performed. The outward air is drawn in by the vocal artery, and sent by mediation of the midriff to the lungs, which, dilating themselves as a pair of bellows, reciprocally fetch it in, and send it out to the heart to cool it; and from thence now being hot, convey it again, still taking in fresh. Such

a like motion is that of the pulse, of which, because many have written whole books, I will say nothing.

SUBSECT. 9

Of the Rational Soul

In the precedent subsections I have anatomized those inferior faculties of the soul; the rational remaineth, "a pleasant but a doubtful subject" (as one terms it), and with the like brevity to be discussed. Many erroneous opinions are about the essence and original of it; whether it be fire, as Zeno held; harmony, as Aristoxenus; number, as Xenocrates; whether it be organical, or inorganical; seated in the brain, heart, or blood; mortal or immortal; how it comes into the body. . . .

Others deny the immortality of it, which Pomponatius of Padua decided out of Aristotle not long since, Plinius Avunculus, cap. 1. lib. 2. et lib. 7, cap. 55; Seneca, lib. 7, *epist. ad Lucilium, epist. 55; Dicearchus in Tull. Tusc.*, Epicurus, Aratus, Hippocrates, Galen, Lucretius, lib. 1.

> (*Praeterea gigni pariter cum corpore, et una*
> *Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere mentem,*)

Averroes, and I know not how many Neoterics. "This question of the immortality of the soul is diversely and wonderfully impugned and disputed, especially among the Italians of late," saith Jab. Colerus, *lib. de immort. animae, cap. 1.* The popes themselves have doubted it; Leo Decimus, that Epicurean pope, as some record of him, caused this question to be discussed *pro* and *con* before him, and concluded at last, as a prophane and atheistical moderator, with that verse of Cornelius Gallus,

> *Et redit in nihilum, quod fuit ante nihil.*

It began of nothing, and in nothing it ends. Zeno and his Stoics, as Austin quotes him, supposed the soul so long to continue till this body was fully putrefied, and resolved into *materia prima;* but after that, *in fumos evanescere*, to be extinguished and vanish; and in the mean time, whilst the body was consuming, it wandered all abroad, *et è longinquo multa annunciare*, and (as that Clazomenian Hermotimus averred) saw pretty visions, and suffered I know not what.

> *Errant exangues sine corpore et ossibus umbrae.*

Others grant the immortality thereof, but they make many fabulous fictions in the meantime of it, after the departure from the body; like Plato's Elysian fields, and that Turkey Paradise. The souls of good men they deified; the bad (saith Austin) became devils, as they supposed; with many such absurd tenets, which he hath confuted. Hierome, Austin, and

other Fathers of the Church, hold that the soul is immortal, created of nothing, and so infused into the child or embryo in his mother's womb, six months after the conception; not as those of brutes, which are *ex traduce*, and dying with them, vanish into nothing. To whose divine treatises, and to the Scriptures themselves, I rejourn all such atheistical spirits, as Tully did Atticus, doubting of this point, to Plato's *Phædon*. Or if they desire philosophical proofs and demonstrations, I refer them to Niphus, Nic. Faventinus' tracts of this subject. To Fran. and John Picus *in digress; sup. 3. de Animâ*, Tholosanus, Eugubinus; to Soto, Canas, Thomas, Peresius, Dandinus, Colerus, to that elaborate tract in Zanchius, to Tolet's *Sixty Reasons*, and Lessius' *Twenty-two Arguments*, to prove the immortality of the soul. *Campanella lib. de Sensu rerum* is large in the same discourse; Albertinus the Schoolman, Jacob Nactantus, tom. 2. *op.* handleth it in four questions, Antony Brunus, Aonius Palearius, Marinus Marcennus, with many others.

This reasonable soul, which Austin calls a spiritual substance, moving itself, is defined by philosophers to be "the first substantial act of a natural, human, organical body, by which a man lives, perceives, and understands, freely doing all things, and with election." Out of which definition we may gather that this rational soul includes the powers and performs the duties of the two other, which are contained in it, and all three faculties make one soul; which is inorganical of itself, although it be in all parts; and incorporeal, using their organs, and working by them. It is divided into two chief parts, differing in office only, not in essence: the understanding, which is the rational power apprehending; the will, which is the rational power moving; to which two all the other rational powers are subject and reduced.

SUBSECT. 10

Of the Understanding

"Understanding is a power of the soul, by which we perceive, know, remember, and judge as well singulars as universals; having certain innate notices or beginnings of arts; a reflecting action, by which it judgeth of his own doings, and examines them." Out of this definition (besides his chief office, which is to apprehend, judge all that he performs, without the help of any instruments or organs) three differences appear betwixt a man and a beast. As first, the sense only comprehends singularities, the understanding universalities. Secondly, the sense hath no innate notions. Thirdly, brutes cannot reflect upon themselves. Bees indeed make neat and curious works, and many other creatures besides; but

when they have done, they cannot judge of them. His object is God, *Ens*, all nature, and whatsoever is to be understood; which successively it apprehends. The object first moving the understanding is some sensible thing; after by discoursing, the mind finds out the corporeal substance, and from thence the spiritual. His actions (some say) are apprehension, composition, division, discoursing, reasoning, memory, which some include in invention, and judgment.

The common divisions are of the understanding agent, and patient; speculative, and practical; in habit, or in act; simple, or compound. The agent is that which is called the wit of man, *acumen* or subtilty, sharpness of invention, when he doth invent of himself without a teacher, or learns anew, which abstracts those intelligible species from the phantasy and transfers them to the passive understanding, "because there is nothing in the understanding, which was not first in the sense." That which the imagination hath taken from the sense, this agent judgeth of, whether it be true or false; and being so judged, he commits it to the passible to be kept. The agent is a doctor or teacher, the passive a scholar; and his office is to keep and further judge of such things as are committed to his charge; as a bare and rased table at first, capable of all forms and notions. Now these notions are two-fold, actions or habits; actions, by which we take notions of, and perceive things; habits, which are durable lights and notions, which we may use when we will. Some reckon up eight kinds of them: sense, experience, intelligence, faith, suspicion, error, opinion, science; to which are added art, prudency, wisdom: as also synteresis, *dictamen rationis*, conscience; so that in all there be fourteen species of the understanding, of which some are innate, as the three last mentioned; the other are gotten by doctrine, learning, and use. Plato will have all to be innate. Aristotle reckons up but five intellectual habits: two speculative, as that "intelligence of the principles," and "science of conclusion"; two practical, as prudency, whose end is to practise, art, to fabricate; wisdom, to comprehend the use and experiments of all notions and habits whatsoever. Which division of Aristotle (if it be considered aright) is all one with the precedent; for three being innate, and five acquisite, the rest are improper, imperfect, and in a more strict examination excluded. Of all these I should more amply dilate, but my subject will not permit. Three of them I will only point at, as more necessary to my following discourse.

Synteresis, or the purer part of the conscience, is an innate habit, and doth signify "a conservation of the knowledge of the law of God and Nature, to know good or evil." And (as our divines hold) it is rather in the understanding than in the will. This makes the major proposition in a practical syllogism. The *dictamen rationis* is that which doth admonish us to do good or evil, and is the minor in the syllogism. The conscience is

that which approves good or evil, justifying or condemning our actions, and is the conclusion of the syllogism. As in that familiar example of Regulus the Roman, taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and suffered to go to Rome, on that condition he should return again, or pay so much for his ransom. The synteresis proposeth the question; his word, oath, promise, is to be religiously kept, although to his enemy, and that by the law of nature. "Do not that to another which thou wouldest not have done to thyself." *Dictamen* applies it to him, and dictates this or the like: Regulus, thou wouldst not another man should falsify his oath, or break promise with thee. Conscience concludes: therefore, Regulus, thou dost well to perform thy promise, and oughtest to keep thine oath. More of this in Religious Melancholy.

SUBSECT. II

Of the Will

Will is the other power of the rational soul, "which covets or avoids such things as have been before judged and apprehended by the understanding." If good, it approves; if evil, it abhors it; so that his object is either good or evil. Aristotle calls this our rational appetite; for as, in the sensitive, we are moved to good or bad by our appetite, ruled and directed by sense, so in this we are carried by reason. Besides, the sensitive appetite hath a particular object, good or bad; this an universal, immaterial. That respects only things delectable and pleasant; this, honest. Again, they differ in liberty. The sensual appetite seeing an object, if it be a convenient good, cannot but desire it; if evil, avoid it. But this is free in his essence, "much now depraved, obscured, and fallen from his first perfection; yet in some of his operations still free," as to go, walk, move at his pleasure, and to choose whether it will do or not do, steal or not steal. Otherwise, in vain were laws, deliberations, exhortations, counsels, precepts, rewards, promises, threats and punishments; and God should be the author of sin. But in spiritual things we will no good; prone to evil (except we be regenerate, and led by the Spirit), we are egged on by our natural concupiscence, and there is ἀταξία, a confusion in our powers, "our whole will is averse from God and his law," not in natural things only, as to eat and drink; lust, to which we are led headlong by our temperature and inordinate appetite,

> *Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tautum*
> *Sufficimus,*

we cannot resist; our concupiscence is originally bad, our heart evil, the seat of our affections captivates and enforceth our will. So that in volun-

tary things we are averse from God and goodness, bad by nature, by ignorance worse; by art, discipline, custom, we get many bad habits, suffering them to domineer and tyrannize over us; and the devil is still ready at hand with his evil suggestions to tempt our depraved will to some ill-disposed action to precipitate us to destruction, except our will be swayed and counterpoised again with some divine precepts and good motions of the spirit, which many times restrain, hinder, and check us, when we are in the full career of our dissolute courses. So David corrected himself, when he had Saul at a vantage. Revenge and malice were as two violent oppugners on the one side; but honesty, religion, fear of God, withheld him on the other.

The actions of the will are *velle* and *nolle*, to will and nill; which two words comprehend all, and they are good or bad accordingly as they are directed. And some of them freely performed by himself, although the Stoics absolutely deny it, and will have all things inevitably done by destiny, imposing a fatal necessity upon us which we may not resist. Yet we say that our will is free in respect of us and things contingent, howsoever in respect of God's determinate counsel they are inevitable and necessary. Some other actions of the will are performed by the inferior powers which obey him, as the sensitive and moving appetite; as to open our eyes, to go hither and thither, not to touch a book, to speak fair or foul. But this appetite is many times rebellious in us, and will not be contained within the lists of sobriety and temperance. It was (as I said) once well agreeing with reason, and there was an excellent consent and harmony between them; but that is now dissolved, they often jar, reason is overborne by passion,

Fertur equis auriga, nec audit currus habenas,

as so many wild horses run away with a chariot, and will not be curbed. We know many times what is good, but will not do it, as she said,

Trahit invitum nova vis, aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud suadet,

Lust counsels one thing, reason another, there is a new reluctancy in men.

Odi, nec possum, cupiens, non esse, quod odi.

We cannot resist, but as Phaedra confessed to her nurse, *quae loqueris, vera sunt, sed furor suggerit sequi pejora:* she said well and true, she did acknowledge it, but headstrong passion and fury made her to do that which was opposite. So David knew the filthiness of his fact, what a loathsome, foul, crying sin adultery was, yet notwithstanding, he would commit murder, and take away another man's wife, enforced against reason, religion, to follow his appetite.

Those natural and vegetal powers are not commanded by will at all; for "who can add one cubit to his stature?" These other may, but are not. And thence come all those headstrong passions, violent perturbations of the mind; and many times vicious habits, customs, feral diseases; because we give so much way to our appetite, and follow our inclination like so many beasts. The principal habits are two in number: virtue and vice, whose peculiar definitions, descriptions, differences, and kinds, are handled at large in the ethics and are, indeed, the subject of moral philosophy.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

The Introduction and Notes are at page 870

FROM *Religio Medici*, 1643 [the first authorized edition]

Religio Medici

To The Reader

CERTAINLY that man were greedy of life, who should desire to live when all the world were at an end; and he must needs be very impatient, who would repine at death in the society of all things that suffer under it. Had not almost every man suffered by the press; or were not the tyranny thereof become universal; I had not wanted reason for complaint: but in times wherein I have lived to behold the highest perversion of that excellent invention; the name of his Majesty defamed, the honour of Parliament depraved, the writings of both depravedly, anticipatively, counterfeitly imprinted; complaints may seem ridiculous in private persons; and men of my condition may be as incapable of affronts, as hopeless of their reparations. And truly had not the duty I owe unto the importunity of friends, and the allegiance I must ever acknowledge unto truth prevailed with me; the inactivity of my disposition might have made these sufferings continual, and time that brings other things to light, should have satisfied me in the remedy of its oblivion. But because things evidently false are not onely printed, but many things of truth most falsely set forth; in this latter I could not but think my self engaged: for though we have no power to redress the former, yet in the other the reparation being within our selves, I have at present represented unto the world a full and intended copy of that Piece which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously published before.

This I confess about seven years past, with some others of affinity

thereto, for my private exercise and satisfaction, I had at leisurable hours composed; which being communicated unto one, it became common unto many, and was by transcription successively corrupted until it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press. He that shall peruse that work, and shall take notice of sundry particularities and personal expressions therein, will easily discern the intention was not public: and being a private exercise directed to my self, what is delivered therein was rather a memorial unto me than an example or rule unto any other: and therefore if there be any singularity therein correspondent unto the private conceptions of any man, it doth not advantage them; or if dissentaneous thereunto, it no way overthrows them. It was penned in such a place and with such disadvantage, that (I protest) from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of any good book, whereby to promote my invention or relieve my memory; and therefore there might be many real lapses therein, which others might take notice of, and more that I suspected my self. It was set down many years past, and was the sense of my conception at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgment at all times, and therefore there might be many things therein plausible unto my passed apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present self. There are many things delivered Rhetorically, many expressions therein meerly Tropical, and as they best illustrate my intention; and therefore also there are many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason. Lastly all that is contained therein is in submission unto maturer discernments, and as I have declared shall no further father them than the best and learned judgments shall authorize them; under favour of which considerations I have made its secrecy public and committed the truth thereof to every ingenuous Reader.

THOMAS BROWNE.

RELIGIO MEDICI

THE FIRST PART

Sect. 1. For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world that I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior, and discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention, opposing another; yet in despite hereof I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a Christian: not that I merely owe this title to the Font, my education, or Clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my Parents instilled into my unwary understanding; or by a

general consent proceed in the Religion of my Country: But having, in my riper years, and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of Grace and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jews, rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

Sect. 2. But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a Geography of Religions as well as Lands, and every Clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith; To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of Prelates and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty that it required the careful and charitable hand of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity: Now the accidental occasion whereon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent Pagans first cast at Christ and his Disciples.

Sect. 3. Yet have I not shaken hands with those desperate Resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and sword's point with them: we have reformed from them, not against them; for, omitting those improperations and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them: I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; Holy water and Crucifix (dangerous to the common

people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeal terms superstition; my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church, nor willingly deface the memory of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of Pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of Friars; for though misplaced in circumstance, there is something in it of devotion: I could never hear the *Ave Marie* bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own; At a solemn Procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an access of scorn and laughter: There are questionless both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, solemnities, and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us; not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot consist in the narrow point and center of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

Sect. 4. As there are many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every Country proceeding in a particular way and Method, according as their national interest together with their constitution and clime inclined them, some angrily and with extremity, others calmly, and with mediocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation, which though peaceable Spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and mercies of God may effect; yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect an union in the poles of Heaven.

Sect. 5. But to difference myself nearer, and draw into the lesser circle: There is no Church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of *England*, to whose faith I am a sworn subject, and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavor to observe her Constitutions: whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent,

I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor or fashion of my devotion, neither believing this, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving that, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the Council of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort*. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text; where that speaks, 'tis but my Comment; where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves, to compute the Nativity of our religion from *Henry* the eight, who though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of *Rome*, and effected no more than what his own Predecessors desired and assayed in ages past, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of *Rome*, whom as a temporal Prince, we owe the duty of good language: I confess there is cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated, Heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness I ever returned to him the name of Antichrist, Man of sin, or whore of *Babylon;* It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual Satires and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to Rhetoric than Logic, yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patron'd by a passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

Sect. 6. I could never divide myself from any upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself: I have no Genius to disputes in Religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage: where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem, and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the Gauntlet in the cause of Verity: Many from the ignorance of these Maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto Truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as Trophies unto the enemies of Truth: A man may be in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle: If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment, and more manly

reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In Philosophy where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in Divinity I love to keep the road, and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain; by this means I leave no gap for Heresies, Schisms, or Errors, of which at present, I hope I shall not injure Truth, to say I have no taint or tincture; I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed Heresies perish not with their Authors, but like the river *Arethusa*, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another: one general Council is not able to extirpate one single Heresy, it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time and the like aspects from Heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again; for as though there were a *Metempsychosis*, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again we need not look for *Plato's* year; every man is not only himself; there have been many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timons*, though but few of that name; men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past, there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and is as it were his revived self.

Sect. 7. Now the first of mine was that of the Arabians, that the souls of men perished with their bodies, but yet should be raised again at the last day; not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soul; but if that were, which faith, not Philosophy hath yet thoroughly disproved, and that both entered the grave together, yet I hold the same conceit thereof that we all do of the body, that it should rise again. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness until the last alarum: A serious reflex upon my own unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my soul; so I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of *Origen*, that God would not persist in his vengeance forever; but after a definite time of his wrath he would release the damned souls from torture; Which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God his mercy, and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreme of despair, whereunto melancholy and con-

templative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul: 'Twas a good way me thought to be remembered by Posterity, and far more noble than an History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavored to inveigle any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself, but suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves; therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawful Councils, were not Heresies in me, but bare Errors and single Lapses of my understanding, without a joint depravity of my will: Those have not only depraved understandings but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a Heresy, or be the author of an opinion, without they be of a Sect also; this was the villainy of the first Schism of *Lucifer*, who was not content to err alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits; and, upon this experience he tempted only *Eve*, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one, was tacitly and upon consequence to delude them both.

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Sect. 16. Thus there are two books from which I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal and public Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the natural motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles; surely the Heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common Hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck Divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God, as to adore the name of Nature; which I define not with the Schools, the principle of motion and rest, but, that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the Sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, but by a faculty

from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of Nature God seldome alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artist hath so contrived his work, that with the self same instrument, without a new creation he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweetneth the water with a word, preserveth the creatures in the Ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created; for God is like a skilful Geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroak of his Compass, he might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and fore-laid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not; and thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honour of the principal agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what Logic we call a Toad, a Bear, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms. And having past the general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, that is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal Fabrick. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or misshapen, but the Chaos; wherein notwithstanding to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God: Now nature was not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both servants of his providence: Art is the perfection of Nature: Were the world now as it was the sixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the Art of God.

Sect. 17. This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretel without an Oracle; To foreshew these is not Prophecy, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devil and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and single Essences; this we call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom

intends in a more unknown and secret way; This cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance with a *Bezo las Manos*, to Fortune, or a bare Gramercy to my good stars: Abraham might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; human reason would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the Ark to the sight of Pharoh's daughter; what a Labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a Stoick? Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches which pass a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God: 'Twas not dumb chance, that to discover the Fougade or Powder-plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of 88. the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonour and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds. King Philip did not detract from the Nation, when he said, he sent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the winds. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superiour; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms: where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignieur proudly said, That if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but to the mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving *Genius;* and to the will of his providence, that disposeth her favour to each Country in their pre-ordinate season. All cannot be happy at once, for because the glory of one State depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Estates arise to their Zenith and vertical points according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of Commonweales, and whole world, run not upon an Helix that still enlargeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again.

Sect. 18. These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature. It was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the providence of God: for there is no liberty for causes to

operate in a loose and stragling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superiour cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion, to say a Prayer before a game at Tables; for even in *sortilegies* and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and preordered course of effects; 'tis we that are blind, not fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justifie that contemptible Proverb, *That fools only are fortunate;* or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune;* much less those opprobrious Epithets of Poets, *Whore, Bawd,* and *Strumpet:* 'Tis I confess the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune, which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who throughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and 'tis an error worse than heresie, to adore these complemental and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires 'tis satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fools: 'tis not partiality, but equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents; those that are able of body and mind, he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the access of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with Nature, for leaving us naked, or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labour with so many arguments to confute judicial Astrology; for if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure Divinity: if to be born under *Mercury* disposeth us to be witty, under *Jupiter* to be wealthy; I do not owe a knee unto those, but unto that merciful hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolous aspects. Those that hold that all things are governed by fortune had not erred, had they not persisted there: The Romans that erected a Temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of Divinity; for in a wise supputation all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than *Homer's* chain; an easy Logick may conjoin heaven and earth in one argument, and with less than a Sorites resolve all things into God. For though we Christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose concourse though it be general, yet doth it subdivide it self into the particular actions

of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation.

Sect. 19. The bad construction, and perverse comment on these pair of second causes, or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto Atheism; who forgetting the honest advisoes of faith, have listened unto the conspiracy of Passion and Reason. I have therefore always endeavoured to compose those feuds and angry dissensions between affection, faith, and reason: For there is in our soul a kind of Triumvirate, or Triple government of three competitors, which distract the Peace of our Common-wealth, not less than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reason is a rebel unto Faith, so passion unto Reason: As the propositions of Faith seem absurd unto Reason, so the Theorems of Reason unto passion, and both unto Reason; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exercising his Soveraignty and Prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There is, as in Philosophy, so in Divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than my self, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees. For our endeavours are not only to combat with doubts, but always to dispute with the Devil; the villany of that spirit takes a hint of infidelity from our Studies, and by demonstrating a naturality in one way, makes us mistrust a miracle in another. Thus having perused the Archidoxis and read the secret Sympathies of things, he would dissuade my belief from the miracle of the Brazen Serpent, make me conceit that image worked by Sympathy, and was but an Ægyptian trick to cure their diseases without a miracle. Again, having seen some experiments of *Bitumen*, and having read far more of *Naphtha*, he whispered to my curiosity the fire of the Altar might be natural; and bid me mistrust a miracle in *Elias* when he entrench'd the Altar round with Water; for that inflamable substance yields not easily unto water, but flames in the arms of its Antagonist: and thus would he inveigle my belief to think the combustion of *Sodom* might be natural, and that there was an Asphaltic and Bituminous nature in that Lake before the fire of *Gomorrah:* I know that Manna is now plentifully gathered in *Calabria*, and *Josephus* tells me in his days 'twas as plentiful in *Arabia;* the Devil therefore made the *quaere*, Where was then the miracle in the days of *Moses?* the *Israelites* saw but that in his time, the natives of those Countries behold in ours. Thus the Devil played at Chess with me, and yielding a pawn, thought to gain a Queen of me, taking advantage of my honest endeavours; and whilst I laboured

to raise the structure of my reason, he strived to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Sect. 20. Neither had these or any other ever such advantage of me, as to incline me to any point of infidelity or desperate positions of Atheism; for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held Religion was the difference of man from beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other: That doctrine of *Epicurus*, that denied the providence of God, was no Atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his Majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the trivial actions of those inferiour creatures: That fatal necessity of the Stoicks, is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the Divinity of the holy Ghost, have been condemned but as Hereticks; and those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confess every country hath its *Machiavel*, every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads must not hear, nor more advanced Judgments too rashly venture on: 'tis the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief.

Sect. 21. I confess I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief: yet are there heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a Doctor in Physick of Italy, who could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soul, because *Galen* seemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in France, a Divine and man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of *Seneca*, that all our Antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expel the poison of her errour. There are a set of heads, that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the testimonies of Saint *Paul;* and peremptorily maintain the traditions of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in Histories of Scripture raise Quere's and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in human Authors. I confess there are in Scripture stories that do exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like *Garagantua* or *Bevis:* Search all the Legends of times past, and the fabulous conceits of these present, and 'twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto *Sampson*, yet is all this of an easie possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse or an influence but from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse

of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions, there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: my self could shew a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing, not fantastick Quere's or objections of air: For I cannot hear of Atoms in Divinity. I can read the history of the Pigeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind: That *Lazarus* was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a Law-case, whether his Heir might lawfully detain his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; and he, though restored to life, have no Plea or title unto his former possessions. Whether *Eve* was framed out of the left side of *Adam*, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be any such distinction in Nature; that she was edified out of the rib of *Adam* I believe, yet raise no question who shall arise with that rib at the Resurrection. Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbins contend upon the letter of the Text; because it is contrary to reason, there should be an Hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a composition of two natures before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in Autumn, Summer, or the Spring; because it was created in them all; for whatsoever Sign the Sun possesseth, those four seasons are actually existent: It is the nature of this Luminary to distinguish the several seasons of the year, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth, and successive in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in Philosophy but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours, much less our serious studies; Pieces only fit to be placed in *Pantagruel's* Library, or bound up with *Tartaretus De modo Cacandi.*

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Sect. 35. Now for that immaterial world, methinks we need not wander so far as beyond the first moveable; for even in this material Fabrick the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference: do but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitary and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity; for before the Creation of the world God was really all things. For the Angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are everywhere where is his essence, and do live at a distance even in himself: that God made all things for man, is in some sense true, yet not so

far as to subordinate the creation of those purer creatures unto ours, though as ministring spirits they do, and are willing to fulfil the will of God in these lower and sublunary affairs of man; God made all things for himself, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end than his own glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himself; for honour being an external adjunct, and in the honourer rather than in the person honoured, it was necessary to make a creature, from whom he might receive this homage, and that is in the other world Angels, in this, man; which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our creation, and may justly provoke God, not onely to repent that he hath made the world, but that he hath sworn he would not destroy it. That there is but one world, is a conclusion of faith. *Aristotle* with all his Philosophy hath not been able to prove it, and as weakly that the world was eternal; that dispute much troubled the pen of the ancient Philosophers, but *Moses* decided that question, and all is salved with the new term of a creation, that is, a production of something out of nothing; and what is that? Whatsoever is opposite to something; or more exactly, that which is truely contrary unto God: for he onely is, all others have an existence, with dependency and are something but by a distinction; and herein is Divinity conformant unto Philosophy, and generation not onely founded on contrarieties, but also creation; God being all things is contrary unto nothing, out of which were made all things, and so nothing became something, and *Omneity* informed *Nullity* into an Essence.

Sect. 36. The whole Creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man, at the blast of his mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at his bare word they started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him; when he had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul, but having raised the walls of man, He was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul. For these two affections we have the Philosophy and opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a negative from *Aristotle:* there is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the *German* auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversy undetermined. I am not of *Paracelsus'* mind that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that do deny traduction, having no other argument to confirm their belief than that Rhetorical sentence and *Antimetathesis of Augustine, Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur:* either opinion will consist well enough with religion, yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt

me, not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense, and observation, not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous productions in the copulation of man with beast; for if the soul of man be not transmitted and transfused in the seed of the parents, why are not those productions merely beasts, but have also an impression and tincture of reason in as high a measure as it can evidence itself in those improper organs? Nor truly can I peremptorily deny, that the soul in this her sublunary estate, is wholly and in all acceptions inorganical, but that for the performance of her ordinary actions, is required not only a symmetry and proper disposition of Organs, but a Crasis and temper correspondent to its operations; yet is not this mass of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soul, but rather of sense, and that the hand of reason. In our study of Anatomy there is a mass of mysterious Philosophy, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries, and curious pieces I find in the fabric of man, I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not, that is, no Organ or instrument for the rational soul; for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the cranie of a beast: and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul, at least in that sense we usually so receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there is something in us, that can be without us and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

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Sect. 48. How shall the dead arise, is no question of my faith; to believe only possibilities, is not faith, but mere Philosophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense, and many things in Philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reasons. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the Needle to the North; though this be possible and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite again, that our separated dust after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of minerals, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the voice of God return into their primitive shapes; and join again to make up their primary and predestinate forms. As at the Creation, there was a separation of that confused mass into its species, so at the destruction thereof there shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all the distinct species that we

behold lay involved in one mass, till the fruitful voice of God separated this united multitude into its several species: so at the last day, when those corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wilderness of forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voice shall command them back into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single individuals: Then shall appear the fertility of *Adam*, and the magick of that sperm that hath dilated into so many millions. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificial resurrection and revivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified into a thousand shapes, it assumes again its own, and returns into its numerical self. Let us speak naturally, and like Philosophers, the forms of alterable bodies in these sensible corruptions perish not; nor, as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and unaccessible parts, where they may best protect themselves from the action of their Antagonist. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, by a contemplative and school-Philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the form to have taken his leave for ever: But to a sensible Artist the forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a Plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recal it into its stalk and leaves again. What the Art of man can do in these inferiour pieces, what blasphemy is it to affirm the finger of God cannot do in these more perfect and sensible structures? This is that mystical Philosophy, from whence no true Scholar becomes an Atheist, but from the visible effects of nature grows up a real Divine, and beholds not in a dream, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular and visible object the types of his resurrection.

Sect. 49. Now, the necessary Mansions of our restored selves are those two contrary and incompatible places we call Heaven and Hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are, surpasseth my Divinity. That elegant Apostle which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man: he was translated out of himself to behold it, but being returned into himself, could not express it. Saint *John's* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weak to express the material Heaven we behold. Briefly therefore, where the soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness, where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains completely satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I think is truly Heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the unsatiable wishes of ours; wherever God will thus manifest

himself, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world. Thus the soul of man may be in Heaven anywhere, even within the limits of his own proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remain in its own soul, that is its Creator. And thus we may say that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in heaven. To place it in the Empyreal, or beyond the tenth Sphere, is to forget the world's destruction; for when this sensible world shall be destroyed, all shall then be here as it is now there, an Empyreal Heaven, a *quasi* vacuity, when to ask where Heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. *Moses*, that was bred up in all the learning of the *Egyptians*, committed a gross absurdity in Philosophy, when with these eyes of flesh, he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth itself, to a contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hell neighbors, and conceive a vicinity between those two extremes, upon consequence of the Parable, where *Dives* discoursed with *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* bosom, do too grossly conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily outsee the Sun, and behold without a Perspective the extremest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could think the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectual. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Sphere, or in a vacuity, according to *Aristotle's* Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or Medium to hand and transport the visible rays of the object unto the sense; but when there shall be a general defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose that Medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of Optics.

Sect. 50. I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, nor purify the substance of a soul; those flames of sulphur mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come, where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny: some who have had the honor to be textuary in Divinity are of opinion it shall be the same specifical fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this material world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfullest flames, and though by the action of fire they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would gladly know how *Moses* with an actual fire calcin'd, or burnt the golden Calf into powder: for that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire grows only hot and liquefies, but consumeth

not: so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they suffer from the action of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortal in the arms of fire. And surely if this frame must suffer only by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not only Heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning; For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and air; but at that time spoiled of these ingredients, it shall appear in a substance more like itself, its ashes. Philosophers that opinioned the world's destruction by fire, did never dream of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last and proper action of that element is but vitrification or a reduction of a body into Glass; and therefore some of our Chemics facetiously affirm, that at the last fire all shall be crystallized and reverberated into glass, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we fear this term [annihilation] or wonder that God will destroy the works of his Creation: for man subsisting, who is, and will then truly appear a Microcosm, the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world in its Epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated substance. In the seed of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exists, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: (for things that are in *posse* to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding). Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his works in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before.

Sect. 51. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely though we place Hell under earth, the Devil's walk and purlieu is about it; men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains which to grosser apprehensions, represent Hell. The heart of man is the place the devil dwells in; I feel sometimes a hell within myself, *Lucifer* keeps his court in my breast, *Legion* is revived in me. There are as many hells as *Anaxagoras* conceited worlds; there was more than one hell in *Magdalen*, when there were seven devils; for every devil is an hell unto himself: he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him, and thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter; Who can

but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? the devil were it in his power would do the like, which being impossible his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible, his immortality.

Sect. 52. I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place; I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other; to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs methinks no addition to complete our afflictions; that terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof: I fear God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation, a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into Heaven, they go the fairest way to Heaven, that would serve God without a Hell, other Mercenaries that crouch unto him in fear of Hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

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THE SECOND PART

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Sect. 11. Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is my self, it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition, and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above *Atlas* his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty, though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm or little world, I find my self something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God

as well as Scripture; he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any, *Ruat caelum*, *Fiat voluntas tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call Happiness, and this do I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and realty. There is surely a nearer apprehension of any thing that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the embleme or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than our selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my Nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of *Scorpius*, I was born in the Planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh my self awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions, but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls, a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not methinks throughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though he seem to have corrected it; for those Noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet injoy the action of their senses: we must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus;* and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes upon the hour of their departure, do speak

and reason above themselves; for then the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

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Sect. 13. The method I should use in distributive justice, I often observe in commutative, and keep a Geometrical proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to my self, and supererogate in that common principle, Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto thy self. I was not born unto riches, neither is it I think my Star to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedom of my mind, and frankness of my disposition, were able to contradict and cross my fates: for to me avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; to conceive ourselves Urinals, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this. The opinions of theory and positions of men are not so void of reason as their practised conclusion: some have held that Snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water, but all this is Philosophy, and there is no *delirium*, if we do but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous Idol, and God of the earth. I do confess I am an Atheist, I cannot perswade myself to honour that the world adores; whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies, and for this only do I love and honour my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself. *Aristotle* is too severe, that will not allow us to be truely liberal without wealth, and the bountiful hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions, and bountiful well-wishes. But if the example of the Mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build Hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected Cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not, I take the opportunity of my self to do good, I borrow occasion of charity from mine own necessities, and supply the wants of others, when I am in most need my self; for it is an honest stratagem to take advantage of our selves, and so to husband the acts of vertue, that where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodness in another. I have not *Peru* in my desires, but a competence, and ability to perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;* there is more Rhetorick in that one sentence than in a Library of

Sermons, and indeed if those sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a Beggar without relieving his necessities with my Purse, or his soul with my prayers; these scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untoucht part of us both; there is under these *Centoes* and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to Salvation, as our selves. Statists that labour to contrive a Common-wealth without our poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Sect. 14. Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour: for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truly love is thus, what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our noble friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God being all goodness, can love nothing but himself, he loves us but for that part which is as it were himself, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows, and dreams, without reality, truth or constancy; for first there is a strong bond of affection between us and our parents, yet how easily dissolved? We betake our selves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the womb that bare us in that that shall bear our image. This woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They growing up in years desire our ends, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawful way to love another better than our selves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

Sect. 15. I conclude therefore and say, there is no happiness under (or as *Copernicus* will have it, above) the Sun, nor any Crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of *Solomon, All is vanity and vexation of spirit;* there is no felicity in that the world adores. *Aristotle* whilst he labours to refute the Idea's of *Plato,* falls upon one himself: for his *summum bonum,* is a *Chimaera,* and there is no such thing as his Felic-

ity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defect the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easy Metaphor deserve that name: whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of *Pliny*, an apparition, or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thy self and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Caesar*. These are O Lord the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition and all I dare call happiness on earth: wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand or providence, dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.

FROM *Hydriotaphia, Urne-Buriall, or a Discourse of the Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk, 1658*

Hydriotaphia

CHAP. V

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what Prince can promise such diuturnity unto his Reliques, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.

Time which antiquates Antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor Monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their Urnes, these bones become considerable; and some old Philosophers would honour them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies; and to retain a stronger propension unto them: whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with Infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah were work for Archimedes; Common Counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become consider-

able, like petty sums, by minute accumulations, where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our dayes of a span long make not one little finger.

If the nearnesse of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happinesse in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when Avarice makes us the sport of death; when even David grew politickly cruel; and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our dayes, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish it self, content to be nothing, or never to have been; which was beyond the male-content of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his Nativity: content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What Song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling Questions are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these Ossuaries entred the famous Nations of the dead, and slept with Princes and Counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above Antiquarism, not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the Provincial Guardians, or tutelary Observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their Reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but Pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitlesse continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as Emblemes of mortal vanities; antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vain glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their Names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable Meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designes, whereby the ancient Heroes have already out-lasted their Monuments, and Mechanical preservations. But in this latter Scene of time we cannot expect such Mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the Prophecy of Elias, and Charles the fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselah's of Hector.

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories, unto present considerations, seemes a vanity almost out of date, and super-

annuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons, one face of Janus holds no proportion to the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designes. To extend our memories by Monuments, whose death we dayly pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations. And being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh Pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined-circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the Opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our Fathers finde their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our Survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty yeers. Generations passe while some trees stand, and old Families last not three Oakes. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for Eternity by Ænigmatical Epithetes, or first letters of our names, to be studied by Antiquaries, who we were, and have new Names given us like many of the Mummies, are cold consolations unto the Students of perpetuity, even by everlasting Languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan: disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgement of himself, who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' Patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsame of our memories, the *Entelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the Epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting Register, the first

man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only Chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven Names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living Century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the Æquinox? Every hour adds unto that current Arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live, were to die; since our longest Sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darknesse, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old it self, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come and forgetful of evils past is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of Antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine Original again. Ægyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Ægyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the Moon; men have been deceived even

in their flatteries above the Sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various Cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the Earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof beside Comets and new Stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the Sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian Immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest Expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a Noble Animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting Ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible Sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral Laws found the folly of prodigal blazes and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five Languages secured not the Epitaph of Gordianus; the man of God lives longer without a Tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by Angels and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great Examples of perpetuity in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stay of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick Resurrections will anticipate lasting Sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on

the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of Mountains, not of Monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied Monuments, others have studiously declined them; and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their Graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a River turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his Urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his Monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, Arches, Obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian Religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sets on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in Angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the Chaos of preordination, and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, extasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the Spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting Monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and praedicament of *chimeras* was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the Metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers; 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's Churchyard as in the sands of Ægypt: ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

Lucan

———Tabesne cadavera solvat
An rogus haud refert.———

JOHN MILTON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 873

FROM *Areopagitica*, 1644

Areopagitica; A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing

THEY WHO to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them as at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds: some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might, in these foremost expressions, now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, far more welcome than incidental to a preface. Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask, I shall be blameless if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country's liberty; whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony, if not a trophy. For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth. That let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which, if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter, that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery; it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance of God, our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England. Neither is it in God's esteem the diminution of his glory when honorable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates; which if I now first should begin to do, after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds and such a long obligement upon the whole realm to your indefatigable virtues, I might be justly reckn'd among the tardiest and the unwillingest of them that praise ye.

Nevertheless, there being three principal things without which all praising is but courtship and flattery, first, when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise; next, when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed; the other, when he who praises, by shewing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes, can demonstrate that he flatters not; the former two of these I have heretofore endeavored, rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium; the latter, as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal, that whom I so extolled I did not flatter, hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion. For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best cov'nant of his fidelity; and that his loyalest affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind of praising; for though I should affirm and hold by argument that it would fare better with truth, with learning, and the commonwealth if one of your published orders which I should name, were called in, yet, at the same time, it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government, whenas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice than other statists have been delighted heretofore with public flattery. And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial parliament and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and cabin counselors that usurped of late, whenas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking writt'n exceptions against a voted order than other courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostentation of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden proclamation.

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanor of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him who from his private house wrote that discourse to the parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honor was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country but in other lands, that cities and seigniories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusaeus, a stranger

and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous. But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labors, and those natural endowments haply not the worst for two and fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as yourselves are superior, to the most of them who received their counsel; and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason, from what quarter soever it be heard speaking; and renders ye as willing to repeal any act of your own setting forth, as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to shew both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that order which ye have ordained to regulate printing: *That no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such, as shall be thereto appointed.* For that part which preserves justly every man's copy to himself or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretenses to abuse and persecute honest and painful men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of licensing books, which we thought had died with his brother *quadragesimal* and *matrimonial* when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily as shall lay before ye, first, the inventors of it to be those whom ye will be loath to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libelous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning and the stop of truth, not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil wisdom.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are

as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, enbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to shew what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the Inquisition, was catched up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of: those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libelous. Thus the books of Protagoras were, by the judges of Areopagus, commanded to be burnt, and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know *whether there were gods, or whether not.* And against defaming, it was decreed that none should be traduced by name, as was the manner of *Vetus Comoedia,* whereby we may guess how they censured libeling; and this course was quick enough, as Cicero writes, to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists and the open way of defaming, as the event shewed. Of other sects and opinions, though tending to voluptuousness and the denying of Divine Providence, they took no heed. Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene, or what the Cynic impudence uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known

and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon.

That other leading city of Greece, Lacedemon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding naught but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and rondels could reach to. Or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious, but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing; whence Euripides affirms in *Andromache* that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort books were prohibited among the Greeks.

The Romans also, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness, resembling most the Lacedemonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve tables and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning that when Carneades and Critolaus, with the stoic Diogenes, coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the senate to dismiss them speedily and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity; honored and admired the men; and the Censor himself at last, in his old age, fell to the study of that whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet, at the same time Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon.

Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libelous books and authors; for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation. We read also that libels were burnt and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity, no doubt, was used if aught were impiously writt'n against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books, the magistrate kept no reckning. And, therefore, Lucretius without impeachment versifies his epicurism to Memmius, and had the honor to be set forth the second time by Cicero, so great a father of the common-

wealth; although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings. Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius, or Catullus, or Flaccus by any order prohibited. And for matters of state, the story of Titus Livius, though it extolled that part which Pompey held, was not therefor suppressed by Octavius Caesar of the other faction. But that Naso was by him banished in his old age for the wanton poems of his youth was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause; and, besides, the books were neither banished nor called in. From hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman empire, that we may not marvel if not so often bad, as good, books were silenced. I shall, therefore, deem to have been large enough in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write, save only which, all other arguments were free to treat on.

By this time the emperors were become Christians, whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practise. The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the general councils; and not till then were prohibited or burnt by authority of the emperor. As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, as those of Porphyrius and Proclus, they met with no interdict that can be cited till about the year 400 in a Carthaginian Council, wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles, but heresies they might read; while others long before them, on the contrary, scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles. And that the primitive councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by, till after the year 800, is observed already by Padre Paolo, the great unmasker of the Trentine Council. After which time the popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with; till Martin the 5 by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated, the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wyclif and Huss growing terrible, were they who first drove the papal court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. Which course Leo the 10 and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition, engendering together, brought forth or perfeted those catalogues and expurging Indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author, with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb.

Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to

their palate, they either condemned in a prohibition or had it straight into the new purgatory of an Index. To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if S. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of 2 or 3 glutton friars. For example:

Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing,

VINCENT RABATTA, Vicar of *Florence*.

I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners: In witness whereof I have given, *etc.*

NICOLÒ CINI, Chancellor of *Florence*.

Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed,

VINCENT RABATTA, *etc.*

It may be printed *July* 15.

Friar SIMON MOMPEI D'AMELIA, Chancellor of the holy office in *Florence*.

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him down. I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended but went not through with. Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp:

Imprimatur, if it seem good to the reverend Master of the holy Palace,

BELCASTRO, Vicegerent.

Imprimatur,

Friar NICOLÒ RODOLPHI, Master of the holy Palace.

Sometimes 5 *Imprimaturs* are seen together dialogue-wise in the piazza of one title page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shav'n reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge. These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies that so bewitched of late our prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made; and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly *Imprimatur*, one from Lambeth House, another from the west end of Paul's; so apishly Romanizing that the word of command still was set down in Latin, as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin; or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an *Imprimatur*; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, the lan-

guage of men ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters now to spell such a dictatory presumption English.

And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book licensing ripped up, and drawn as lineally as any pedigree. We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors, elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most Antichristian Council and the most tyrannous Inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb; no envious Juno sate cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies but that it was justly burnt or sunk into the sea? But that a book in worse condition than a peccant soul should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth and his colleagues ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation, sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up and so ill-favoredly imitated by our inquisiturient bishops and the attendant minorites, their chaplains. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts when ye were importuned the passing it, all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honor truth, will clear ye readily.

But some will say: What though the inventors were bad, the thing, for all that, may be good? It may so; yet if that thing be no such deep invention, but obvious and easy for any man to light on, and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have forborne to use it, and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up, and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of Reformation; I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchemy than Lullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect, one by one, the properties it has. But I have first to finish, as was propounded, what is to be thought in general of reading books, whatever sort they be, and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds.

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses, Daniel, and Paul, who were skilful in all the learning of the Ægyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks,

which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts, in Paul especially, who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian, the question was, notwithstanding, sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable, as was then evidently perceived, when Julian the Apostate, and subtlest enemy to our faith, made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning; for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And indeed the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means, and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance, that the two Apollinarii were fain, as a man may say, to coin all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible, reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, dialogues, ev'n to the calculating of a new Christian grammar. But saith the historian Socrates, "The providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it." So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning; and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian. And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the devil whipped St. Jerome in a Lenten dream for reading Cicero; or else it was a fantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading not long before; next to correct him only and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of *Margites*, a sportful poem not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of *Morgante*, an Italian romance much to the same purpose.

But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius far ancienter than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and besides has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius Alexandrinus was, about the year 240, a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loath to give offense, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought; when suddenly a vision sent from God, it is his own epistle that so avers it, confirmed him in these words: "Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient

both to judge aright, and to examine each matter." To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: "To the pure, all things are pure," not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge, whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are, some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books; that they, to a discreet and judicious reader, serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce than one of your own now sitting in parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden, whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea, errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest.

I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanor of every grown man. And, therefore, when he himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful: yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have

told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts, 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation; the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed. These men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully.

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leapt forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the Cave of Mammon and the Bower of Earthly Bliss that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence, three kinds are usually reckn'd. First is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning

and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself; for that oftimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against providence through all the arguments of Epicurus; in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader. And ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest Fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenaeus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion.

Nor boots it to say for these and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and that notorious ribald of Arezzo, dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake whom Harry the 8 named in merriment his vicar of hell. By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either by the north of Cataio eastward, or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely.

But on the other side, that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy; and, indeed, all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, "not to be understood without a guide." But of our priests and doctors, how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot, since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft which at first he took in hand to confute.

Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abundance which

are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and of all ability in disputation, and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed, and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon, and of Our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities; but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive; which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed; and hath almost prevented me, by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her.

It was the task which I began with to shew that no nation or well instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course; which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing but the not approving which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admired him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting. By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written until the judges and law-keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself, nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless.

For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what, by their allowance, shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of; it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the

guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also and the balconies must be thought on; there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them; shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, ev'n to the balladry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's *Arcadias* and his Montemayors.

Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony; who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunk'ness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country; who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state.

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing as will make us all both ridiculous and weary and yet frustrate; but those unwritt'n, or at least unconstraining, laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every writt'n statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth, but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We our-

selves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force. God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes. Herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though He command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us ev'n to a profuseness all desirable things and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly that continued court-libel against the parliament and city, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service, a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now, and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books?

If then the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons; ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which not; and ordain that no foreign books he delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this, your order, may be exact and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do.

Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages, only by unwritt'n traditions. The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not; which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey-work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oftimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure.

In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned

for so thinking; who doubtless took this office up, looking on it through their obedience to the parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing, therefore, those who now possess the employment, by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press-corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to shew wherein this order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breast of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know that, so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferular to come under the fescue of an *Imprimatur?* if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than

a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book. The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile, either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humor which he calls his judgment. When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, "I hate a pupil teacher; I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?"

"The state, sir," replies the stationer, but has a quick return: "The state shall be my governors but not my critics; they may be mistak'n in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistak'n in an author; this is some common stuff"; and he might add from Sir Francis

Bacon that *such authorized books are but the language of the times.* For though a licenser should happ'n to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime, and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a ventrous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low, decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash. The sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth, let no man care to learn or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges. Had any one writt'n and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among

men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment.

Whence to include the whole nation and those that never yet thus offended under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more when as debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser. That this is care or love of them, we cannot pretend, whenas in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither; whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And, in conclusion, it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labors we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them than that after all this light of the Gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser, that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well-nigh made all other books unsalable should not be armor enough against one single *enchiridion*, without the castle St. Angelo of an *Imprimatur*.

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order, are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honor I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had

damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there writt'n now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty.

Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgott'n by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun, it was as little in my fear that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally that when I disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy, that he whom an honest quaestorship had endeared to the Sicilians was not more by them importuned against Verres, than the favorable opinion which I had among many who honor ye and are known and respected by ye loaded me with entreaties and persuasions that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind toward the removal of an undeserved thraldom upon learning. That this is not, therefore, the disburdening of a particular fancy, but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy. And in their name I shall, for neither friend nor foe, conceal what the general murmur is; that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing, and that we are so timorous of ourselves and so suspicious of all men as to fear each book and the shaking of every leaf before we know what the contents are, if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching shall come now to silence us from reading except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning; and will soon put it out of controversy that bishops and presbyters are the same to us, both name and thing.

That those evils of prelaty which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us; whenas now the pastor of a small, unlearned parish on the sudden shall be exalted archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice Bachelor of Art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home, in his private chair, assume both these over

worthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them. This is not ye covenants and protestations that we have made! This is not to put down prelaty; this is but to chop an episcopacy, this is but to translate the palace metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another, this is but an old canonical flight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will, after a while, be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting.

But I am certain that a state governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a Church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the prelates and learnt by them from the Inquisition to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men. Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift and who are the contrivers; that while bishops were to be baited down, then all presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of parliament, it was the breaking forth of light. But now the bishops abrogated and voided out of the Church, as if our Reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again, the cruse of truth must run no more oil, liberty of printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty, the privilege of the people nullified, and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again, and to her old fetters; all this the parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defenses against the prelates might remember them that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at; instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. *The punishing of wits enhances their authority*, saith the Viscount St. Albans, *and a forbidd'n writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.* This order, therefore, may prove a nursing mother to sects, but I shall easily shew how it will be a stepdame to truth: and, first, by disenabling us to the maintenance of what is known already.

Well knows he who used to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sick'n into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he

holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be, who knows not that there be, of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay papist of Loretto.

A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits finds religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many piddling accounts that, of all mysteries, he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey or some well spiced brewage and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

Another sort there be who, when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled; nothing writt'n but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans that have the tonnaging and poundaging of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, mak'em and cut'em out what religion ye please; there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have tak'n so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying. These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence ev'n among the clergy themselves; it is no new thing never heard of before for a parochial minister, who has his reward and is at his Hercules' pillars in a warm benefice, to

be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a harmony and a catena, treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with their uses, motives, marks, and means, out of which, as out of an alphabet or sol fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously, a little bookcraft and two hours' meditation might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning; not to reck'n up the infinite helps of interlinearies, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear. But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add, to boot, St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made; so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled, if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser but that a bold book may now and then issue forth and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counterround with his fellow inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence which must then be used do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing church.

For if we be sure we are in the right and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching and the people for an untaught and irreligious gadding rout, what can be more fair than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience for aught we know as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought cannot be sound. Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself that he preached in public; yet writing is more public than preaching; and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of truth; which, if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth or unability?

Thus much we are hindered and disinured by this course of licensing towards the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as they ought, so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or

the other, I insist not, because it is a particular, but leave it to their own conscience how they will decide it there.

There is yet behind of what I purposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to, more than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens and ports and creeks, it hinders and retards the importation of our richest merchandise, truth. Nay, it was first established and put in practise by Antichristian malice and mystery on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of Reformation and to settle falsehood; little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his *Alcoran* by the prohibition of printing. 'Tis not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to heaven louder than most of nations for that great measure of truth which we enjoy, especially in those main points between us and the pope, with his appurtenances the prelates. But he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can shew us, till we come to beatific vision, that man, by this very opinion, declares that he is yet far short of truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on. But when he ascended and his Apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Ægyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member and shall mold them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred Saint.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament where they may be seen evening or morning. The light which we have gained was giv'n us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitering of a bishop, and the removing him from off the

Presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy nation. No, if other things as great in the Church and in the rule of life both economical and political be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zwinglius and Calvin hath beaconed up to us that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their *Syntagma*. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is *homogeneal* and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church; not the forced and outward union of cold, and neutral, and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that ev'n the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Caesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the labored studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous border of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of heav'n, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe. And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wyclif to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have

with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers.

Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, ev'n to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does he then but reveal Himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defense of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge. What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful laborers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies. We reck'n more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mold and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out, as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy."

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heav'n rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our sev'nty elders, but all the Lord's people are become prophets. No marvel, then, though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds and waits the hour when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! He sees not the firm root out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps, though over-timorous, of them that vex in his behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be, as it were, besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up, ev'n to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, ev'n to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or writt'n of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness, and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us as his was who, when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in

the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For, as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betoken us not degenerated nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entring the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon shew how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and human government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heav'n; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders, of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts

are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for cote and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defense of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance, will not be my talk to say; I only shall repeat what I have learnt from one of your own honorable number, a right noble and pious lord who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the church and commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him, I am sure; yet I, for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him, the Lord Brook. He, writing of episcopacy and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote, or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity that, next to His last testament who bequeathed love and peace to His disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large being published to the world, and dedicated to the parliament by him who both for his life and for his death deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus, with his two controversal faces, might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands.

Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be

who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence *to seek for wisdom as for hidd'n treasures* early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute. When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. Give her but room and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound; but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side or on the other, without being unlike herself. What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of *those ordinances that handwriting nailed to the cross,* what great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms.

Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a

church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones. It is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind, as who looks they should be? this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and misled. That also which is impious or evil absolutely, either against faith or manners, no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw itself; but those neighboring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

In the meanwhile, if any one would write and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving Reformation we labor under, if Truth have spok'n to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? and not consider this, that, if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors, ev'n as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it. For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 'tis not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

For such is the order of God's enlightening his Church, to dispense and deal out by degrees his beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these his chosen shall be first heard to speak; for he sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith

one while in the old convocation house, and another while in the chapel at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized is not sufficient without plain convincement, and the charity of patient instruction to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian who desires to walk in the spirit, and not in the letter, of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made; no, though Harry the 7. himself there, with all his liege tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead to swell their number.

And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own? seeing no man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may serve to polish and brighten the armory of Truth, ev'n for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the priests nor among the Pharisees, and we in the haste of a precipitant zeal shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less than woe to us, while thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the beginning of this parliament, both of the presbytery and others who, by their unlicensed books to the contempt of an *Imprimatur*, first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day. I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by contemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermand which Our Saviour gave to young John, who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our elders how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is, if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the Church by this let of licensing, and what good they themselves have begun by transgressing it be not enough but that they will persuade and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves; whom the change of their condition

hath puffed up, more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the press, let no man think to have the honor of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that order published next before this, that no book be printed unless the printer's and the author's name, or at least the printer's, be registered. Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libelous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star-Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fall'n from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behavior. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent order so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to inquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolizers in the trade of bookselling; who, under pretense of the poor in their company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid, brought divers glosing colors to the house, which were indeed but colors, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbors, men who do not therefore labor in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals.

Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this order, that, having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier scape abroad, as the event shews. But of these sophisms and elenches of merchandise, I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few; but to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe is a virtue (honored Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

JEREMY TAYLOR

The Introduction and Notes are at page 878

FROM *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*, 1650

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living

CHAP. I, SECT. I

The first general instrument of holy living: care of our time

HE THAT is choice of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions, lest the first engage him in vanity and loss, and the latter, by being criminal, be a throwing his time and himself away and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends; but so that, for every hour of our life (after we are persons capable of laws and know good from evil), we must give account to the great Judge of men and angels. And this is it which Our Blessed Saviour told us, that we must account for *every idle word;* not meaning that every word which is not designed to edification or is less prudent shall be reckoned for a sin, but that the time which we spend in our idle talking and unprofitable discoursings, that time which might and ought to have been employed to spiritual and useful purposes, that is to be accounted for.

For we must remember that we have a great work to do, many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to serve, and much good to do, many children to provide for, or many friends to support, or many poor to relieve, or many diseases to cure, besides the needs of nature and of relation, our private and our public cares and duties of the world, which necessity and the providence of God hath adopted into the family of *religion.*

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered (and indeed must) that it may be a perpetual serving of God; the greatest trouble and most busy trade and worldly incumbrances, when they are necessary or charitable, or profitable in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being a doing God's work. For God provides

the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature, by the labors of the plowman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant. These men are in their callings the ministers of the Divine Providence, and the stewards of the creation, and servants of the great family of God, *the world,* in the employment of procuring necessaries for food and clothing, ornament, and physic. In their proportions, also, a king, and a priest, and a prophet, a judge, and an advocate doing the works of their employment according to their proper rules, are doing the work of God, because they serve those necessities which God hath made, and yet made no provisions for them but by their ministry. So that no man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion; his calling itself and his very worldly employment in honest trades and offices is a serving of God, and, if it be moderately pursued, and according to the rules of Christian prudence, will leave void spaces enough for prayers and retirements of a more spiritual religion.

God hath given every man work enough to do that there shall be no room for idleness, and yet hath so ordered the world that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul, and he that hath the most affairs may so order them that they shall be a service of God; whilst, at certain periods, they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed by a holy intention.

However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented, and there is but little room left for temptation. And therefore, to a busy man, temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents and occasions; whereas, to an idle person they come in a full body, and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity.

Idleness is called *the sin of Sodom and her daughters,* and indeed is *the burial of a living man,* an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world. And he only lives to spend his time and eat the fruits of the earth, like vermin or a wolf, when their time comes they die and perish, and, in the meantime, do no good; they neither plow nor carry burdens. All that they do either is unprofitable or mischievous.

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world. It throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature.

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FROM *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*, 1651

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying

CHAP. I, SECT. I

Consideration of the vanity and shortness of man's life

A man is a bubble (said the Greek proverb); which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances to this purpose, saying that all the world is a storm, and men rise up in their several generations like bubbles descending *à Iove pluvio*, from God, and the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of man, from nature and Providence. And some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world but to be born that they might be able to die. Others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear and give their place to others. And they that live longest upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy, and, being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before.

So is every man. He is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness; some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world but that they made their parents a little glad and very sorrowful; others ride longer in the storm, it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance and whose very imagery and colors are fantastical; and so he dances out the gayety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humor. And to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty

Power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man *a leaf*, the smallest, the weakest, piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him *the dream of a shadow;* another, *the dream of the shadow of smoke.* But St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, *Our life is but a vapor, viz.*, drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun, its foster-father. But it is lighter yet. It is but *appearing.* A fantastic vapor, an apparition, nothing real; it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops' shoulder, or the circles of heaven, φαινόμενα, for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: a *vapor*, and *fantastical*, or a *mere appearance*, and this but *for a little while* neither; the very dream, the fantasm, disappears in a small time, *like the shadow that departeth*, or *like a tale that is told*, or *as a dream when one awaketh.* A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy; a man goes off and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this: *that thou art a man*, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

And because this consideration is of great usefulness and great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit, all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man and to every creature does preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton *Time* throws up the earth and digs a grave where we must lay our sins, or our sorrows, and sow our bodies till they rise again in a fair, or in an intolerable, eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world divides between life and death; and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again.

And still God makes little periods of our age. First, we change our world when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun. Then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world; and if our mothers, or our nurses, die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but, during that state, are as disinterest as if our eyes were closed with the

clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years, our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy; and still every seven year it is odds but we shall finish the last scene. And when nature, or chance, or vice takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, *we taste the grave* and the solemnities of our own funerals, first in those parts that ministered to vice, and next in them that served for ornament; and, in a short time, even they that served for necessity become useless and entangled like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death. And we have many more of the same signification: grey hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night when we lay in his lap and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; and the clock strikes and reckons on our portion of eternity; we form our words with the breath of our nostrils, we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it, and God, by all the variety of His providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog days come, and the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold, and agues are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go nowhither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand

in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave; and it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night, and an ill guide, a boisterous sea, and a broken cable, a hard rock, and a rough wind dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims, who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

But seas alone do not break our vessel in pieces. Everywhere we may be shipwrecked. A valiant general, when he is to reap the harvest of his crowns and triumphs, fights unprosperously, or falls into a fever with joy and wine, and changes his laurel into cypress, his triumphal chariot to an hearse, dying the night before he was appointed to perish in the drunkenness of his festival joys. It was a sad arrest of the looseness and wilder feasts of the French court when their king (*Henry 2*) was killed really by the sportive image of a fight. And many brides have died under the hands of paranymphs and maidens dressing them for uneasy joy, the new and undiscerned chains of marriage; according to the saying of Bensirah, the wise Jew, "The bride went into her chamber, and knew not what should befall her there." Some have been paying their vows and giving thanks for a prosperous return to their own house, and the roof hath descended upon their heads, and turned their loud religion into the deeper silence of a grave. And how many teeming mothers have rejoiced over their swelling wombs, and pleased themselves in becoming the channels of blessing to a family; and the midwife hath quickly bound their heads and feet and carried them forth to burial? Or else the birthday of an heir hath seen the coffin of the father brought into the house, and the divided mother hath been forced to travail twice, with a painful birth and a sadder death.

There is no state, no accident, no circumstance of our life but it hath been soured by some sad instance of a dying friend. A friendly meeting often ends in some sad mischance and makes an eternal parting; and when the poet Æschylus was sitting under the walls of his house, an eagle, hovering over his bald head, mistook it for a stone, and let fall his oyster, hoping there to break the shell, but pierced the poor man's skull.

Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument, and in all chances, and enters in at many doors: by violence and secret influence; by the aspect of a star, and the stink of a mist; by the emissions of a cloud, and the meeting of a vapor; by the fall of a chariot, and the stumbling at a stone; by a full meal, or an empty stomach; by watching at the wine, or by watching at prayers; by the sun or the moon; by a heat or a cold; by sleepless nights or sleeping days; by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river; by a hair, or a raisin; by violent motion or sitting still; by severity or dissolution; by God's mercy or God's anger; by everything in providence and everything in manners; by everything in nature and everything in chance. *Eripitur persona, manet res;* we take pains to heap up things useful to our life and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence and the decree of heaven. The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity upon others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side and against them in the contention; but within the revolution of a few months the same man met with a more uneasy and unhandsome death. Which, when I saw, I wept and was afraid; for I knew that it must be so with all men, for we also shall die and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence.

IZAAK WALTON

The Introduction and Notes are at page 880

FROM *The Compleat Angler*, 1653

The Compleat Angler

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CHAP. II

* * * * *

PISC . . . And now we are come again to the river; I will (as the soldier says) prepare for skirmish; that is, draw out my tackling and try to catch a trout for supper.

VIAT. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you this two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISC. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one, too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing net. So (sir) now he is mine own, what say you? Is not this worth all my labor?

VIAT. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?

PISC. Marry, e'en eat him to supper. We'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother, Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best. We'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us.

VIAT. A match, good master; let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISC. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you,

scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, sir! On my word, I have him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed chub. Come, hang him upon that willow twig and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge. We'll sit whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth and gives a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad beech tree I sate down when I was last this way afishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sate viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebblestones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam; and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and others were craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul that I thought as the poet happily expressed it:

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid that had cast away all care and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! On my word, yonder they be both amilking again! I will give her the chub and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

PISC. Godspeed, good woman. I have been afishing and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and, having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK. Marry, God requite you, sir; and we'll eat it cheerfully. Will you drink a draught of red cow's milk?

PISC. No, I thank you. But I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by you and your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

MILK. What song was it, I pray? Was it *Come shepherds, deck your heads;* or *As at noon Dulcina rested;* or *Philida flouts me?*

PISC. No, it is none of those. It is a song that your daughter sung the first part and you sung the answer to it.

MILK. Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the later part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago; you shall, God willing, hear them both. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second.

The Milkmaid's Song

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods and steepy mountains yields.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

VIA. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, that she may die in the spring, and have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.

The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold:
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

PISC. Well sung, good woman! I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone, do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes my hostess to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

HOST. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear you are in these parts, and long to see you; and are hungry, and long to be at supper.

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FROM *The Life of Mr. George Herbert*, 1670

The Life of Mr. George Herbert

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GEORGE Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or

tutor to him, and two of his brothers, in her own family (for she was then a widow) where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief Master of that school; where the beauties of his pretty behavior and wit, shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen, he, being then a King's Scholar, was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608. And his prudent mother well knowing that he might easily lose, or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Neville, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and Master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education till he was settled in Cambridge, where we will leave him in his study, till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother, and I will endeavor to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader, that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years; that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward her eldest son such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him and some of her younger sons to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queens College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of her self, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a tor-

ment to her child; but, with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasure of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother, which was to her great content; for, she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company"; and would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue"; and, "that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behavior gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that university; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne who was after Doctor Donne, and Dean of Saint Pauls London; and he, at his leaving Oxford, wrote and left there in verse a character of the beauties of her body, and mind; of the first he says,

> No spring nor summer beauty, has such grace
> As I have seen in an autumnal face.

Of the latter he says,

> In all her words to every hearer fit
> You may at revels, or at council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of the *Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls; but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues; an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olimpias, whom, in his letters, he calls his Saint. Or, an amity indeed more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula; whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph, wishing all his body were turned into tongues that he might declare her just praises to posterity. And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then about the fortieth year of his age (which was some years before he entered into sacred orders); a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family. And in this time she proved one of his most

bountiful benefactors; and he, as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following letter, and sonnet.

MADAM,

Your favors to me are every where; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Micham; such riddles as these become things unexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loath to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning; but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is, by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and my self, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most have of us—by this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest servant,

Micham,
July 11, 1607.

unless your accepting him to be so, have mended him.

Jo. DONNE

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert; of St. Mary Magdalen.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
To their devotion, add your innocence:
Take so much of the example, as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompence
That they did harbor Christ himself, a guest,
Harbor these hymns, to his dear name addressed.

J. D.

These hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in Heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons (for I have many of their letters in my hand) and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety. But my design was not to write hers, but the life of her son; and therefore I shall only tell my reader that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Pauls) weep, and preach her funeral sermon, in the parish church of Chelsey near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behavior to be such that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning.

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INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

It is not our purpose to begin these introductions with a general essay upon the history of English prose during the Renaissance. Instead, we have preferred to utilize the pages that would be required for such an essay to supply the students and teachers using this anthology with additional examples of the prose writing of the period. We have therefore confined the introductions to short biographical notices of the various authors of the selections in this volume, supplementing these notices by brief lists of modern editions, and of the most important works of critical commentary upon the author and the book from which our selection has been taken. We have also indicated the early printed book or manuscript upon which our text has been based. In listing modern editions we have designated by an asterisk (*) those we consider the best; but, since these editions are often relatively expensive and sometimes unavailable, we have prefixed a dagger (†) to the relatively inexpensive, yet satisfactory editions currently in print. The notes have been restricted to the minimum we believe would be required by an advanced college student to enable him to comprehend the texts. They are not intended as a substitute for a good dictionary such as *Webster's Collegiate* or the *Concise Oxford*.

We have used the following abbreviations.

Am. Math. Monthly = *American Mathematical Monthly*, Providence, Rhode Island.
CQR = *Church Quarterly Review*
Bull. Inst. Hist. Research = *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research*, London
EHR = *English Historical Review*, London.
ELH = *ELH: A Journal of English Literary History*, Johns Hopkins University.
ESEA = *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*
ESt = *Englische Studien*, Leipzig
HLB = *Huntington Library Bulletin*
HLQ = *Huntington Library Quarterly.*
JEGP = *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, University of Illinois.
MLN = *Modern Language Notes*, Johns Hopkins University.
MLQ = *Modern Language Quarterly*, University of Washington, Seattle.
MLR = *Modern Language Review*, Cambridge University Press.
OBS = *Oxford Bibliographical Society, Proceedings and Papers.*
Proc. Brit. Acad. = *Proceedings of the British Academy.*
PMLA = *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.*
PQ = *Philological Quarterly*, University of Iowa.
Rev. Angl.-Am. = *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, Paris.
RES = *Review of English Studies*, Oxford University Press.
SP = *Studies in Philology*, University of North Carolina Press.
TLS = *Times Literary Supplement*, London.
Univ. Calif. Publ. = *University of California Publications in English*
Univ. Mich. Cont. = *University of Michigan Contributions in Modern Philology*, Ann Arbor.
Univ. Michigan Publ. = *University of Michigan Publications in Language and Literature*, Ann Arbor.
Univ. Texas Studies = *University of Texas Studies in English.*
Univ. Wash. Publ. = *University of Washington Publications, Language and Literature*, Seattle.
Univ. Wisconsin Stud. = *University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature*, Madison, Wis.

In giving citations we have used small roman numerals for the number of a volume or of a book; Arabic numerals for the number of a chapter, and also for the section, line, or page (e.g : vii. 27. 6 should be read as 'Book Seven, Chapter 27, Section 6.').

For commentary in addition to that listed in the separate introductions below, the pertinent volumes in the *Oxford History of English Literature* will be found useful. The volume by Douglas Bush, *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century, 1600–1660,* has already been published (Oxford, 1945); that by C. S. Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century,* is forthcoming.

THOMAS MORE

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478–1535), since his sanctification by Pius XI in 1935, should properly be styled St. Thomas More. For convenience and simplicity merely, and with no lack of respect for one who deserved the highest of titles, we shall refer to him as Thomas More. Son of Sir John More, a judge in London, Thomas began his education at St. Antony's School, where his later friends John Colet and William Latimer had attended. At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Morton, in whose household Thomas More lived as a boy, he entered Canterbury College, later consolidated with Christ Church College, Oxford. At the university he became friendly with two other early English humanists, Thomas Linacre, with whom he studied Greek, and William Grocyn. Leaving Oxford without a degree, he entered New Inn at London for the study of law, but transferred after a short time to Lincoln's Inn, where he became a bencher and a reader. A religious fervor possessed him at the time he was completing his legal studies, and he was torn between sacred and secular callings. Although he decided not to take orders, he led a pious and abstinent life and even wore a hair shirt from this early period until the time of his death. At the age of twenty-three More delivered, upon the invitation of Grocyn, a series of lectures upon St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei.* He became successful in his profession of law, was elected to Parliament in 1504, and made an under-sheriff of London in 1510.

Erasmus became, on his successive visits, a familiar friend of More's, and helped to spread his fame upon the Continent. In 1515, with Cuthbert Tunstall, More was sent to Flanders to negotiate a commercial treaty. In Antwerp, where he met Peter Giles, a friend of Erasmus, he conceived the plan for his *Utopia.* Becoming better known to Henry VIII, in 1518 he was appointed to the Privy Council, and in 1520 he was with the king at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At Calais, where he enjoyed a meeting with Erasmus, he was introduced to William Budaeus, a renowned Greek scholar. In 1523, through the patronage of Wolsey, he became Speaker of the House of Commons; and in 1526 he was appointed to the chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. More had little sympathy with the Reformation; still less did he wish to become engaged in religious disputes; yet when Luther replied to King Henry's *Defensio Septem Sacramentorum,* itself an answer to Luther's *Babylonish Captivity,* More retaliated with a book defending papal authority, saying that though evil existed, the fault lay not in the office of pope but in some of its incumbents. In 1528 he published his *Dialogue concerning Heresies,* directed at William Tyndale, with whom he continued to dispute for several years. In 1529, upon the removal of Wolsey, More became Lord Chancellor, but, because of differences with the king resulting from the divorcing of Queen Catharine, he resigned in 1532. He also refused to take the oath vesting the succession in the issue of Anne Boleyn. Adjudged guilty of violating the Act of Supremacy

which recognized Henry VIII as supreme head of the church, he was executed on Tower Hill in July, 1535, and his head was placed on London Bridge.

Thomas More embodied most of what we mean by the Renaissance, so far as it appeared in England. In addition to his great public services, he was a classical scholar, a father who personally saw to the liberal education of his children, a patron of learning, a poet of sorts. He spoke French, and he was interested in music, drama, painting, and popular jests. Yet the pure simplicity of his religious faith kept him from that love of magnificence and that complexity of motive which characterized typical men of the Renaissance, even in England.

The second book of the Latin *Utopia* was written first, in 1515; the first book, providing a dramatic framework for the account of the imagined commonwealth, and also setting against it the realities of contemporary England, was written in 1516. The whole was published in the same year at Louvain, with a second edition in 1517, and in 1518 Erasmus supervised the publication of the third edition, with some illustrations by Holbein, at the famous press of Froben in Basle. With this edition appeared More's book of Latin epigrams. *Utopia* was the first book by an Englishman of the Renaissance to win a reputation on the Continent, and for a century More was the English writer best known outside of England. The work was translated into French in 1550 and into English in 1551. Giving his work a dramatic setting similar to that in some of Plato's dialogues and drawing upon the current interest in tales of exploration, More sets forth the legal, social, religious, and cultural evils of the England of his day, and suggests remedies for them. To the ancestry of More as a political theorist belong, to mention only a few, Lycurgus, Plato, and St. Augustine; to the offspring belong Bacon, Hobbes, and Harrington. We probably do wrong to read the second book of the *Utopia* as representing More's highest ideal, in every regard, of human society and action. In fact, R. W. Chambers reads it as an argument *a fortiori:* if the heathen Utopians, with only the light of reason, did so well, how much better ought European Christians do! Professor Chambers also points out the many traces of More's sympathy with the Christian communism (as represented in brotherhoods, orders, chapters, and so on) of the Middle Ages.

In English prose, More made a translation of a brief *Life of John Picus, Earl of Mirandola* (published 1510), including a paraphrase in verse of 'Twelve Rules of a Christian Life' by the same Pico della Mirandola, a Christian Platonist whom he greatly admired. In the field of biography he also wrote the excellent *History of Richard the Third,* which has come down to us both in Latin and in English. His principal works of religious controversy are in English; besides the *Dialogue* already noted, he wrote *The Supplication of Souls* (1529) in answer to Fish, and *Confutation of Tyndale's Answer* (1532–33). His *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation,* a devotional and ethical work comparable to Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy,* he wrote in the Tower during the last months of his life.

RALPH ROBINSON, the first translator of *Utopia* into English, was born in 1521 and educated at Oxford. He served as a clerk in the employ of his former schoolfellow, Sir William Cecil, who became Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's great Lord Treasurer. Robinson's translation, dedicated to Cecil, is a fairly faithful and clear rendering. It has been kept in active circulation in our own times, though other translations have been made by Gilbert Burnet (1684), Arthur Cayley (1808), Richards (1923), and others. The recent translation by

H. V. S. Ogden (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1949) is available in the inexpensive "Crofts Classics" series; the student can consult this edition for the sections (principally from the Second Book) omitted in this volume because of lack of space.

MODERN EDITIONS: [All except the last two print the English translation of Ralph Robinson] **The Utopia of Sir Thomas More* (ed. by J. H. Lupton), Oxford, 1895 [Latin and English texts]; *Utopia* (ed. by E. Arber), English Reprints, Birmingham, 1869; *Utopia* (ed. by J. Churton Collins), Oxford, 1904; *Utopia* (ed. by Mgr. Philip E. Hallett), London, 1937; †*Utopia*, Everyman's Library, London, 1928; †*Famous Utopias* (ed. by F. R. White), University Classics, Chicago, 1946; *Utopia* (trans G C. Richards), Oxford, 1923; †*Utopia* (trans. H. V. S. Ogden), New York, 1949.

COMMENT: N. Harpsfield, *The Life of More* (ed. by E. V. Hitchcock, with an essay by R. W. Chambers), London, 1932, W. Roper, *The Life* (ed. by E. V. Hitchcock), London, 1935; E. M. G Routh, *Sir Thomas More and His Friends*, Oxford, 1934; R W. Chambers, *Thomas More*, London, 1935; A. Cecil, *A Portrait of Thomas More*, London, 1937; K Kautsky, *Thomas More und seine Utopia*, 1890 (English trans. by H. J. Stenning), London, 1927; E. Dermenghem, *Thomas More et les Utopistes de la Renaissance*, Paris, 1927; W. E. Campbell, *More's Utopia and His Social Teaching*, London, 1930; J. O. Hertzler, *The History of Utopian Thought*, New York, 1923; H W. Donner, *Introduction to Utopia*, Uppsala, 1945, and London, 1946, R Ames, *Citizen Thomas More and His Utopia*, Princeton, 1948.

TEXT: *Utopia*, trans. by Ralph Robinson, 1551 (18094), Huntington.

1 *Utopia*] from οὐ and τοπος, not a place, nowhere 19 King of Castile] Charles V. 22 Cuthbert Tunstall] (1474–1559); a scholar and friend of More, later Bishop of London (1522), and of Durham (1530) 36 George Temsice] Georgius a Tempseca, historian and native of Bruges.

2 4 Peter Giles] Petrus Aegidius (1486–1533), pupil and friend of Erasmus, to whom More dedicated *Utopia*. 21 Our Lady's Church] the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Antwerp, completed only a few years before. 24 divine] divine service. 26 homely] carelessly. 27 favor] face, appearance. 31 quod] quoth, said. 40 Palynure] pilot of Aeneas, see *Aencid*, iii and v. 42 Hythloday] a name coined by More, from ὕθλος, 'babble,' or 'idle talk,' and δαίειν, 'to distribute,' or δάιος, 'skilled in.'

3 8 Amerigo Vespucci] Robinson's translation reads 'Amerike vespuce.' 8–9 voyages . . . in print] a Latin translation of Vespucci's four voyages as described by himself was printed in 1507 as an appendix to a little book entitled *Cosmographiae Introductio;* More connects his imaginative tale with the fourth voyage. 14 left . . . fort] here and in line 22 below we have emended the translator's English text by consulting More's Latin text; we have, however, retained, enclosed in square brackets, Robinson's erroneous English rendition because it illustrates a curious mistranslation. The Latin reads *'in Castello,'* 'in the fort or stockade'; the capital letter led Robinson to assume that the word was a proper name, and in the dictionaries he discovered that *Castellum* was the Latin name for Julich, a town near Cologne, Englished as Gulike 23 Trapobane] Ceylon 24 Calicut] a seaport town on the Malabar coast, where Vasco da Gama landed in 1498. 25 nothing less than looked for] quite unexpected by everyone 30 hailsed] greeted 36 Gulike] in the fort; see note to line 14 above. 39 occupied] traded 42 mere] pure.

4 5 weal publics] republics, commonwealths. 6 line equinoctial] the equator 28 loadstone] the magnet; the use of the magnetic needle in navigation was a recent discovery in More's time. 32 farther . . . jeopardy] freer from anxiety than from danger.

5 3 Scylla] the monster represented by Homer, *Odyssey*, xii. 3 Celaeno] chief of the Harpies; see *Aeneid*, iii.211. 4 Laestrygons] or Lestrygones; a savage tribe of man-eaters; see *Odyssey*, x 29 pass not] care not.

6 40 have despite at] hold in contempt.

7 5 dizzards] blockheads. 19–20 insurrection . . . king] the rebellion in Cornwall was defeated at Blackheath in 1497. 22 John Morton] More was brought up in the household of John Morton (d. 1500), Archbishop of Canterbury.

8 32 Blackheath field] the place where the Cornish rebels were defeated. 39 dors] drones. 40 poll] clip, rob.

9 5 incontinent] immediately. 11 ap-

paired] impaired. 17 jet] strut and swagger. 21 stouter stomachs] greater courage. 40 Sallust] Roman statesman and historian (86–35 B.C.); the quotation is from *Cataline*, xvi.

10 6 ured] worked, trained; cf. inured. 18 other] a common 16th-cent. form of 'either.' 26 not only the] not the only.

11 2 glebe-land] a portion of cultivated land assigned to a clergyman as part of his benefice. 15 abide the sale] await an advantageous time for selling. 31 murrain] cattle plague. 35 they lust] they wish to. 39 passeth for] cares for.

12 2 incommodity] inconvenience. 3 make dearth] raise the price 5 store] supply. 8 the which thing] that is, hospitality 18 queans] loose women 21 tables] backgammon. 28 engross] buy up wholesale, and thus monopolize 28 forestall] buy up beforehand 42] Several pages are omitted here, they contain the rest of the discussion of the economic evils in England which grew out of the conversion of farm lands to sheep grazing Then More urges Hythloday to join some Prince's court, so that with his wise counsel he can further the happiness of some commonwealth. Hythloday replies that a king would pay no attention to his good advice. The text resumes on p. 13 in the midst of Hythloday's answer.

13 19 dispense] to remit a penalty incurred by a breach of the law. 28 endanger] subject to his absolute control. 35 pick a thank] curry favor

14 5 Crassus] a Roman famous for his enormous wealth, he joined with Pompey and Julius Caesar to form the first triumvirate. 23 wealthily] in a state of well-being 32 bolder stomached] bolder in disposition 41 Fabrice] Caius Fabricius Luscinus, elected consul at Rome in 282 B C , he was noted for his frugality and incorruptibility.

15 18 Macariens] another word coined by More from the Greek, in English its meaning would be 'the happy people.'

16 14 Plautus] T. Maccius Plautus (254–184 B.C.), Roman comic dramatist. 16 *Octavia*] Roman tragedy of uncertain authorship, traditionally attributed to Lucius Annaeus Seneca (*c.* 4 B C.–65 A.D.), Roman philosopher, writer of tragedies, and tutor to the Emperor Nero. 19 gallimaufry] confused jumble or mixture. 36 wittily and handsomely] wisely and in a suitable manner.

17 8 several] separate. 20 in open houses] openly on the housetops. 27 sickerly] securely. 30 Mitio] or Micio, a character in the *Adelphi*, a comedy by the Roman dramatist Terence (195–159 B.C.). 40 occasion] opportunity.

18 2 laid in his neck] laid to his charge. 4 Plato] see Plato's *Republic*, vi.496. 13–14 beareth all the stroke] has the chief influence 23 common] common property 31 hold well with Plato] agree with Plato. 37 proper] his own 40 riches] Robin on treats this word as singular; cf. *richesse*.

19 6 propriety] right of possession or ownership. 13 nother] neither 36 reverend] the quality of commanding respect. 41 presently] personally.

20 25 empery] empire.

21 20] The general description of Utopia is modelled upon Plato's picture of Atlantis in the *Critias*. 27 surmounteth] mounts over the two corners and forms a bay.

22 1 translating] transferring. 6] The remainder of the description of the island of Utopia has been omitted; also the ensuing seven sections dealing with various aspects of the political organization and way of life in the Utopian commonwealth. 23] The omitted passage (about two pages) relates how, upon hearing that Christ had instituted all things in common, many Utopians decided to embrace Christianity and were baptised. 28 several parts] different sides.

23 8 truth of the own power] the force of truth by itself. 23 avaled] degraded 31 of all sort] by all classes. 33 punishment] the Latin text makes it clear that More means physical punishment. 37 dispute in his opinion] discuss his opinion. 38 and that only] the meaning would be clearer if the translator had omitted these three words; the prohibition applies only to attempting to convert the common people to his opinion. 42] The remainder of the section on the religions of Utopia (about 15 pages) has been omitted; the text is resumed on page 24 with the concluding paragraph of the second book.

24 7 occupying] using. 15 communication] conversation. 18 once] at some future time.

JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS

JOHN BOURCHIER, second LORD BERNERS (*c.* 1467–1533) has perpetuated his name in English history and literature as the translator of Froissart. He was, like his nephew by the half-blood, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, also a diplomat, traveler, linguist, and soldier; he was one of the noblemen who aided in the revival of learning at the end of the fifteenth century. His father, Humphrey Bourchier, was killed at the Battle of Barnet in 1471; from his grandfather, John Bourchier, first Lord Berners, he received his title and estates.

Lord Berners was educated at Oxford University, probably at Balliol College. In 1477 he was made a Knight of the Bath. During travel on the Continent he became proficient in French and Spanish, thus preparing himself for his later work as a translator. His name is listed among those who were unsuccessful in their premature attempt to place Henry, Duke of Richmond (later Henry VII), on the throne, and he was forced to flee to Brittany. After Henry's accession, however, his activities were more fortunate. In 1492 he contracted to serve in the wars overseas for a year; later he aided in suppressing the Cornish rebellion in support of Perkin Warbeck. Under Henry VIII, with whom he enjoyed close friendship, he distinguished himself at the capture of Terouenne, and he acted as marshal of the forces of the Earl of Surrey (father of the poet) at about the time of the battle of Flodden Field. In 1516 he was made chancellor at the exchequer; and in 1518 he attempted to negotiate an alliance between the kings of England and France. In 1520 he was with King Henry at the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and was appointed deputy of Calais, where, except for a few years when he lost his appointment, he remained for the rest of his life.

His most extensive and valuable work is the translation from the French of Jean Froissart's *Chronicles*, published by Richard Pynson, the first volume in 1524 and the second in 1525. The work was soon afterwards reprinted by William Middleton. Although he is somewhat lacking in historical judgment and is at fault in not correcting even some English names wrongly given by Froissart, Berners has a pleasing humility, admitting that he still is a student of the French language; he is thoroughly patriotic, and his translation is so spirited, idiomatic, and graphic that it has the cogency of an original work. Much more than Fabyan, Lord Berners helped to popularize history in England.

In the occasional tautology (as in his tiresome doubling and tripling of words) and balance of his writing in the Froissart, Berners gives hints of the style at which he arrived in his work called *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius* (1534), translating Berthault's French version of the Spaniard Guevara's *Libro del Emperador Marco Aurelio con el Relox de Principes*. This furnishes an early example of patterned prose in English, anticipating Sir Thomas North's translation (1557) of the same work, under the title, *The Dial of Princes*. Lord Berners' interest in historical romance appears also in his translation of *Huon of Bordeaux*, one of the most important of the Charlemagne romances, also published in 1534. He translated *Arthur of Little Britain* from the French and *The Castle of Love* from the Spanish of Diego de San Pedro.

JEAN FROISSART (*c.* 1338–*c.* 1410) became interested in the wars between England and France which occupied the last seventy-four years of the fourteenth century. Basing his account, as he tells us, upon the work of Jean le Bel, he

traveled from court to court in Europe, always collecting materials, and his story takes light and color from his environment and from his personal acquaintance with many people of whom he writes. Being Flemish himself, he could sympathize with both France and England. As early as 1356 he visited England, and returned in 1361, becoming one of the secretaries of Queen Philippa, originally of Hainault, Froissart's native province. Although not a sound critical historian by modern standards, Froissart writes with spirit and reveals a genuine appreciation of chivalric actions and ideals.

MODERN EDITIONS *The Chronicles* (ed by G. C. Macaulay), 1895; **The Chronicles* (ed. by W P Ker), The Tudor Translations, 1901–03; *Chronicles,* Oxford, 1927–28.

COMMENT: W P. Ker, Introduction to his edition, above, J. H. McDill, 'The Life of Lord Berners,' *TLS,* April 17, 1930 For Froissart, G. C. Coulton, *The Chronicler of European Chivalry,* London, 1930; H Newbolt, *Froissart in Britain,* 1900, F. S Shears, *Froissart,* London, 1930

TEXT: *The chronicles,* 1523 [January, 1524, new style] (11396), Huntington.

25 3 gestes] or gests, exploits, deeds of adventure. 5 ensign] instruct, inform; cf. the Fr., *enseigner.* 14 complect] embrace. 27 Once] in the first place. 41 cause] usually emended to 'praise'; but 'cause,' loosely used in the sense of 'importance,' was probably intended

26 6 Duke Theseus] legendary king of Athens; slew the Minotaur and defeated the Amazons. 10 custos] guardian, custodian 19 poistereth] encumbers, fetters 21–23 testimony . antiquity] this translates a passage in Cicero *De oratore,* ii 9, the formula was often used by historians and appears, somewhat altered, on the title-page of Ralegh's *History of the World.* 23 Phalerius] Demetrius Phalereus, adviser to Ptolemy and librarian at Alexandria. 24 King Ptolemy] Ptolemy I, called Soter, the Saviour (*c* 367–285 B C), of Egypt, founder of the Alexandrian Library. 34 volved] turned over pages, considered. 36 Hainault] or Hainaut, a province in Belgium; formerly a province in France and Flanders 38 sith] since. 38 parts] 1523 reads 'parties.'

27 8 sixteen] an error; should be 'twenty-six,' and the 74 years indicated in parentheses is correct. 12 in gree] in a kindly spirit, with favor. 14 sentence] sense, meaning; not the grammatical sentence. 31 Calais] King Edward III beseiged the town of Calais after the English victory at the battle of Crecy in 1346; the town fell in August 1347. 33 Sangate] Sangatte, about seven miles west of Calais; the army sent by King Philip of France to relieve Calais encamped on the nearby high ground, but finally gave up the effort to raise the siege. 38 Sir Gualtier de Manny] Sir Walter de Manny, or Mauny (d 1372); Edward III's military commander in the siege of Calais.

28 16 sort] company. 42 quod] quoth; said.

29 4 incontinent] immediately. 20 gossip] friend.

30 30 nobles] English gold coins current till 1461 at the value of 6s. 8d.

SIMON FISH

SIMON FISH (died *c.* 1530), attorney and theological pamphleteer, after study at Oxford, went to London about 1525, where, as a student at Gray's Inn, he allied himself with the opposition against Cardinal Wolsey. John Foxe tells us in *Acts and Monuments* that because Fish acted in an interlude which offended Wolsey he fled overseas, where he became associated with William Tyndale. Upon his return to England, he became a sales agent for Tyndale's New Testament; but, because of fear of arrest for the sale of the banned work of Tyndale, he once more sought refuge in the Low Countries, where, between 1527 and 1529, he wrote *A Supplication for the Beggars.* Foxe tells conflicting stories of the attitude of Henry VIII toward Fish's work. He says, first, that about 1530 Fish returned to England and had an interview with the king while they hunted together, and that the king bade Fish go home, but that

Fish expressed fear of prosecution by Sir Thomas More, the chancellor who had succeeded Wolsey; whereupon Henry gave Fish his signet ring to insure him against harm from More. He says, second, that two merchants spoke to the king of new religious works from beyond the seas and told him of the book by Fish, which was read to him; the king then said, 'If a man should pull down an old stone wall and begin at the lower part, the upper part thereof might chance to fall upon his head,' by which he meant that any action against the monastic institution would be dangerous until the royal supremacy had been established. Opportunely, just before Parliament convened, the *Supplication* was disseminated throughout London. Foxe says also that Wolsey, somewhat earlier, went to the king to warn him of seditious books which had appeared in London, whereupon the king reached into his bosom and delivered to Wolsey a copy of the *Supplication*. The cardinal thereupon forbade the reading of this book and of Tyndale's New Testament and other similar works. It is to be noted, however, that, a short while before, Wolsey had suppressed the monasteries in Oxford and some other places. By way of counter-attack upon the *Supplication*, Sir Thomas More wrote *The Supplication of Souls*, in which he refers to Fish as the 'beggars' proctor,' and represents souls in purgatory indicting Fish as an ass, a goose, a mad dog, and a heretic. More in his *Apology* (1533) says that Fish repented and came into the Church again. Fish was, none the less, suspected of heresy, and was not defended by Henry, who clearly sympathized with his work. He died of the plague about 1530.

His *Supplication*, published late in 1528 or early in 1529, is an early bombardment of the English Reformation. Its vigorous style set the fashion for religious propaganda, as later represented by the Marprelate pamphlets, some of Milton's prose, and Defoe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The work is intentionally bigoted. With nice malice Fish complains that the begging friars have robbed the secular beggars of their living; then deliberately he confuses the friars and the clergy in general. Not without justification, however, is much of the invective; celibacy, for example, had been difficult to enforce in the Church, as indicated by the fact that Wolsey and several of the popes were supposed to be fathers of families. *A Supplication for the Beggars* is important in that it represents a protest of the laity against abuses among the clergy and is a forerunner of the establishment of the royal supremacy in England. Controversial zeal sharpens its style and makes the prose a more adequate instrument than most writers of the time could wield. The only known copy of the original edition is in the British Museum.

MODERN EDITIONS: *A Supplicacyon* (ed. by W. Maskell), 1845; *A Supplication* (included in *Four Supplications*, ed. by F. J Furnivall, Early English Text Society), 1871; *A Supplication* (in *Religious Pamphlets*, ed. by P. Dearmer, The Pamphlet Library), 1898; *A Supplication* (in The English Scholar's Library, ed. by E. Arber), 1878; *A Supplication* (included in *Complaint and Reform in England*, ed. by W. H. Dunham and S. Pargellis, New York, 1938).

TEXT: *A supplicacyon for the beggars*, [1529?] (10883), British Museum.

31 13 bedemen] beadsmen; a beadsman is one who prays for a benefactor, but came to mean a licensed beggar, and a king's beadsman was one who received alms on the king's birthday. 25 herds] shepherds. 27 suffragans] assistants; especially auxiliaries or coadjutors of bishops. 42 mortuaries] gifts demanded by parish priests from estates of deceased parishioners, or gifts by dying persons to parish priests.

32 4 acciting] citing, summoning. 5 commissaries' courts] ecclesiastical courts under jurisdiction of a bishop's commissary or representative. 9 fifty-two thousand parish churches] More, in his reply, pointed out the inaccuracy of this statement; Fish considered every

hamlet to be a parish. 12 five orders of friars] the four recognized mendicant orders were the Franciscans (Grey Friars), Dominicans (Black Friars), Carmelites (White Friars), and the Augustinians (Austin Friars); the fifth is possibly that of the Trinitarians (Crutched Friars, so named from the cross embroidered on the habit); see Father Cuthbert, *The Friars and How They Came to England* (St. Louis and New York, 1903). 16 angels] gold coins, valued at the time of about 8s. 26 polled] plundered 29 fifteens] a tax. one tenth of the worth of movable property was imposed on residents of cities, boroughs, and ancient demesnes, and one-fifteenth upon other persons 39 Lucius] fictional king of England mentioned by Bede, Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth; 'Sir Lucius Iberius,' the 'Emperor of Rome,' appears in Malory's *Mort d'Arthure*, but Wyntoun says that Leo, not Lucius, demanded tribute of Arthur. 42 find] support, maintain.

33 5 third part] the monasteries are said to have owned a third of the lands and tithes of England. 23 King John] of England (1167–1216); an unfavorable reference to the Magna Carta. 26 Stephen] Stephen Langton was instrumental in exacting the Magna Carta from King John. 27 interdicted his land] Pope Innocent placed England under an interdict when King John attempted to remove Langton from his see.

34 16 let] hinder, retard. The opposition between this sentence and that which precedes was noted by More 17 inhabitable] not habitable. 20 illected] enticed. 22 to be brent with] to catch an inflammatory disease from.

35 13 Caesar] Fish confuses the celebrated Roman jurist Gaius (2nd cent. A.D.), with the emperor Gaius Caesar (Caligula). 18 Acts of the Apostles] *Acts*, 4. 32–35. 37 or] ere, before. 40 warmoll quest] an inquest by the wardmote, or meeting of citizens of a ward, once a year to redress vice. 41 Richard Hunne] a citizen of London who, being haled into the ecclesiastical court for failure to give a mortuary to the priest in whose parish his infant had died, brought countersuit against the priest. Hunne was charged with heresy and imprisoned Soon thereafter he was found hanged by his own girdle. Horsey, chancellor of the Bishop of London, was convicted of the murder of Hunne, but Wolsey secured his freedom through payment of a fine of £600 The Bishop of London prosecuted the charge of heresy against the dead body of Hunne, which was burned at Smithfield. 41 praemunire] a legal action, corresponding somewhat to the modern injunction, and originally used against papal encroachments.

36 4 the statute of mortmain] enacted 1279, to prevent additional lands from passing to the possession of the Church. 19 other] either. 24 goulafres] 'engulfers,' from Old Fr *goulfre*, gulf or whirlpool 32 literature] literary culture.

37 20 remission of sins are] Looseness of agreement in number between subject and verb is common in 16th-century writing 39 Dr Allen] John Allen, Chaplain to Wolsey. 41 long] belong. 42 Dr. Horsey] see note to p. 35 l. 41.

38 2 Hunne] see note to p. 35 l. 41.

39 1 loobies] lubbers, louts. 3 Gen. iii] *Genesis*, 3.19· 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' 20 *Domine . . . regem*] 'O Lord, save the King.'

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

Sir Thomas Elyot (*c.* 1490–1546), scholar, translator, lexicographer, public servant, and diplomat, was the son of Sir Richard Elyot, Serjeant-at-law, Justice of Assize on the Western Circuit, and attorney-general to the queen consort of King Henry VII. The place of Thomas Elyot's birth, and the details of his education are uncertain; the efforts of his early biographers to claim him as an alumnus of Oxford or of Cambridge are offset by the absence of any record of his having been a student at either university, and by his own statement, in the prefatory address to the first edition of his dictionary, that he received instruction at home. Moreover, other statements by Elyot in various books and letters imply that his proficiency in the learning of his age was due to the personal assistance and inspiration he received from other scholars who were actively promoting humanistic scholarship in England at the begin-

ning of the sixteenth century; for men such as Thomas Linacre and Thomas More were among Elyot's friends and acquaintances. In the preface to *The Castel of Helth*, Sir Thomas Elyot tells us that before he was twenty years old 'a worshipful physician, and one of the most renowned at that time in England' [probably Linacre], perceiving him by nature inclined to knowledge, read unto him works of Galen and Hippocrates, and that later he continued his medical studies independently, by reading works of Celsus, Dioscorides, Avicenna, Averroës, and other authorities, both classical and Arabic. Drawn by a natural affinity to the group that came together at Sir Thomas More's to engage in common in enthusiastic study of the literature and learning of Greece and Rome, Elyot and his wife jointly pursued their classical studies as members of this circle.

Upon his father's death in 1522, Elyot inherited large landholdings near Woodstock, became a Justice of the Peace for Oxfordshire, and Sheriff for that county and Berkshire in 1527. In 1523, Wolsey appointed him clerk of the Privy Council; in that position he served six and one-half years without pay until, on Wolsey's death, the long-awaited letters patent confirming the grant of that office were called in and canceled. About the same time, Sir Thomas Elyot was knighted, and the next year, in dedicating to King Henry VIII his first published work, *The Governour*, he announces that his purpose was to discuss the education of those who 'hereafter may be deemed worthy to be governours of the public weal'; thus he places his best-known work among the long line of famous treatises dealing with the proper training of those destined to become rulers. In the autumn of 1531, the same year that saw the first publication of *The Governour*, Henry VIII sent Elyot as his ambassador to the court of Charles V, with instructions to obtain the Emperor's favor toward the divorce from Catherine of Aragon—a difficult mission, fraught with the peril of incurring King Henry's distrust, especially because Elyot's sympathies were probably with Catherine, and his intimacy with Sir Thomas More and his friends was well known.

When Elyot returned to England in 1532, More had retired; and Elyot, aware of the storm that was gathering about many of his friends, and of his own inability to moderate it, avoided further active participation in the conflicts of the time, and thenceforth devoted his energies to serving his countrymen by making available to them in published books the fruits of his scholarship. By these literary works Elyot retained King Henry's good will; whereas, had he continued to hold diplomatic or political offices under that monarch, he might well have incurred Henry's active and perhaps fatal displeasure, and have suffered a fate similar to that of Sir Thomas More and many others of his friends. During the last years of his life, however, Elyot's only important official positions were those of member of Parliament for Cambridge in 1542, and sheriff of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire in 1544. He died in March 1546.

To Elyot belongs the primary credit for establishing among the English scholars of the sixteenth century a vigorous tradition that they had an obligation to make their superior knowledge available to others by opening fully to their countrymen the rich storehouse of wisdom enclosed in the writings of the ancients in the Greek and Latin tongues. This zeal to disseminate sound learning in the various branches of natural and moral philosophy was communicated to a long line of Elyot's successors, who followed his lead in adapting or translating into English the scientific and philosophical works of the past, and who

continued his program of enriching the technical vocabulary of the English language with the aim of making it an adequate medium for the accurate transmission of complex ideas and precise knowledge.

This aim for his native tongue had inspired the most ambitious of Elyot's scholarly achievements—his Latin-English dictionary based upon classical rather than medieval authors. First published in 1538, it had a second edition during Elyot's lifetime. After being three times re-issued in editions successively improved and enlarged by Thomas Cooper between 1548 and 1559, its fourth revision by Cooper, under the title of *Thesaurus linguae Romanae & Britannicae*, became the standard reference work for the remainder of the century. Elyot's example also contributed to the vogue of casting works of popular instruction in the form of a dialogue. As dialogues Elyot indited his *Pasquil the Playne* (1532), *Of the Knowledge which maketh a Wise Man* (1533), and *The Defence of Good Women* (1545).

Elyot's importance as a translator was due in great measure to his casting aside of the methods of most of his predecessors and contemporaries, who crept jerkily from word to word in a literal phrase-for-phrase rendition of the original. Instead, he attempted to recapture the form and spirit of his original by adopting a method of free interpolation, and succeeded in writing a far more idiomatic English than one can find in the halting prose of most other translators before the 1540's. Among the works which illustrate his superiority are his version of Saint Cyprian's *Sermon of Mortalitie of Man*, published in 1534 with Pico della Mirandola's *Rules of a Christian Lyfe*, his English rendering of Plutarch' essay *The Education or bringing up of Children* (about 1535), and his translation of Isocrates' *Ad Nicoclem* under the title of *The Doctrinal of Princes* (after 1534?).

By the translation of these works of Plutarch and of Isocrates, Elyot exemplifies his special interest in the writings of classical antiquity that dealt with education and moral philosophy, particularly as applied to the training of leaders in the state. From works of this sort he derived most of the material he incorporated into his own book, *The Governour*, although he was also indebted to other humanist treatises written under similar inspiration, notably to Erasmus' *Institutio principis Christiani* (1516), and Francesco Patrizi's *De regno et regis institutione* (written in the late 15th century and printed at Paris in 1518). But *The Governour* owes its greatest debts to Quintilian's *Institutio Oratoria*, that treatise of the first century A.D. on Roman education, and to Aristotle's *Nichomachean Ethics*. By its close links with two of the classical works most universally admired by the scholars of the sixteenth century—the one for its precepts on education, the other for moral philosophy—Elyot's book becomes one of the most typical of the Renaissance, and highly valuable for the insight it gives us into the thought of the age.

MODERN EDITIONS. **The Gouernour* (ed. by H. H. S Croft), 2 vols, London, 1883; †*The Governour*, Everyman's Library, London, 1907.

COMMENT: S. S. Laurie, 'The Governour,' in *Studies in the History of Educational Opinion from the Renaissance*, London, 1903; L. K. Born, Introduction to his translation of Erasmus' *The Education of a Christian Prince*, New York, 1936; D. T. Starnes, 'Notes on Elyot's *The Governour* (1531),' *RES*, iii (1927), 37–36; D. T. Starnes, 'Shakespeare and Elyot's *Governour*,' *Univ. Texas Studies*, No. 7 (1927), 112–132; James Wortham, 'Sir Thomas Elyot and the Translation of Prose,' *HLQ*, iii (1948), 219–40; L. Warren, 'Patrizi's *De Regno et Regis Institutione* and the Plan of Elyot's *The Boke named the Governour*,' *JEGP*, xlix (1950), 67–77.

TEXT: *The boke named the Gouernour*, 1531 (7635), Huntington.

40 7 attemptate] from the Latin *attemptare;* typical of the words Elyot coined directly from the Latin; the form that came to be preferred even in the 16th cent. was 'attempt.' 13 Plato] see *Republic* iv.423E. 14 Solomon] see *Proverbs,* 11.14. 39 again] against; a common 16th-cent. form of the word.

41 7] The first three chapters of the first book have the following titles: (i) 'The signification of the Public Weal, and why it is called in Latin *Respublica*'; (ii) 'That one sovereign governor ought to be in a public weal. And what damage hath happened where a multitude hath had equal authority without any sovereign'; (iii) 'That in a public weal ought to be inferior governors called magistrates: which shall be appointed or chosen by the sovereign governor.' 30 propice] fit; cf. 'propitious' 35 ancient writers] e.g. Cicero, in *Tusc. Quaest.,* iii.1.

42 2 tache] moral spot or blemish. 11 slips] tender shoots or branches. 17 faictes] actions 17 provecte] more advanced; another of Elyot's coinages from the Latin 32 ne] nor. 32 advaunt] push forward 38 radicate] root. 39 cautel] caution, subtlety. 41] Chapter v is entitled 'The order of learning that a nobleman should be trained in before he come to the age of seven years.'

43 6 sad] trustworthy. 12 eschew] avoid. 20 Homer] see *Iliad,* ix.432 ff. 31 vice] Elyot derived the notion that Alexander had been corrupted by his tutor from Quintilian, *Institutio oratoria,* Book i, chap. 1, paragraph 9. Throughout Book i of *The Governour* Elyot draws heavily upon Book i of Quintilian.

44 15 fatigate] fatigued. 38 Quintilian] See *Institutio oratoria,* i 1 12 41 uneth] not easily, scarcely. 42 understande] a late Middle English and Early Modern form of the past participle of the verb 'understandan'; modern 'understood.'

45 36 Copie] L. *Copia,* abundance; the command of a variety of words for expressing one's thoughts 37 Lucian] ancient satirist (*c.* 115–*c.* 200 A.D.); author of many satiric dialogues. 41 Aristophanes] the greatest of the Greek authors of satiric comedies (*c.* 448–*c.* 380 B.C.).

46 20 *Iliados*] the *Iliad;* Elyot here, and also five lines below, transliterates the Greek forms of the titles of Homer's epic poems. 27 ensearch] inquire into. 37 *Eneidos*] *Æneid.*

47 12 skosers] scorsers; horse dealers. 18 Aristaeus] see Virgil's *4th Georgic.* 18 Dido and Æneas] see *Æneid,* iv. 22 Eurealus] see *Æneid,* v. 24 Iopas] see *Æneid,* i. 24 Demodocus] see *Odyssey,* viii. 31 Sibyl] see *Æneid,* vi. 32 Cerberus, Gorgon, Megæra] all mentioned in Virgil's *Æneid;* Cerberus was the monstrous watchdog of Hades; the Gorgon's head turned into stone anything that met its gaze; Megera was one of the Furies 34 Sisyphus] legendary king of Corinth whose punishment in Hades was perpetually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which, on reaching the summit, would roll down again. 36 Elysius] Elysium.

48 3 *Metamorphosios*] *Metamorphoses* 5 *De fastis*] the *Fasti,* 22 Silius] Tiberius Catius Asconius (26–101), Roman poet and imitator of Virgil in his epic, the *Punica,* a narrative of the Second Punic War between Rome and Carthage. 22 Lucane] M. A. Lucanus (39–65), Roman poet whose epic the *Pharsalia* recounts the defeat of Pompey by Julius Caesar. 31 illecebrous] enticing 35 deprehendeth] perceiveth.

49 22 Agricola] Rudolph Agricola (1444–1485), German humanist whose introductory manual of logic *De Inventione Dialectica* was one of the most popular textbooks of the 16th century 28 Hermogenes] Greek rhetorician of the second century, A D., whose manual of twelve elementary exercises in rhetoric, the *Progymnasmata,* was popular with teachers of the Middle Ages and Renaissance 32 Tully] Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman statesman and orator. 35 Erasmus] his textbook *De duplici copia verborum ac rerum* was written in 1511 for the students of John Colet's newly founded St. Paul's School; its popularity as a textbook in English grammar schools lasted for two centuries. 38 Isocrates] Greek rhetorician and orator (436–338 B.C.).

50 1 Nicocles] Isocrates' oration to the young Nicocles on the duties and virtues of a sovereign was translated by Elyot shortly after he wrote *The Governour* and published with the title *The Doctrinal of Princes.* 13 Octavius] Augustus. 21 tables of Ptolemy] the system of maps in Ptolemy's *Geography,* the geographical textbook composed by Claudius Ptolemaeus, Alexandrian astronomer and geographer of the second century A.D. 40 covenable] convenient.

51 4 Demetrius Phalereus] Demetrius of Phalerum (*c.* 354–*c.* 283 B.C.), pupil

of Theophrastus, governed Athens as viceroy for Cassander of Macedonia 317–307 B.C., and after 307 B.C. went into exile in Egypt; he was eminent in literature as well as in politics. 10–11 witness . . . antiquity.] see note to p. 26, lines 21–23. 17 Quintilian] *Inst. orat*., x.1.32. 18 Titus Livius] the Roman historian Livy (59 B.C.–17 A.D.). 26 Xenophon] Athenian writer (*c.* 430 B.C.–*c.* 355 B.C.); his *Cyropaedia* is one of the earliest of the long line of treatises on the education of a ruler which are direct ancestors of Elyot's *Governour*. 40–42 two . . . virtue] the first two books of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*

52 15 Salomon] this was the common Elizabethan spelling of Solomon. 21 Oza] Uzzah. 22 *Archa federis*] Ark of the Covenant; see *2 Samuel* 6.7. 22 Gaba] Gibeah. 25 Erasmus] his *Institutio Principis Christiani* was published in 1516, dedicated to prince Charles, later Emperor Charles V. 29 Scipio] Scipio Africanus Major (*c.* 235–*c.* 183 B.C.), Roman general who won the victory over Hannibal, leader of the forces of Carthage, in the Second Punic War. 39 Aulus Gellius] Roman writer of the 2nd cent. A.D., noted especially for his collection of essays, which he entitled *Noctis Atticae;* the reference here is to book iv. 42 Galen] the most famous physician of antiquity (2nd cent. A.D.); his authority in medical matters was not seriously impaired until the 16th century. The reference is to his *De sanitate tuenda,* book i.

53 2 humecteth] moistens, humidifies. 4 temperature] temperament or complexion; the hot and moist complexion or humour was the sanguine.

EDWARD HALLE

Edward Halle, or Hall (the former spelling predominates in contemporary documents and printed texts) was born about the end of the fifteenth century and died in April 1547, three months after Henry VIII, the monarch who was the hero of the chronicle upon which rests Halle's principal claim to renown. A native of London, Halle received his early education at Eton College; after receiving the degree of bachelor of arts at King's College, Cambridge, in 1517–8, he became a student of the law at Gray's Inn, and during the remainder of his life held a variety of offices at Gray's Inn, and in the government of the City of London. At the former he was autumn reader in 1533 and Lent reader in 1540; in London, through the King's favor, he was constituted common serjeant in 1533, under sheriff in 1535, and later held a succession of other official positions.

In the important Reformation Parliament of 1529, Halle represented Wenlock and took an active part in its proceedings as an ardent partisan of the English Reformation and supporter of the policies of Henry VIII; he was a member of the later Parliament that had sessions in 1539 and 1540, and to the Parliament of 1542 he was returned for Bridgnorth.

In his will, proved 25 May, 1547, Halle bequeathed to the printer Richard Grafton the manuscript of his 'Cronycle late made trusting that he will sett it forward.' Grafton was prompt in discharging his obligation as Halle's literary executor to print the *Chronicle*, for the work in his shop progressed with sufficient rapidity so that by the end of November his printers had set up and printed off the text pages from the beginning of the book to the end of the account of the reign of Edward IV; from this point they continued until they reached the end of the volume, whereupon, for some reason not yet explained, they proceeded to reprint the early section. It was this second printing of this first section that was bound with the original printing of the later section and the preliminaries when Halle's *Chronicle* was first issued by Grafton in the spring of 1548 with the title of *The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre & Yorke.*

The unusual procedure followed by Grafton in the printing of the first edition of Halle's book gave rise to one of the peculiarities that have led scholars of the last hundred years and more to propose conflicting theories concerning the date and authorship of the book known as Halle's *Chronicle*; the other singularity is the difference in style between its account of the earlier reigns and its story of the reign of Henry VIII. In the first part, the author, in his efforts to achieve 'eloquence' and an artificially elevated style, cultivates to excess the devices of contemporary rhetoric and introduces so many Latin neologisms that Ascham complained that Halle wrote 'indenture English'; when he comes to describe the events of Henry VIII's reign, he writes with simple directness in an English prose both graceful and vigorous. Critics such as Krapp and Robert M. Smith, unable to believe that the same person could have written both the earlier and the later sections of the *Chronicle*, have suggested that the account of the reign of Henry VIII should be credited to Richard Grafton.

Recent scholarship, by means of a bibliographical analysis of the various printings of Halle's *Chronicle*, has demonstrated that the alleged first edition of a part of Halle's work, said to have been published in 1542 by Thomas Berthelet, can be dismissed as a myth; and, through the discovery of further facts about Edward Halle, has enabled us also to dismiss the suspicion that the most important part of his chief literary work should be credited to someone else. Some uncertainty still remains about the precise nature and extent of Grafton's editorial contributions to the original edition he published in 1548; but—at least until a greatly needed scholarly edition of the *Chronicle* appears—the following tentative account of the genesis of the copy that was printed by Grafton will serve to reconcile the earlier evidence of the contemporary statements of Grafton, Foxe, and others, with the new facts revealed by modern scholars.

Inasmuch as the most eminent modern historian of the period of Henry VIII describes the account in the *Chronicle* of the Reformation Parliament of 1529 as 'in a sense a parliamentary journal,' and has proved that Edward Halle was a member and active participant in that Parliament, we may infer that Halle's resolution to become a chronicler of the events of his own time and of the fame of the monarch he ardently admired was taken not later than 1529, and from that time forward he kept careful notes and wrote up the scenes and events to which he had been an eyewitness before allowing much time to elapse. This would account for the extraordinary vividness and fullness of detail with which he reports the occurrences of the years just before and after 1530. Grafton is our authority that the manuscript left by Halle was 'perfected' down to the year 24 Henry VIII (22 April 1532 to 21 April 1533), and that for the later years Halle had left many notes and papers but not a manuscript fully revised and ready for the press. Grafton, from Halle's extensive papers, completed the manuscript for the last fourteen years of the reign of Henry VIII. For the account of the first twenty-four years, Halle's manuscript may have been completed as early as 1535, before he decided to enlarge the scope of his history by beginning with the reign of Henry IV and leading up to a climax in the glorious period of the English Reformation and the rule of Henry VIII. This more ambitious scheme must have had its inception sometime after 1534, for that was the year of publication of Polydore Vergil's *Anglica Historia*, his chief authority for the period from Henry IV to Henry VII.

The last years of Halle's increasingly busy life found him at work compiling a history in the customary manner of the time, putting together the accounts of previous historians, although he probably continued at the same time to add to his notes and papers for future use the records of contemporary events in which he participated as a keen and purposeful observer. The idea of later using these materials to continue his account of Henry VIII's reign was always present in his mind. In translating Polydore Vergil's Latin he forsook the simplicity and directness with which he reported at first hand the things which he had himself seen or heard, and in trying to be 'literary,' he fell, like so many others before and after him who have misguidedly sought stylistic eloquence, into the worst forms of the vices of awkwardness and ostentation.

Later English historians have rightly turned to Halle's *Chronicle* as the principal authority for the reign of Henry VIII. The second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587) usually reprints Halle *verbatim* for the years from 1509 to 1546. In fact, all of the selections on pages 55 to 64 of this volume are followed almost word for word in the 1587 edition of Holinshed.

MODERN EDITIONS *Chronicle* (ed by Sir Henry Ellis), London, 1809; **Henry VIII* (ed. by Charles Whibley), 2 vols, London, 1904.

COMMENT G P Krapp, *The Rise of English Literary Prose*, New York, 1915, pp 397–401, Robert M. Smith, 'The Date and Authorship of Hall's Chronicle,' *JEGP*, xvii (1918), 252–66; A F Pollard, 'Edward Hall's Will and Chronicle,' *Bull Inst Hist. Research*, ix (1931–32), 171–77; Graham Pollard, 'The Bibliographical History of Hall's Chronicle,' *ibid*, x (1932–33), 12–17; W. Gordon Zeeveld, 'The Influence of Hall on Shakespeare's English Historical Plays,' *ELH*, iii (1936), 317–53

TEXT: *The Union*, 1548 (12722), Huntington.

53 31 Mercury] Hermes Trismegistus, the Greek name of the Egyptian god Thoth. 32 Cadmus] in Greek legend, supposed to have brought the Phoenician alphabet to Greece.

54 15 Gildas] early British historian who wrote in Latin, *c.* 547 a sketch of the history of Britain. 18 Geoffrey of Monmouth] historian (*c.* 1100–54) whose *Historia Regum Britanniae* was, until the 17th century, the most influential authority on the early history of Britain. 20 Brute] the legendary founder of the British race, grandson of Æneas. 30 Matthew of Paris] English chronicler (d. 1259). 40 Robert Fabyan] (d. 1513) the first of the citizen chroniclers of London.

55 1 butt] target. 11 godly matrimony] Henry VII, of the House of Lancaster, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Yorkist Edward IV. 39 bishop of London] Cuthbert Tunstall; see p. 1.

56 5 commoned] communed, talked. 35–6 like you] please you.

57 25 bachelors] candidates for knighthood. 25–6 wafter and a foist] light galleys propelled by sails and oars. 27–8 Simon and Jude] the day of Simon and Jude is October 28 30 targets] shield-shaped ornaments. 38 Collars of Esses] chains or necklaces made of *S*'s strung on ribbon; worn by certain officials. 42 shalms] musical instruments similar to the oboe. 42 shagbushes] bass trumpets with slides.

58 6 wherries] light rowboats. 21 pensels] narrow flags. 30 white roses and red] white for York; red for Lancaster.

59 3 incontinent] immediately. 11 letting of barges] allowing barges to pass. 12 or] before.

60 19 ray] striped. 30 lettice] a grey-white fur. 33 garter] the Garter-King-of-Arms.

61 4 laps] flaps. 26 *Agnus*] music and prayer of the Mass, beginning *Agnus Dei*. 31 nonce] single occasion. 32 coronal] circlet.

62 30 say] silk. 40 chrysm] chrisom, a white robe thrown over the child at christening.

63 24 pounced] embossed.

64 37 beard . . . cut it] in other accounts More went on: 'It has not committed treason.'

HUGH LATIMER

HUGH LATIMER (*c.* 1485–1555), preacher to Henry VIII and Edward VI, and martyr under Queen Mary, played an important role in establishing the tenets of the Church of England. Born at Thurcaston in Leicestershire, son of a diligent and patriotic yeoman-farmer, he was admitted B.A. at Cambridge in 1510 and M.A. in 1514. Until he was thirty, Latimer was a violent adherent to Roman Catholicism; thereafter, he became an ardent reformer, condemning elaborate gifts to the church, pilgrimages, the mass, adoration of the saints, and eventually denying transubstantiation. His sermons as court preacher and as Bishop of Worcester are free from elaborate theological discussions; their fervor and the easy familiarity and simplicity of their style established Latimer as one of the earliest of the popular preachers. In many ways Latimer's career is an anomaly: charged with heresy, he was several times a member of commissions to destroy heresy; a bishop, he said the devil was the most assiduous bishop in London. Yet the course of King Henry VIII himself was equally contradictory: he permitted the Bible to be printed in English, removed images from the church, abolished the monasteries; on the other hand, through the Six Articles, he provided for masses, demanded clerical celibacy, and supported belief in transubstantiation. Because he could not support the Six Articles, Latimer resigned his bishopric in 1539. Later, upon the accession of Edward VI, he returned to public life as a licensed preacher, and his sermons soon won for him a position of greater importance than before. He was appointed in 1548, and again in the two subsequent years, to preach the Lenten sermons before the young king. Fearlessly outspoken in lashing the evils of society in his age, he was feared as one of the most dangerous of the Protestant reformers by the Catholic Queen Mary, and imprisoned shortly after she ascended the throne. In 1555, with Ridley, he was burned at the stake in Oxford. John Foxe, in his account of Latimer's martyrdom, has preserved for all time the courageous words of Latimer to his fellow-martyr as the fire was applied: 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

Latimer's *First Sermon* preached before Edward VI was published separately in 1549, and six more sermons were printed and added to the collection in the same year. Twenty-seven sermons were published in a collected edition in 1562, and a decade later those sermons not previously published were collected in a separate edition and printed in three parts, 1571–75. His sermons were many times reprinted throughout the next hundred years.

MODERN EDITIONS: **Sermons* (ed. by G. E. Corrie), Parker Society, 2 vols, Cambridge, 1844–45; *Seven Sermons before Edward VI* (ed. by Edward Arber), English Reprints, London, 1869; *Sermons* (ed. by H. C. Beeching), Everyman's Library, London, 1906.

COMMENT: R. M. and A. J. Carlyle, *Hugh Latimer*, London, 1899; J. C. Ryle, *Bishops Latimer and Ridley*, London, 1925; Elizabeth T. Hastings, 'A Sixteenth Century Manuscript Translation of Latimer's *First Sermon Before Edward*,' *PMLA*, lx (1945), 959–1002.

TEXT: *The fyrste Sermon*, 1549 (15271), Huntington.

65 31 *Quaecunque . . .*] Latimer's text is Romans 15 4.

66 27 *Quecunque . . . facite*] Matthew 23.3. 34] four pages are omitted at this point.

67 11] about 12 pages are omitted at this point. 21 that dead is] King Henry VIII.

68 6 the pages omitted here concern advice on the choosing of a wife. 14

salve] healthy. 35 Chrysostom] Church Father (*c.* 347–407 A.D.); for his statement, see his *Epist. ad Hebraeos,* xiii. 41 Whether] in Old English and Early Modern English, used to introduce a question.

69 6 rent-raisers] rents at this time were being increased to three or four times their former rate. 40 yeomanry] men below rank of gentlemen owning and cultivating a small estate. 40 shavery] for sake of the play on words, a term modeled humorously on slavery, to mean, apparently, the state of being cheated financially

70 4 appropriations] it had been customary for only a portion of the tithes collected by the parish priests to be retained by them, the remainder going to monastic institutions; with the dissolution of the monasteries, the 'appropriations' went to the crown. 4 reformations is] another example of the lack of agreement between subject and verb that is common in sixteenth-century English. 8 marks] the mark was worth 13s. 4d. 13 find] furnish. 16 Blackheath field] the Cornish rebels were defeated here in 1497. 18 nobles] the noble was worth 6s. 8d.

71 5 Surveyors] overseers and tax-collectors.

ROGER ASCHAM

Roger Ascham (1515–1568), scholar, teacher, and tutor to Queen Elizabeth, belonged to the group of Englishmen who have frequently been called the 'second generation of English humanists,' to distinguish them from an earlier group, which included Thomas Linacre, William Grocyn, and John Colet, who had gone to Italy at the end of the fifteenth century to acquire their training in Greek and Latin literature and had returned to establish humanistic studies in England. Ascham's generation, although many of them, like Ascham, made journeys to Italy, laid the foundations of their scholarship at home, most of them at Cambridge University, and especially at St. John's College, during the two decades between 1530 and 1550. Sir John Cheke (1514–1557) and Sir Thomas Smith (1513–1577) were the leaders of this generation, which, besides Ascham, included most of the Englishmen who were to become eminent as scholars and statesmen under the three children of King Henry VIII. Born of an old yeoman family in Yorkshire, Roger Ascham entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1530, received his B.A. in 1533 and was elected fellow of the College. After receiving his M.A. in 1537 he continued at St. John's as a fellow and as a Reader in Greek. In 1541 he was appointed a lecturer in Mathematics, and in 1547, public orator at Cambridge. Ascham's first work, *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery in English rather than Latin, was presented to Henry VIII in 1545. In form the book was a Ciceronian dialogue between Toxophilus, 'lover of the bow,' and Philologus, 'lover of the word'; the style was consciously shaped to be at once learned and popular. The author's explanation, in his dedication to the king, of the reasons prompting him to write this treatise in English, is typical of the arguments used by the scholars of Ascham's generation for justifying the writing in the vernacular of works of sound learning for the benefit of their countrymen.

Appointed tutor to Elizabeth in 1548, he served her first as Princess, and later as Queen.

He travelled on the Continent as secretary to Sir Richard Morysone, ambassador to Charles V, from 1550 until the death of Edward VI in 1553 brought about Moryson's recall and Ascham's return to England. While he was in Germany Ascham had been appointed Latin secretary to Edward VI; Queen Mary retained him as Latin secretary and Elizabeth, on her accession, gave him the same post in her service.

The *Scholemaster* was first published posthumously by Ascham's wife in

1570. The first draft of the first book (intended to be complete in itself) had been written in the winter of 1563–64; by the time Ascham had finished it he planned to add a second book on the methods of teaching Latin in the grammar school. In revising his first draft some four years later (1567 to 1568), Ascham added the preface describing his talk with Sir Richard Sackville as the immediate cause of his writing the treatise, and also the Second Book he had planned.

MODERN EDITIONS: *The Whole Works* (ed. by J. A. Giles), 4 vols, London, 1865; *The Scholemaster* (ed. by J. E. B. Mayor), London, 1863 and 1895; *The Scholemaster* (ed. by Edward Arber), English Reprints, London, 1870 and 1923; *Toxophilus* (ed. by Edward Arber), English Reprints, Birmingham, 1868, *English Works* (ed. by William Aldis Wright), Cambridge, 1904.

COMMENT: Robert Henry Quick, *Essays on Educational Reformers*, London, 1868; Gerhard Weidemann, *Roger Ascham als pädagoge*, Berlin, 1900; Max Adolf Emkes, *Das erziehungsideal bei Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Elyot, Roger Ascham, und John Lyly*, Marburg, 1904; A. Katterfeld, *Roger Ascham. Sein Leben und Seine Werke*, Strasburg, 1879; L. B Radford, 'Roger Ascham,' *Quarterly Review*, cclvi (1931), 96–111; George B Parks, 'The First Draft of Ascham's *Scholemaster*,' *HLQ*, (1938), 313–27

TEXT: *Toxophilus*, 1545 (837) Huntington; *The Scholemaster*, 1570 (832), Huntington.

72 17 victorious journey into France] Henry VIII, during his war with France, crossed the Channel in 1544 and was present at the capture of Boulogne. 41 Sir William Paget (1505–1563), became Secretary of State to Henry VIII in 1543.

73 29 Bias] one of the seven sages of Greece; flourished about 570 B.C 29 Croesus] king of Lydia, 560–546 B.C, famed for his fabulous wealth. 38 fond] foolish.

74 3 long-bow] the hand-discharged bow, as distinguished from the cross-bow; the length of the long bow was usually the height of the archer. 41 honest] honorable.

75 17 communed] conversed. 21 malvesy] malvoisie, or malmsey; a strong, sweet wine from the Cyclades and the Malavisi province of Crete. 21 sack] a dry wine (Fr. *sec.*); a name applied to the dry, white wines of southern France or Spain.

76 1 plucketh down a side] pulls down the score on his side. 29 fletcher] arrow maker

77 20 William Cecil] (1520–1598), Queen Elizabeth's famous secretary of state 1558–1572; and, 1572–1598, Lord Treasurer; created Baron Burghley in 1571; studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, at the time that Ascham and Cheke were fellows of that College.

78 22–26 Sir William Peter . . . Nicasius] Most of this distinguished company were among the most eminent scholars and statesmen of the time; many had served in important posts in the preceding reigns of Edward VI and Mary; several had been Ascham's contemporaries at Cambridge

79 8 schoolhouse] in Latin, the term *ludus* signified 'play' or 'diversion'; *ludus literarius* was the term for grammar school. 10 Plato] see the *Republic*, vii 15 curst] vicious 17 best schoolmaster of our time] Nichol Udall, Master at Eton 1534–41, and later at Westminster School, the author of *Ralph Roister Doister*. 20 best scholars] Walter Haddon (1516–1572), one of the group present, had been educated at Eton before entering King's College, Cambridge. 30 Sir Richard Sackville] d. 1566, father of Thomas Sackville (1536–1608), the author of the Induction to the second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* and co-author of *Gorboduc*.

80 3 lewd] unlearned, bungling. 6 Robert Sackville] (1561–1609), eldest son of Thomas Sackville. 8 son much of his age] Sturm Ascham, born 1562; named after the humanist John Sturm, Ascham's friend and correspondent. 32 Mr. Goodricke] Richard Goodrich (*c.* 1524–1562), attorney of the court of augmentations of which Sir Richard Sackville was chancellor. 34 Sir John Cheke] see the notes, p. 810.

81 15 Sir Thomas Smith] (1513–1577), Greek scholar, statesman, political writer; succeeded William Cecil, Lord Burghley, as Secretary of State in 1572, when the latter was appointed Lord Treasurer. 16 Mr. Watson] Thomas Watson (1513–1584), one of the scholars who, with Cheke, Ascham, and Sir Thomas Smith, led the revival of Greek learning at Cambridge; later

bishop of Lincoln. 18 Sturmius] John Sturm (1507–1589), humanist scholar and teacher at Strasbourg; friend of Ascham. 22 mo] a common Elizabethan form of 'more.' 22 lets] hindrances 23 Westminster Hall] the seat of the Court of the King's Bench; the allusion is probably to litigation connected with Ascham's financial troubles. 39 goodness of one] i e, Sir William Cecil.

82 4 ἔχω . . . βροτῶν] 'For all I have I owe to thee alone,' *Oedipus at Colonus,* 1129

83 26 Horman and Whittington] William Horman (d 1535), Master of Eton from 1485, author of elementary Latin textbooks published at the beginning of the 16th cent , he attacked the works on Latin grammar of his contemporary, Robert Whittinton, or Whittington, in *Antibossicon* (1521) Ascham is critical of both. 29 *Cicero de Oratore*] see *De Oratore,* i 34, for Cicero's description of the method of improving one's Latin style by translation from Greek to Latin. 37 three concordances] grammatical agreements in number, gender, and person.

84 9 Tully's] i.e Cicero's 20 *N.*] here the master would insert the child's name; the *N* stands for the Latin, *nomen.*

85 16 Budaeus] Guillaume Budé (1467–1540), French humanist.

86 12 *proprium*] literal statement 12 *translatum*] figurative statement. 13 *synonymum*] synonyms. 13 *diversum*] distinction of meaning; not precisely synonymous 13 *contraria*] of opposite meaning; antonyms. 14 *phrases*] apt locutions; vivid idiomatic phrases.

88 25 nipping] censuring. 38 privy] private; secret.

89 25 *de Rep.*] Plato's *Republic,* iii. 398–9. 27 book of shooting] Ascham's *Toxophilus.* 32 staffish] unmanageable. 33 *otium . . . languidum*] a calm but not listless tranquility. 33 *negotium . . . periculo*] an occupation with hard work, not with risk.

90 34 St. James's tide] May 1. 35 sweeting] sweet-flavored variety of apple. 35 rennet] a dessert apple of French origin; from Rennes, in Normandy. 41 store] stock or supply for future use.

92 2 seven plain notes] Ascham's requirements were suggested by Book vii of Plato's *Republic.* 23 wearish] sickly-looking.

93 13 *Usus . . . memoria*] 'practice begot me, memory, my mother, bore me'; this fragment from Lucuis Afranius (*c.* 150 B.C.) is quoted by Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae,* xiii.8. 22 Isocrates] (436–338 B.C.), Greek orator and rhetorician. 24 Halicarnassaeus] Dionysius of Halicarnassus (fl. 25 B.C.), Greek historian and literary critic. 26 Epeius] the builder of the Trojan horse.

95 10 Plato] the quotation is from the *Republic,* vii.

96 6 Strabo] Roman geographer. 16 Cuspinian] Johannes Cuspinian (1473–1529), German classical scholar and writer on Roman history. 37 namely] especially.

97 7 popinjays] parrots. 23 Xenophon] *Cyropaedia,* i. 30 Jane Grey] (1537–1554), cousin to King Edward VI, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk; married to Lord Guildford Dudley; proclaimed Queen in 1553 by the adversaries of Mary opposed to Catholicism; deposed after a nine-days' reign; when Mary established herself as queen. The visit mentioned by Ascham occurred in 1550. 33 *Phaedon Platonis*] the *Phaedo* of Plato. 34 Bocace] Giovanni Boccaccio (1313–1375), author of the *Decameron.*

98 8 bobs] blows. 10 Mr. Elmer] John Aylmer (1521–1594), educated at Cambridge, tutor to Lady Jane Grey; later bishop of London (1576–1594).

99 34 Xenophon] *Cyropaedia,* vii. 40 Samson] see *Judges,* 14.1 ff.

101 34 Cyrus] see *Cyropaedia,* i. 41 frayed] frightened.

102 3 Crassus] see Cicero, *De Oratore,* iii.24. 15 busking] doublet. 22 rishe] dialectical form of 'rush'; a trifle. 25 Smithfield] the common duelling section of Elizabethan London.

103 8 Getae] plural of Geta, a slave in Terence's *Phormio;* also in his *Adelphi.* 8 Davi] Davus, the slave in Terence's *Andria* 8 Gnatos] Gnatho, the parasite attending Thraso in Terence's *Eunuchus.* 8 Phormios] Phormio, the parasite in Terence's *Phormio.* 10 Parmeno] slave of Phaedria in Terence's *Eunuchus.*

104 9 St. Chrysostom] Church Father (347–407); John Cheke published the six discourses 'On Fate and Providence' in a Latin version in 1545. 15 Julianus Apostata] the Emperor Julian the Apostate (331–363). 37 Isocrates] the quotation that follows is from his *Areopagiticus.*

106 25 Langaeus] Guillaume du Bellay, Seigneur de Langey (1491–1553), noted French scholar, diplomat and general. 25 Bellaeus] Jean du Bellay

(1492–1560), next younger brother of Guillaume du Bellay, Seigneur de Langey; scholar and Cardinal (1535). His cousin, Joachim du Bellay (1524–1560), the poet, served for a time as his secretary.

107 10 bankrouts] bankruptcies. 24 Chamloe] Sir Roger Cholmley (d. 1565), Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 35 Tyburn] the principal place of execution of criminals in London.

108 8 rascal] the inferior deer of a herd. 36 Pallas] Pallas Athena, the patron goddess of Athens.

109 3 *aegida*] the shield. 3 *oliva*] the olive branch. 21 *School of Shooting*] *Toxophilus*. 21 *Cockpit*] a treatise on cock-fighting, now lost. 39–42 *Fortunam . . . ineptè*] 'I sing a noble war, and Priam's Fate'; and 'How much better the man who attempted nothing ineptly?' Horace *de Arte Poetica*, 137 and 140.

110 9 Castiglione] see pp. 147–183, and the notes thereto 26 Duke of Suffolk] Henry Brandon, 2nd Duke of Suffolk, and his brother Charles both attended St. John's College, Cambridge, where they were students of great promise; both died at Cambridge in 1551. 26 Lord Henry Matrevers] Henry Fitzalan, precocious young nobleman who died in 1556 at the age of 19 while on an embassy to the King of Bohemia. 30 Dr Readman] John Redman (1499–1551), churchman, classical scholar; a friend of Ascham's at St. John's College; and later the first master of Trinity College, Cambridge (1546–1551).

111 24 big one of this court] this notorious person and the 'common proverb of Birching Lane' have not been identified.

113 3–4 *sive . . . praedicetur*] a paraphrase of *Philippians* 1.18; the King James version translates it 'Notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached.'

114 30 Mr. Watson] see note to p. 81, l. 16.

115 40 Circe's court] in Greek mythology anyone who drank from the cup of Circe, the enchantress, was transformed into a beast; see *Odyssey*, ix.

116 36 Hieremy] Jeremiah.

117 17–19 *Nolite . . . constringe*] See *Psalms* 32.9; 'Be ye not as the horse or as the mule; which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle.' 23 *Diverte . . . bonum*] 'Depart from evil and do good'; *Psalms* 34.14. 39–40 *Englese . . . incarnato*] 'An Italianate Englishman is a devil incarnate.'

118 30 Louvain] the chief center of the English Catholic refugees in the first years of Elizabeth's reign. 37 St. Paul saith] *Galatians*, 5.19.

119 6 bawdy books translated out of the Italian] Ascham refers to recently issued translations of Italian *novelle*, such as William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566), and Geoffrey Fenton's translation of Bandello's *Tragical Discourses* (1567) 8 sound] tend. 13 *Morte Arthure*] Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

120 14–15 *abhominabiles . . . Deus*] Psalms, 14 1: 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. They are corrupt, and have done abhominable works' 20 Petrarch] (1304–1374), the famous Italian poet; writer of sonnets and of the *Trionfi*, allegorical poems in praise of Love, Fame, Chastity, Death, etc. 21 Tully's *Offices*] Cicero's *De officus*, a treatise on moral duties. 22 Bocace] Boccaccio; his *Decameron* had not yet been translated into English, but several of the stories therein had been translated by Painter in his collection *The Palace of Pleasure* 28 whether] which. 38 ἄθεοι] atheists

121 10 *Credat Iudaeus Appella*] Appella, the Jew, may believe it, [not I]. Horace, *Satires*, i 5.100. 21 Pygius] Albertus Pighius (1490–1542), scholar, theologian, astronomer, and mathematician; champion of Catholicism against Luther 31 one city] Venice, Ascham probably visited Italy in 1551. 35 pantocle] a slipper; from Fr. *pantoufle*.

122 11 Bridewell] in Ascham's time a house of correction in London.

123 6 Guelph or Ghibelline] the two great parties in medieval Italian politics.

125 37–38 *dissimilis . . . tractatio*] handling unlike matter in a similar manner; and handling like matter in a different manner.

126 4 Menander] (late 4th cent. B.C.) Greek writer of 'new comedy'; many of his plays were adapted in Latin by Terence in the 2nd cent. B.C 11 Macrobius] Roman writer about 400 A D.; his *Saturnalia*, Books iii to vi, analyze Virgil's debt to Homer. 14 Eobanus Hessus] (1488–1540), German humanist scholar and poet; among his works is an annotated edition of Virgil's *Eclogues*.

128 5–6 *Cur . . . Platonis*] 'Crassus, why do we not imitate Socrates as he appears in the *Phaedrus* of Plato?' *De Oratore*, i.7.28. 7 *obiter*] incidentally. 11 Atticus] Ascham, in the quotation in

the following paragraph from Cicero's letter to Atticus, prints the Latin text. For the reader's convenience we have inserted an English translation based on the Loeb Library edition.

129 3 Cortesius] Paolo Cortesi (1465–1510), Italian humanist; at the age of 25 he wrote *De hominibus doctis*, addressed to Politian. 3 Politian] Angelo Poliziano (1454–1494), Florentine humanist and poet. 4 Bembus] Pietro Bembo (1470–1547) Italian cardinal and humanist; his letter in reply to Pico della Mirandola, defending the imitation of Cicero against the criticisms of Pico, was in the Renaissance frequently published together with the original letter of Pico. 17 Barthol. Riccius Ferrariensis] Bartolomeo Ricci of Ferrara, humanist scholar, published his *De imitatione libri tres* at Venice in 1545; the treatise had later editions at Paris and Lyons

130 6 *praeponendo . . . postponendo*] placing before, placing between, or placing after.

ROBERT RECORDE

Robert Recorde (1510?–1558), scholar, physician, public official, and the first important writer on the mathematical sciences in English, was born at Tenby, Pembrokeshire, educated at Oxford, and elected a Fellow of All Souls College in 1531. Some time later he removed to Cambridge, probably because that university was then taking the lead in Greek studies through the energy and inspiration of John Cheke, and Thomas Smith and their pupils, among whom were Roger Ascham, William Cecil, and others who were to become eminent in the service of the state under Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. In 1545 he received the degree of M.D. from Cambridge; two years later he was practising as a physician in London, and is said to have been royal physician to King Edward VI, and later to Queen Mary. Recorde's career as a public servant began, like that of many of his Cambridge contemporaries, after the accession of Edward VI. He was appointed Controller of the Mint at Bristol, and in 1551, Surveyor of the Mines and Monies of Ireland; the latter post put him in charge of the mining operations in Ireland for which miners from Germany were imported. As a result of disputes between the English administration and the foreign workmen, the Privy Council received complaints concerning Recorde's conduct of the mines. In 1557, five years later, Recorde was imprisoned by the Court of the King's Bench for reasons as yet not definitely ascertained. It is possible that Recorde's Protestant sympathies were responsible for the reviving and acting upon the old charges. While still a prisoner, Recorde died.

Recorde has a place of primary importance in the history of science and scholarship in England. He was the immediate heir to the tradition established by Sir Thomas Elyot of writing in English, for the benefit of his less-learned countrymen, scientific textbooks based upon the best classical and contemporary sources. He wrote one popular medical treatise, *The Urinal of Physick* (1547), but the rest of his publications dealt with the mathematical sciences. His *Ground of Arts* (1542) became the standard textbook of arithmetic in English for more than a century; he published the first English textbook of geometry, *The Pathway to Knowledge*, in 1551; and also the first textbook of algebra, *The Whetstone of Wit*, in 1557. In the *Pathway* he attempted to create new words of English derivation for the Latin mathematical terms; in the *Whetstone* he frankly abandoned this practice, acknowledging that it had been a misguided venture. Recorde enlivened many of his textbooks by writing them in the form of a dialogue between Master and Pupil. This was done in the *Whetstone*, and also in his *Castle of Knowledge* (1556), the first important

original textbook of astronomy in English, from which our selection is taken. The clear exposition that Recorde gives therein of the structure of the physical universe pictures the commonly accepted beliefs of the sixteenth century, although the author mentions the fact that a different system of the universe had recently been proposed by Copernicus, and has the Master suggest to his scholar that a more careful study of the mathematical evidence for the Copernican theory may force him to abandon his former notions.

MODERN EDITIONS: none

COMMENT: D. E Smith, 'New Information Respecting Robert Recorde,' *Am. Math. Monthly*, xxviii (1921), 296–300; F. M. Clarke, 'New Light on Robert Recorde,' *Isis*, viii (1926), 50–70; F. R. Johnson and S. V. Larkey, 'Robert Recorde's Mathematical Teaching and the Anti-Aristotelian Movement,' *HLB*, no. 7 (1935), 59–87; F. R Johnson, *Astronomical Thought in Renaissance England*, Baltimore, 1937.

TEXT: *The Castle of Knowledge*, 1556 (20796), Huntington.

130 23 Proclus' *Sphere*] an elementary treatise on astronomy written in the 5th century A.D.; widely known in the Renaissance, both in the Greek of its author and in the Latin translation by Linacre 23 Joannes de Sacrobosco] the 13th-century author of the *Sphaera mundi*, which was still, in the 16th century, the most widely used Latin manual of astronomy 23 Orontius' *Cosmography*] The *De mundi sphaera sive cosmographia* (1542), an important exposition of pre-Copernican astronomy by Orontius Finaeus (Oronce Finé, Regius Professor of Mathematics at the Collège de France). 36 Axe] axel.

131 17 Aristotle] Recorde's practice is first to quote the Greek of his authority, then to give a Latin translation, and finally an English translation; here, and elsewhere, we have omitted the Greek and the Latin and retained only the English. 19 Cleomedes] a Greek astronomer whose treatises were published and studied in the Renaissance.

134 13 Aratus] Greek poet, born *c.* 315 B.C, the author of an astronomical poem entitled *Phainomena*. 29 Ringelbergh] 16th-century author of astronomical treatises; his collected works were first published in 1531.

135 8 diversity] in limiting the number of spheres to the eight which are perceptible, Recorde follows Orontius; the majority of 16th-century astronomers portrayed ten spheres.

GEORGE CAVENDISH

GEORGE CAVENDISH (*c.* 1500–*c.* 1561), the faithful servant and biographer of Wolsey, was the son of Thomas Cavendish and the husband of Margery Kemp, niece of Sir Thomas More. As gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey for the last five years of the latter's life, he saw the splendor and arrogance of his master at the height of his glory and witnessed the pathos of his downfall. After the death of Wolsey, King Henry offered Cavendish the appointment of gentleman-usher in his own service, but Cavendish requested permission to return to his estate in the country, where he spent the rest of his life in retirement. His *Life of Wolsey*, written near the end of Queen Mary's reign, circulated in manuscript from the early years of Elizabeth's; but, because of its depiction of living persons and its author's censure of certain aspects of the Reformation, it was not printed. Yet the many manuscript copies made in the sixteenth century prove its popularity. Although Stow included extracts from the manuscript in his *Annals*, and Shakespeare had probably read Cavendish's work before writing *Henry VIII*, the first printed edition, called *The Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey*, did not appear until 1641, as part of the Puritan campaign attacking Archbishop Laud. The editor brazenly alters Cavendish's text to portray Wolsey's career as a warning against the dangerous ambitions of Laud; his interpolations, such as an entire paragraph from Bacon's essay 'Of Ambition,' have that purpose; also his careful suppression of all pas-

sages that reflected sympathy for Wolsey, including the account of Wolsey's death.

The other editions printed in the seventeenth century follow the mangled text of the first; therefore they give a completely false picture of the quality of Cavendish as a biographer—especially of his integrity in depicting his subject with scrupulous fairness, showing both the faults of Wolsey and his virtues. The pattern of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* is that of the medieval tragic narratives, telling of the rise of a great man to power and prosperity, and of his subsequent fall to death and misery; but the simplicity and human feeling with which the author recounts the events which he has himself witnessed make the *Life* much more expressive than the usual didactic stories of the falls of princes, and give it a place as one of the earliest artistic biographies in English.

It was not until 1761 that this work was rescued from the mangling to which it had been subjected by its seventeenth-century editors, and printed from a good sixteenth-century manuscript. The first carefully edited text, based on Cavendish's holograph manuscript, was issued by S. W. Singer in 1825. Our text follows the manuscript that Singer used, and corrects a few errors in transcription that occur in his edition.

MODERN EDITIONS. **The Life of Cardinal Wolsey* (ed. by S. W. Singer), 2 vols., London, 1825; *The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey* (ed. by F. S. Ellis), The Temple Classics, London, 1899; *The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey,* Boston, 1905.

COMMENT: A. F. Pollard, *Wolsey,* London, 1929, Paul L. Wiley, 'Renaissance Exploitation of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey,*' *SP,* xliii (1946), 121–46.

TEXT *Egerton Ms 2402,* British Museum.

140 3 Lord Marquess Dorset] Thomas Grey (1451–1501), the first Marquis of Dorset. 13 ordinary] one who has of his own right immediate jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters

141 16 Master Kingston] Sir William Kingston, constable of the Tower and captain of the guard, who had been sent to convey Wolsey to the Tower 21 Hardwick Hall] in Nottinghamshire; not to be confused with the more famous Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire

142 9 Doctor Palmes] George Palmes, Wolsey's chaplain; in 1559 Queen Elizabeth displaced him as prebendary of York to give the office to Roger Ascham. 16] the omitted passage (two pages) relates Kingston's examination of Wolsey concerning money that he owed or was accountable for.

143 5 cullis] a strong broth. 8 St. Andrew's Eve] November 29. 20 flux] an early term for dysentery.

144 11 Lutherans] the nobles and landlords of Southern Germany blamed the Reformation and the teaching of Martin Luther for the rise of social unrest leading to the Peasant's Revolt (1524–26), although Luther himself finally turned against the revolutionaries and urged the rulers to put down the insurrection without pity. A century before, John Huss, a Bohemian, greatly influenced by the works of John Wycliffe (*c.* 1320–1384) in England, had led a movement for Church Reform and had been burned as a heretic in 1415. Yet the Hussites continued strong and aggressive in Bohemia, and one of the chief centers on the Peasant's Revolt was there; Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, ruthlessly suppressed the rising. 42 Richard the Second] the rising of 1381 in England occurred in the early years of Richard II's reign.

145 10 Sir John Oldcastle] a leader of the Lollards, as the followers of Wycliffe's opinions were called in the fifteenth century, who was declared a heretic and hanged and burned in 1417.

146 2 seen] skilled.

SIR JOHN CHEKE

SIR JOHN CHEKE (1514–1557), scholar, tutor to the prince who became Edward VI, and the most influential teacher of a generation of students at Cambridge who were later to hold important posts under Queen Elizabeth, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards a tutor at that college, where among his students were Roger Ascham and William Cecil, later Lord Burghley. Cheke graduated B.A. in 1529–30, M.A. in 1533, and in 1540 was appointed professor of Greek at Cambridge. Under his instruction, Ascham tells us, Demosthenes became as familiar as Cicero. In fact, Ascham says Cheke laid the 'very foundation of learning' at St. John's. Rejecting the modern Greek and continental pronunciation of classical Greek, Cheke, on the basis of study of ancient authorities, introduced the 'Erasmian' method of pronunciation. In 1544 he was commanded to act as tutor to Prince Edward. At about this time he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford. An ardent Protestant, he was in 1549 appointed to aid in framing laws for the government of the church. In 1552 he was knighted, and in 1553 he was made one of the secretaries of state and a member of the Privy Council. During the brief reign of Lady Jane Grey he served as secretary of state. After the accession of Queen Mary he was imprisoned for having favored the cause of Lady Jane. Upon his release he traveled about Europe, and gave Greek lectures at Strassbourg. On his journey home to England, he was seized because of his support of Protestantism. Under the shadow of the stake, he recanted and returned to the Roman Church.

As a translator and imitator of the ancients and an ardent promoter of Greek studies, Cheke is one of the most vital forces in the English Renaissance. In addition to a number of homilies from the Greek, he translated the Gospel according to St. Matthew as well as a part of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark. A dislike for the excessive use of words of Greek and Latin origin in the previous translations of The Bible caused him to use as much as possible words of Anglo-Saxon origin: *crucified* becomes *crossed* and *centurion* becomes *hundreder* in his translation. Yet Cheke retained a larger proportion of words of Latin derivation than one would infer from the statements in most literary histories.

Cheke also advocated a reformation in English orthography: to show that *a* is long, he doubles the *a* and omits the final *e*, as in *maad* for *made*; he omits medial letters not pronounced, as in *dout* for *doubt*. The letter included in this text was published in Hoby's translation of Caltiglione's *Il Cortegiano*. Because its spelling exemplifies Cheke's theories, we have not modernized it, but have adhered to the original orthography.

COMMENT. John Strype, *Life*, London, 1705; Walter Ludwig Nathan, *Sir John Cheke und der englische humanismus*, Bonn, 1928; Herbert D. Meritt, 'The Vocabulary of Sir John Cheke's Partial Version of the Gospels,' *JEGP*, xxxix (1940), 450–5.

TEXT: *The Courtyer*, 1561 (4778), Huntington.

146 36 denisoned] naturalized.

147 1 exhortacion] Cheke's use of this word of Latin origin would seem to be an exception to his theories; but it had cõme into English during the Middle English period, so that he probably considered it an 'old denisoned' word.

SIR THOMAS HOBY

Sir Thomas Hoby (1530–1566), translator and diplomat, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was a friend and student of Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham. In 1547 he began his travels in Europe to prepare for statecraft; he lived at Strassbourg with the reformer, Martin Bucer, whose *Gratulation* he translated and published in 1549. Proceeding to Italy, he visited Venice, Mantua, and Ferrara, as well as Padua, where he studied Italian at the University. He then visited Florence, Siena, and Rome. After a brief return to England, he traveled in France. Throughout his travels he kept a diary which gives an excellent picture of the English traveler, student, and diplomat of those days. Under Edward VI he served on several diplomatic missions. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, Hoby went to Padua, where Sir Anthony Cooke and Sir John Cheke were in exile. In his diary for the spring of 1558, he says, 'I communed with Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke in the way of marriage.' The 'communion' was successful, for he was married to the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and the future aunt of Sir Francis Bacon, in May 1558. He was knighted in 1565–66, and sent as ambassador to France in 1566, during which year he died.

The Courtyer of Count Baldessar Castilio, as Hoby styled his translation of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, was completed several years before its publication, probably during Hoby's stay in Padua during Queen Mary's reign. Because of reflections upon Roman Catholic dignitaries, it did not appear until 1561, when Protestantism had been restored. The letter of Sir John Cheke on translation and a eulogistic sonnet by Thomas Sackville are included in this edition. The work was republished many times during Elizabeth's reign. Hoby's translation had a marked influence upon English life and customs, bringing, as it did, to England not only Italian classicism but Italian culture as well. Even Ascham, who had small regard for the morality of Italy, was impelled to praise this work, which joins 'learning with comely exercises.' Dr. Johnson calls it 'the best book that ever was written upon good breeding.' Although Hoby made many slips in his translation and syntax, and although he frequently prefers an awkward, imprecise term of native Saxon derivation to the Latin-derived word that would more exactly convey his author's meaning, in this respect following the ideas of Cheke, he is, nevertheless vigorous in a homely fashion. His style is unlike the studied, artificial writing of many of his contemporaries. Cicero and Quintilian, in setting forth the qualities of the orator, foreshadow Castiglione in his conception of the courtier. A contemporary work of similar nature, *Il Galateo*, by Bishop Giovanni della Casa, was translated by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn, in 1576. Bembo's discourse on love in the fourth book of *The Courtier*, is of central importance to the understanding of Renaissance Platonism; the ideas there expressed are the ones that underlie Spenser's *Foure Hymnes* and many of the Elizabethan sonnets.

Baldassare Castiglione (1478–1529), poet and author of *Il Cortegiano*, after being educated at Milan under the inspiration of the modern Greek scholarship of Demetrius Chalchondylas and others, entered the service of Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, in whose retinue his cousin, Cesare Gonzaga, was serving. Castiglione's mother belonged to the Gonzaga family, and was therefore a relative of the Duchess of Urbino. While residing at the palace of Urbino between 1504 and 1508, he conceived the plan of

his great work. In 1506 he visited the court of Henry VII. In 1513, as ambassador to the court of Pope Leo X, the famous son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, he became familiar with Raphael and Michelangelo and other distinguished men of the day. In 1524 he was sent by Pope Clement VII as nuncio to the court of Charles V at Madrid. When, however, Rome was sacked, the pope questioned not only the ability but the loyalty of Castiglione. Yet when Castiglione died in 1529, Charles V, by whose dissimulation he had been deceived, said, 'I tell you that one of the finest gentlemen of the world is dead.'

Il Cortegiano was written between 1508 and 1516, and was first published in Venice at the Aldine Press in 1528.

MODERN EDITIONS: [of Hoby's translation] **The Book of the Courtier* (ed by Walter Raleigh), Tudor Translations, London, 1900; †*The Book of the Courtier*, Everyman's Library, London, 1928. [in Italian] *Il Cortegiano* (ed. by V. Cian), Florence, 1929, [the best modern English translation] **The Book of the Courtier* (trans. and ed. by L. E. Opdycke), New York, 1903.

COMMENT: M. A Scott, 'The Book of the Courtyer,' *PMLA*, xvi (1901), 475–502; T. F. Crane, *Italian Social Customs of the Sixteenth Century*, New Haven, 1920; Julia Cartwright, *Baldassare Castiglione*, 2 vols, New York, 1908; Ruth Kelso, *The Doctrine of the English Gentleman in the Sixteenth Century*, Urbana, Illinois, 1929; F. O Matthiessen, *Translation: An Elizabethan Art*, Cambridge, Mass., 1931; E. Bianco di San Secondo, *Baldassare Castiglione nella vita e negli scritti*, Verona, 1941; H. Adams, '*Il Cortegiano* and *Il Galateo*,' *MLR*, xlii (1947), 457–66.

TEXT: *The Courtyer*, 1561 (4778), Huntington.

147 18 Alphonsus Ariosto] (d 1526), cousin of the poet Ludovico, and friend of Castiglione.

148 26 in England] Castiglione was visiting the court of Henry VII in 1507 when the discussions described in *The Courtier* were supposed to have taken place. 35 Urbin] Urbino, a town on the eastern slope of the Apennines, over 70 miles east of Florence.

149 5 Duke Frederick] Federico di Montefeltro (1422–1482), Duke of Urbino; he was a great patron of art and letters. 29 Guidubaldo] Guidobaldo di Montefeltro.

150 10 entertainment] service, employment. 11 Alphonsus] Alfonso II of Naples (1448–1495). 11 Ferdinand] Ferdinand II of Naples (1469–1496) 12 Pope Alexander the VI.] Roderigo Borgia (1431–1503), elected pope by bribery in 1492. 13 Julius the II.] Giuliano della Rovere (1443–1513), nephew of Pope Sixtus IV; made cardinal in 1471; Pope in 1503. 34 Lady Elizabeth Gonzaga] Elisabetta Gonzaga, daughter of the Marquess of Mantua, married Guidobaldo di Montefeltro in 1489. 35 Lady Emilia Pia] the widow (1503) of the natural half-brother of Duke Guidobaldo.

152 2 the lines that follow name the chief participants in the dialogue besides Elisabetta Gonzaga: THE DUCHESS (aged 46), and Emilia Pia: LADY EMILIA (aged 30), they are

Ottaviano Fregoso: LORD OCTAVIAN
Federico Fregoso: SIR FREDERICK (aged 27)
Giuliano de' Medici: LORD JULIAN (aged 29)
Pietro Bembo: M[aster] PETER (aged 37)
Cesare Gonzaga LORD CESARE (aged 32)
Ludovico da Canossa: COUNT LEWIS (aged 31)
Gaspar Pallavicino: LORD GASPAR (aged 21)
Sigismondo Morello da Ortona: M[aster] MORELLO
Bernardo Acolti: UNICO ARETINO

154 10 Pulia] Apulia, in southern Italy, where music was believed to cure the bite of the tarantula. 16 privy operation] hidden touch. 19 some] one person. 21 making antiques] inventing mimes 22 moine] native quality. 35 Friar Marion] Fra Mariano Fetti, famous as a jester.

155 3 remit . . . another] assent to another's proposal. 8 which ghostly spirit] which with her divine virtue. 16 to disgrace . . . ass heads] So, to repress the many fools. 23 keepeth disputations] proposes a thesis. 40 for losing] not to lose.

156 40 seely] simple, ignorant. 40 unhappy, witty] a more correct translation of the Italian *un scelerato, prudente* would be: 'a knave, discreet.' 42 reasonable discourses] rational discussion.

157 30 out of kind] degenerate. 42 Hippolitus da Este] Ippolito d'Este (1479–1520), advanced with such ra-

pidity in the church that he became a Cardinal before he reached the age of 24.

158 4 so grave an authority] such weight of character. 5 more . . . learn] fitter to teach than to be taught. 16 a hue] an air. 26 yesternight] the discussion of the previous night, recounted in Book iii, centered upon the topic of the qualities of the perfect gentlewoman of the court, the feminine counterpart of the perfect courtier, and of love between the two. The first part of Book iv has been concerned with the courtier as the servant and counsellor of his Prince. 32 well drawn] advanced 35 preciseness] elegancies.

159 5 perfection . . above] an added perfection 7 Peter Bembo] Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), Venetian scholar and poet, was one of the most eminent humanists of the Italian Renaissance; later he was made Cardinal. 27 of good fellowship] cf 'on your faith' 31 ladies to think me old] Bembo was 36 at the time 37 Lavinello] in Bembo's *Gli Asolani* (1505), iii, a hermit discourses to Lavinello on the beauty of mystical Christian love Since Bembo is known to have revised *Il Cortegiano* before publication, one may assume he was content with the discourse on love here ascribed to him.

160 18 manner] kinds of. 21 reason] Italian *ragione;* the discursive reason 21 understanding] this is Hoby's translation of *intelletto;* the intuitive reason. 36–37 heavenly bountifulness] It, *bontà divina,* the divine Good. 40–41 limits of lines] outlines

161 35 unluckily] unhappily

162 9 the beginning] i.e, 'the first notions' 19 setting case] assuming. 22 natural burning . . . warmth] the natural heat begins to become tepid. 35 where] whereas, although.

163 9–10 But . . . once] But if, even after they are old. 17 whist] quiet.

164 18 passeth] careth 27 Stesichorus] Greek lyric poet supposed to have been miraculously stricken blind after writing an attack on Helen of Troy.

165 8 engine] It, *machina.* 22 little world] man, the *microcosm,* or little world, had, in the science of the time, an intricate set of correspondences with the *macrocosm,* or great world of the physical universe.

166 6–7 this comely . . . everything] this gracious and sacred beauty gives highest ornament to every thing. 14 spoil] trophy. 24 otherwhile] occasionally.

167 2 dishonest flickerings] cf. 'unseemly blandishments' 4 unshamefastness] immodesty. 38 hue] complexion, spirit; It. *il sangue suo.*

168 18 virtue of seeing] power of sight. 36–37 most beautiful conditions] fairest behavior

169 18 Lord Julian hath made his] In Book iii Lord Julian had taken the lead in the discussion of the proper conduct between the young courtier and his lady when they are in love.

170 14 Solomon] *Song of Solomon,* 1.2. 34 those spirits] the 'animal spirits' in Renaissance physiology. 37 aghast] cf 'trembles with awe.'

171 11 wode] mad. 32 take thought] cf. 'endure suffering' 42 meddling] mixing.

172 4 made dim] bewildered 5 not pass upon] not care for. 15 flush] fledged 23 out of his wit] outside himself. 24 come into his wit] turn his thoughts inward. 30 occupy] use. 32 partened with] communicated to. 34–35 stirring virtues] motive forces. 35 withdrawn . . beholding] absorbed in earnest contemplation. 39–40 waxeth . . . it] becomes almost frenzied with desire to unite herself to that beauty. 41 happy] beatific.

173 33 the high bounty] the supreme Good 37 stirring] motion 37 natural provocation] natural instinct.

174 2 Oeta] Hercules, according to one version of the Greek myth, tormented by the poisoned shirt sent him by Deianeira, threw himself on a burning pyre on Mount Oeta and was caught up to heaven in a cloud. 23 bountiful temper] cf. 'benignant sway.' 26–27 stirrest . . . life] movest Nature to produce—and that which is born, to the perpetuation of life.

175 1 relieve] cf. 'quicken.' 5 right bliss] true beatitude. 17 beholding] contemplation. 28 to be instant upon] to entreat urgently.

176 15 Saint Paul] see *2 Corinthians,* 12 2–4. 17 Saint Stephen] see *Acts,* 7 54–60. 20 Diotima] see Plato, *Symposium.* 23 Mary Magdalen] see *St. Luke,* 7 37–50. 35 plead] controversy.

177 6 Mount Catri] about 20 miles south of Urbino. 10 biting cold] cf. 'crisp coolness.' 15 Lord General] Francesco Maria della Rovere, nephew and adopted heir of Guidobaldo di Montefeltro; he was a nephew of Pope Julius II and Prefect of Rome. Although not taking a prominent part in the sections we have reprinted, he was one of the chief participants in the discussions recounted in *The Courtier.* 22 wavering starter] cf. 'shifty disputant.' 25 *A*

brief rehearsal of the chief conditions and qualities in a Courtier] this is an addition by Hoby, compiled by him as a summary of the qualities recommended in the discussions comprising the four books of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*. Hoby makes some typically English adaptations of the Italian doctrines. 30 portly] stately in bearing and appearance. 33 crake] equivalent of modern colloquial meaning of 'to crow.' 35 slight] an air of indifference. 36 recklessness] nonchalance.

178 6 seen] versed. 26 sad] somber.

182 3 make wise] pretend, act as though. 20 come on loft] become elated. 37 commune] converse.

183 24 troth] truth.

JOHN FOXE

John Foxe (1517–1587), ardent Protestant and martyrologist, whose book was to have an influence second only to that of the Bible on the history of the Church of England, was born in Lincolnshire and educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. A fellow of Magdalen College from 1538, he resigned in 1545 because his extreme Protestantism conflicted with the rules of the College. He became a tutor in the family of the Duke of Norfolk, having as pupils the children of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, after their father had been beheaded by King Henry VIII in 1547. He also began at this time to publish theological tracts in support of the Reformation and in 1550 was ordained deacon by Bishop Ridley, whose martyrdom he was later to chronicle. During the reign of Queen Mary he became an exile on the continent and the first draft, in Latin, of the first book of his *Actes and Monuments*, which had probably been nearing completion when Foxe fled from England, was in 1554 published at Strassbourg under the title of *Commentarii rerum in ecclesia gestarum*. This volume deals principally with the persecution of Wycliffe and his followers in England, although it includes a few foreign martyrs such as Huss and Savonarola. From a beginning in this small volume grew the huge tomes of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, as his great work was popularly called. As fresh news of the Marian persecutions reached Foxe at his retreat in Basel, he began to collect his materials for the stories of the Protestant martyrs under 'Bloody Mary.' With this material he carried the story nearly to the end of Mary's reign in a greatly expanded Latin edition which he published at Basel in 1559. With the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Foxe's friend in exile and colleague in collecting materials for *The Book of Martyrs*, Edmund Grindal, returned to England and was made Bishop of London. Foxe soon followed him, was ordained a priest by Grindal, settled in London and completed the English edition of his martyrology by expanding, translating, and revising the Latin version. The book was published in March, 1563, under the title of *Actes and Monuments*; a greatly enlarged second edition was printed in 1570 in two large folio volumes. In 1571 the convocation ordered that a copy of 'that full history entitled "Monuments of Martyrs" ' should be installed in each cathedral church, so that all and sundry might come to read or to listen; and that every archbishop, bishop, archdeacon, dean, and resident canon should place a copy in the hall or dining-room of his house for the use even of servants and visitors. Moreover the influence of Foxe's book was even greater than such an official order would indicate, for almost every parish church also owned a copy. The steady market for these gigantic volumes continued through the seventeenth century. Two more editions, containing revisions by Foxe, were issued during his lifetime, one in 1576 and another in 1583. The fifth edition appeared in 1596, the ninth in 1684.

During the latter part of his life, while holding various offices in the Church of England, Foxe continued his labors on the revisions of the *Book of Martyrs*, and wrote various theological treatises against Roman Catholicism.

Foxe's accuracy and reliability as a historian were naturally attacked vigorously by his opponents in that period of violently partisan theological controversy during which his book had its greatest effect upon the Protestant imagination. Recent examination of the evidence by historians has usually vindicated Foxe; granted that he was an avowed propagandist in matters of religious opinion, he has the true spirit of an historian and the charge that he is consistently undependable on matters of fact has not been sustained.

MODERN EDITIONS *Book of Martyrs* (ed. and abridged by Henry Wightman), Boston, 1840; *Acts and Monuments* (ed. by S. R. Cattley, with a life by Canon George Townsend), 8 vols, London, 1837–41.

COMMENT: J. F Mozley, *John Foxe and his Book*, London, 1940.

TEXT: *Actes and Monuments*, 1563 (11222), Huntington.

184 15 Winchester] see note to p. 191 line 32. 18 shogging] shaking. 21 Bonner] Edmund Bonner (1500?–1569), bishop of London and leader of the Marian persecutions.

185 29 Duns] Duns Scotus (*c.* 1265–*c.* 1308), famous scholastic philosopher and opponent of Thomistic philosophy. 32 Faber] Jacques Le Fèvre D'Étaples (1450–1537), French scholar who wrote textbooks on astronomy, commentaries on Aristotle, and translated some of the books of the Bible into French

186 13 Commonplaces] topical headings. 28 Longland] John Longland (1473–1547). 31 decise] decide

187 9 rota] Sacra Romana Rota, the supreme court of the Roman Catholic Church. 13 departed] died 36 the queen] Queen Mary. 37 Cole] Henry Cole (1500?–1580), one of the leaders of the Roman Catholic clergy under Queen Mary, Dean of St. Paul's (1556–59); imprisoned by Elizabeth on her accession.

188 6 abode in the Catholic faith] Cranmer had temporarily recanted his Protestantism. 9 colter's] a colter is the iron blade fixed in front of the share in a plough; Foxe is making a forced pun.

189 16 *Nunc dimittis*] the first words of the Song of Simeon in *Luke*, 2.29; or the canticle in the church service beginning with these words. The English version. 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

191 32 book against the Bishop of Winchester] *An answer unto a crafty cavillation by S. Gardiner*, 1551. Stephen Gardiner was Bishop of Winchester (1531–51); upon Queen Mary's accession he was reinstated and made Lord Chancellor; he had tried to save Cranmer from the stake.

192 40 Ely] William Ely (d. 1609), Roman Catholic divine.

SIR THOMAS NORTH

SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535–*c.* 1603) was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, after which, in 1557, he entered Lincoln's Inn. Like many of the students of the law at this time, however, his interests were literary rather than legal and in the same year he published *The Dial of Princes*, a translation from a French version of a Spanish work by Antonio de Guevara, entitled *El relox de principes*. In 1570 he published *The Moral Philosophy of Doni*, a translation from the Italian. North went to France in 1574 with his brother, Roger, second Lord North, who had been appointed ambassador to the court of Henri III. In the year that England was threatened with invasion by Spain, and saved by the defeat of the Armada, North was captain of a company of three hundred men from the isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire. About 1591 he was knighted, and in 1601 Elizabeth granted to him an annual pension of forty pounds as a reward for his military service in the Low Countries and in Ireland. North's military career occupied the last two decades of his life. Before beginning his service in Ireland he had, in 1579, published his greatest work, his translation

from the French version of Jacques Amyot of Plutarch's *Lives*, a work which entitles North to one of highest places among Elizabethan translators; in fact Shakespeare paid North's prose style the supreme compliment of transferring whole passages, almost unaltered, to the lines of his Roman plays. A second edition of the *Lives* was published in 1595, and a third, with several additional lives, in 1603.

ANTONIO DE GUEVARA (*c.* 1480–1545), Spanish bishop and author, spent part of his early days at the court of Queen Isabella; later in life he travelled in the retinue of the Emperor Charles V. Among other secular and religious duties, he served as court historiographer and Bishop of Guadix. His *Libro del Emperador Marco Aurelio con el relox de principes*, 1525, a didactic work purporting to be an autobiography of Marcus Aurelius, became so popular that it was translated into many languages. The sixteenth-century English translations are those of Lord Berners, 1534, and Sir Thomas North, 1557. Guevara's Spanish style exhibits to a certain extent the antithetical structure and schematic parallelism in form and sound that we later find in a more obtrusive form in Lyly's *Euphues;* hence earlier scholars were inclined to find in Guevara and in his English translators a principal source of the Euphuistic style of Lyly. Recent scholarship, however, minimizes the theory that Guevara had any direct influence of importance in the creation of Lyly's distinctive style.

PLUTARCH (*c.* 46 A.D.–*c.* 120 A.D.), Greek philosopher and biographer, studied and taught philosophy at both Athens and Rome. In Rome he acted as tutor to the future emperor Hadrian. He died in his native Chaeronea, where he was building inspector, archon, and priest.

Plutarch's forty-six *Parallel Lives*, as the title indicates, was intended to be a comparative study of both Greek and Roman warriors, statesmen, and orators; each of the twenty-three pairs of biographies was followed by a section in which the two men were compared. The ethical quality of Plutarch's work naturally appealed to all Elizabethans as well as to Sir Thomas North, who translated these lives in 1579 as examples to his contemporaries.

MODERN EDITIONS: *The Dial of Princes* (ed by K. N. Colvile), London, 1919; **North's Plutarch* (ed. by George Wyndham), Tudor Translations, 6 vols, London, 1895; *Plutarch's Lives Englished by Sir Thomas North* (ed. by W. H D Rouse), Temple Classics. 6 vols., London, 1898; *North's Plutarch,* 8 vols, Oxford, 1928, *North's Plutarch,* 5 vols., London, 1929.

COMMENT: K. N. Colvile, *Fame's Twilight*, London, 1923; C. H. Conley, *The First English Translators of the Classics,* New Haven, 1927; F. O. Matthiessen, *Translation: An Elizabethan Art,* Harvard, 1931; P S Allen, 'The Birth of Thomas North,' *EHR,* xxxvii (1922), 565–66; H. H. Davis, 'The Military Career of Thomas North,' *HLQ,* xii (1949), 315–21.

TEXTS: *The Diall of Princes,* 1557 (12427), Huntington; *The Lives,* 1579 (22065), Huntington.

193 38 Sithence] since.

194 2 priviest] most private or secret. 27 Adrian] the Roman Emperor Hadrian (76–138 A.D.). 36 togethers] together.

197 4 treen] wooden. 7 myriad] ten thousand drachmas; the sum owed was 17,500,000 drachmas. 19 flockbed] a mattress of tufts of wool or cotton. 22 fardle] bundle. 33 in fine] in the end.

198 2 tower of Phar] the lighthouse at Pharos. 18 Ponte] Pontus.

199 41 falling evil] epilepsy.

201 40 Strabo] Greek geographer (64 B.C.–19 A.D.).

202 23 Titus Livius] Livy, the Roman historian (59 B.C.–17 A.D.).

205 42 forms] benches.

206 25–6 not passing] not more than. 36 journey of Philippes] the day of (the battle at) Philippi.

JOHN LYLY

JOHN LYLY (*c.* 1554–1606), poet, dramatist, producer of court comedies, and author of one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels, was born in Kent, the son of the Registrar of Canterbury and grandson of William Lyly, the humanist friend of Colet and Erasmus who at their suggestion had written the standard Latin grammar used in the schools of sixteenth-century England. Educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, he received his B.A. there in 1573 and his M.A. in 1575; but, disappointed in his hopes of being elected a fellow in spite of a plea to Lord Burghley for intercession in his behalf, he left Oxford for a career in London in the service of Burghley, and more particularly the service of his son-in-law, the Earl of Oxford. Just before Christmas in 1578, his novel *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit* appeared on the London bookstalls and instantly became a 'best seller.' A second edition incorporating a few additions and minor revisions was issued the following spring, and a third edition before the end of 1579. A sequel, *Euphues and his England* was published in 1580. From 1580 to 1590 new editions of both the first book and its sequel were called for every two years. During the next decade the full tide of the popularity of *Euphues* began to recede, but both books remained in print for the first four decades of the seventeenth century.

With the hope of appointment to the mastership of the revels, Lyly produced, as assistant master of the children's companies at the Chapel Royal and at St. Paul's, a series of classical plays for the child-actors, many of them allegorical and topical dramas paying graceful tribute to the queen or symbolizing, for those keen enough to perceive the allusions, recent events within the circle of those at the court. Upon his failure to receive the preferment at court he anticipated, Lyly wrote to Queen Elizabeth and asked her, if she thought him unworthy, to send him into a country where 'I may . . . write prayers instead of plays, prayers for your long, prosperous life, and a repentance that I have played the fool so long.'

When the extreme Puritans began to attack the bishops in a series of tracts signed with the pseudonym 'Martin Marprelate,' Lyly, with other literary men such as Greene and Nashe, was engaged to answer them. Lyly's contribution was the pamphlet *Pappe with an Hatchet* (1589). Between 1589 and his death in 1606, Lyly sat in four Parliaments. Although he remained hopeful to the end of receiving the office of Master of the Revels, he suffered the common disappointment of courtiers of waiting for a royal gift that never came.

Although Lyly's importance as a dramatist among Shakespeare's immediate predecessors is exceeded only by that of Marlowe and Kyd, Lyly's fame is more closely linked with the novel he published at the beginning of his career and which, in sophisticated circles at court, became the rage for several years, until the fad subsided and other writers, including Shakespeare, began increasingly to ridicule the manifest artificiality of its style. It is in some ways unfortunate that *Euphues* has become so closely associated with the style to which it lent its name that Lyly's book is read chiefly as an example of ostentatiously artificial prose, and little attention is paid to its merits as a work of fiction. Considering first the style, one must remember that although today the term 'euphuistic' is applied to any style that is over-ornate and employs the devices of rhetoric without due propriety, the style of *Euphues* is distinguished from that of

any consciously rhetorical prose by Lyly's excessive use, to the point of 'abuse,' of certain specific figures described in the handbooks of rhetoric. These same figures are to be found in the prose of many other writers from ancient Greek times to the Renaissance, but generally used with more restraint and without the monotonous insistence that is the trade-mark of true Euphuism. The figures that establish the structure of Euphuistic prose are those that aim at symmetry and parallelism in sound and form—valuable and employed with discretion by all good writers when this parallelism emphasizes a similar parallelism of thought, but becoming an affected mannerism when the parallelism in form and sound is elaborated as a stylistic end in itself, regardless of the sense. Traditionally the Euphuistic *schemata* have in the histories of rhetoric been grouped under the term of 'figures of Gorgias,' after the ancient Greek teacher of rhetoric who made them the chief feature of his balanced and rhythmic prose. Lyly, in *Euphues*, surpassed Gorgias and his follower Isocrates in his insistent use of them. Beginning with the first, *isocolon*—having corresponding members (phrases, clauses, sentences) of equal length—, Lyly proceeds to emphasize this exact balance by making these members syntactically parallel, with each word in one member answering to a corresponding word in the other—the figure known as *parison*. Not content with this, he ostentatiously enforces this syntactical parallelism by employing various forms of the figure *paramoion;* such as making the corresponding words in the two members begin with the same sound, or letter (alliteration) or end with the same sound (*homoiteleuton*). Other types of word play based upon correspondences of sound are frequently added, but by themselves they would not be characteristic of Euphuism, since they are frequently found without the consistently symmetrical structure that is the prime mark of Lyly's style.

Besides its structural pattern, the other distinguishing characteristic of the style is its preference, among figures of amplification, for the heaping up of a series of examples or comparisons drawn not only from mythology and history but even more frequently from the pseudo-scientific lore of natural history.

Inasmuch as nearly all of the rhetorical devices of Euphuism can be found, employed with greater moderation and propriety, in the prose of classical writers such as Isocrates and Cicero, of contemporary foreign authors such as Guevara, and even of English writers such as Ascham, it is not surprising that critics have assigned many different sources for Lyly's style. Few of the 'precursors' of Euphuism have matched Lyly's excesses in his use of his favorite figures. Those who approach it most closely seem to have derived their excessive passion for sound patterns of schematic prose from the study of medieval Latin writers; and Lyly and others, such as Pettie, Gosson, and Lodge, who between 1576 and 1580 published works marked by a 'Euphuistic' style, may all have been influenced by the admiration for symmetrically patterned prose displayed in the popular Latin lectures on rhetoric by John Rainoldes, who was teaching at Oxford while they were students.

The example of Lyly's style, in spite of its excesses, taught English writers many lessons that proved valuable in the development of English prose. But *Euphues* had more attractions for Elizabethan readers than the artificial brilliance of its style. By means of a story, it welds together witty discussions of many subjects of paramount interest to the young men and women of that age, and, in some measure, of any age: the conflict between the egotistical recklessness of youth and the sober prudence of old age; the rival claims of friendship and love; the fickleness of women; faith versus doubt in religion; the

shortcomings of a university education compared with experience in the world. As a work of prose fiction in which the chief interest lies in the psychological analysis of human emotions rather than in the mere relation of physical action and adventure, it marks the climax of a tradition in Elizabethan prose fiction.

Our text follows the second edition published in the spring of 1579, because Lyly himself revised his work with care for this new edition.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* and *Euphues and His England* (ed. by Edward Arber), English Reprints, London, 1868; **Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit; and Euphues and His England* (ed by M. W. Croll and H Clemons), New York, 1916, **The Complete Works of John Lyly* (ed. by R. Warwick Bond), 3 vols., Oxford. 1902

COMMENT: A. Feuillerat, *John Lyly,* Cambridge, 1910; Morris P. Tilley, *Elizabethan Proverb Lore in Lyly's 'Euphues' and in Pettie's 'Petite Palace,'* University of Michigan Publications, Language and Literature, Vol ii, New York, 1926; Violet M Jeffery, *John Lyly and the Italian Renaissance,* Paris, 1928; B M. Ward, 'John Lyly and the Office of the Revels,' *RES,* v (1929), 57–8; Morris P Tilley, 'Euphues and Ovid's *Heroical Epistles,*' *MLN,* xlv (1930), 301–8; William Ringler, 'The Immediate Source of Euphuism,' *PMLA,* liii (1938), 678–86, George B. Parks, 'Before Euphues,' in *Joseph Quincey Adams Memorial Studies,* Washington, D.C., 1948, pp. 475–93

TEXT. *Euphues The Anatomy of Wit,* [1579] (17052), Trinity College, Cambridge

208 2 Christmas] the 2nd ed reads 'Midsummer', we have emended to restore the reading of the 1st ed., issued at Christmas-time, 1578 3 Easter] 2nd ed 'Christmas'

209 6 brack] flaw. 18 teenest] keenest.

211 5 cockering] pampering 10 Milo] legendary Greek athlete, able to carry a bull because he had carried it every day as it grew up from a calf. 20 knots] gardens of intricate design.

212 41 iron mole] iron mold.

213 14 sottish] foolish

214 22 *abeston*] asbestos, this bit of erroneous scientific lore Lyly did not derive from Pliny, but from Bartholomaeus Anglicus *De proprietatibus rerum,* xvi 12 30 Cicero] see *De Finibus,* iii–v. 31 Aristotle] see *De Caelo,* ii 11, much of Lyly's parade of learning comes from his use of published commonplace books.

216 14 quatted] suffeited.

217 14 geason] rare. 19–20 *Quae . . . nos*] 'those things that are above us are nothing to us' 20 *Sententias . . . carnifex*] 'Even a murderer utters moral maxims.' 29 cammock] the shepherd's crook. 31 camomile] cf. Falstaff's parody of Euphuism in *2 Henry IV,* ii 4.441.

218 41 fere] companion.

219 24 sithens] since. 32–33 Damon . . . Laelius] all are famous pairs of friends in mythology and history.

221 6 good countenance] favorable reception. 15 vizard] mask.

222 3 lust] pleasure, wish. 21–22 foul toad . . . head] this superstition is found in many of the encyclopaedic works of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. 31 estridge] ostrich.

225 5 filed] smooth, polished

228 32 caul] cap, net 33 Gyges] see the 6th tale of vol. i of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*

229 4 secret . . . secrete] the different spelling may be due to Lyly's desire to emphasize a pun on different meanings of the word

231 30 Ovid's art] the Roman poet Ovid (43 B.C.–18 A.D.), author of the *Art of Love,* an ironic poem on the art of seduction 31 Tibullus] (60–19 B.C.), Roman poet whose principal theme was love, his principal collections of poems were known by the names of *Delia* and *Nemesis.* 31 Propertius] Roman lyric poet (*c.* 50–16 B.C.), author of passionate love poems. 40 glose] explanation, cf. 'gloss'

232 16 flap in the mouth] tell a barefaced lie. 22 gudgeon] a fish; colloquially, a gullible person, one who will swallow anything.

235 4 sounded] swooned. 37 cylindrus] this bit of pseudo-scientific lore seems to be an entirely fictitious creation of Lyly; a cylindrical stone will of course roll down hill if once set in motion. 39 Polypus] a fish; its attributes are mentioned in Pliny, *Natural History,* ix.46; Lyly's source of information was probably a commonplace-book collection of examples and similitudes compiled from Erasmus' *Adagia.*

238 8–11 Phyllis . . . Jason] these four examples of infidelity are found mentioned together in George Pettie's

Pallace of Pleasure (1576). 21 stone Continens] apparently another addition by Lyly to the lore of pseudo-scientific natural history.

239 28 owches] brooches. 28 leere] tape 29 caddis] cotton wool.

243 5 Portingale] Portuguese

246 7 Synon] Greek warrior who persuaded the Trojans to take the Trojan horse within their walls; see *Aeneid*, ii 79.

248 26–27 Ajax . . armor] see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii 1 ff. 31 puttock] kite. 41 descant] a melody or counterpoint, sung above the plain song of the tenor.

250 25 frump] taunting speech. 37 housewife] 'hussy.'

251 37 make] mate.

252 24 Cornelia] the story is not from classical mythology but probably from an Italian *novella*

253 28–30 *Axiomaes* . . . Galen] i.e. Euphues will devote himself to the study of philosophy, law, and medicine.

255 34 cockney] spoiled child.

257 12] The remainder of Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* consists of the following: (1) the letter entitled 'A Cooling Card for Philautus and all fond lovers,' adapted from Ovid's *Remedia amoris* and similar treatises; (2) a short treatise on the education of youth entitled 'Euphues and his Ephoebus,' adapted from Plutarch's *De Educatione puerorum;* (3) a treatise entitled 'Euphues and Atheos,' setting forth the arguments of the Christian religion in reply to the criticisms of the atheist; (4) certain letters of Euphues to Philautus and others which recount the evil end of the fickle jilt Lucilla. The volume concludes with the promise of a sequel which shall tell of Euphues' visit to England. 15 To . . . the gentlemen scholars of Oxford] this Address first appeared as a special preface to the second edition, it appeared at the end of the third and later editions.

STEPHEN GOSSON

Stephen Gosson (1554–1624), the son of a Canterbury joiner, studied at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but left about 1576 without completing the exercises for a degree and went to London where he began writing plays and possibly also acted on the professional stage. About that time the *Theater*, the first building in England to be constructed solely for the showing of plays, was erected outside the city walls. The financial profits to be gained from the larger audiences thus made possible brought about an increase in dramatic activity, which disturbed the more serious London citizens, for many rowdy members of the populace flocked to the playing places and were frequently the cause of serious disorder. In 1577 John Northbrooke wrote *A Treatise wherein Dicing, Dancing, Vain Plays or Interludes with Other Idle Pastimes . . . Are Reproved*, and ministers began to attack the stage in their sermons. Two years later Gosson, who by his own admission had not thrived as a playwright, turned against his companions on the boards and published *The School of Abuse, Containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and Such Like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth*. He would have us believe that his defection was brought about by a sudden moral reformation; but there is other evidence which suggests that he was hired to write by some group of London citizens. Answers by persons friendly to the players and attacks by other opponents of the stage followed. The controversy thus begun made the Elizabethans examine more closely their ideas about the nature and aims of poetry and the drama and resulted in the production of the first important body of English literary criticism. Occasional references to the principles of their art are found in the works of earlier poets, and scattered observations on literature occur in books like Elyot's *Governour* and Ascham's *Scholemaster;* but it was not until Gosson's time that any systematic and comprehensive attempts were made to evaluate contemporary literature and to analyze its principles. Among the answers to his attack are *A Reply to Gosson*, about 1579, by Thomas Lodge,

and *The Defence of Poesy*, written about 1580–82, but not published until 1595, by Sir Philip Sidney, to whom the *School of Abuse* had been dedicated. The attack on the stage was carried on by men like Anthony Munday in his *Second and Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Theaters*, 1580, John Rainolds in his *Overthrow of Stage-Plays*, 1599, and William Prynne in his *Histriomastix*, 1633. Public opinion was finally so aroused that the theaters were closed by act of Parliament in 1642, and were not opened again until the Restoration.

In 1579 Gosson also published the *Ephemerides of Phialo*, a work of prose fiction similar in style and form to Lyly's *Euphues*, and the *Apology of the School of Abuse*, a reaffirmation of the arguments in his first book. In 1582 he issued *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*, an answer to Lodge's *Reply*, which contains interesting information about the contemporary drama. His own plays are not extant. He was beneficed in 1586 and spent the rest of his life as a minister in various country parishes and in London. Gosson's prose has many of the characteristics of Euphuism, a manner he had learned from the Latin lectures of John Rainolds at Oxford; but his style is also notable for racy, colloquial vigor and vivid, picturesque phrasing, which relates it to the homely but forceful style of Latimer, who wrote earlier in the century, and to that of the Marprelate controversialists, who wrote later. As a master of what his contemporaries called 'witty' invective, Gosson occupies a position only a little below Nashe, the greatest of the Elizabethan prose satirists.

MODERN EDITIONS *The School of Abuse* (ed. by J P. Collier), The Shakespeare Society, London, 1841; *The School of Abuse and A Short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse* (ed. by Edward Arber), English Reprints, London, 1868 and 1869, Westminster, 1895

COMMENT William Ringler, *Stephen Gosson: A Biographical and Critical Study*, Princeton, 1941.

TEXT: *The Schoole of Abuse*, 1579 (12097), Huntington.

258 39 Pindarus] Pindar, Greek lyric poet, the anecdote is told by Plutarch, *Morals*, 348

259 8 cowshard] cow dung. 9 botch] sore. 14–15 gnat . . . flea] mock-serious poems, *Culex* and *De Pulice*, attributed to Virgil and Ovid; cf. Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*. 15 Dido] a reference to her love for Aeneas, *Aeneid*, Book iv. 16 Myrrha] had a child, Adonis, by her father Cinyras; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x 298 ff. 16 craft of love] Ovid's poem, *Ars Amatoria*, on the art of seduction. 24 jets] struts. 25 Davus] a scheming servant in Terence's *Andria*. 28 Epaeus] builder of the Trojan horse; *Aeneid*, ii 264. 29 Semiramis] queen of Babylon; see Plutarch, *Morals*, 173. 31 Nero] the story is from Dio Cassius, *Roman History* 37 Hippomenes] see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x.560 ff. 40 Plato] recommended the expulsion of poets in his *Republic*, iii.

260 2 Cato] the anecdote is told by Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, i.3. 4 Tully] Cicero; the statement is reported by Seneca, *Epistles*, xlix. 5. 7 Maximus Tyrius] Greek Neo-Platonist of the second century A.D ; the reference is to his *Disputations*, chap. xvi. 24 Vulcan] Hephaestus, hurled from heaven by Zeus, *Iliad*, i.590–4, cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i 740. 27 awater] in the water; i e, no crafts would have been invented 30 Pythagoras] Greek philosopher of 6th cent. B.C. who discovered the mathematical relationship between the length of strings and the musical notes they emitted when vibrating; cf. Plutarch's essay on music in the *Morals*. 36–37 *Heu . . . arvo*] 'Alas, how lean is my bull in the rich pasture'; Virgil, *Eclogues*, iii.100. 42 Phaerecrates] Greek comic dramatist; the episode referred to from his play is quoted by Plutarch in his essay on music.

261 8 Sicilians] the information comes from Maximus Tyrius, *Dissertations*, chap. iv. 21 *Quantum . . . illo*] 'How changed from what he once was'; *Aeneid*, ii.274. 27 *Experto crede*] 'Believe one who knows by experience'; *Aeneid*, xi.283. 29 Ovid] see *Ars Amatoria*, i.89 ff. 32 in ure] in use. 41 foot-saunt] a game of cards.

262 4 slot] the trail. 11 quetch] stir.

18 peascod] pea-pod; cf. codpiece. 20 vauter] courtesan. 21 tolleth resort] attracts customers. 21 stale] decoy. 21 utter] sell. 26 cast] trick. 30 boards] boarders. 38 avoid the blank] get rid of the charge; get away from the dangerous spot in the center of the target

263 3 Venus' nuns] prostitutes. 3 Newington . . . Hogsdon] suburbs of London. 14 lords of . . misrule] leaders of revels. 17 Malkin] a wanton woman, the expression is proverbial. 26 raseth] cuts 38 *remora*] Spenser, *Visions of the World's Vanity*, ix, has the same notion concerning this fish 39 *ichneumon*] the mongoose.

264 12 Bunduica] Boadicea (died A D 62), a British queen who resisted the invasions of the Romans, her speech is taken from Dio Cassius, *Roman History*. 20 queen] Elizabeth. 31 stork] Zeus sent cranes (storks) to war on the pigmies—*Iliad*, iii.3–6; cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i.575. 32 limits of apparel] several sumptuary laws, specifying the kind of clothing to be worn by people of various trades and social classes, were passed during Elizabeth's reign Elaborate display in dress was common, and was thought by some to be an extravagance dangerous to national morals. 34 access to theaters] in time of the plague, which raged intermittently during the sixteenth century, to prevent contagion, orders were issued by the government forbidding public assemblies; at these times the theaters were usually closed by edict 35 overlashing] extravagance. 36 stand at reversion] receive as salary.

265 2 hang-bys] hangers-on. 6 Belsavage] a London inn at which plays were given. 8 The Jew] a play, now lost, apparently similar in plot to the *Merchant of Venice*. 8 Pompey] a play. 8 Bull] another London inn used as a playhouse. 14 The Blacksmith's Daughter and Catiline's Conspiracies] these plays are not extant. 15 Theater] the playhouse in the fields, built in 1576. 22 Maximus Tyrius] the quotation, translated and expanded by Gosson's following sentence, is from the *Disputations*, chap vii. 31 *Semel . . . omnes*] 'We have all done a mad thing once'; Mantuan, *Eclogues*, i 118

266 25 No man . . . himself] see Cicero, *De officiis*, i 7, the statement was often cited by Renaissance writers

267 2 Nessus] centaur slain by Hercules; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix.101 ff.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) in the scant thirty-two years of his life wrote himself high as poet, scholar, courtier, diplomat, and soldier, and highest as gentleman. He was born at Penshurst, his father's fine country place in Kent, and at the age of nine went to Shrewsbury School where on the first day of his attendance he met Fulke Greville, who became his lifelong friend and companion. From his thirteenth to his seventeenth year Sidney was in residence at Christ Church, Oxford, and briefly at Cambridge, but he took no degree. In 1572 he went to France in the train of an English ambassador. His first-hand experience of the religious dissensions which racked France at this time, culminating in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, seems to have influenced Sidney in his later championship of the Protestant cause in Europe. On his first trip abroad he traveled in Germany, Hungary, Italy, and the Netherlands, returning to England in time to be present at the famous reception of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester (Sidney's maternal uncle) at Kenilworth Castle, July 9–27, 1575. Sidney followed the Queen and court to Chartley Castle, the home of Lord Essex; and it is here that he is supposed to have made the acquaintance of Essex's daughter, Penelope Devereux, the Stella of *Astrophel and Stella*, then aged thirteen. The later engagement of the two young people was broken off for reasons which now are obscure, and Penelope became the wife of Lord Rich.

In 1577 Sidney went abroad a second time, as Ambassador to the Emperor of Germany and the Elector Palatine. In the following year he wrote a mask, *The Lady of May*, to be used as part of the entertainment of the Queen and

court at the Earl of Leicester's castle at Wanstead. At about this time Sidney's interest in literature seems to have been heightened by his companionship with Fulke Greville, Edward Dyer, and other congenial young men; the group, referred to by Spenser and Gabriel Harvey as the Areopagus (though not organized as a club), interested itself in the possibility of reproducing in English the quantitative meters of Greek and Latin verse. In August, 1579, a Puritanical writer named Stephen Gosson published *The School of Abuse*, attacking plays and poetry but dedicated to Sidney; Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, though perhaps not written until 1583, replies, though not by name, to Gosson's attack. In 1580 Sidney wrote an open letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her from her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou; and for his boldness he was practically banished from court. During his retirement, spent at Wilton House, the home of his sister who had become by marriage Countess of Pembroke, he wrote at least part (probably the whole of the original version) of his long pastoral romance, *Arcadia*. He was knighted in 1583 and in the same year married Frances Walsingham, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. In 1585 he was projecting an expedition to America with Sir Francis Drake, but the Protestant cause, endangered by Spain's war with the Netherlands, and the Queen's need of his services, sent him instead to Holland as Governor of Flushing. In September of the following year Sidney was wounded in an unimportant engagement before the city of Zutphen. After twenty-six days of suffering, during which time he composed a song about his wound, entitled *La cuisse rompue*, and caused it to be sung to him, he died, to the grief of all England and a great part of Europe.

None of Sidney's literary productions was printed during his lifetime. The sixth song from *Astrophel and Stella* appeared, with musical setting, in Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs* of 1588; and three stanzas of the tenth song were printed with music in Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1589. *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* was published in 1590, in an incomplete form representing the revision and expansion Sidney had begun of his first draft, and again (the story having been completed by his sister, who used the text of the first draft to piece out Sidney's incomplete revised version) in 1593. *Astrophel and Stella* was published in 1591 by the printer Thomas Newman, without the consent of Sidney's family, from one of the several manuscripts then in circulation. Not until 1598 did the fully authorized edition appear; at that time all of Sidney's principal works were collected and printed in a folio volume prepared for the printer under the supervision of Mary Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke. The *Defence of Poesy* first appeared in two separate editions in 1595; the one, with the title *An Apologie for Poetrie*, published by Henry Olney; the other, with the title *The Defence of Poesie*, published by William Ponsonby with the authorization of the Sidney family from what is on the whole a better manuscript. Our text follows the Ponsonby edition (P), with a few emendations from the Olney edition (O).

MODERN EDITIONS: **Complete Works* (ed. by A. Feuillerat), Cambridge Classics, 4 vols., Cambridge, 1912–26; *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (ed. by E. A. Baker), London, 1907; **The Defence of Poesy* (ed. by A. S. Cook), Boston, 1890; *An Apologie for Poetrie* (ed. by E. S. Shuckburgh), Cambridge, 1891; *An Apologie for Poetrie* (ed. by J. C Collins), Oxford, 1907.

COMMENT: M. W. Wallace, *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, Cambridge, 1915; E. A. Greenlaw, 'Sidney's *Arcadia* as an Example of Elizabethan Allegory,' in *Kittredge Anniversary Papers*, Boston, 1913; E. A. Greenlaw, 'The Captivity Episode in Sidney's *Arcadia*,' in *Manly Anniversary Papers*, Chicago, 1923; S. Harkness, 'The

Prose Style of Sir Philip Sidney,' *Univ. Wisconsin Stud.*, ii (1918), 57–76; R. W Zandvoort, *Sidney's Arcadia: A Comparison between the Two Versions*, Amsterdam, 1929; Mona Wilson, *Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1931; W. D. Briggs, 'Political Ideas in Sidney's *Arcadia*,' *SP*, xxviii (1931), 137–61, and 'Sidney's Political Ideas,' *SP*, xxix (1932), 534–42; M S. Goldman, *Sir Philip Sidney and the Arcadia*, Urbana, Illinois, 1934; K. O. Myrick, *Sir Philip Sidney as a Literary Craftsman*, Harvard, 1935; K. T. Rowe, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Editorship of the *Arcadia*,' *PMLA*, liv (1939), 122–38; K. T. Rowe, 'Elizabethan Morality and the Folio Revisions of Sidney's *Arcadia*,' *MP*, xxxvii (1939), 151–72; K. T. Rowe, *Romantic Love and Parental Authority in Sidney's Arcadia, Univ. Mich. Cont.*, Ann Arbor, 1947; A. P. Duhamel, 'Sidney's *Arcadia* and Elizabethan Rhetoric,' *SP*, xlv (1948), 134–50; M. Poirier, *Sir Philip Sidney: Le Chevalier Poète Élizabéthain*, Lille, 1949.

TEXT: *Arcadia*, 1590 (22539), Huntington; *Defence of Poesie*, 1595 (22535), Harvard.

267 32 *pedanteria*] Italian for pedantic school learning.

269 11 Gyges's Ring] Gyges had a ring which could make him invisible; see Plato, *Republic*, ii 359 29 *areytos*] O ; P. reads *arentos: aréitos*, a West Indies term for dance songs

270 10–11 Albinus] Roman commander in Britain (192–197 A D). 13 *Arma . . . armis*] *Aeneid*, ii.314; 'Madly I take up arms, though arms are senseless now.' 31 *prosopopoeias*] figures of speech by which an imaginary or absent person is represented as speaking or acting; more loosely, 'personifications'

271 37 Theagenes] hero of the Greek prose romance by Heliodorus, the *Aethiopica; An Aethiopian History* was translated by Thomas Underdowne in 1587. 38 Pylades] faithful friend of Orestes 38 Orlando] Roland of the Charlemagne legend; hero of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. 39 Cyrus] in the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon

272 25 Aristotle] in the *Poetics*, 1 2 31 Salomon] Solomon; this was the usual spelling. 33–34 Tremellius . . Junius] two Protestant scholars of the 16th century who had recently published a Latin translation of the Bible.

273 1 Cato] the *Disticha de moribus* or *Moral Distichs* attributed to Dionysius Cato was a popular elementary textbook for the study of Latin in the Middle Ages and Renaissance. 38 Heliodorus] see note to p. 271, line 37.

274 10 anatomies] analyses.

275 19 of] supplied from O. 25–26 *Testis . . . vetustatis*] Cicero, *de Oratore*, ii.9.36.; 'the witness of the times, the light of truth, the life of memory, the guide to human existence, the messenger of antiquity.' The quotation was frequently cited in the Renaissance; it appears, slightly altered, on the engraved title-page of Ralegh's *History of the World*.

276 8 *formidine poenae*] fear of punishment. 9 *virtutis amore*] love of virtue.

277 18 Nisus and Euryalus] Nisus died avenging his friend Euryalus; *Aeneid*, ix. 38–39 *Mediocribus . . . columnae*] 'neither gods, nor men, nor book-stalls have admitted mediocrity in poets'

278 20 Aristotle] in *Poetics*, 9 3. 23 studiously serious] from O.; omitted in P 37 Dares Phrygius] Medieval and Renaissance scholars believed Dares was an eyewitness of the fall of Troy and accepted the purported Latin translation of his work as a true account, more accurate than Homer's; the fifth-century *de excidio Troiae historia* has, however, been proved a forgery

279 5 Quintus Curtius] late Roman author of a history of Alexander the Great 27 Livy] in i 53–54. 28 Abradates] actually Araspes in *Cyropaedia* vi 1 31 ff.

280 12 Miltiades] this and the following examples Sidney draws from Greek and Roman history 15 Sylla] Sulla (138–78 B C) and Marius (157–86 B C), Roman generals who by their rivalry began the period of the domination of Rome by successful military leaders, Pompey succeeded to the leadership of the faction of Sulla, and Julius Caesar to that of Marius 20 *literas nescivit*] he was ignorant of letters. 23 *occidendos esse*] that they are to be put to death. 36 *φιλοφιλόσοφος*] fond of philosophers. 42 Aristotle] in *Ethics*, i.1; 'the ultimate object is not knowledge but practise.'

281 16 *hoc . . . est*] 'this is a task, this is labor'; *Aeneid*, vi 129. 23 margent] margin. 31 aloes] aloin; a bitter drug used as a purgative.

282 7–8 *fugientem . . . est?*] 'Shall this ground see [Turnus] fleeing? Is it so hard to die?' *Aeneid*, xii 645–46. 13 Boethius] (d. 524); author of *The Consolation of Philosophy*, an extremely popular work throughout the Middle Ages; in it Boethius alternates passages in verse with prose passages. 16 *indulgere genio*] indulge one's own inclina-

tions. 24 Menenius Agrippa] see Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* and Plutarch's life of Coriolanus. 40 Nathan] see *2 Samuel*, 12.1–7.

283 6 Psalm of Mercy] *Psalms*, 25 23 Sannazzaro] Italian poet (1458–1530), author of the pastoral romance *Arcadia*, which suggested the title for Sidney's own pastoral romance. 31–2 Melibaeus, Tityrus] traditional names for shepherds in pastoral poems 40–41 *Haec . . . nobis*] Virgil, *Eclogues*, vii. 69–70; 'These things I remember, how the vanquished Thyrsis struggled in vain From that day on it has been Corydon only Corydon with us'

284 11 *Omne . . . amico*] 'manages to probe every fault while making his friend laugh'; from Persius, *Satires*, i 116. 15 *circum praecordia ludit*] 'he plays about the innermost feelings.' 18 *Est . . aequus*] (What you seek) 'is at Ulubrae, if a calm mind does not fail you there', Horace, *Epistles*, i 11 30 30–31 Demea . . . Thraso] stock characters in the comedies of Terence, i e the grave father, clever servant, parasite, and braggart. 37 *pistrinum*] the pounding mill, where slaves were punished.

285 7–8 *Qui . . redit*] Seneca, *Oedipus*, 705–6 'Who harshly wields the scepter with tyrannic sway, fears those who fear, terror recoils upon its author's head.' 10 Plutarch] see his *Life of Pelopidas*. 25 old song of Percy and Douglas] the old Scottish ballad of *Chevy Chase*, or *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, as it is entitled in the ancient versions; F J Child's No 162 26 crowder] fiddler. 29 Hungary] Sidney visited Hungary with Languet in 1572–73

286 7 Tydeus] in the *Iliad*. 7 Rinaldo] in Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*. 29–30 *Melius . . . Crantore*] 'Better than Chrysippus and Crantor.' Horace, *Epistles*, i 2 4

287 31 Ovid's verse] adapted by Sidney from *Ars amatoria*, ii 662. 33 Agrippa] Henry Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), German humanist, author of *The Vanity and Uncertainty of Artes and Sciences*. The Latin text was published in 1531; editions of the English translation by James Sanford appeared in 1569 and 1575 34 Erasmus] author of *Moriae encomium* (*The Praise of Folly*), written in England (1509–11) and dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

288 5 Scaliger] Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484–1558), Italian literary critic; Sidney is indebted to his *Poetice*. 31 *Percontatorem . . . est*] 'Fly from the inquisitive man, for he is likewise a tattler.' 32 *Dum . . . sumus*] 'While each one is satisfying himself, we are ever a credulous set.' Ovid, *Remedia Amoris*, 686.

289 15 *petere principium*] to beg the question.

290 16–17 John of the Stile, and John of the Noakes] fictitious names in a legal action; cf. 'John Doe and Richard Roe.'

291 2 that] supplied from O.

292 4 *Jubeo . . . libenter*] 'I bid him be fool to his heart's content.' 8 quiddity of *ens* and *prima materia*] terms of metaphysical philosophy: the nature of being and of the original material of the universe

293 31 Saint Paul] in *Colossians*, 2.8.

294 6–7 *Qua . . . exigendos*] 'which authority certain barbarous and rude persons would wrest into meaning that poets were to be expelled from the state.' Scaliger, *Poetice* i 2.

295 11 *Musa . . . laeso?*] 'O Muse, call to my mind the causes of these things what divinity was injured?' *Aeneid*, i 8 21 that Hospital of France] Michel de l'Hospital (1504–1573), one time Chancellor of France, whose policy was aimed at toleration of the Huguenots.

296 4 *Queis . . . Titan*] 'whose hearts Titan had formed of better clay.' 23 *Orator . . . nascitur*] 'The orator is made, the poet is born' 33 *quodlibet*] anything you please 35 *Quicquid . . . erit*] 'Whatever I shall try to write will be poetry'

298 14 Pacolet's horse] a magic horse in the romance *Valentine and Orson*. 15 *Nuntius*] messenger. 36 Apuleius] the author (2nd cent) of the satirical romance *The Golden Ass*.

299 24 Omphale] see Ovid, *Heroides*, ix.75. 37–38 *Nil . . . facit*] 'Unhappy poverty has nothing in it harder than this: that it makes men ridiculous'

300 29 coursing of a letter] use of excessive alliteration; Sidney probably has Lyly, Gosson, and other Euphuists specifically in mind. 31 figures and flowers] 'figures of speech and flowers of rhetoric' (ornate amplifications and descriptions). 37–38 Nizolian paper books] Marius Nizzoli (1498?–1576), Italian rhetorician and dogmatic Ciceronian, compiler of a thesaurus of Ciceronian phrases, advocated the keeping by schoolboys of notebooks in which they entered the choicest words, locutions, and metaphors they came across in their reading of Cicero. Cf. Ascham's

similar method set forth on pages 83–87.

301 3 *Vivit . . . venit*] 'He lives and survives, nay more, comes into the Senate, nay more, comes into the Senate.' 9 *similiter cadenses*] like endings of words. The Latin name for the figure of speech or 'scheme' known as homoioteleuton. 16 similitudes] a reference to the heaping up of comparisons drawn from pseudo-scientific lore, which was a vice of the Euphuistic style.

303 26 *quid non*] what not. 28 Landin] Cristofero Landino (1424?–1504), Italian scholar, tutor to Lorenzo de Medici. 35 *Libertino patre natus*] born of a freed-man. 35 *Herculea proles*] a descendant of Hercules. 36 *Si . . . possunt*] if my songs are of any avail. 42 mome] stupid person.

305 2 overseer of the print] the editor and proofreader at the press. The analyses at the head of each chapter and the divisions are present only in the 1590 edition. 15 second shipwreck] for the account of the first see Book ii 7 (page 322). 20 indifferent] impartial 24 pastor] shepherd 33 ensign] standard bearer; used humorously.

306 30 racking] rent-racking; extortionate.

307 19–20 running at base] playing a children's game similar to modern 'prisoner's base'

309 41 come upon the stays] having headed the ship to windward for purposes of tacking.

311 6 news] Sidney regards this word as plural; hence the plural verbs.

313 20 curiosity] careful and over-elaborate workmanship. 21 slubbered up] soiled; cf. 'slobber.'

318 12 privilege of a bauble] of being a court-jester or fool. 32 Iris] the goddess of the rainbow. 33 Cupid] Cupid, the god of love, was blind 33 god Vulcan's pace] Vulcan was lame. 34 Momus] the personification of fault-finding.

319 36 Chap. VII] As this chapter opens Musidorus, in disguise under the assumed name of Dorus, having obtained employment with Pamela's custodian, Dametus, is in the midst of relating to Pamela the earlier life and adventures of Musidorus and Pyrocles His narrative gives us the chronological beginning of the tale of Pyrocles and Musidorus. In Book i, chap. 1, Sidney, in the epic tradition, began in the middle of the story.

329 3 bruit] noise, clamor.

330 14 Pamela's prayer] at this point in the story Pamela is held in prison by Cecropia; her prayer acquired particular celebrity by appearing in the treatise *Eikon Basilike*, attributed to King Charles I and published shortly after his execution in 1649. Milton in his *Eikonoklastes* (1649), published as a reply to this treatise, makes much of the fact that the prayer therein purporting to have been composed by King Charles was really taken from the *Arcadia*

THOMAS LODGE

Thomas Lodge (*c.* 1558–1625), son of a knight of the same name who was a prominent member of the Grocers' Company and for a time Lord Mayor of London, received an excellent literary training at the Merchant Taylors' School, London, and at Trinity College, Oxford. He was admitted B.A. in 1577, and the next year became a law student at Lincoln's Inn. Like many other law students, however, he yielded to the attractions of the growing literary and theatrical circle of the metropolis; he entered upon authorship by answering Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579, with a *Defence of Plays*, 1580. Aside from some time spent as a soldier and as a member of Cavendish's expedition to South America (1591), Lodge engaged in a busy literary career lasting about fifteen years. Then he turned to the study of medicine, taking the degree of M.D. at Avignon in 1600 and at Oxford in 1602. He practised for about twenty-five years as one of the reputable physicians of London, though his clientele was limited somewhat by the fact that he had, while abroad, embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

Lodge's efforts to write for the stage seem to have been unfortunate, but in the fields of romance, lyrical poetry, and verse-satire he was more successful. He wrote several Euphuistic tales interspersed with poems, among which *Rosalynde*, 1590, has become well known as the source of Shakespeare's *As You*

Like It. In 1589 Lodge published *Scilla's Metamorphosis,* a mythological narrative poem (forerunner of *Venus and Adonis*), and with it a satire and a number of lyrics. Many poems of his appeared in *The Phoenix Nest,* 1593, and in the same year he issued *Phillis,* a sonnet-cycle liberally swelled out with songs and odes. He helped usher in a notable period of verse-satire by publishing *A Fig for Momus,* 1595. After he had become a physician, he made and published translations of Josephus (1602) and Seneca (1614).

The pastoral romance, a type of prose fiction combining romantic narrative, idyllic rural setting, and pastoral poetry, achieved a special vogue during the Renaissance. Sannazzaro's *Arcadia* in Italian and Montemayor's *Diana Enamorada* in Spanish contributed to establishing the type; in England Lodge and Greene, in the last two decades of the sixteenth century, were the most important authors of the shorter romances which did not aim at the epic magnitude of Sidney's revised *Arcadia. Rosalynde,* which Lodge tells us was written to 'beguile the time' during a voyage with Captain Clark to the Azores and Canaries, proved the most popular of these pastoral romances, going through at least four editions between its first publication in 1590 and the time Shakespeare used it as a source for *As You Like It,* and seven more in the first four decades of the seventeenth century. Lodge derived the main plot of his novel from a fourteenth-century poem, the *Tale of Gamelyn,* but transformed that realistic medieval story of the revenge of a young man for the injuries received at the hands of a wicked elder brother by adding the romantic love story and other materials suggested by the English ballads of the Robin Hood cycle and by the pastoral poetry of the day.

We have followed the practice of the original text in the punctuation of the passages of direct conversation, instead of modernizing punctuation by the introduction of quotation marks.

MODERN EDITIONS. Thomas Lodge, *The Complete Works* (ed. by Edmund Gosse), The Hunterian Club, 4 vols., Glasgow, 1883, **Rosalynde* (ed. by W. W. Greg), London, 1907 and 1931.

COMMENT: N. B. Paradise, *Thomas Lodge: The History of an Elizabethan,* New Haven, 1931; C J. Sisson, *Thomas Lodge and Other Elizabethans,* Harvard, 1933; Alice Walker, 'The Reading of An Elizabethan,' *RES,* viii (1932), 264–81; Alice Walker, 'The Life of Thomas Lodge,' *RES,* ix (1933), 410–32, and x (1934), 46–54; E. A. Tenney, *Thomas Lodge,* Ithaca, 1935.

TEXT *Rosalynde,* 1590 (16664), Folger.

331 16 Lord of Hunsdon] Henry Carey, Lord Chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth's household; created Baron Hunsdon in 1559. 23 Maecenas] Roman statesman of the 1st century B.C; chiefly noted as a wealthy and enlightened patron of literature. 26 *τὸ πρέπον*] propriety. 35 Terceras] the Azores; Terceira is one of the principal islands of the Azores. 39 fautor] supporter.

332 2 sons] Edmund Carey and Robert Carey, the second and third sons of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, were fellow students of Lodge at Oxford. 5 Sir Edward Hoby] eldest son of Sir Thomas Hoby, the translator of Castiglione's *Courtier;* a contemporary of Lodge at Trinity College, Oxford; son-in-law of Lord Hunsdon. 6 etymology of his name] hobby is the term for a small falcon. 28 *Nolo altum sapere*] I do not wish to know matters profound. 29 *Ne . . . crepidum*] 'Let the cobbler stick to his last'; a proverb quoted by Erasmus. 32 curtal-axe] a heavy, slashing sword; cutlass 37 Momus] in Greek mythology, the personification of criticism and fault-finding. 41 bebaste] thrash.

333 14 *salem ingenii*] shrewdness of wit.

334 19 *halcyones*] kingfishers. 27 *Medium tenere tutissimum*] 'to hold the middle course is safest.'

335 23 want one] do without one. 34 Biares] probably Briareus, son of Ouranos; a monster with 100 arms. 36 bavin] brushwood. 39 fautor] advocate.

336 6 *schedule*] a scroll or piece of paper containing writing.

337 5 *Natura naturans*] Nature causing nature. 8 *Naturam . . . recurret*] 'you may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but she will always hurry back.'—Horace, *Epistles,* i.10.24.

338 6 *Non sapit . . . sapit*] he is not wise who does not know himself. 9 *Nimia . . . parit*] too much familiarity breeds contempt.

339 34–35 *Amantium . . . est*] 'The anger of lovers is the renewing of love' Terence, *Andria,* iii.3 23. Cf Richard Edward's poem with this title (1576), where it is inaccurately translated as 'the falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

340 17 *Quis . . . aurum*] 'who in his senses refuses offered gold.'

341 2 *bezo les labres*] kiss on the lips

343 1 *memento*] reverie. 41 prize] i e., Helen of Troy.

345 9–10 upsy friese] a toast, carousal

346 33 *Quaerenda . . . virtus*] 'Seek money first, after money, virtue.' Horace, *Epistles,* i.1.53–54 37 *Si . . . foras*] 'If you have brought nothing, Homer, go away.' Ovid, *Ars amatoria,* ii.280.

348 22] the omitted passage consists of 'Alinda's oration to her father in defence of fair Rosalynde'; after which Torismond sentences both Alinda and Rosalynde to banishment. Thereafter Rosalynde was disconsolate but Alinda endeavors to encourage her. 32 *Olim . . . juvabit*] 'At some time it will be pleasant to recall these things.' Virgil, *Aeneid,* i 203.

349 14 black ox] misfortune; the expression is proverbial

351 26] the omitted passages discuss further the unrequited passion of Montanus for Phoebe, and contain other pastoral poems of Montanus and Coridon.

353 17 ought] owed. 33 *sicco pede*] dry-shod.

354 21 rampired] barricaded.

355 4 losels] scoundrels. 11 press] crowd.

359 3] the omitted pages return to the story of Torismond's actions on hearing of the flight of Rosader, of his imprisonment of Saladyne in order to seize the lands of the late Sir John of Bordeaux; of Saladyne's repentant lament for his misdeeds; of Torismond's banishment of Saladyne; of Saladyne's departure into exile. We then return to the story of Rosader.

362 34 *Periit quia deperibat*] he has perished because he was desperately in love.

363 26] omitted are Rosalynde's passionate soliloquy and three of Rosader's love poems which he reads to 'Ganimede' (Rosalynde).

364 6 recorder] a wind instrument similar to the modern flute.

367 10] Aliena interrupts the lovers ('Ganimede' and Rosader) to remind them it is almost sundown; we then return to Saladyne, who, wandering in the Forest of Arden, lies down to sleep beside a thicket. A hungry lion comes upon the sleeping Saladyne and prepares to pounce upon him as soon as he moves. Rosader arrives at this moment, perceives the situation, recognizes his evil brother, and ponders whether to do nothing and thus be revenged, or to attempt to rescue Saladyne by killing the lion He finally decides to save his brother, and after he has slain the lion, Saladyne awakes, but does not at first recognize Rosader. His discourse is full of repentance for his past misdeeds, so Rosader then makes himself known to Saladyne and presents him to Gerismond. 33 *Lupus est in fabula*] There is a wolf in the story, Cf 'speak of the devil and he appears'

368 26–27 *Ne Hercules . . . duos*] Not even Hercules could contend with two persons.

370 7 mazer] wooden cup. 18] 'Aliena' in her meditation reveals that she has fallen in love with Saladyne, she then rejoins 'Ganimede,' and tries to divert her mind from her worries for the injured Rosader; they then go home to supper with Coridon. Before they all go to bed, Coridon determines to ask Montanus to bring his Phoebe down the next day so that they may see her.

373 14] Montanus makes ardent protestations of his love for Phoebe, but she rebuffs him sharply.

375 35] Saladyne woos 'Aliena' and proposes marriage

376 36] Phoebe, consumed with a passion for the page Ganimede, writes letters and sonnets to 'him,' which Ganimede (Rosalynde) shows to Montanus.

378 12 *malgrado*] It : 'in spite of.'

379 1 suffer no fish . . . fingers] tolerate no delay. 14 *Festina lente*] make haste slowly.

381 8 sendal] thin silk. 28 chamlet] cloth of camel's hair or similar material. 30 kersey] heavy woolen cloth. 31 guards] ornamental stripes or bands of color; the mark of a servant's costume. 38 thus attired] Coridon's costume is an incongruous medley of garments, some

appropriate only for a courtier, others only for a rustic.

382 34] Montanus reads his sonnets; Phoebe is brought before Gerismond, who demands why she rewards Montanus' love with so little regard; Phoebe then proclaims she is in love with the page Ganimede.

384 39 comical] the Elizabethan meaning of comedy was based upon the ending of a story—comedy, in success and happiness; tragedy, in death and misery.

385 9 crowd] fiddle.

387 25 Nameurs] Nemours. 38–39 overlooked my labors] revised my work. 39 *Sailor's Calendar*] a book promised but never published.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

Richard Hakluyt (1553–1616), clergyman, cosmographer and assiduous collector of the accounts of voyages made by Englishmen to both the Old and the New Worlds was, while still a boy at Westminster School, first roused to an enthusiasm for travel by his cousin, also Richard Hakluyt, a student of the law at the Middle Temple, who showed to him geographies, a universal map, and Psalm 107, telling of those who 'go down to the sea in ships.' After studying at Christ Church, Oxford—he was graduated B.A. in 1574 and M.A. in 1577—, he continued reading accounts of travels in ancient and modern tongues and lecturing thereon. Both he and his cousin were ardent proponents for the expansion of English trade and colonization beyond the seas, and the knowledge they collected about the geography and economic resources of distant regions made them valuable allies and advisers of the London merchants interested in launching maritime enterprises. In fact, their contributions to the researches that collected the information preparatory to the launching of the Levant Company were among the most important. A year or more after the founding of the Levant Company Hakluyt took holy orders and the next five years, 1583–88, he spent chiefly in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador to France, Sir Edward Stafford. Before leaving England he published and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney his first major work, *Divers Voyages Touching the Discovery of America* (1582), a collection he had assembled with one of his lifelong goals in mind—the promotion of English colonization in the New World. While in France he improved the opportunity to obtain accounts of French explorations and to translate into English the books and manuscripts he had gathered; moreover he dispatched the information he collected to Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, and in July of 1584, while temporarily back in London, he gathered up his material into a tract called *The Discourse of Western Planting*, which was in effect a prospectus for the colonization of North America, by which he hoped to gain the support of Elizabeth for this venture. After some minor publications, he issued in 1589 *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, which he was provoked to write by having heard abroad 'other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attainments, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned.' This work formed the nucleus of an augmented edition, under a practically identical title, *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*, published 1598–1600. In the three large folio volumes of this augmented edition Hakluyt sought to assemble every account of travel to remote regions of the Old and New Worlds that he was able to discover—the ones that he had himself already published; additional voy-

ages that he had written up from the reports of mariners; ones translated from foreign tongues, including a translation, from the Old English of King Alfred the Great, of the tale of the voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan that Alfred inserted in his Anglo-Saxon version of Orosius' *History;* and, finally, books already in print were reprinted and inserted in the collection. George Best's account of the three voyages of Martin Frobisher in search of the North-West Passage, which had been published in 1578, was included in the third volume of Hakluyt's compilation, although Hakluyt omitted Best's introductory sections to the report of the first voyage, with their eloquent praise of the material progress and the increased geographical knowledge that the expansion of trade had brought about. We have therefore based that part of our text on Best's *A True Discourse of the late Voyages of discovery* (1578), rather than taking it from Hakluyt's abridged reprint.

GEORGE BEST (d. 1584?), servant to Sir Christopher Hatton, accompanied Martin Frobisher on the three voyages he made in 1576, 1577, and 1578. On his return he published his report, dedicating it to Hatton.

Richard Hakluyt's collection of *Voyages* is a monument to the intelligence and industry of their compiler and editor. Not a discoverer or explorer himself, he was content to be the inspirer and recorder of exploration; not a sailor himself, he made the success of voyages possible by the knowledge he placed in the hands of captains and navigators. As his ultimate goal, he would have maintained that the advancement of England's power and prosperity had no more prominence than the advancement of religion by the adding of new territories to the realms of Protestantism. At Hakluyt's death in 1616 his manuscripts passed to the Reverend Samuel Purchas, who carried on Hakluyt's work as a collector and editor and in 1625 published another huge collection of voyages entitled: *Purchas his Pilgrimes.*

MODERN EDITIONS: *Divers Voyages* (ed. by John W. Jones), Hakluyt Society Publications, London, 1850; *The Principal Navigations* (ed. by Edmund Goldsmid), 16 vols., Edinburgh, 1885–90; **The Principal Navigations,* 12 vols., Hakluyt Society, Glasgow, 1903–05; †*The Principal Navigations,* Everyman's Library, 8 vols., London and New York, 1907; *The Principal Navigations* (introduced by John Masefield), 10 vols., London and New York, 1927; *The Three Voyages of Martin Frobisher* (ed by R. Collinson), Hakluyt Society, London, 1867; **The Three Voyages of Martin Frobisher* (ed. by V. Stefansson), London, 1938

COMMENT: C. R. Markham, *Richard Hakluyt,* London, 1896; G. B. Parks, *Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages,* New York, 1928; W. Raleigh, *The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century,* Glasgow, 1906; *Voyages and Travels Mainly during The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (ed by C. R. Beazley), 2 vols., Westminster, 1903; E. G R. Taylor, *The Original Writings and Correspondence of the Two Richard Hakluyts,* Hakluyt Society, 2 vols., London, 1935; R. R. Cawley, *The Voyages and Elizabethan Drama,* Boston, 1938; R. R. Cawley, *Unpathed Waters: Studies in the Influence of the Voyagers on Elizabethan Literature,* Princeton, 1940; S. C. Chew, *The Crescent and the Rose,* New York, 1937

TEXT: George Best, *A True Discourse of the late voyages,* 1578 (1972), Huntington; Richard Hakluyt, *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries,* 1589 (12625), Huntington.

388 15 Tully] Cicero, in *De officiis,* i.7.22.

389 6 only] single.

390 28–29 playing *Aequilibra*] balanced.

391 1 Northeasting and Northwesting] the variation of the magnetic needle from the true North; the scientists of the time were hopeful of finding some mathematical relationship between the amount of the variation of the compass and the longitude, and hence an easy means of determining longitude. 7 cards] nautical charts. 33 within a ken] within range of vision.

392 13 Anian] Medieval and Renaissance geographers believed that there was in the polar regions a strait of Anian,

which would provide a short route from western Europe to China. 15 Ptolomeus King of Egypt] Best confuses Claudius Ptolomey, the geographer of the 2nd cent. A.D., with the kings of Egypt. 22 Orcades] the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland.

393 11 Terra Septentrionalis] the northern or Arctic regions. 12 Terra Austrialis] a misprint for terra Australis, the southern or Antarctic regions. 26 Groneland] Greenland. 28 Obby] the river Ob in western Siberia, emptying into the Arctic

394 4 Portingales] Portuguese. 25 popingeys] popinjay; parrot. 38 first proffered to the Englishmen] Columbus first sought aid from Henry VII for his projected voyage of discovery before successfully obtaining the support of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

395 6 Baccalaos] Labrador 10 Cataya] Cathay; China 16 Guinea and Benin] the Gulf of Guinea and the Bight of Benin, on the west coast of Africa. 23 Equinoctial] Equator. 41 Bilbill] Baboul, at the southern end of the Caspian Sea.

396 2 Tauris] Tabriz. 16 Wardehouse] Vardöhuus, on the northeast coast of Norway, above 70° N. Latitude 34 Black Moors] blackamoors; Negroes

397 15 Westminster] Westminster School; established by Henry VIII and re-established by Queen Elizabeth.

398 4 In continuance of time] With the passing of time. 23–28 *Ce qui . . . eux*] 'This has in times past caused me to seek the reasons which prevent the English, who have sufficient wit, ability, and courage to acquire great repute among all Christians, from setting a higher value upon that element which is, and ought to be, more native to them than it is to other peoples· who ought to yield precedence to them in the building, fitting out, and maintaining of ships such as I have seen at various places among them.' 37 argument] evidence; subject-matter.

399 34 Gate] Gata. 35 Argier] Algiers.

400 4 Candie] Crete. 13 Rocetto] Rosetta.

402 10 William Burrough] William Borough (1536–1599), navigator; agent for the Muscovy company. 12 St. Nicholas] modern Archangel. 15 fine] end.

403 26 Canoas] canoes. 39 commonly] usually. 41 buskins] boots. 41 wool] fur.

404 17 points] laces or cords for attaching hose to the doublet. 19 skulls] schools. 21 Meta Incognita] the name Frobisher gave to Baffin Island; the ore which he brought back from his second voyage did not prove to be gold ore, as he believed. 22 muscovy glass] mica. 25 corinths] currants 27 shows] signs. 31 detract] delay.

ROBERT GREENE

Robert Greene (1558–1592), novelist, poet, dramatist, and journalist, was born of middle-class parents at Norwich, entered St. Johns College, Cambridge, in 1575, and was granted the B.A. in February, 1580. Between the time of his receiving the bachelor's degree and his being admitted M.A. from Clare Hall in July 1583, he traveled abroad, where, according to his later statements in his books, perhaps exaggerated for journalistic effect, he led the sort of debauched life that Ascham and other Elizabethan moralists inveighed against as the usual consequences to young Englishmen of travels in Italy, France, and Spain. Greene's first literary work was an imitation of Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit*, entitled *Mamillia: A Mirrour or looking-glass for The Ladies of England*. The book was entered in the Stationers' Register in October of 1580, so that Greene must either have turned the manuscript over to his printer immediately upon his return from several months of foreign travel, or just before his departure from England, for he describes himself as "Robert Greene, Graduate in Cambridge." In the second part of *Mamillia*, which was entered in September 1583, he becomes 'Maister of Arts, in Cambridge.' Always proud of his academic distinction, Greene usually subscribes himself on his title-pages as 'Master of Arts,' and after June 1588, when he

was incorporated Master of Arts at Oxford, he frequently styles himself as 'Master of Arts in both Universities.' From the time of his receiving the M.A. from Cambridge, Greene devoted the remainder of his short life to trying to maintain a precarious existence with the meager funds he could acquire by selling to publishers and to theatrical companies the products of his facile pen. The most versatile and talented of the hack writers of the time, he adapted himself to every shift in the tastes and interests of the Elizabethan public, and wrote the type of literature that promised the readiest market at the moment. According to his own statement, he married, probably some time about 1584, 'a gentleman's daughter of good account' with whom he lived a while, but after their child was born, having squandered his dowry, he deserted her, and went to live in London. In London, from 1585 until his death, he became a leader of the Bohemian literary group, notorious for his dissipation and the promptness with which he squandered whatever money came to him from the publishers or theatrical companies to which he sold the products of his intermittent periods of feverish literary composition.

His varied literary output, besides stories in imitation of the literary success of the 1580's, Lyly's *Euphues*, included tales in manner of the Italian *novelle*; romances of adventure; and pastoral romances, such as *Pandosto* (1588), which Shakespeare was later to use as a source for *A Winter's Tale*, and *Menaphon* (1589), to which his erstwhile fellow-student at St. John's College in Cambridge, Thomas Nashe wrote a preface satirizing the literary fashions of the time (see pp. 423–32). By 1590 he had turned his talents to writing plays for the dramatic companies, and at the same time changed from the Euphuistic prose of his romances to the simple realistic prose of his pamphlets, some of moral exhortation and edification, describing his own riotous life as a warning to others, some of confession, expressing repentance for his misspent life, and one series, the 'conny-catching' pamphlets, beginning with *A Notable Discovery of Cosenage* (1591), purporting to be an exposé of the ingenious tricks of the card-sharpers, confidence men, cutpurses, and other disreputable characters of the underworld of Elizabethan England. Although, for journalistic verisimilitude, he pretends to be writing from first-hand knowledge, and claims that his life has been threatened by the criminals whose secrets he was proposing to reveal, Greene adapted much of his material from earlier accounts of the ways of Elizabethan rogues and vagabonds. These pamphlets were an instant success, each having at least two editions in the year of publication.

Greene died on September 3, 1592. The manuscript of his *Groatsworth of Wit*, which purports to have been written as he lay dying, was copied for the press by Henry Chettle, who a few months later, in the preface to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, apologizes for not having deleted the famous attack on Shakespeare as the 'upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.'

MODERN EDITIONS: Robert Greene, *Life and Complete Works* (ed. by A. B. Grosart), The Huth Library, 15 vols., London, 1881–86; *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage* (ed. by G. B. Harrison), The Bodley Head Quartos, London, 1923; *The Third and last part of Conny-catching* (ed. by G. B Harrison), The Bodley Head Quartos, London, 1923; *Greens Groats-worth of witte* (ed. by G. B. Harrison), The Bodley Head Quartos, London, 1923; A. V. Judges, *The Elizabethan Underworld*, London, 1930.

COMMENT: J. C. Jordan, *Robert Greene*, New York, 1915; S. L. Wolff, 'Robert Greene and the Italian Renaissance,' *Englische Studien*, xxxvii (1907), 321–74; H. Jenkins. 'On the Authenticity of *Greens Groatsworth of Wit* and *The Repentance*

of Robert Greene,' RES, xi (1935), 28–41; D. C. Allen, 'Science and Invention in Greene's Prose,' *PMLA,* liii (1938), 1007–18; René Pruvost, *Robert Greene et ses romans,* Paris, 1938

TEXT: *A Notable Discovery of Coosenage,* 1591 (12279), Huntington; *The Third and last part of Conny-catching,* 1592 (12283), Huntington; *Greens Groats-worth of witte,* 1592 (12245), Harvard.

405 16 Getes] *Getae,* inhabitants of the region about the mouth of the Danube on the shores of the Black Sea. 33–34 *Omnia . . . vanitas*] 'Everything under the sun is vanity' 35 *Mirabolanes*] myrobalan; an astringent plum-like fruit

406 6 Conny] or coney, a rabbit; in Elizabethan slang 'conny' was the equivalent of the 20th-cent. American term 'sucker' for a person easily the dupe of smooth-talking confidence men, or 'conny-catchers.' 17 rebate] repulse 37 Term] the sessions of the courts of law

407 6 *patres patriae*] fathers of their country. 16 ferret] a polecat kept for driving rabbits from their burrows 30 Broomeman] an itinerant dealer in old clothes, etc. 35–6 more worship] higher social standing. 36 countenance] appearance

408 7 pair of Cards] pack of cards. 10 groat] a coin valued at four pence 12 half] partner. 15 smoke] suspect. 20 blind] secret. 27 crossbitten] cheated; swindled. 36 have about] Let us turn around 38 langret] a kind of false die. 39 bard cater tray] a sure four and three; i.e. throw a 'seven' that is assured because of the loaded dice. 38 broking] fraudulent dealing.

409 26 Westminster Hall] the place of meeting of the courts of justice

410 6 fallows] ploughed land; Greene's metaphor suggests that the conny has already been well cultivated and prepared for the yielding of a bounteous harvest 15 he] i.e., the Verser

411 5 *quis . . aurum* 'who in his right mind will refuse money that is offered.' 14 policy] trick, stratagem. 18 Verser] Greene seems to intend 'Setter' here; cf. l. 30 below.

413 28 pricks] inserts.

415 3 chopping] changing. 14 vie] bid; wager.

416 22 he] i.e., the conny-catcher; Greene is characteristically inconsistent in failing to use the plural number when the sense demands it 38 *politicly*] craftily. 40 copesmates] associates.

417 26 Finsbury fields] a favorite recreation ground in the northern suburbs of Elizabethan London.

419 14 fadge] fit 18 occupier] dealer; merchant. 30 countenance] a variant of 'continuance'

420 2 artificial] skilful. 33 engine] plot.

421 2 Tyburn] the gallows where criminals were hanged was at Tyburn, in the northwest suburbs of London. 28 gracer of tragedians] probably a reference to Christopher Marlowe. 36 *Sic . . . jubeo*] thus I wish, thus I command. 37 *fas et nefas*] whether just or unjust.

422 1 *Quam . . . judicia!*] How inscrutable are the judgments of God! 10 young Juvenal] the allusion is probably to Thomas Nashe, but no comedy that he wrote with Greene has survived. 18 thou] probably George Peele. 23–4 those buris . . . those Puppets] the actors who performed the plays written by Greene and his friends. 24 Antics] puppets 28 upstart crow] Shakespeare; originally an actor, he was now usurping the rôle of the playwright and acquiring fame also as a writer of plays 29 *tiger's heart . . . hide*] a parody of *3 Henry VI,* i 4 137. 'O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!' 31 *Johannes fac totum*] Jack-of-all-trades. 31 Shake-scene] the pun on Shakespeare's name makes Greene's allusion obvious

THOMAS NASHE

THOMAS NASHE (1567–1601), pamphleteer, novelist, and satirist, compared by Lodge to Aretino and by Meres to Juvenal, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, receiving his B.A. in March, 1586. He continued at the University, but not for the time required for the M.A. Instead he left for London in the autumn of 1588, joining the other young men from the universities who sought literary fame and employment in the metropolis. His first work, *The Anatomie of Absurdity,* entered in September, 1588, and published at the beginning of the next year, shows a tendency, later overcome, to

imitate the style of *Euphues*. The satirical bent of Nashe, however, is manifest from the first, for, although the book itself contains little original matter, it begins with an attack on the female sex and later expands its ridicule to include such diverse groups as the Puritans, the writers on astrology, the ballad makers, and those who acquiesced in the luxury of the age. Nashe's satiric wit and his hatred of the Puritans made it natural that he should be among the writers employed by the bishops at this time to answer the tracts appearing under the pseudonym of Martin Marprelate; but, although it seems certain that Nashe played some rôle in the Marprelate controversy, we cannot be positive exactly what that rôle was, or which of the anti-Martinist pamphlets, if any, came from his pen. On the whole, the best evidence seems to point to Nashe as the author of *An Almond for a Parrot*, although he is commonly credited, without proof, with being the author of the 'Pasquil' tracts. At about this time Nashe wrote an essay critical of the literary fashions and the writers of the day, which he published as a preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). This was to involve him in another pamphlet warfare—a controversy between Nashe and Greene on the one hand and Gabriel Harvey and his brothers on the other. The interchange of invective and insult in print between the antagonists continued from 1592 to 1597. In 1593, at the suggestion of his 'good friends,' Nashe tells us, he attempted a different kind of writing, a work of prose fiction, *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton*, published in 1594. Usually described as the first example of the picaresque novel in English, this designation would be misleading if we inferred that Nashe's tale was an imitation of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the Spanish prototype of the picaresque romance. Nashe's novel has many characteristics not present in *Lazarillo*, and typical of Nashe's other works. The tale has, it is true, the unity that comes from having all the adventures befall a single person—the saucy, lively rogue Jack Wilton, page to the Earl of Surrey and companion of his travels—but the fictitious linking of these adventures to historical persons and places would justify our describing *The Unfortunate Traveller* as an early example of the historical novel. Moreover, most of the adventures are lighthearted parodies or burlesques of literary themes and modes of the sixteenth century: the popular jest-books, the realistic descriptions of the plague, the code of love animating the Petrarchan sonnets, the courtly tournament with its pageantry and elaborate and ingenious *imprese*, academic celebrations and orations, the revenge theme in the current 'tragedies of blood,' and the typical accounts of foreign travel. In short, Nashe's talent for satire and parody is as fully indulged as in his other works; it is merely set in a different frame.

Nashe also wrote for the stage; probably his most characteristic play, composed in collaboration with Ben Jonson, was *The Isle of Dogs*, an Aristophanic comedy, now lost, but produced (at least once) in 1597. Its pointed satire resulted in the revocation of Henslowe's license, in Ben Jonson's imprisonment, and Nashe's hasty flight to the eastern counties. While in virtual exile from London he spent several weeks at Yarmouth, a fishing town which he celebrated in his last important work, *Nashes Lenten Stuffe* (1599), a mock panegyric of red herring—one of his most delightful and imaginative satires.

In his most characteristic writing Nashe displays a prose style all his own, compounded of mock-erudition, racy invective, 'aureate rhetoric,' and terse colloquialism. He is said to have learned something from Aretino and more from Rabelais; but he probably also derived at least a trick or two from the Marprelate pamphlets.

MODERN EDITIONS: **The Works of Thomas Nashe* (ed. by R. B. McKerrow), 5 vols., London, 1904–10; †*Menaphon* (ed. by G. B Harrison), Oxford, 1927; *The Unfortunate Traveller* (ed. by S. C. Chew), New York, 1926; *The Unfortunate Traveller* (ed by H. F. Brett-Smith), Oxford, 1927; †*The Unfortunate Traveller,* in *Shorter Novels, Elizabethan and Jacobean* (ed. by G Saintsbury), Everyman's Library, London, 1928; *The Unfortunate Traveller* (ed. by M. Ayrton), London, 1948

COMMENT D. C Allen, *'The Anatomie of Absurditie:* A Study in Literary Apprenticeship,' *SP,* xxxii (1935), 170–76, D. J McGinn, 'Nashe's Share in the Marprelate Controversy,' *PMLA,* lix (1944), 952–84, A H Sackton, 'Thomas Nashe as an Elizabethan Critic,' *Univ Texas Studies* (1947), pp 18–25, A. M. C. Latham, 'Satire on Literary Themes and Modes in Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller,'* in *English Studies 1948,* New Ser i, 85–100; A. K Croston, 'The Use of Imagery in Nashe's *The Unfortunate Traveller,' RES,* xxiv (1948), 90–101; T. L Summersgill, 'The Influence of The Marprelate Controversy on the Style of Thomas Nashe,' *SP,* xlviii (1951), 145–60

TEXT *Menaphon,* 1589 (12272), Folger, *The Unfortunate Traveller,* 1594 (18380), Harvard; *Nashes Lenten Stuffe,* 1599 (18370), Harvard.

423 39 *ab extreme pueritia*] from earliest youth. 40 *placet*] approval. 40 *plaudite*] applause 41 *sine linea*] without bounds 42 *olere atticum*] savor of the Attic, i e of literary merit

424 12 kilcow] bragging 16 drumming] a sidelong allusion to the drums that announced theatrical performances 25–26 *temperatum . . . genus*] the 'middle style' of the three oratorical styles high, middle, and low or plain 37 Maro's] Virgil's. 37 xii *Aeneidos*] twelve books of the *Aeneid* 38 Ramus] Pierre de la Ramée (1515–1572), whose system of logic set up as an improvement over Aristotle's had a great vogue in England and Europe (and in the American colonies) for a century The Ramus-versus-Aristotle controversy at Cambridge was at its height during Nashe's time as a student there

425 7 adage] 'nothing has been ever said that hasn't been said before.' 26–7 *sublime dicendi genus*] the grand style, the term is that employed by Quintilian for the high or grand style in rhetoric, in his *Institutio oratoria,* xi 1 3

426 2 "What do you lack?"] the common greeting to customers of Elizabethan shopkeepers and their assistants. Nashe in this passage is contrasting the uneducated merchant class with the pretentious university scholars, to the detriment of the latter. 8 fripler] fripper; old-clothes dealer. 19 world turned upside down] Nashe suggests that this was a common alehouse sign. 21 *Nemis . . . republica*] too greatly concerned in the affairs of a country not my own. 25 *Noverint*] scrivener. 31 *tempus . . rerum*] time devouring all things. 34 Kidde] this paragraph has been taken to be an allusion to Thomas Kyd, the dramatist, and to imply that Kyd was the author of a pre-Shakespearian play of *Hamlet.* It may be a jibe at the imitation of Senecan tragedy by contemporary playwrights in general, without any specific allusion to Kyd; however, the fact that Kyd was the son of a scrivener makes him the most likely object of Nashe's satire, though the passage falls short of being a proof of Kyd's authorship of the *Ur-Hamlet*

427 5–6 French *Doudie*] the allusion has not been satisfactorily explained; it may be a term for a harlot, or the allusion may be literary and refer to some book in French, perhaps a collection of lascivious tales 14 Melancthon, Sadolet] Philip Melanchthon (1497–1560), and Jacopo Sadoleto (1477–1547), both eminent humanist scholars of the early 16th cent 14 Plantin] Christoffel Plantin (1514–1589), a leading printer of scholarly works at Antwerp. 18 William Turner] d 1568, an English translator and author of many theological works, also compiler of an herbal in English He was an extreme Protestant, and a refugee abroad during Queen Mary's reign. 33 University Orator] Roger Ascham Nashe apparently has in mind a passage from the second book of Ascham's *Scholemaster;* see *English Works* (ed. by W. A. Wright), p. 280. 35 *uno . . . prodiere*] to disclose single progeny of that commonwealth.

428 3 Priscian] author of the elementary Latin grammar used in the schools of the Middle Ages. 11 compass of a penny] Peter Bales, famous writing master, presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1576 a ring in which was set a penny on which he had engraved the Lord's Prayer, etc.; the penny, of course, was of silver and about 9/16 inches in diameter. 34 *Graeca cum Latinus*] Cicero perfected his style by translating Demosthenes and other Greek orators from

Greek into Latin. See Quintilian *Institutio oratoria*, x.5.2. 41–2 insulted in] boasted of. 42 *corrigat qui potest*] Let whoever is able correct (or improve).

429 2 Stanihurst; Phaer] Richard Stanyhurst's attempts at English hexameters were constantly, and justly, derided by the Elizabethans; his translation of the first four books of Virgil's *Aeneid* into English hexameters was published in 1582. Thomas Phaer's translation of the first nine books of the *Aeneid* was published in 1562; the remaining books were translated by Thomas Twyne, and the Phaer-Twyne translation published in 1573 and again in 1584

430 3 Epaphus] Osiris or Apis, the son of Jupiter and Io, or Isis; it was the sacred bull Apis, supposed to be an incarnation of the soul of Osiris, that was sacrificed. Nashe's mythology is somewhat inaccurate, but scholarly accuracy was a quality he derided, and one he did not seek. 9 undermeal] the time after the mid-day meal. 11 *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*] as much of Mars as of Mercury; i e as much a soldier as a poet; George Gascoigne employed this motto. 12–13 *faecundi calices*] eloquent wine goblets. 14 Silenus] a satyr, foster-father of Bacchus; represented as a fat, jolly, intoxicated old man, riding on an ass, crowned with flowers and ivy; symbolic of one besotted with drink 18 *qui . . . πίνειν*] Loosely translated. 'whoever wishes to write good poetry must first get drunk' 25 *Thenino dente*] i e, with a slanderous tongue, Theoninus was a writer of satires. 32 *Si . . . foras*] 'If you have brought nothing, Homer, you will be thrust outside' Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, ii.280. 35 *redde rationem*] 'give your reasons'; i e. a demand for an explanation or citation of evidence.

431 17 Thomas Atchelow] several extracts from his poems are included in *England's Parnassus*, an anthology of Elizabethan poetry published in 1600 by the printer Robert Allot 25 *Arraignment of Paris*] this pastoral pageant by George Peele was first performed by the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1584, and published in the same year. 33 Tolossa] ancient name of Toulouse, a city in southern France. 41–2 *Albions*] Warner's historical poem, *Albion's England*, was first published in 1586; it had several later editions.

432 2 *In speech*] the opening words of William Lily's *Short Introduction of Grammar*, the standard textbook for the teaching of Latin grammar in the schools of Elizabethan England; hence a synonym for knowledge of Latin. 3 *Abcie*] *ABC;* the children's primer for commencing the learning of Latin. 7 *Anatomie of Absurdities*] Nashe's first published work; it was issued in 1589/90 and it was probably being printed at the same time that *Menaphon* was first issued 24 fever quartan] a disease characterized by a fever recurring every fourth day. 26–27 Turney and Turwin] Tournay and Térouanne were towns in France captured by Henry VIII in 1513. 29 appendix] attendant. 32 *Coelum . . . stultitia*] 'we in our foolishness try to scale the heavens'; see Horace *Odes*, i.3.38 39 *Paulô . . . canamus*] 'Let us sing of somewhat nobler things.' Virgil, *Eclogues*, iv.1

433 3 *Aliquid . . patet*] something lies hidden which is not well known. 6 London Bridge] the quartering of the bodies of criminals and placing them on London Bridge was a common custom 20 lord of misrule] master of the revels. 21 ivy bush] the sign of a tavern or alehouse, cf. the adage. 'good wine needs no bush' 24 *tendit . . . virtus*] virtue reaches to the stars, a pun on *sidera* [stars] and 'cider-a.' 26 *aqua coelestis*] water of heaven; the name of a drug considered a powerful restorative 39 Three Cups] it was usual to give distinctive names to the rooms of a tavern.

434 12 way] unit of weight for cheese; equals about 250 lbs. 12 great] gross 17–18 doit . . . denier] Dutch and English coins of very small value

436 12 Epimenides] a Cretan (7th cent. B C.) said to have slept 40 or 57 years. 26 snudge] miser. 37 beaver] this bit of pseudo-scientific lore comes from Pliny *Natural History*, viii.47; many Renaissance writers mention it.

437 5 scuppet] a type of shovel. 39] In the omitted pages (about 20), Jack Wilton gives a facetious account of the Anabaptist uprising in Munster, and of the execution of John of Leyden, one of its leaders. Then his master, the Earl of Surrey, confides to Jack his love for the fair Geraldine, and of Geraldine's granting her consent for him to travel in Italy.

438 2 Sir Thomas More] Nashe, although pretending to describe actual happenings, as a writer of fiction plays fast and loose with chronology. The up-

rising in Munster was suppressed in 1535, the year of More's execution and the year before Erasmus' death. 36–37 *quemadmodums* and *quodpropters*] how's and wherefore's. 38 *Esse posse videatur*] a favorite ending of a sentence among the imitators of Cicero; their passion for the phrase far exceeded that of Cicero himself, and they were laughed at for the cultivation of this mannerism. The phrase may be translated as: 'It is apparent that it may be.' 40–41 *Dum . . . aper*] 'As long as the boar loves the heights of the mountain.' Virgil, *Eclogues*, v 76. 41 *dixi*] I have spoken

439 7 incorporationers] members of the corporation. 33 orificial] high-sounding.

440 20 *O quantus artifex parco*] O how excellent a workman I am! 29 *Acolastus*] a Latin comedy by the Dutch scholar Gnapheus, a dramatization of the parable of the prodigal son. Written in 1529, it was translated into English in 1540.

441 4 Carolostadius] Andreas Rudolf Bodenstein (1480–1541), an associate of Luther 5 level coil] from the French phrase, *lever le cul*, in the sense of *lève-cul*, a boisterous Christmas game; Nashe apparently means that the disputation was noisy and tumultuous. 10 *Quae . . . nos*] Things which are above us concern us not at all.

442 2 Nizolius] see note to p 300, line 37. 3] The remainder of *The Unfortunate Traveler* recounts Jack Wilton's adventures in Italy. 8 *ab ovo*] 'from the egg,' i.e. from the beginning. 14 Marlowe] Christopher Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was completed by George Chapman and published in 1598. 18 pickany] darling, or pigesney. 25 didapper] fool. 30 jert] a variant of 'jerk.' 32 trot] a hag; old woman.

443 4 Cytherea's nuns] devotees of Venus, courtesans. 9 wem or brack] harm or quarrel. 24 frampold] cross. 25 coquet or *transire*] a warrant issued by custom-house officials permitting goods to pass. 28 leman or orange] Nashe puns on the words 'leman,' mistress; and 'lemon,' a citrus fruit. 28 disjune] cf Fr. *desjeuner*. 30 the rheum] a cold.

444 22–23 Ops to Pomona] Ops was the goddess of plenty; Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees 35 Sir John Mandeville] reputed author of a 14th-cent. book of travels 37 Juno Lucina] the goddess Juno in her rôle as the goddess presiding over childbirth.

445 8 paggled] pregnant. 9 tympanized] stretched like a drum. 11 Palmerin of England] the hero of a romance with that title, written in Spanish by Luis Hurtado; an English translation was published in 1596 11 Cadwalader] British king (d 664); Nashe, by the term 'Cadwalader herring,' probably jestingly means 'king of herring.'

THOMAS DELONEY

THOMAS DELONEY (*c.* 1543–*c.* 1600), silk-weaver, ballad-writer, pamphleteer, and novelist, gained at first-hand the intimate knowledge of the lives and manners of the artisan class that he describes in the three novels he wrote at the end of his career. Very little is known about Deloney. He may have received the education offered at the grammar school of one of the provincial towns, but which one is uncertain, for there is insufficient evidence to support the assertion that he came from Norwich. As a journeyman silk-weaver he probably worked at one time or another at the various centers of the textile industry in England. Our records of him as a journalist date from the 1580's; the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 was celebrated by Deloney, among others, in broadside ballads that were the popular newspapers of the day.

Deloney's fame in Elizabethan literature rests entirely upon his three novels of middle-class life, each of which aims at glorifying the members of one of the craft guilds of sixteenth-century England. In *Jack of Newberie*, registered in May of 1597, it is the Clothiers whom Deloney honors; in *The Gentle Craft*, entered in October of the same year, the Shoemakers are celebrated. In his last novel, *Thomas of Reading*, Deloney again aims at augmenting the renown of his own guild, the Clothiers. His stories were loosely constructed,

but their lively blend of romance with realistic pictures of every-day middle-class life, and their portraits of the success that lay open to any apprentice who dedicated himself to thrift and hard work won them a steady popularity with their readers. For each of them the earliest edition surviving is one issued several years after the first. The novels are for the most part written in the simple colloquial English spoken by the tradesmen whose adventures they record, although Deloney frequently embarks on imitations of Euphuistic prose when the speaker is supposed to be a member of the court, or one who is consciously attempting to speak like a noble lady or gentleman. In our text we have not attempted to modernize the punctuation of dialogue by inserting quotation marks, but have followed the punctuation of the earliest extant edition.

MODERN EDITIONS **Works* (ed by F. O. Mann), Oxford, 1912; *Thomas of Reading* in *Early English Prose Romances* (ed by W. J. Thoms), vol. i, London, 1858.

COMMENT A Chevalley, *Thomas Deloney: le roman des métiers au temps de Shakespeare*, Paris, 1926, H E. Rollins, 'Deloney's Sources for Euphuistic Learning,' *PMLA*, li (1936), 399–406.

TEXT. *Thomas of Reading*, 1612 (6569), Huntington.

445 30 Henry the First] the historical background that Deloney employs to give an air of verisimilitude to his tale is drawn from Holinshed's account of the reign of Henry I

446 9 Excester] Exeter. 14 admiration] in the original sense of 'wonder.' 23 Bosom's Inn] there was an inn by that name (a corruption of Blossoms) in St. Laurence's Lane in the London of the 16th century; Deloney invents a character to explain the name. 25 wains] wagons. 26 Jarrat's Hall] Gerrard's Hall, an actual hostelry in Elizabethan London, at the end of Basing Lane near Bread Street.

447 21 pottage] soup, cf Fr. *potage*. 41 Carl] churl.

448 15 Cutb] such abbreviations were common in the printed texts of the time. 18 bias] the metaphor is from the game of bowls; bias refers to the lop-sided shape of a bowl, causing it to swerve in a particular way. 41 Chamberlain] an attendant at an inn. 42 By and by] at once.

449 13 Reior] Raier, one of Henry I's musicians; Deloney gets his information from Holinshed, and embroiders upon it. 24 consorts] bands of musicians. 41 giglot] a giddy, wanton woman.

450 29 the shot] the reckoning.

451 38 Statute] statue.

455 5] Chapter 4 is entitled: 'How the King's Majesty sent for the Clothiers, and of the sundry favors which he did them.'

456 8 bully] an Elizabethan term of endearment.

457 1 tike] tyke; a dialectal term for a cur or boor; derived from the Old Norse word for 'bitch.' 19 stomach] ill-will, anger. 28 gag-tooth] gag-toothed; having protruding teeth 35 quean] a bold wench; a term of disparagement, sometimes the equivalent of 'harlot'

458 1 capcase] traveling bag 22 louvre] a domed turret-like structure on the hall-roof of a medieval building, with lateral openings for the passage of smoke and light. 26 he] i e, the innkeeper, old Bosom. 31 taken tardy] 'caught napping'

459 10 pinned] confined; shut up. 30] Chapter 6 is entitled 'How Simon's wife of Southampton, being wholly bent to pride and pleasure, requested her husband to see London, etc.' Chapter 7 'How the Clothiers sent the King aid into France, and how he overcame his brother Robert, etc.' Chapter 8: 'How Hodgekins of Halifax came to the Court, and complained to the King, etc.' Chapter 9 'How the Bailiffs of London could get no man to be a Catch-pole, and how certain Flemings took that office upon them, etc.' 42 stammell] coarse woolen cloth.

460 30 his keepers] Duke Robert was a prisoner to his brother King Henry, and rather loosely guarded. 40] Duke Robert, as a courtier, is made by Deloney to speak in Euphuistic prose. Margaret replies in the same style.

462 41 malapert] presumptuous.

466 21 Thomas Becket] Deloney has confounded the reigns of Henry I and Henry II; Thomas à Becket lived in the reign of Henry II; was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1162 until his murder in 1170.

468 9 bestow . . . more] employ more time in writing it again. 17 coil] noisy disturbance; 'fuss.'

469 4 made himself unready] undressed. 32 ore eve] the evening before.

471 4] Chapter 12 is entitled: 'How divers of the Clothiers' wives went to the Churching of Sutton's wife of Salisbury, and of their merriment.' 20 disaster] ill-starred; unlucky

474 15 *Apium Risus*] the anemone, a flower which, according to the herbalists, if it be eaten or drunk, makes a man die with laughter.

477 33 coxcombs] fools.

478 4 shales] husks; nut-shells.

479 5] The 15th and final chapter is entitled; 'How fair Margaret made her estate and high birth known to her Master and Dame . . . [and] became a Nun in the Abbey at Gloucester.'

ROBERT ASHLEY

ROBERT ASHLEY (1565–1641), lawyer, translator, and man of letters, after receiving his early education at home, was placed at the age of ten in the celebrated school of Hadrian Saravia at Southhampton, where he acquired a sound knowledge of languages. In 1580 he went up to Hart Hall, Oxford, later transferring first to Merton and then to Magdalen, where he received his B.A. in 1582 and became a fellow of Magdalen a year later. In 1587 he proceeded M.A. and was designated public professor of geometry. The next year he entered New Inn to prepare himself for the law and was admitted to the Middle Temple in October 1588. The following year he turned his attention to foreign travel and the study of languages, especially of French. In 1593 he returned to the study of law at the Temple, and was called to the bar in 1595. The principal patrons to whom Ashley looked for advancement all died in the 1590's; with the death of Sir John Puckering in 1596, his hope of achieving a post of importance in political life was defeated. Except for various journeys abroad he spent the remainder of his long life as a resident of the Middle Temple.

Ashley's first publications were a translation of an anonymous French work comparing the English and the Spanish nations, and a translation into Latin hexameters of Du Bartas' *L'Uranie*. Five years later, in 1594, he dedicated to Sir John Puckering, Lord Chancellor, his translation from the French of Louis Le Roy's *De la vicissitude ou variété des choses en l'univers*. Shortly afterwards he composed his treatise *Of Honour*, which he apparently intended to present in manuscript to Sir John Puckering, but after the latter's death he chose a new patron for the presentation, Sir Thomas Egerton. There is no record of any other works or translations by Ashley until 1627 when he presented to King Charles I a treatise translated from the Spanish with the title of *Almansor the Learned and Victorious King*. The remainder of Ashley's life was spent in translating various works from the Italian. On his death he bequeathed his books and £300 to the Middle Temple and by this act of generosity became the founder of the Middle Temple Library.

LOUIS LE ROY, French humanist and professor of Greek at the Collège Royal from 1572 until his death in 1577, drew upon his reading in classical literature for the material which he brought together in his treatise *De la vicissitude ou variété des choses en l'univers* (1577). A part of his material was derived from Seneca's *Natural Questions*, and his French style betrays the influence of Seneca's Latin. Ashley's translation, in its turn, displays at an early date the Senecan qualities that were later to become more notable in the prose style of English writers such as Bacon and Hall.

MODERN EDITIONS: [of Le Roy's treatise] *De la vicissitude ou variété des choses* (selections ed. by B. W. Bates), Princeton, 1944; *Of Honour* (ed. by Virgil B. Heltzel), San Marino, California, 1947.

COMMENT: K. Koller, 'Two Elizabethan Expressions of the Idea of Mutability,'

SP, xxxv (1938), 229–37; Virgil B. Heltzel, 'Robert Ashley: Elizabethan Man of Letters,' *HLQ*, x (1947), 349–63.

TEXTS: *Of the Interchangeable Course, or Variety of Things in the Whole World*, 1594 (15488), Harvard; *Ellesmere Ms 1117*, [1596], Huntington.

481 1] The ideas expressed by Le Roy in this and the preceding paragraph are largely an expansion upon Seneca, *Natural Questions*, vii.31. 10 Varro] Marcus Terentius Varro (116–27 B C.), the most learned of the Romans, according to Quintilian, was a poet, satirist, antiquarian, geographer, grammarian, and scientist. 35 Vitruvius] Vitruvius Pollio (d. *c.* 26 B.C.), Roman architect, whose treatise *De Architectura* had a great influence in the Renaissance. 36 Columella] Roman writer on agriculture of the 1st cent. A D. 41 Vegetius] Roman military writer of the 4th cent. A D

482 4 quadrature of the circle] squaring the circle; i.e. constructing a square of the same area as a given circle The problem was attempted unsuccessfully by generations of ancient mathematicians; it has been proved impossible of solution by means of the ruler and compass only. 7 Vesalius] Andreas Vesalius (1514–1564); his *De Corporis humani fabrica* (1543) is the foundation of modern anatomy. 10 Leonicenus] Nicholas Leonicenus (1428–1524), Professor of Medicine at Ferrara; his book on the errors in Pliny and other writers was first published at Ferrara in 1492. 11 Avenreis] Rhazes (d. 923–4 A D), Arab physician and physicist at Bagdad; the greatest clinician in the Islamic world during the Middle Ages 20 Ariopagites] the council of the Areopagus in ancient Athens. 21 Comices] the different *comitia*, or popular assemblies of ancient Rome

483 39 refrain] restrain.

RICHARD HOOKER

RICHARD HOOKER (1554–1600), scholar, philosopher, theologian, and defender of the Church of England against the attacks of the Puritan advocates of a presbyterian form of church government, was a native of Exeter, and received his early education at the Exeter Grammar School. Through Bishop Jewel he was granted a clerkship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he proceeded B.A. in 1574 and became M.A. and Fellow in 1577. His proficiency in Hebrew led to appointment as deputy to the professor of Hebrew. At Corpus Christi College he had as pupils Edwin Sandys, son of the Archbishop of York, George Cranmer, great-nephew of the Archbishop who had suffered martyrdom under Queen Mary, and William Churchman, son of John Churchman, a prominent member of the Merchant Taylor's Company in London. In 1581 Hooker took orders and was chosen to preach at Paul's Cross. At this time the attacks upon the Elizabethan religious compromise and upon the organization of the Church of England established by that compromise were a matter of increasing concern to Queen Elizabeth and to the responsible heads of the Church. The danger was not from Rome, but from within the Church of England itself, for there were many fanatic extremists intent on 'purifying' the Anglican Church by remodeling it according to the pattern of Calvinism, setting up a presbyterian form of church government. Thomas Cartwright, deprived of his professorship of divinity at Cambridge in 1570, was still, in his retirement on the Continent, the most effective spokesman of the Puritan faction. In England Walter Travers, a leading Presbyterian, follower of Cartwright, author of the book *De Disciplina Ecclesiastica* advocating the establishment of the Calvinistic church, was a popular preacher at the Temple where he was Reader and one of the candidates for the Mastership. The senior Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, and John Whitgift, who in 1583 became Archbishop of Canterbury, saw that in Richard Hooker, because of his thorough scholarship and calmly reasoned style in argument, they had a young man

particularly fitted to present the case of the Church of England against the Calvinists seeking radical changes in church government. Through Archbishop Sandys' influence Hooker was appointed Master of the Temple. Hooker was in London from December, 1584, waiting for the confirmation of his appointment to the Mastership; at that time he seems to have become a resident in John Churchman's house in Watling Street, near St. Paul's Church. After he became Master of the Temple in February, 1585, he apparently remained as a permanent resident, and continued to live at the Churchmans after his marriage to Joan Churchman in 1588. It was under the Churchmans' roof that Hooker's *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Polity* was planned and at least the first four books were written. Hooker's aides in the task included the younger Edwin Sandys, who was a law-student in the Temple during Hooker's mastership, George Cranmer, and John Spenser, all of whom had been students at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Sandys and Cranmer probably contributed to this group their special knowledge of the law, and Spenser and Hooker the knowledge of theology and church history. All met frequently at the Churchmans' for discussion of particular problems and Sandys also resided there for a considerable period as a guest. In 1591 Hooker resigned his mastership at the Temple to devote his full time to the composition of his great book; by his 'judicious' and happy marriage to Joan Churchman he had acquired the independent means to afford such an action. The first four books were ready for the press in January of 1593; the volume was entered to John Windet on 29 January 1593; Windet and Edwin Sandys had entered into an agreement whereby Sandys advanced the money to pay for the printing and was to receive 2s.6d. for each copy Windet sold. The printing was completed in about six weeks, and the volume, issued in March, 1593, appeared just in time to support the bill then before Parliament reaffirming the act enforcing conformity in religion, now widened in its wording to deal with dissenters as well as Catholics.

The plan of Hooker's work called for eight books; the fifth book appeared in 1597. Hooker, meanwhile, had in 1595 been presented with the living of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, and had moved there with his family. There he completed the fifth book, and the more or less finished drafts of the remaining three books, which were among his papers when he died in 1600. The subsequent history of Books VI to VIII of Hooker's great work, and the controversy over the authenticity of the printed editions that appeared many years later (Books vi and viii in 1648 and Book vii in 1662) were not resolved until Professor C. J. Sisson's book in 1940 presented the evidence that, on all important points, vindicated the authenticity of the printed texts of the last three books and dispelled the errors that stem from Isaak Walton's life of Hooker, first prefixed to the edition of 1666.

Hooker's *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Polity* stands as a masterpiece of English prose by virtue of the balance and lucidity of Hooker's style; it is also a great contribution to theology and to political thought. Hooker rests his defense of the Anglican Church upon a judicious appeal to reason and first principles, not upon partisan polemics. Hence, to vindicate the necessity for authority, he turns first to an examination, in terms of the thought of his age, of the nature of all law, and of the nature of man as a rational being. The structure of his argument is carefully built up, step by step, always with an appeal directly to reason, rather than to emotion. His aim is to persuade intelligent and responsible men—not fanatics claiming the authority of a special revelation granted to them alone.

In our text we have used Roman numerals to mark the various sections; we have inserted in square brackets the paragraph divisions within each section, following the divisions made in the standard edition of Keble.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Works* (ed. by John Keble), Oxford, 1836; **Works* (Keble's ed revised by R. W. Church and F. Paget), 3 vols., Oxford, 1888; *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, Book I* (ed. by R. W Church), Oxford, 1876; †*Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, Books I to V,* Everyman's Library, London and New York, 1907.

COMMENT. L. S. Thornton, *Richard Hooker: A Study of His Theology,* London, 1924; A P. D'Entreves, *The Mediaeval Contribution to Political Thought: Thomas Aquinas, Marsilius of Padua, Richard Hooker,* Oxford, 1939; C. J. Sisson, *The Judicious Marriage of Mr Hooker and the Birth of 'The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,'* Cambridge, 1940; E. T. Davies, *The Political Ideas of Richard Hooker,* London, 1946; F. J. Shirley, *Richard Hooker and Contemporary Political Ideas,* London, 1949.

TEXT: *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Politie,* 1593 (13712), Harvard.

488 4 regiment] rule.

490 27 peculiar] belonging exclusively to itself. 29 proper] its own 39 Διὸς . . . βουλή] God's counsel was accomplished. 40 τὸν . . λόγῳ] The Creator made the whole world not with his hands but by reason.

491 2 ὁδῷ . . κόσμου] Proceeded by a certain and a set *Way* in the making of the world 28–29 "The Lord sake"] *Proverbs,* 16 4. 37 They] the Calvinists 40–41 κατὰ . . . will."] see *Ephesians,* 1 11

492 3 Apostle] Paul; the quotation is from *Romans,* 11.33 8 herself] Wisdom; see *Proverbs,* 8.22 17–18 "Of . . . things"] *Romans,* 11 36 20 *Tamen . . .*] from Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy,* iv.5.

494 16 states] classes of society. 19–20 "made . . . rain"] *Job,* 28 26. 20–21 "decree . . commandment."] see *Jeremiah,* 5 22. 27 volubility] revolving. 39 Phidias] the Greek sculptor of the 5th cent B C.

495 37–38 "In . . . are."] Cf. *Acts,* 17.28.

496 1 forms] form in other creatures is analogous to the soul in living creatures, according to the diversity of their inward forms the things existing in the world are distinguished; but form is not tangible, being discerned only by its effects Hooker uses the term in accordance with its signification in Aristotelian philosophy, with its distinction between *matter* and *form.*

497 9 it] here used in the possessive case, where in modern English 'its' would appear. 22 observants] observers. 26 efficient] efficient cause; the four causes in Aristotelian philosophy are: material, formal, efficient, and final. (1) material: the matter—(2) formal: the form or essence—(3) efficient: the producing agency—(4) final: the purpose or end of a thing caused. 36 paynims] pagans 40 Mirror of human wisdom] Aristotle

498 12 David] in *Psalms,* 148.2. 35 reflex] turning back.

501 16 innocents] young children; simpletons. 19 way we speak of] the demonstrations of Aristotelian logic 22 new devised aid] the dialectic of Peter Ramus The so-called reform of Aristotle's logic by Ramus was, in fact, primarily a simplification which sacrificed precision for the sake of a method of dichotomies that schematized logic and apparently made it easier to learn

502 5 apostle] Paul, in *Ephesians,* 4 23. 33 Moses] in *Deuteronomy,* 30. 19.

503 16 privity] concurrence. 41 affect] desire.

504 37 Apostles] James and John; see *Luke,* 9.54. 41 Saviour spake] see *Matthew,* 23.37

505 12 Apostle] Paul, in a number of his Epistles.

506 29 overseen] deluded. 38 "they . . . tenure."] Aristotle, *Rhetoric,* i.10.

508 4 apostle] Paul in *2 Corinthians,* 4.17–18. 12–13 "For . . . it?"] see *Matthew,* 16 26

509 11 stand] pause; stop. 21 read] in *Deuteronomy,* 6.5. 23 Saviour] in *Matthew,* 22.38. 24 next] 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

510 6 two general heads] 'On these two commandments hangeth all the law and the prophets.' *Matthew,* 22.40. 15 Joseph] see *Genesis,* 39.9. 28 hitting jump] hitting exactly. 40 behooveful] needful

511 4 Sophocles] in *Antigone,* 456–57. 28 Those only] only those. 31 Saint Augustine] in *De Doctrina Christiana,* iii.14

512 18 David] in *Psalms,* 135.18. 22 Wise Man] Solomon; see the apochry-

phal book *The Wisdom of Solomon*, 13.17, and 14 15–16.

513 1 Apostle] Saint Paul, in *Ephesians*, 4.17–18. 6 Esay] *Isaiah*, 44.18–19.

514 5–6 alienation of mind] insanity. 7 furious] mad.

515 1 Twelve Tables] the ancient Roman code of law drawn up and published in 451–450 B.C.

THE BIBLE

THE KING JAMES (OR 'AUTHORIZED') VERSION OF THE BIBLE (1611) has been called 'the noblest monument of English prose.' It was a monument built not by one person, but by many; and not at one time, but over many generations. The edifice was completed by a board of fifty-four scholars appointed by King James I after the conference on ecclesiastical matters held at Hampton Court shortly after his accession had suggested the desirability of an official revision of the English translation of the Bible popularly known as the Bishops' Bible. The revisers were divided into six companies, each of them charged with the responsibility for certain books of the Bible; two companies met at Oxford, two at Cambridge, and two at Westminster. Their instructions called for basing their revision on 'the ordinary Bible read in the church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible,' but they were to use other English translations wherever they agreed better with the original text than did the Bishops' Bible. The translators appointed by King James began their labors in 1607 and the result of their efforts was first published in 1611, with an admirable preface of the translators to the reader, which sets forth the history and problems of Biblical translation and the translators' aims and methods in preparing their version. They state clearly that they never thought from the beginning that they should need to make a new translation, 'nor yet to make of a bad one a good one'; but 'to make a good one better, or out of many good ones, one principal good one.'

We have included on pages 515 to 526 selections from this preface, and on pages 528 to 546 we have paralleled the 'principal good' translation—the King James version—of Christ's Sermon on the Mount (*Matthew*, Chapter 5), with five of the preceding sixteenth-century translations, to indicate the fashion in which that 'noblest monument of English prose' was built, and the quality of the many stones that the builders had at hand.

Although there were translations of parts of the Bible into English during the Old English and Middle English periods, and a translation by John Wycliffe and his followers at the end of the fourteenth century, it is to the sixteenth-century versions that our English Bible traces its immediate ancestry. The sixteenth-century scholars, no longer content to follow only the Latin translation of St. Jerome, went back to the original Greek and Hebrew texts. The history of the King James version properly begins with William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament which was published in 1525 at Cologne. Tyndale translated direct from the Greek, availing himself of the helps afforded by Erasmus' Greek-Latin New Testament (1522), the Latin *Vulgate* of Jerome, and Luther's German New Testament (1522). In 1534 Tyndale issued a revision of the New Testament. Before his death in 1536 Tyndale had translated several books of the Old Testament. Meanwhile Miles Coverdale, translating, not from the original tongues, but from the Latin and the German, published in 1535 a translation of the whole Bible. John Rogers, Tyndale's literary executor, prepared a well-edited version of other men's translations which he printed in 1537 under the pseudonym of Thomas

Matthew. For the most part 'Matthew's Bible' consisted of Tyndale's work, except for the books of the Old Testament that Tyndale had not yet translated; for these Rogers reprinted Coverdale's version. Although King Henry VIII had been persuaded to grant a royal license to 'Matthew's Bible,' the realization that a large share of it was actually Tyndale's translation, which earlier had been condemned as heretical, led to the resolve to supersede it as quickly as possible by a new version, essentially based upon it, but omitting its polemical notes. This version, issued in 1539, came to be known as 'The Great Bible'; a royal order prescribed that copies of the large folio edition should be set up in churches where the public would be free to read it. 'The Great Bible' and its predecessor, the 'Matthew Bible,' thus established Tyndale and Coverdale as the principal translators of the English Bible.

During the reign of Queen Mary many of the English exiles gathered at Geneva, the center of Calvinism, and the Genevan scholars decided that the English version of the Scriptures should be perfected, 'with most profitable annotations in all hard places.' The New Testament translation published at Geneva in 1557 was chiefly the work of William Whittingham; it was followed in 1560 by a revision of the whole Bible, in which the New Testament portion was a revision of Whittingham's Testament of 1557. The Geneva Bible (often called the 'Breeches Bible' because of its rendering of *Genesis*, 3.7.) introduced many new features not present in the English Bibles that preceded it, but generally adopted in later translations, including the King James. First, it began the practice of breaking up the text into numbered verses. It also initiated the custom of distinguishing the actual text, by a difference in type, from the words that had been inserted to express the full sense of the original. It was printed in Roman type instead of the old black-letter type in which earlier versions had been set. All in all, much was done to make the Bible a convenient book for private reading—to furnish the English people with a cheaper, less unwieldy Bible than they had had before. Among the devout Bible-reading Puritans it quickly established itself as the favorite, not only because of its greater convenience and cheapness, but because its many annotations enforced interpretations of the text of the Bible that supported Calvinistic doctrines. The popularity of the Geneva Bible was naturally disquieting to the authorities of the Church of England, especially since the Genevan annotations bristled with scornful attacks upon the organization of the Anglican church. A revision of the 'Great Bible' was begun under Archbishop Matthew Parker, and four years later, in 1568, was handsomely published as the official translation of the Church of England. A revision of 'The Bishops' Bible,' as this version came to be called, was issued in 1572. Although it incorporated most of the attractive innovations of the Geneva Bible, except for the more extreme Calvinistic annotations, it never achieved the popularity of the Geneva Bible. It remained for the King James version to supersede, slowly, over several decades, the popular Geneva version.

One other translation of the sixteenth century calls for special mention—the English version of the Scriptures produced by the Roman Catholics. Like the Geneva Bible, and unlike the Bishops' Bible and the King James version, the Catholic Bible was fully supplied with annotations to emphasize the particular interpretation of Biblical texts that supported the doctrinal points of view of its sponsors. The Roman Catholic translation of the New Testament was first published at Rheims in 1582; the Old Testament at Douai in 1609. The Rheims New Testament was reprinted in 1610 at Douai, making the complete

Bible available in two volumes. The Rheims-Douai Bible was based primarily on the Latin *Vulgate*, and is not a direct ancestor of the King James version, although its translators also made use of previous English translations. The Roman Catholic translation therefore provides an interesting contrast to the Protestant translations that are the direct ancestors of the King James version.

In our text we have followed the spelling and the punctuation of the original except for a few minor typographical conventions of sixteenth-century printing. We have not included the marginal notes, or the annotations at the end of the chapter, but where the notes are of particular significance we have mentioned them in our own notes.

MODERN EDITIONS: Not all of the innumerable modern editions of the King James or 'Authorized Version' include the translators' preface. The edition in the Tudor Translations, 6 vols, London, 1903–4; and that by W. A. Wright, Cambridge English Classics, 5 vols, Cambridge, 1909, contain this important preface. For other versions see S Bagster, *The English Hexapla, Exhibiting Six Important English Translations of the New Testament Scriptures*, London, 1841.

COMMENT: B J Westcott, *A General View of the History of the English Bible* (3rd ed, rev. by W. A Wright), London, 1905; A S Cook, *The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence*, New York, 1910; H. Guppy, *Catalogue of an Exhibition Illustrating the History of the Transmission of the Bible*, Manchester, 1935; *The English Bible* (ed by V. F Storr), New York, 1938; *The Bible in Its Ancient and English Versions* (ed by H W. Robinson), Oxford, 1941; C. C. Butterworth, *The Literary Lineage of the King James Bible*, Philadelphia, 1941; D Daiches, *The King James Version of the English Bible*, Chicago, 1941

TEXTS: *The Holy Bible . . . Newly Translated*, 1611 (2216) [KING JAMES], Huntington; *The newe Testament*, 1534 (2826) [TYNDALE], Huntington; *The Byble in Englyshe*, 1539 (2068) [GREAT BIBLE], Huntington; *The Bible and Holy Scriptures*, 1560 (2093) [GENEVA], Huntington, *The holie Byble*, 1572 (2107) [BISHOPS' BIBLE (revised)], Harvard; *The New Testament of Iesus Christ*, 1582 (2884) [RHEIMS], Huntington

517 12 Scripture] 1 *Samuel*, 2 30. 13 Eusebius] bishop of Nicomedia, and later of Constantinople (d. 341); banished from Nicomedia because of refusal to sign the condemnation of Arius pronounced by Council of Nicea; restored through influence of the sister of Constantine. 27 *Jacob*] see *Genesis*, 29 10 31 *Esay*] *Isaiah*, 29.11.

518 1 *Ptolome Philadelph*] Ptolemy II, Philadelphus (285–247 B.C.) 3 *Seventy* Interpreters] the *Septuagint* Version was the first translation of the Hebrew Old Testament made into popular Greek before the Christian era; the name comes from the legend that it was the work of seventy-two translators. 31 *Aquila*] one of the Jewish companions of Saint Paul, confused by tradition with another Aquila (fl. 130 A.D.), a proselyte from Christianity who made a new translation of the Old Testament from a different Hebrew text from that used for the *Septuagint* version. 32 *Theodotion, Symmachus*] both flourished at the end of the second century A.D., but it is uncertain which had priority as a Biblical translator. 33 fift and sixt edition] both Aquila and Symmachus produced two editions, later referred to by St. Jerome. 34 *Hexapla*] the name given to the edition by Origen (185–253) of the Old Testament in Hebrew and Greek; this edition gives six parallel texts: (1) the Hebrew text in Hebrew characters, (2) the Hebrew text in Greek characters; (3) the version of Aquila; (4) the version of Symmachus; (5) the *Septuagint* version; (6) the version of Theodotion. 39 *Epiphanius*] a translator of various Greek theological works into Latin in the sixth century A.D. 42 *Justinian*] (527–565), Roman Emperor.

519 4 Saint *Hierome*] Saint Jerome (*c.* 340–420 A.D.), Christian theologian and scholar; translator of the Bible, whose Latin version incorporated the best scholarship of his time, and became the accepted version of the Roman Catholic Church. The *Vulgate*, as the official Latin Bible of the Catholic Church came to be called, is basically the product of Jerome's scholarship; later versions of the *Vulgate* are revisions of Jerome's work. 19 S. *Augustine*] in *De doctrina Christiana*, ii.11. 32 Ethnicks] pagans. 35 good Lepers] see *2 Kings*, 7.9.

520 12 *Clement the 8.*] Pope Clement VIII (1536–1605); he ordered a revised edition of the *Vulgate* in 1592. 26 meteyard] yard measure. 39 *What . . . Lord?*] *Jeremiah*, 23.28. 40 Tertul-

lian] Church Father (150–230 A.D.).

521 2 *Sanballat*] a Samaritan; the most hostile opponent of Nehemiah in his efforts to restore the city of Jerusalem and its walls. 2 *Tobiahs*] Tobias, son of Tobit, in the apochryphal *Book of Tobit*. 41 *in many . . . all*] *James*, 3.2.

522 33 *Sixtus*] Pope Sixtus V (1521–1590).

523 5 *Gratian*] The Decree of Gratian was issued about 1150 A.D. 35 variety of senses] Where the word in the original has more than one meaning, the translators of the King James version have put the alternative meanings in the margin. 39 S. *Chrysostome*] Saint John Chrysostom (347–407), a celebrated father of the Greek Church

524 17 conferences of places] concordances. 32 vulgar edition] the *Vulgate*. 38 *Paul* the second] Pope Paul II (1418–1471); pope, 1464–71.

525 23 *κράββατον, σκίμπους*] both words mean a couch or bed. 24 *Cucurbita*] a gourd. 25 *Hedera*] an ivy-vine. 42 copy] L. *copia;* abundance.

526 1–2 old . . . other] the criticism is directed against the Geneva Bible. 5 late translation] the Rheims-Douai Bible (1609–10), the English translation of the Roman Catholics. 18–19 Ye . . . Philistines] see *Genesis*, 26.15 ff. 24 *Gergesites*] inhabitants of Gergesenes on the sea of Galilee; see *Matthew*, 8.28–34. 27 Nazianzene] Gregory Nazianzen (325–390), one of the fathers of the Eastern Church.

528 The marginal notes in the King James version are confined to giving references to other scriptural passages, and to giving the variant meanings of certain words. In Tyndale's New Testament (1534), the notes in the margin give indications of the subjects treated in the adjacent verses, and also give references to corresponding passages of Scripture

529 The Geneva Bible has many marginal notes enforcing the Calvinist interpretation of the passage annotated. The notes in the Bishops' Bible merely cite concordances. The Rheims New Testament has marginal notes giving explanatory comment; e.g opposite verse 3: 'The right Beatitudes which are a part of the Catechism' At the end of each chapter there is a paragraph of annotations explaining doctrinal points and attacking the false interpretations of the 'heretics'

530 KING JAMES, verse 11: falsely] The marginal note gives 'Gr. lying,' indicating the more literal translation

532 KING JAMES, verse 15: bushel] annotated in the margin: 'The word in the original signifieth a measure containing about a pint less than a peck.' These annotations indicating the more literal translation of the original Greek are preserved in most modern editions of the 'Authorized' or King James version.

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER (*c.* 1572–1632), poet dramatist, and pamphleteer, lived, wrote, and died in London. As a dramatist Dekker wrote or collaborated in a great number of plays for Henslowe's company, the best known today being *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, acted in 1599—a play based on Thomas Deloney's novel *The Gentle Craft* (1598). His many pamphlets as a journalist covered a wide range; they may be conveniently grouped under such headings as social satire, tales dealing with the rogues and criminals of the Elizabethan underworld, and accounts of the recurring plagues that visited London; yet these three groups would not cover the full variety of Dekker's journalistic writings, for his *Four Birds of Noah's Ark* (1609) could be classed as devotional literature, and he had a hand in the compilation of various collections that belong to the popular category of jest-books. Among the best known of his pamphlets that might be put under the heading of social satire in his ironic book of etiquette, *The Gull's Hornbook* (1609); to the literature of roguery his principal contributions were *The Bellman of London* and *Lanthorn and Candlelight*, both of 1608 but many times reprinted; of his numerous plague-pamphlets *The Wonderful Yeare* (1603) represents some of Dekker's liveliest and most characteristic writing. The 'Wonderful year' was 1603, marked by

three great events that would each have afforded unparalleled opportunities for the Elizabethan journalist: first, the sickness and death of Queen Elizabeth in March, and her burial at Westminster in April; second, the proclamation of James VI of Scotland as her successor and his peaceful accession as James I of England; and finally, the severe plague that London suffered throughout the summer, making 1603 one of the very worst of the plague years.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Non-Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker* (ed. by A B. Grosart), Huth Library, 5 vols, London, 1884–86; *The Wonderfull yeare* (ed. by G. B. Harrison), The Bodley Head Quartos, London, 1924; **The Plague Pamplets of Thomas Dekker* (ed. by F. P. Wilson), Oxford, 1925; *The Guls Horne-booke* (ed. by R. B. McKerrow), London, 1904; *Foure Birds of Noahs Arke* (ed. by F. P. Wilson), Stratford-on-Avon, 1924.

COMMENT: The editors' introductions to the separate works listed above; and M. L. Hunt, *Thomas Dekker*, New York, 1911; K. L Gregg, *Thomas Dekker: A Study in Economic and Social Backgrounds, Univ. Wash. Publ*, Vol ii, No 22, Seattle, 1924, pp 55–112; for Dekker's 'Characters' see *The Overburian Characters* (ed. by W J. Paylor), Oxford, 1936; P. Shaw, 'The Position of Thomas Dekker in Jacobean Prison Literature,' *PMLA*, lxii (1947), 366–91.

TEXT: *The Wonderfull yeare*, 1603 (6534*), Bodleian [Wood 616 (1)].

548 10] The earlier part of Dekker's treatise has told of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the proclamation of James as king; Dekker now turns to a description of the plague. 28 anthropophagized] the marginal note reads: 'Anthropophagi are Scythians that feed on men's flesh.' 31 40,000] Dekker's totals are not exaggerated; they are confirmed by the bills of mortality for the year 1603.

549 16 mandrakes shrieking] The mandrake plant had a forked root and was thought to resemble the human form; it was fabled to emit a shriek when pulled up from the ground.

551 1 *Mare mortuum*] sea of death. 9 Dunkirk] At this time Dunkirk was a nest of pirates who preyed on the ships of all nations 11 scrubbing] scratching. 24 Gravesend] a town below London at the mouth of the Thames; Dekker's pun is obvious. 35 phlebotomies] bleedings 35 electuaries] medicines 36 diacatholicons] an old term for a laxative electuary. 36 diacodions] opiates. 39–40 Hippocrates . . . Fernelius] famous physicians from ancient Greek times to the 16th century, Jean Fernel (1497–1558) was a famous French physician

552 5 Desper-vewes] poor beggars; O F. *despourveu* 6 velvet caps] the distinctive garb of a physician. 9 *aurum potabile*] potable gold; supposed to be a sovereign remedy for all diseases; as usual, Dekker cannot let pass an opportunity for a pun. 11 canvas] to beat.

554 12 mad Greek] merry fellow. 17 snap hance] spring fastening. 18 King Henry . . . Boulogne.] Henry VIII took Boulogne in 1544; hence the flask was a very old one. 24 orientlyl brightly. 24 Hamburgers] citizens of Hamburg. 26 Admiral] flagship. 42 golls] a facetious term for 'hands.'

555 10 tokens] signs of the plague. 26 ale-cunner] inspector of ale. 39 gulch] glutton

556 35 angel] a gold coin valued at 6s. 8d.; a crown was 5s.

557 18 hobbinolls] rude countrymen. 30 western pugs] men who navigated barges down the Thames to London.

JOHN STOW

JOHN STOW (1525–1605), chronicler and antiquary, spent much of his early life as a tailor in London, where he was a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The beginning of his long career as a scholar and historian was marked by his editing of the collection of the works of Chaucer (in which he included a few non-Chaucerian poems) that was published by John Kingston in 1561. To the next collected edition of Chaucer, which Thomas Speght edited many years later in 1598, Stow contributed valuable notes. In 1565 Stow published his *A Summary of English Chronicles*, which initiated a long controversy between Stow and the printer Richard Grafton, who two years before had published his *Abridgement of the Chronicles of England* and was irked

by the competition resulting from the appearance of Stow's *Summary*, which had both abridged and enlarged editions. Stow was a member of the old Society of Antiquaries formed by Archbishop Matthew Parker in 1572. His editorial work for Parker brought him into association with the printer Reginald Wolfe who was preparing, at the time of his death in 1573, to publish a universal History. Wolfe's design was carried out in 1577 on a more modest scale by Raphael Holinshed, to whom Stow, from his historical knowledge, gave a variety of assistance; he made still further contributions to the enlarged second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* in 1587. Stow's principal historical work was first published in 1580 as *The Chronicles of England from Brute unto this present year . . . 1580*. In later editions this work was revised and brought up to date, and from 1592 was given the new title of *The Annals of England*. After Stow's death it was continued, beginning in 1615, by Edmund Howes. Stow's intimate knowledge of the history and antiquities of his native city are manifest in his greatest work, *A Survey of London*, first published in 1598, and revised and augmented by Stow for another edition in 1603. Later editions were revised and enlarged by Anthony Munday and by Humphrey Dyson.

MODERN EDITIONS: **A Survey of London* (ed. by C. L. Kingsford), 2 vols., Oxford, 1908.

COMMENT: Kingsford's introduction to his edition, and his *Additional Notes to 'A Survey of London,'* Oxford, 1927.

TEXT: *A Survay of London*, 1598 (23341), Folger.

558 24 Fulcardus] misprint for Sulcardus, a monk of Westminster about 1075, author of a treatise *De Constitutione Ecclesiae Westmonasteriensis*. 27 Sebert] first Christian king of the East Saxons (d. *c.* 616). 28–29 Walsingham] Thomas Walsingham (d. 1422?), monk and historian, chief contemporary authority for reigns of Richard II to Henry V. 33 T. Clifford] Thomas Clifford; possibly a friend who supplied Stow with information; the two citations Stow attributes to Clifford are from an anonymous contemporary life of Edward the Confessor (d. 1066), dedicated to his widow, Eadgyth.

559 21 staple] a town or place appointed by royal authority in which a body of merchants had exclusive right of purchase and sale of a particular commodity for export.

561 7 this city] London.

562 15–16 *in re non . . . necessaria*] in truth not uncertain, just as in speech not necessary. 34 indifferently] equally.

563 16 Hippodamus] of Miletus, the Greek architect and engineer who laid out the Piraeus, the harbor of ancient Athens. 21–23 *Non idem . . . possunt.*] The greatness of a city lies not in the size of its population but in the numbers of its citizens capable of bearing arms. 25 mediocrity] moderate degree. 30 *honos . . . est*] honors are in fact a burden. 36 naughty packs] worthless persons

564 17 Comminaltie] the governing body, i e the House of Commons. 29 fee-farm] the rent of a borough to be paid as a form of tax to the ruler of the state 33 general contribution] the levy of a special tax upon the citizens for the purpose. 38 companies] the livery companies, or guilds, of the city of London.

565 6 Polydore] Polydore Vergil the historian; see introduction and notes to Edward Halle. 6–9 *Mercatores . . . esset*] Merchants indeed were very often the free givers of a great deal of money, as trade (an art which all fair-minded mortals agree is both useful and necessary), in his reign was to be more abundant. 22–3 *oportet . . . emacem*] it behooves the head of a family to be eager to sell, not to buy.

566 5–6 *Mercatura . . . vituperandi*] Trade, if it be meager, is esteemed sordid, but if it be great and abundant, is not censured 7 *intus canere*] seek their own interest.

567 40 only] alone.

568 14 *dicenda . . . locutus*] to have expressed myself by speaking and by remaining silent. 19 *qui . . . custos*] who, unless He protects a state, the defender stands guard in vain.

JOHN FLORIO

JOHN (OR GIOVANNI) FLORIO (1553–1625), language teacher and translator, was born in London, the son of Michael Angelo Florio, an Italian Protestant refugee, teacher, minister, and member of the household of Sir William Cecil. After spending his youth abroad, he returned to England and became a teacher of Italian and the author of many lively textbooks. The first of these, *Florio His First Fruites*, consisting of an Italian grammar and forty-four dialogues, with the English and Italian in parallel columns, was published in 1578. Shortly thereafter Florio moved to Oxford, where language teaching continued to be his chief means of livelihood. At Oxford he made the acquaintance of Hakluyt, who employed to him to make a translation of Ramusio's account of the voyages to North America of Jacques Cartier, which Hakluyt arranged to have published in 1580, and later included in his collection of *Divers Voyages* in 1582. Florio also made the acquaintance of the poet Samuel Daniel while at Oxford, and married Daniel's sister. On returning to London, Florio was employed from 1583 until about 1589 at the French embassy. When Giordano Bruno came to England in 1583, he and Florio were fellows for two years in the service of the French Ambassador. After Florio left the French embassy, Lord Burghley seems to have appointed him as Italian tutor to the young noblemen who were his wards: the Earls of Southampton, Rutland, and Bedford. It was chiefly to these three families that Florio looked for patronage in his later career. His Italian-English Dictionary *A Worlde of Wordes* (1598) was dedicated to the Earls of Southampton and Rutland and to Lucy Russell, the Countess of Bedford. The second edition, in 1611, was dedicated to Queen Anne, the wife of James I.

Florio's most important work is his translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, licensed in 1600 and printed in 1603 in three books, with an individual dedication to each book—the first to the Countess of Bedford and Lady Anne Harrington; the second to the Countess of Rutland and Lady Rich; the third to Lady Elizabeth Grey and Lady Mary Neville, two of his favorite pupils. Florio's translation of Montaigne displays both the virtues and the defects of most Elizabethan translations. It has the vigorous raciness, the picturesque metaphors, the delight in proverbs, the vivid amplifications of its original, and the lively colloquialism of style that characterize the other great translations of the age, and make most of the later, more literal, translations seem dull and anemic by comparison. Yet it has, in larger measure than most others, the common defects of frequent inaccuracy, a delight in amplification that often leads the translator to misrepresent the style and even the sense of his original, and a habit of incorporating the foreign word in the English text—a habit that may enrich the English language but is just as likely to produce only awkwardness and ambiguity. Florio was peculiarly susceptible to such defects, since neither French nor English was his native tongue. The number of neologisms which the *New English Dictionary* credits to Florio is extremely high. Moreover, Florio often misinterprets the meaning of Montaigne, or, failing to apprehend it clearly, puts it into English that is both clumsy and well-nigh meaningless. We can forgive Florio for his infelicities and praise him for his virtues, but we must recognize that we have before us not a faithful reproduction of Montaigne himself, but very definitely *Florio's* Montaigne.

Many of Florio's mistranslations in the first edition of 1603 he corrected in the second edition of 1613. We have based our text on the first edition,

but have adopted the readings of the second whenever they are clearer and closer to Montaigne's French than those of the first.

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE (1533–1592) was born at his father's château near Bordeaux. He received his early education at home, and he learned Latin before he knew his native tongue. He then spent seven years at the Collège de Guienne, where he perfected his knowledge of the classics. After studying the law, he was appointed counsellor of the Bordeaux Parliament, where he became acquainted with Étienne de la Boétie, to whom he addressed his essay on friendship. The difference between Bacon and Montaigne is strikingly mirrored in their essays on this subject: in Bacon friendship is utilitarian; between Montaigne and Boétie, friendship existed 'because it was he, because it was myself.' Although he was twice elected mayor of Bordeaux, Montaigne spent most of his life in studious retirement: his favorite studies were Seneca, and Amyot's *Plutarch*. The first two books of his essays were published in 1580; the third book, containing essays about four times as long as those in the first two books, was published in 1588.

MODERN EDITIONS *The Essayes* (ed. by George Saintsbury), Tudor Translations, 3 vols., London, 1892–93; *The Essayes* (ed. by A. R. Waller), The Temple Classics, 6 vols, London, 1897–1902; **The Essayes* (ed. by J. I. M. Stewart), 2 vols., Oxford, 1931, †*The Essayes*, Everyman's Library, 3 vols., London, 1915–21, †*The Essayes*, The World's Classics, 3 vols, Oxford, 1904–6 The best modern translation is *The Essays of Montaigne* (trans by G. B. Ives), 4 vols, Harvard, 1925

COMMENT Frances A. Yates, *John Florio*, Cambridge, 1934; F. O. Matthiessen, *Translation: An Elizabethan Art*, Harvard, 1931; A. Kozul, 'L'Offrande d'un Traducteur,' *Rev. Ang-Am.*, ix (1931–32), 287–304, 508–24.

TEXT. *The Essayes*, 1603 (18041), Folger [Harmsworth copy].

568 35 THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER] This chapter was the twentieth in the first edition of Montaigne's *Essaies* (1580); in the 1595 edition the editors transposed chapter 14 to chapter 40, with a consequent change in the numbers of the later chapters Most modern editions follow the numbering of the 1580 edition of the first book of the *Essaies;* hence this essay appears as chapter 20. 39 Cicero] in *Tusculan Disputations*, i.30, which is an imitation of Plato's *Phaedo*.

569 15 *Qui . . . retro*] Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*, iv. 472. Montaigne usually incorporates Latin verses in his text, without, in general, identifying them; he does not translate them into French. Florio translates the lines into awkward English couplets, and usually their source appears in the margin. A better translation of this line would be: 'Who places himself with his head where his feet should be.'

570 16–17 *Omnem . . . hora*] Horace, *Epistles*, i.4.13.

571 2 Aristotle] see Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, i.39.; the river is the Hypanis, in Scythia. Florio failed to read his text carefully. 21 *Cur . . . recedis?*] Lucretius, iii.938. 28–29 *cur . . . omne?*] Lucretius, iii.940–1. 35 disposition] arrangement of things. 39 *Non alium . . . aspicient*] Manilius, *Astronomicon*, i.522.

572 7–8 *multo . . . videmus*] Lucretius, iii 926. 16–17 *Respice . . . fuerit*] Lucretius, iii 972. 32 she ever being one] death ever being the same.

573 5 equipage] parade. 9 FIVE AND TWENTIETH CHAPTER] the 26th chapter in the 1580 edition of the *Essaies*, and in most modern editions 24 four parts of the Mathematics] arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy; the medieval *quadrivium*. 37 Danaides] daughters of Danaus, who, for the murder of their husbands, were condemned in Hades forever to fill with water a jar with holes in the bottom. 41 as Cleanthes said] see Seneca, *Epistles*, 108.10.

574 14 Plutarch] see his *Table Talk*, v.7. 33 precedent chapter] entitled: 'Of Pedantry.' 40 marriage] Montaigne was present as proxy for the father and mother of the groom at the signing of the marriage contract.

575 4–5 greatest . . . importing] greatest and most important difficulty. 18 Cymon, Themistocles] see Plutarch's essay, *Why Divine Justice Sometimes Defers the Punishment of Evil-Doers*, 6. 19 differed . . . themselves] Florio's revision in the 1613 ed.; 1603 reads 'degenerated' instead of 'differed.' Montaigne's text: *combien ils sont discon-*

venuz à eux mesmes; 'how inconsistent they were with themselves.' 27 address . . . matters] 1603 reads 'sciences,' instead of 'matters' Montaigne: *à dresser les enfants aux choses auxquelles ils ne peuvent prendre goust;* 'training children to things to which they can not take a liking.' 32 *Commonwealth*] *Republic,* books iii, v, and vii.

576 17 *Che no . . . m'aggrada*] Dante, *Inferno,* xi.93; taken by Montaigne from Guazzo's *Civil Conversation.* 23–24 *Non sumus . . . vindicet*] see Seneca, *Epistles,* 33.11.

577 10 the pip] 1613; 'rheum,' 1603. Montaigne: *pepie;* the pip is a disease of birds, but in English the term is colloquially applied to a variety of mild diseases in human beings; e.g, a cold, or slight indisposition. 34–35 *Æque . . . nocebit*] Horace, *Epistles,* i.1.25.

578 29 a German] Dr. Horstanus, who later became professor in the Collège de Guienne.

579 11 Grouchy] the persons mentioned in this and the following lines were eminent humanist scholars in the group connected with the Collège de Guienne in the early years of its history.

580 32–33 which to do well . . . mind] which, if it is to do any good, should not only be lodged within us, but should be espoused.

EDWARD GRIMESTON

Edward Grimeston (?–1640), the translator, was the second son of the Edward Grimeston who was controller of Calais until its fall in 1557 and later, under Queen Elizabeth, held many diplomatic posts and served as a member of Parliament. There is no record of when he was born, but after some eight years in France he returned to England, received in 1610 the post of sergeant-at-arms to wait upon the Speaker of the House of Commons, and spent the rest of his life in the discharge of his not-too-arduous official duties, and in the literary activity of translation. Most of his translations were from the French; his efforts made available to English readers the contemporary works on the history of the other countries of Europe. A firm believer in the usefulness of history to his countrymen, he also saw the utility of a clear, concise treatise on the contemporary doctrines of human psychology. This prompted his translation of Bishop Nicholas Coeffeteau's *Tableau des passions humaines,* which was published in 1621. Grimestone's style is characterized by simplicity and lucidity; rhetorical ostentation is notably absent from his writing.

Nicholas Coeffeteau (1574–1623), French theologian, philosopher and preacher, was a member of the Dominican order and noted for his brilliance as a student and interpreter of Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. In the Church he rose to the position of Bishop of Dardania. His *Tableau des passions humaines* was first published at Paris in 1615, and had later editions in 1620 and 1623.

Modern Editions: None.

Comment: G. N. Clark, 'Edward Grimeston, the Translator,' *EHR,* xliii (1928), 585–98

Text: *A Table of Humane Passions,* 1621 (5473), Folger.

587 20 retiring] drawing them forth again; Fr. *retirer.*

SIR WALTER RALEGH

Sir Walter Ralegh (*c.* 1552–1618), soldier, sailor, courtier, statesman, colonizer, scholar, patron of poets and scientists, and himself a poet and historian, was engaged at one time or another during his career in nearly all the multifarious activities we associate with the Elizabethan age. A recent biographer has termed him, not inappropriately, 'the last of the Elizabethans.' Even an epitome of his tumultuous life would require more space than is available here; the student must therefore refer to the biographies of Ralegh, while we confine

ourselves here to the details that are most closely related to Ralegh's prose writings and their historical background. From the time he returned to England in 1581, after a career as a soldier in Ireland, Ralegh rose quickly in royal favor, wealth, and power. His influence throughout the next two decades was consistently exerted in promoting discovery and colonization in the New World, and in advancing England's naval power; he was ever an ardent partisan of the theory that military advantage would ever be on the side of the nation that controlled the sea. In the years when England was threatened by the Spanish navy Ralegh's reports to the Privy Council balanced the influence of the Earl of Leicester, who was not as vigorous as Ralegh in championing sea power. After the dispersal of the Spanish Armada in 1588 had magnificently vindicated Ralegh's strategy and his naval tactics, and Leicester had died later in the same year, Ralegh and the young Earl of Essex became rivals for the topmost place at the court of Elizabeth. Ralegh was the mainspring inspiring the naval harassment of Spain during the ensuing years; and the expeditions in which Ralegh participated would have resulted in more decisive gains for England had his strategy been followed. Elizabeth herself was responsible for the military blunder of forcing a division of command between the two feuding parties of Essex and Ralegh. The attack on Cadiz in 1596 and the Island voyage in 1597, both proved, because of the lack of a unified command, to be no more than brilliant military exploits; the opportunity for a conclusive victory was not seized. Before the first of these expeditions Ralegh had made his first voyage to the Orinoco, and on his return had published an account of his discoveries and a plea for English colonization in that area because of its richness in natural resources and (what was of more interest) in gold, which his subordinate, Captain Keymis, was asserted to have found. The *Discovery of Guiana* (1596) was one of the three important prose works published by Ralegh before his death; the first was his *Report* (1591) of the last fight of Sir Richard Grenville when his ship, the *Revenge*, was cut off by a Spanish fleet in the Azores. His most important work is his *History of the World*, written while he was imprisoned in the Tower of London for alleged complicity in plots against James I. Cast into prison, tried, and sentenced to death in 1603, he was reprieved and spent the ensuing years of captivity, with the aid of friends who visited him and supplied him with books, in the composition of his *History*, in which he planned to show the working of God's Providence in the affairs of men and of nations from the Creation to recent times—but perhaps, for the sake of discretion, not too recent. In any event, the death in 1612 of his young patron, Henry Prince of Wales, led him to break off with the year 168 B.C., and to publish the book in 1614. Ralegh's *History*, although but a fragment of the vast design originally intended, remained popular with English readers as the standard universal history until the eighteenth century. Well over a dozen editions appeared before 1700.

Ralegh's petitions to James I for pardon and release from the Tower were finally granted only on condition that he make another voyage to Guiana and bring back the gold he claimed was to be found there. His last voyage proved financially disappointing to Ralegh's royal master, and aroused protests from Spain. To appease Spain, James I finally ordered Ralegh's execution, in spite of many intercessions on his behalf; he was beheaded on October 29, 1618.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Works* (ed. by W. Oldys), 8 vols., Oxford, 1829; *The Discovery of Guiana* (ed. by V. T. Harlow), London, 1928; *The last Fight of the Revenge* (ed. by E. Arber), English Reprints, 1871; *Selections from the Historie of the World, etc.* (ed. by G. E. Hadow), Oxford, 1917.

COMMENT: E. Edwards, *The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh,* 2 vols., London, 1868; W. Stebbing, *Sir Walter Ralegh,* Oxford, 1891 and 1899; M. A. S. Hume, *Sir Walter Raleigh,* London, 1897; C. H. Firth, *Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World,* London, 1918 [From *Proc. Brit. Acad.,* vol. viii]; M. Waldman, *Sir Walter Raleigh,* New York, 1928; V. T. Harlow, *Sir Walter Raleigh's Last Voyage,* London, 1932; E. Thompson, *Sir Walter Ralegh: The Last of the Elizabethans,* London, 1935; C. F. Tucker Brooke, 'Sir Walter Ralegh as Poet and Philosopher,' *ELH,* v (1938), 93–112 [reprinted in *Essays on Shakespeare and Other Elizabethans,* New Haven, 1948]; E. Strathmann, *Sir Walter Ralegh: A Study in Elizabethan Skepticism,* New York, 1951.

TEXT: *The History of the World,* 1614 (20637), Folger.

590 4] In the preceding paragraphs Ralegh has reviewed the history of the Kings of England from the Norman Conquest as exemplifications of God's justice and Providence.

591 22] The omitted paragraphs cite other examples of God's justice, chiefly from modern French history and from ancient history. 39 creation in time] Aristotle's theory that the world had no beginning and would exist forever was the chief objection to his cosmology advanced by Christian theologians of the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

592 16 Charron] Pierre Charron (1541–1603), noted French philosopher, whose *De la Sagesse* was published in 1601; translated into English in 1612 29–30] the inscriptions may be loosely translated, 'contradicting of predecessors prohibited,' 'specific virtue,' 'the Roman Catholic Church.' Aristotelian physics was based on the doctrine that each substance was impressed with a specific power or virtue which impelled it to seek its natural place in the universe; e.g. the element of earth possessed the virtue of 'gravity,' which caused it to seek the center; fire, the virtue of 'levity,' which caused it to move from the center.

593 3–4 grass . . . colour] a favorite example of the limits of human knowledge; cf Donne's *The Second Anniversary,* l. 288. 29] the omitted passage continues the discussion of the opinions of ancient philosophers concerning the origin of the world.

595 24 Berosus] Babylonian priest and historian (3rd cent. B.C.), author of a history of Babylonia in Greek. 34 Aristotle] in his *Politics,* iii.15. 36–38 "Judges . . . judgment."] see *Deuteronomy,* 16.18.

597 7 Groin] Corunna. 19 St. Iago] Santiago de Compostella in northwestern Spain. 33 learned gentleman] Sir Clement Edmondes; his *Observations upon Caesar's Commentaries* was published in 1600 and again in 1604.

598 30 the Ness] Dungeness, on the Channel coast between Rye and New Romney.

599 30 Tercera] Terceira, one of the principal islands of the Azores. The French in 1582 launched an offensive against the Spaniards in the Azores. 41 Strossie] Philip Strozzi, leader of a French naval force dispatched in 1581 to assist the Spanish pretender, Don Antonio of Portugal, at Terceira.

600 13 Fayal] one of the islands of the Azores. Ralegh was a subordinate commander to the Earl of Essex in this expedition. 24 greater person] the Earl of Essex.

603 25 Marcellus] Marcus Claudius Marcellus, the Roman general who captured Syracuse in 212 B.C. 25 quinquereme] having five banks of oars.

605 18 *Hic jacet*] the common first words of Latin inscriptions on tombstones; literally: 'here lies [buried].' 21–22 *Copy of a Letter . . wife*] The designation in the manuscript continues: 'the night before he expected to be put to death at Winchester, 1603.' King James commuted Ralegh's sentence to execution and confined him to the Tower. 27 Besse] Ralegh had incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure in 1592 because of his affair with Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of her maids of honor. On Ralegh's release from the Tower they were married. 41 Brett] Sir Alexander Brett.

607 1 if the land continue] if my estate at Sherborne continues in your possession.

SIR FRANCIS BACON

SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626), younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, and nephew to William Cecil, Lord Burghley, had far too important a career in Elizabethan and Jacobean England for it to be summarized in a few lines. A student at Trinity College, Cambridge, and later

at Gray's Inn, a member of Parliament in 1584, his ability and merits were slow at first in obtaining for him political advancement; but after unsuccessful attempts under Elizabeth to obtain the offices of Solicitor-General and of Attorney-General, his steady rise began under James I. Appointed Solicitor-General in 1607, he rose to the Lord Chancellorship in 1618, was created Baron Verulam the same year, and Viscount St. Albans in 1621. Accused of accepting gifts from litigants whose cases he was adjudicating, he plead guilty, was imprisoned, fined, and banished from the court. After his fall, upon the remission of his fine and his release from imprisonment, he retired to his estate of Gorhambury, where he carried on his studies and writing until his death in 1626.

Bacon was hailed by the next generation as the philosopher of modern science; his grandiose plan for the systematic improvement of scientific knowledge was to be elaborated in several parts, which, when published, were together to make up his *Instauratio Magna*. The sketch of the entire plan was published in 1620, with the *Novum Organum*, which was the fulfilment of the second part of the scheme. For the first part, that was still wanting, but which was to comprise the divisions of the sciences, Bacon informed his readers that they might find some account of the matter in the second book of his English treatise *Of the proficience and advancement of Learning* (1605). To supply the first part of his *Instauratio Magna*, Bacon had his earlier work translated and greatly enlarged in Latin as *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*, published in 1623. Latin, therefore, was the language in which Bacon gave to the world his principal work, though the grand design of the *Instauratio Magna* was never completed.

Bacon's importance in the history of English prose, therefore, rests on the earlier *Advancement of Learning* (1605), upon his *History of the Raigne of King Henry the Seventh* (1622), upon his unfinished *The New Atlantis*, published posthumously in 1627, and, above all, upon his *Essays*. In the first edition of 1597 there were only ten short essays which fully justify Bacon's own later description of them, in the dedication to Prince Henry of the manuscript for a revised edition, as 'certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously.' The structure of the essays in this first edition would lead one to conjecture that many of them had been transcribed directly from Bacon's commonplace-book, wherein he had set down, under the appropriate headings, collections of aphorisms or *sententiae*. The second printed edition of the *Essays*, in 1612, contained nine essays, much enlarged, from the 1597 edition, and twenty-nine new ones. The final edition, in 1625, contained fifty-eight essays. Although, in their final form the *Essays* still retain their aphoristic quality, Bacon has sought to remedy the abrupt discontinuity of his earlier commonplace-book models by inserting transitional phrases, adding illustrative examples and quotations, and paying greater attention to rhythm and cadence.

Inasmuch as Latin quotations are frequently embedded in Bacon's text, especially in *The Advancement of Learning*, we have, for the reader's convenience, inserted, in square brackets, the English translation immediately afterwards. In this practice we have followed Spedding's edition of Bacon's *Works*.

MODERN EDITIONS: **Works* (ed. by J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath), 7 vols., London, 1857–59; *Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon* (ed. by J. M. Robertson, from the edition of Ellis and Spedding), London, 1905; **Essayes* (ed. by W. A. Wright), Cambridge, 1862, and London, 1885; *Bacon's Essays* (ed. by R. Whately), revised ed., London, 1867; *A Harmony of the Essays of Francis Bacon*

(ed. by E. Arber), English Reprints, London, 1871; **Essays* (ed. by E. A. Abbott), 2 vols., London, 1879 and 1886; **The Advancement of Learning* (ed. by W. A. Wright), Oxford, 1869, 1891, and 1900; †*Bacon's Advancement of Learning and The New Atlantis* (ed. by T. Case), The World's Classics, Oxford, 1906; †*Essays, Advancement of Learning, New Atlantis and Other Pieces* (ed. by R. F. Jones), New York, 1937.

COMMENT: J. Spedding, *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon,* 7 vols, London, 1861–74; R. W. Church, *Bacon,* English Men of Letters, New York, 1884; E A. Abbott, *Francis Bacon,* London, 1885; C. Williams, *Bacon,* New York, 1933; R. S. Crane, 'The Relation of Bacon's Essays to his Program for the Advancement of Learning,' and M. W. Croll, 'Attic Prose. Lipsius, Montaigne, Bacon,' both in *Schelling Anniversary Papers,* New York, 1923, pp 87–105, and 117–50; J. Zeitlin, 'The Development of Bacon's Essays,' *JEGP,* xxvii (1928), 496–519; K. R. Wallace, *Francis Bacon on Communication and Rhetoric,* Chapel Hill, 1943; F. H. Anderson, *The Philosophy of Francis Bacon,* Chicago, 1948; B. Farrington, *Francis Bacon: Philosopher of Industrial Science,* New York, 1949.

TEXTS: *Essayes,* 1597 (1137), Huntington; *Essayes,* 1625 (1147), Harvard; *Ms. Sloane* 4259, [*c.* 1611], British Museum; *The Twoo Bookes . . . Of the proficience and aduancement of Learning,* 1605 (1164), Folger.

608 11 *Of regiment of health*] this was the seventh essay in the 1597 ed.; it was greatly enlarged in 1612, and still more in 1625, where it appeared as No. 30. 17 offense of] harm in. 23 meat] meals. 28 ask opinion of] seek medical advice concerning. 39 *Of Studies*] this was the first essay in the 1597 ed.; in 1625 it was No. 50.

609 8 without] outside of.

610 13 *Abeunt . . . mores*] Studies pass into manners 16 reins] kidneys 21 *cymini sectores*] hair-splitters. 25 *Of Friendship*] first added in 1612, and entirely rewritten for 1625. 26 him that spake it] Aristotle, *Politics,* i.1.

611 9 sarza] sarsaparilla. 25 *participes curarum*] partners in care. 31 Pompey] Bacon derives his information, in the passage that follows, from Plutarch's lives of Pompey and Julius Caesar. Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* derived also from Plutarch's account.

612 3 *Philippics*] 13.11. 10 Tiberius] see Tacitus, *Annals,* iv 40. 27 Comineus] Philippe de Comines, French historian of the 15th cent ; his history was published at Paris in 1524; an English translation appeared in 1596. 34 parable of Pythagoras] metaphor of Pythagoras, Greek philosopher of the 6th cent. B.C.

613 3 praying an aid] becoming an advocate; (a legal term).

616 16 Law] the law of the Hebrews proclaimed by the Lord to Moses; cf. *Leviticus,* 22.18, and *Numbers,* 28.2–3. 22 respective] appropriate. 42 wisest King] Solomon; see *1 Kings,* 4.29.

618 2 Hermes] Hermes Trismegistus is identified with Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom. 4 propriety] quality belonging to an individual. 8 difference] distinguishing mark. 17 undervalues] deficiencies in value. 28 politics] politicians 30] The omitted paragraphs discuss the discredits of learning due to the ignorance of zealous divines and of politicians or statesmen. 36 accidental] the term is used in the sense in which it is employed in logic. a property not of the essence or specific nature of a thing. 37 not in hand with true measure] not concerned with true values. 42] the further discussion of the derogations of learning due to the fortunes and the manners of learned men is omitted.

619 1 morigeration] obsequiousness. 7 Aristippus] the founder of the Cyrenaic school of philosophy; Dionysius was the king of Syracuse (4th cent. B.C.). 15 Adrianus] the Roman emperor Hadrian (2nd cent. A.D.); the philosopher was Favorinus. 27 deprave] depreciate. 38 curious] fastidious.

620 28 copie] copiousness; abundance and variety. 35 Osorius] (d. 1580); his imitation of the style of Cicero led to his being called 'the Cicero of Portugal.' 36 Sturmius] John Sturm, schoolmaster at Strasbourg and friend of Roger Ascham (q.v.). 38 Car] Nicholas Carr (1523–1568), professor of Greek at Cambridge. 42 *Cicerone*] Erasmus' joke lies in the fact that the last three letters in *Cicerone* form the Greek word for 'ass'; from Erasmus' *Ciceronianus* (1528), a dialogue in which he attacked the educational theories of those of his contemporaries who prescribed the exclusive imitation of Cicero.

621 7 *secundum . . . minus*] more or less. 22–23 be . . . use of] have any occasion to use.

623 12 digladiation] wrangling. 36 verse] Horace, *Epistles,* i.18.69.

624 10 had a passage] passed current; were believed. 19 Arabians] the Arabians transmitted the science of the Greeks to the Middle Ages.

625 4 save the credit of impostures] make their impostures believed. 20 leeseth] loses.

626 16 *Antiquitas . . . mundi*] The Antiquity of time is the youth of the world. 25 septuagenary] seventy years old. 26 law Pappia] a law passed in the reign of Augustus granting special political privileges to all who married under a certain age.

627 31 Heraclitus] Greek philosopher (540–475 B C.) who held that Fire was the element from which all things sprang. 42 second school of Plato] the ancient neo-Platonists, a school of philosophy arising in the 3rd cent. A.D.; its chief exponent was Plotinus; the last important writer of this school was Proclus (5th cent. A.D.).

628 3 Gilbertus] William Gilbert, whose principal work *De Magnete* was published in 1600. 20 magistral] dogmatic 24 Velleius] a participant in the dialogue in Cicero's *Of the Nature of the Gods*.

629 20 *Declinat . . . tollit*] 'She swerves from the course and picks up the golden ball.' Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x. 667. 41] The remainder of the first book deals with the dignity of knowledge, citing both divine evidences and human proofs.

JOHN DONNE

JOHN DONNE (1571/2–1631) was born in London, the son of a successful business man whose death in 1574 left the boy's rearing and education entirely to his mother. She was the daughter of John Heywood, the epigrammatist, sister of Jasper Heywood, the translator of Seneca's tragedies, and a descendant of John Rastell, publisher and brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. Unwilling to violate such a distinguished Catholic family tree, she saw to it that her son was brought up in the old faith. Donne left Oxford after three years without taking a degree; three years followed at Cambridge, to which he also bade farewell before finishing his course. Doubtless religious scruples prompted these departures, and in May of 1591 he was in London studying law at Thavies' Inn, a year later at Lincoln's Inn.

During these years Donne seems to have taken all available studies in the curriculum to be his province, especially science—'the new philosophy'—and foreign languages. Of the latter he could scarcely get enough, and he wrote to a friend of his excessive hunger for 'humane learning and languages' which threatened to starve out altogether his study of the law. It was while he was a law student that his brother Henry died of a fever in the prison to which he had been committed for harboring a seminary priest, and Donne must have reflected upon the cost of loyalty to an outlawed faith. A tour of the Continent may have preceded or followed the period at Thavies' and Lincoln's Inn. At any rate Donne volunteered for both of Essex's expeditions to Cadiz and the Azores in 1596 and 1597. He had already begun to write: the 1590's witnessed the production of nearly all of his satirical and amatory verse as well as the youthful prose *Paradoxes and Problems*. The latter, though of course not as well known as the poems, also reflect, both in tone and content, the kind of worldly, semi-libertine life about town that Donne seems to have led during these years.

An equally worldly professional career was shipwrecked almost as soon as it had set sail. In 1598 Donne was made secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, the Lord Keeper, and in 1601 he probably served in Parliament. But he committed the tactical error of falling in love with the Lord Keeper's niece, Anne More, whose wrathful father promptly had Donne dismissed and imprisoned upon his discovery of their secret marriage. The next fourteen years were ones of material poverty and mental despair. Unemployed, refused aid by his wife's father (though Sir George relented somewhat by 1608), Donne was forced

to depend upon the good will of various unofficial patrons as he sought to provide for his rapidly multiplying family. He had at least one good offer in 1607, that of clerical appointment, but whether through the pressure of his Catholic background or of lingering hopes for advancement at Court, or of both, Donne refused. It presently became clear, however, that the only kind of advancement he could ever hope for was within the Church, and in 1615 he was ordained. It is true that he resisted ordination until all of his secular hopes were exhausted, but there is no real reason for us to question his integrity when he finally accepted orders.

It was during this so-called 'middle period' of Donne's life that much of his important prose writing was done. In 1610 he published his *Pseudo-Martyr*, a defense of the oath of allegiance, which, according to Walton, was written at the request of King James. If that is true, the writing of the document is another example of the king's singleness of purpose when it came to Donne's future: ecclesiastical, or not at all. Another brief work was *Ignatius his Conclave* (1611), a return in some ways to Donne's earlier satiric vein in its lampooning of Loyola and the Jesuits. But by far the most interesting work of this period and the one of which Donne himself seems to have been particularly fond, though he did not publish it, was *Biathanatos* (1608?). It is usually cited for its qualified defense of suicide, but actually that subject is only a vehicle for Donne's anxious and almost angry questionings of the traditional verities of Christian rational theology. The law of nature, right reason, good and evil themselves are all 'found out,' shown to be relative, not absolute. For all of that, we are never seriously in doubt as to the direction or sureness of Donne's conversion, which, in part, this treatise records. *Biathanatos* shows plainly its author's Jesuit training and Scholastic influence generally. One perfectly normal consequence of that training is always a respect for, if not a worship of, authority. So it was with Donne. His skepticism, though superficially dramatic, is never very fundamental or philosophic. It is confined on the whole to his mistrust of man's ability to perceive truth, though Donne never questions God as the repository of truth—however unknowable that truth may be.

The last third of Donne's life can hardly be called serene, but it was extraordinarily successful. Actually its happiness was marred only by the death of his wife in 1617, to which he reacted with characteristic intensity, now religious, and became practically an ascetic recluse from that time until his own death. In 1616 he had been appointed Reader in Divinity to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, his last alma mater, and in 1621 he was elevated to the deanship of St. Paul's by King James, where his now fully developed pulpit powers received their most eloquent expression. He was, in addition, vicar of St. Dunstan's from 1624 onwards, where Izaak Walton was one of his parishioners. In 1630 he was considered for a bishopric, but the religious soldier's failing health stood in the way, and in 1631 he died.

With the exception of *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions* (1624), a packet of *Five Sermons* (1626), and scattered single sermons, the remaining prose works of John Donne, all of them sermons and totalling 160 in all, were published posthumously. The *Devotions* is a highly personal document, written during the course of a near-fatal illness. Another spectacular utterance was the last sermon Donne ever preached, *Death's Duel*, in which he literally set the stage for his own death. All of Donne's sermons are as personal as his poetry, early or late. They will never be studied for their contribution to theology, but they are one of the most honest and—if the term may still be used—uninhibited revelations we have of a single soul struggling with the omnipresent

problems of individual sin and retribution. From the point of view of their relation to Donne's congregation (they are so charged with the presence of their author that we sometimes forget that they were preached to others), the best word to describe them is evangelical. Donne never really regarded human reason as a worthy partner of religious intuition; doctrine he always placed second to exhortation. His religious ideas, however encrusted his sermons may be with scholastic and patristic learning, are, as Douglas Bush has remarked, about as simple as General Booth's.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Works* (ed. by H. Alford), 6 vols., London, 1839; **Juvenilia, or Certaine Paradoxes and Problems* (ed. by G. Keynes), London, 1923; **Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* (ed. by J. Sparrow), Cambridge, 1923; *Devotions* (ed. by W. H. Draper), Abbey Classics, London, 1925; †*Complete Poetry and Selected Prose* (ed. by J. Hayward), London, 1930; †*Donne's Shorter Prose Works* (ed. by E. Simpson and R. E. Bennett), New York, 1948.

COMMENT: E. M Simpson, *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne*, Oxford, 1924; 2nd ed., Oxford, 1948; L. I. Bredvold, 'The Religious Thought of Donne in Relation to Medieval and Later Traditions,' in *Studies in Shakespeare, Milton, and Donne, Univ. Michigan Publ.*, Ann Arbor, 1925; L. I. Bredvold, 'The Naturalism of Donne in Relation to some Renaissance Traditions,' *JEGP*, xxii (1923), 471–502; J. Sparrow, 'Donne and Contemporary Preachers,' *ESEA*, xvi (1931), 144–78; W. F. Mitchell, *English Pulpit Oratory from Andrews to Tillotson*, London, 1932; Itrat-Husain, *The Dogmatic and Mystical Theology of John Donne*, London, 1938; H. H. Umbach, 'The Rhetoric of Donne's Sermons,' *PMLA*, lii (1937), 354–58; M. F. Moloney, *John Donne: His Flight from Medievalism*, Urbana, Illinois, 1944; H. C. White, 'John Donne and the Psychology of Spiritual Effort,' in *The Seventeenth Century: Studies by Richard Foster Jones and Others Writing in His Honor*, Stanford, 1951, pp. 355–68.

TEXT: *Juvenilia*, 1633 (7043), Folger; *A Sermon . . . to the Company of the Virginian Plantation*, 1622 (7051), Folger; *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, 1624 (7033), Folger.

630 41 philosophy . . .] Aristotelian physics postulated that substances had an essential quality of either 'levity' or 'gravity' that caused them to tend to rise or to fall.

631 6–7 sun . . . contrary] see Recorde's description of the motions of the various celestial spheres, p. 136. 20 only] alone.

632 7 Virginian Plantation] the colony at Jamestown, Virginia. 15 this book] *The Acts of the Apostles.*

633 26 Bridewell] a house of correction in London.

634 17 Apollos] an Alexandrian Jew who came to Ephesus about 49 A.D., where he was converted to Christianity, and became a follower of Saint Paul and an able leader among the early Christians. 19 impeached] impeded.

636 3 *Devotions*] each of the 23 devotions in the volume is divided into three parts: (1) a meditation upon our human condition; (2) an expostulation; (3) a prayer. 5 first grudging] first symptom or slight trace of an illness. 17 curiosity] care.

639 24 *Expostulation*] the title of the eleventh devotion is: 'They use Cordials, to keep the venom and Malignity of the disease from the Heart.' Throughout the Expostulation, Donne makes great use of a Biblical concordance and quotes, or alludes to, numerous passages in the Bible referring to the heart.

640 30 Samuel] see *1 Samuel*, 7.3. 37 Naball] see *1 Samuel*, 25. 40 David] see *1 Samuel*, 24 5.

641 16 *Meditation*] the seventeenth devotion is the one best known to modern readers because of Ernest Hemingway's novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

642 7 the main] the mainland.

643 18 new philosophy] the new scientific theories, especially in physics and astronomy, that were supplanting the older Aristotelian physics; here the specific reference is to the Copernican theory, which placed the center of our universe in the sun, not the earth, with the earth revolving about the sun. 25 epicycles] in the mathematics of astronomy, a small revolving circle that moves around a larger circle so that its center lies constantly on the circumference of that larger circle, called the 'deferent.' This deferent might also be an 'eccentric' circle; i.e. its center might be located at a point other than the center of the universe.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS, 'the younger' (1579?–1614), as he is called to distinguish him from an uncle of the same name, was a friend of Overbury, though probably not at Oxford. The evidence is inconclusive, but a study of Cornwallis' knowledge of ancient and modern languages and of his apparent reading habits suggests that he was educated not in the university, but by tutors. On the occasion of his marriage in 1595 his father granted him an income of £200 a year derived from several estates; two years later the estates were all sold to pay William's debts. He fathered eleven children, but apparently they did not cause him to change his extravagant ways. In 1599 he served in Essex's ill-starred Irish campaign and was knighted. Upon his return to England he seems to have renounced his profligate habits and devoted himself to reading and writing. Poverty hounded him the rest of his life, even though he succeeded at one point in serving in Parliament.

Cornwallis may properly be called the first English essayist, not only because he was the first to personalize the content of the essay after the model of Montaigne, but because Bacon's first literary child was not really an essay, but a collection of aphorisms. The contents of the 1597 volume were, to be sure, the foundation for the volumes of 1612 and 1625, but the first part of Cornwallis' *Essayes*, published in 1600, were more finished in form than anything Bacon was to accomplish before 1612. The first part contained twenty-five separate essays; the second part, published in 1601, contained twenty-four. They were altered and added to in subsequent editions during the author's life. Other works of Cornwallis include *Discourses upon Seneca*, a series of reflective commentaries upon passages selected from Seneca's plays published with the second part of the *Essayes* in 1601, and two posthumous volumes (1616) of rather heavy-handed 'paradoxes,' *Essays or Rather Encomions* and *Essays of Certain Paradoxes*. Like Montaigne, Cornwallis uses his essays principally for purposes of self-questioning and self-analysis: 'I write therefore to my selfe, and my selfe profits by my writing.' Like the early Montaigne, he is in love with Senecan Stoicism, though not in any thoroughgoing or respectably philosophic way.

MODERN EDITIONS: **Essays by Sir William Cornwallis, the Younger* (ed. by Don Cameron Allen), Baltimore, 1946, 'Four Paradoxes' (ed. by R. E. Bennett), *Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, xiii (1931), 219–40.

COMMENT: W. L. MacDonald, 'The Earliest English Essayists,' *ESt*, lxiv (1929), 20–52; E. N. S. Thompson, *Seventeenth-Century English Essay*, University of Iowa, 1926; P. B. Whitt, 'New Light on Sir William Cornwallis, the Essayist,' *RES*, viii (1932), 155–69; R. E. Bennett, 'Sir William Cornwallis's Use of Montaigne,' *PMLA*, xlviii (1933), 1080–89; R. E Bennett, 'The Publication of Cornwallis's *Essayes* and *Paradoxes*,' *RES*, ix (1933), 197–98; Introduction to Don Cameron Allen's edition of the *Essays*.

TEXT: *Essayes, By Sir William Cornewallys the yonger, Knight*, 1606 (5776), Folger.

644 16 thatchers, daubers] the literal meaning is obvious; by extension, those who have nothing of importance to discourse of anyway as they go about their menial tasks. 28–29 *Nego maiorem . . . dixit*] Expressions common in disputations; 'I deny the major [premise],' etc.

645 23 affects] i.e, when he is arrogant and thereby pretends to be more than a man like other men, or when he behaves as a beast and thereby shows himself to be less than a man. 40 seely] foolish.

646 36 Xenophon his Cyrus] Cyrus

the Great, king of Persia, whose education and career are related by Xenophon in his *Cyropaedia*.

647 1 congee] departure, permission. 5 Callis] Calais. 13 that will hold their necks awry with Alexander] See Plutarch's life of Alexander. 37 Lycurgus] legendary king and legislator of Sparta, referred to by Herodotus and Xenophon, and discussed at length by Plutarch, *De Stoicorum repugnantiis*, 19.

648 34 *Os homini . . . tueri*] quoted from memory from Ovid, *Met.*, i.85, where *tueri* reads *videre:* 'He gave eyes to man for beholding the sublime heavens.'

JOSEPH HALL

JOSEPH HALL (1574–1656), came from a Calvinistic home and studied at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in his day the recognized center of Puritanism in the University. A year after he took his M.A. he published the first part of *Virgidemiae* (1597) and followed it in 1598 with the second part. Everyone knows about Hall's claim to be the first English satirist even though he had been preceded in the *genre* by Skelton, Wyatt, Gascoigne, and others. Nevertheless he was accorded recognition by Francis Meres in 1598 as one of the foremost English satirists, and we should remember that he was after all the first to write satires in English on classical models. It was about this time that he wrote *Mundus alter et idem*, a Latin burlesque of credulous voyagers and utopian commonwealths. An English translation by John Healey, who also translated Augustine's *City of God*, appeared in 1608.

From Lady Anne Drury in 1601 Hall received the rectory of Hawstead in Suffolk, and for the next six or seven years he had to make shift on a meager stipend that Sir Robert Drury refused to increase. In 1608, however, he became a chaplain to Prince Henry, and in 1618 he was appointed one of the king's representatives to the Synod of Dort. By now Hall was preaching at Waltham Holy Cross in Essex, for which he had left Hawstead in 1607 and where he was to remain until his consecration as Bishop of Exeter in 1627. In 1641 he was translated to Norwich, but parliamentary impeachment and the enforcement of the Act of Sequestration in 1643 violently terminated his ecclesiastical career, with a mob actually breaking into his Cathedral and destroying glass and ornaments. Hall's remaining years were spent in retirement, though he wrote steadily and occasionally preached.

Bishop Hall is a figure of multiple significance in English literary history. He would have been remembered regardless of his creative efforts as one of Milton's antagonists in the Smectymnuan controversy—a mildly paradoxical position for Hall, who was suspected by Laud of Presbyterian sympathies. His satires in verse and prose, already noticed, are pioneer efforts in their own way, but Hall's most important contribution was his *Characters of Vertues and Vices* (1608). In them he shows himself the disciple not only of Theophrastus' *Characters*, but of the spirit of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius as well. The 'character' may be defined as an essay employed as a purely moral instrument; its pattern consists of a brief definition of a virtue or a vice, and a descriptive account of a representative of it in his ordinary behavior. Theophrastus' thirty *Characters*, which appeared around 319 B.C., are restricted to unfavorable types; he may have described some favorable types, but they have not survived. Hall's essays are uniformly longer, if anything more didactic, and more carefully chiseled in style than their Greek originals. His manner of opening the sketch with a conceit or an emblem and closing with an epigram set the standard generally for Overbury, Stephens, Earle, and even Dryden.

MODERN EDITIONS: *The Works of Joseph Hall* (ed. by Philip Wynter), 10 vols., Oxford, 1863; *Mundus, The Discovery of A New World*, tr. by John Healey (ed. by H. Brown) Harvard, 1937; *Joseph Hall, *Heaven upon Earth, and Characters of Vertues and Vices* (ed. by Rudolph Kirk), Rutgers University Press, 1948.

COMMENT: See the general works on the Theophrastan character listed under Cornwallis and the Overburian Characters. E. C. Baldwin, 'The Relation of the English "Character" to its Greek Prototype,' *PMLA*, xviii (1903), 412–23; Philip A. Smith, 'Bishop Hall, "Our English Seneca,"' *PMLA*, lxiii (1948), 1191–1204; Arnold Stein, 'Joseph Hall's Imitation of Juvenal,' *MLR*, xliii (1948), 315–22; H. Fisch, 'Bishop Hall's Meditations,' *RES*, xxv (1949), 210–21; Audrey Chew, 'Bishop Hall and Neo-Stoicism,' *PMLA*, lxv (1950), 1130–45.

TEXT: *Characters of Vertues and Vices*, 1608 (12648a), Huntington.

650 37 the fixed stars] in Ptolemaic astronomy, the eighth and highest sphere; i.e. the firmament.

651 13 still] always, constantly. 28 He is more careful . . . from men] Compare lines 70–84 of Milton's *Lycidas*. 42 cozened] deceived, tricked.

652 10 pulls out his tables . . . as if he feared to leese that note] takes out his writing tablet; the custom of taking notes at sermons was common; many sermons were taken down in shorthand. 34 closure] handclasp

653 13 to appose him] to inform himself. 30 Sampson's foxes] See *Judges* 15 4–5.

654 25 luting] sealing; rendering impervious to gas and liquid 26 wedges] bars or ingots of gold.

655 2–3 His purposes are . . . but his will] governed not by reason, but by personal desire

THE OVERBURIAN CHARACTERS

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581–1613), poet, essayist, courtier, and eventually the victim of a homicide, was educated at Oxford and at the Middle Temple. In 1608 he was knighted. After travel abroad, he became enamored of Lady Rutland, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, to whom, according to Ben Jonson, he addressed *A Wife now the Widow of Sir T. Overbury*. The poem was entered in 1613, shortly after his death. Because of his persistent objection to the proposed marriage of his friend and patron, Robert Carr, later Earl of Somerset (to whom he had originally been introduced by Cornwallis), to Frances Howard, divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, an alliance favored by the court, he was imprisoned in the Tower, where, through the connivance of the former Countess of Essex, the Howards, and the king, he was poisoned. To a second edition of Overbury's poem, *A Wife*, were appended twenty-one character sketches; in two other editions of the same year the number was increased to twenty-five and thirty, respectively. It is probable that many of these sketches were contributed by professional authors, among them the dramatists John Webster and Thomas Dekker, and John Donne, who probably wrote the last two essays added in 1622. The final total was eighty-two. On the whole, the Overburian characters continue Hall's line of aphoristic wit, but they are less didactic. They remind one more of Jonson, who was one of Overbury's friends, in their cynical satire of English social types. Nothing is more attractive in the collection than the group of ideal types, represented here by 'An Excellent Actor.'

MODERN EDITIONS: **The Overburian Characters* (ed. by W. J. Paylor), Percy Reprints, Oxford, 1936. *A Book of 'Characters'* (ed. by R. Aldington), New York, 1924.

COMMENT: Wendell Clausen, 'The Beginnings of English Character-Writing in the Early Seventeenth Century,' *PQ*, xxv (1946), 32–45; W. L. MacDonald, *Beginnings of the English Essay*, Toronto, 1914, and 'The Earliest English Essayists,' *ESt*, lxiv (1929), 20–52; E. N. S. Thompson, *Seventeenth-Century English Essay*, University of Iowa, 1926; E. C. Baldwin, 'The Relation of the English "Character" to its Greek Prototype,' *PMLA*, xviii (1903), 412–23; and 'The Relation of the Seventeenth Century Character to the Periodical Essay,' *PMLA*, xix (1904), 75–

114; Benjamin Boyce, *The Theophrastan Character in England to 1642*, Harvard, 1947; Evelyn M. Simpson, 'John Donne and Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters,"' *MLR*, xviii (1923), 410–15.

TEXT: *A Wife, Now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye . . . Whereunto are added many witty Characters*, 1614 [2nd edition] (18904), Folger; *A Wife*, 1614 [4th edition] (18906), Folger; *New and Choise Characters, of seuerall Authors*, 1615 (18908), Folger.

656 18 *A Very, Very Woman*] The portrait may be an attack upon Frances Howard. It is the second sketch in the collection, the first being of 'A Good Woman.' 20 very] ordinary in the extreme, laden with typical female faults. 20 dough-baked] imperfectly baked, finished badly. 21 two bows short] considerably short of the mark, as when an arrow shot from a bow falls before it reaches the target. 25 she casts . . . a platform] puts on a sullen expression. 25 dureth] lasts through 26 voider] tray used for carrying out the remains of a meal. 27 a part of their mystery] part of their trade or occupation, i.e. part of the accepted behavior of this sort. 28 stretcheth] makes her long for. 28 marriageable and fourteen] Frances Howard was fourteen years old when she married Essex. 30 blots . . red] uses red make-up, rouge 32 the Knight of the Sun] common hero of currently popular romances. 36 She commits . . . certain] commits adultery Perhaps another allusion to Frances Howard, who was Carr's mistress before she became his wife.

657 3–5 Thus she dresses . . . stocking] a difficult and obscure passage which may suggest carryings-on with the serving-man 7 Salomon's cruel creature] the harlot in *Proverbs*, 5.1–9. 14 scepter] a schoolmaster's birch rod. 18 *heteroclite*] a noun applied to abnormal things or persons and declined irregularly, hence 'plural number . . . single quality.' 28 He hates . . . master] in his hate or love for other servingmen he follows his master's hatred or liking for their masters. 31 double] twice as much, *and* in the company of another.

658 9 bragget] malt liquor 11 schoolman] preacher educated in divinity at Oxford or Cambridge. 11 hidebound] intractable 12 discontinuer] absentee. 14 March beer] strong beer brewed in March. Puritans were frequently burlesqued as drunkards. 15 discipline] his own belief as distinguished from practices of other churches. 23 ring] the ring given in marriage, which, along with other supposed vanities of religion, was condemned by the Puritans Hence 'a pair of organs blow him out o' the parish,' and even clean shirts, if required by the church, will one day offend him. 25 glister-pipes to cool him] pipes by which a *glister* or *clister* (medical injection) was inserted into the anus to cool the blood. 28 plumbroth] favorite Christmas dish. 30 allay] assuage; silence

659 14 painting] possibly a reference to the actor Burbage, who was a painter. The phrase may, however, simply refer to face painting or make-up. See the remark in Stephens' *Common Player* about 'painting and fine clothes,' which may have inspired this observation 28 imitating characterist] John Stephens. 30 snuff] candle-end. 30 the statute] a statute begun under Elizabeth against 'Rogue Vagabonds,' among whom were classed 'Common Players in Interludes.' 33 Pacolet] name of a dwarf in a French romance, possessor of a magical horse.

JOHN STEPHENS

JOHN STEPHENS (fl. 1615) was admitted in 1611 to Lincoln's Inn, where he practiced law without particular distinction. A follower of Joseph Hall, he published two impressions of *Satyrical Essayes Characters and Others* in 1615. The first of these contained the Character of *A Common Player*, a general attack upon the acting profession. In the sixth edition of *The Overburian Characters* there appeared a retort in the portrait of *An Excellent Actor*, probably by Webster and thought to have been modelled on the late Richard Burbage. Stephens, in his second impression, alters the word 'rogue' in his second sentence to 'rogue errant,' thereby shifting his attack from actors to 'strolling players,' i.e., vagabonds.

Other new passages were added in the second edition, all of which are enclosed here in square brackets.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Books of Characters* (ed. by James O. Halliwell [-Phillipps]), London, 1857; selections in *A Book of 'Characters'* (ed. by Richard Aldington), New York, 1924.

COMMENT: Introduction to W. J. Paylor's edition of *The Overburian Characters*, Percy Reprints, Oxford, 1936; E. N. S Thompson, *Seventeenth Century-English Essay*, University of Iowa, 1926.

TEXT: *Essayes and Characters, Ironicall and Instructive. The second impression*, 1615 (23250), Huntington.

660 38 Tom of Bedlam] a madman from Bedlam, or Bethlehem, the common name of the Hospital of St. Mary, London.

661 23 The statute] see note on l. 30, p. 659.

662 19 Shrove Tuesday] Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. 22 four Terms] the four times of the year that the law courts were in session. 32 *nullum . . . idem*] no likeness is the same.

GREY BRYDGES (LORD CHANDOS)

GREY BRYDGES (FIFTH LORD CHANDOS) (1579?–1621), reputed essayist, was imprisoned in the Fleet for a short while because of his supposed complicity in the Essex conspiracy. His father, Lord William Brydges, although at the home of Essex on the morning of the rash attempt to take London and the royal palace, sat at the trial of the Queen's ex-favorite. In 1604–05 Chandos was made a knight of the Bath, and in 1605 he was granted an M.A. at Cambridge. With Lord Herbert of Cherbury he made an expedition to the Low Countries. Most of his life, however, was spent at Sudeley Castle, where his ostentatious manner of living and his munificence brought him the title of 'King of the Cotswolds.' Anthony à Wood and Bishop Kennett ascribe *Horae Subsecivae, Observations and Discourses*, a group of attractive essays published anonymously in 1620, to Gilbert Cavendish, son of the Earl of Devonshire; and some attempts have been made to attribute the work to Edward Blount and even to Sir Francis Bacon. The better opinion, however, supported by Horace Walpole, Dr. Michael Lort, and Sir Edgerton Brydges, is that Lord Chandos is the author. In the titles of the essays, the antithetical construction and sententious quality of the sentences, and in the author's method of quoting authors, the work sounds much like Bacon at his aphoristic best.

MODERN EDITIONS none

COMMENT Sir Egerton Brydges, *Censura Literaria*, London, 1815; E. N. S. Thompson, *Seventeenth-Century English Essay*, University of Iowa, 1926, p. 89.

TEXT: *Horae Subseciuae*, 1620 (3957), Folger.

663 17 *Horae Subseciuae*] leisure hours.

664 4 Cincinnatus] Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Roman semi-legendary hero (born *c.* 519 B.C.).

JOHN EARLE

JOHN EARLE (1600?–1665), like Joseph Hall, was both a bishop and character writer. Graduated B.A. from Merton College, Oxford, he subsequently received two M.A.'s, one from Oxford, the other from Cambridge. In 1641 he became tutor to Prince Charles, an association and friendship that lasted until his death. He lost the chancellorship of Salisbury Cathedral almost as soon as he had obtained it, and for sixteen years he and Charles lived in France. With the Restoration, however, Earle was appointed Dean of Westminster. In

1662 he was granted the see of Worcester, and the next year that of Salisbury. Unlike Hall, his conciliatory nature brought him peace and honor from persecuted Nonconformists as well as from the members of the Church of England.

Earle not only admired poetry, as his portrait of *A Plodding Student* (who accounts poetry 'impregnable') makes clear, but he also wrote some in his younger years. The one work, however, for which he is remembered is *Microcosmographie, or a Piece of the World Discovered; in Essays and Characters*, first published in 1628. The first edition contained fifty-four characters; in the fifth edition (1629) twenty-three more were added. The edition of 1633 included one more, bringing the total to seventy-eight, four less than the final number of the Overburian collection. Though the seventeenth-century publications were all anonymous, Earle's authorship was commonly known. *Microcosmography* is certainly the most unified of all the character-books, and in tone it is at once more even and sharp than either Hall or Overbury. In reading Earle, one retains a simultaneous sense of the individual within the type, whereas in reading the Overburian Characters one is generally aware only of the type. Where the writers of the Overburian group may be said to have hoped to hit something with their scatter-shot, Earle fired accurately because he managed to look at mankind through a telescopic, or 'micro-cosmographic,' sight.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Micro-cosmographie* (ed. by Philip Bliss), London, 1811 (includes Earle's youthful and occasional verse); *Micro-cosmographie* (ed by Edward Arber), English Reprints, London, 1868; *Micro-cosmographie* (ed. W. H. D. Rouse), The Temple Classics, London, 1899; *Micro-cosmography* (ed by Harold Osborne), London, 1933; *Micro-Cosmographie* (ed. by Gwendolen Murphy), Golden Cockerel Press, 1928.

COMMENT: See general studies of essays and character-writing listed under Hall, Overbury, etc.

TEXT: *Micro-cosmographie*, 1628 (7439), Huntington.

666 7 shekels] ancient coins. 9 cozen] defraud. 28 degree] step. 30–31 ivy bush] sign of a wine tavern. 34 broacher] publisher, announcer. 38 drawers] those who draw the liquor, i.e., waiters.

667 4 Telephus] wounded by Achilles and cured by rust from the latter's spear. Compare modern 'hair of the dog.' 13 Jordans] gutters. 16 inns-a-court] Inns of Court; English law schools. 18 cup of canary] cup of canary wine. 30 untie] books were often bound so that their covers were drawn together with strings or thongs. 33 *Euphormio*] *Euphormionis Satyricon*, a Latin satire by John Barclay (1582–1621), translator of Sebastian Brant's *Ship of Fools*. 38 ingle] hanger-on or sycophant. 38 gold hatbands] noblemen at the universities wore gold tassels or bands on their hats.

668 21 Lycosthenes] pseudonym of Conrad Wolfhart (1518–1561), author of popular commonplace books, *Apothegmatum* (1555) and *Parabolae* (1557).

THOMAS FULLER

THOMAS FULLER (1608–1661), preacher, antiquarian, essayist, and biographer, was the son of the rector of St. Peter's Aldwincle, Northamptonshire. George Herbert, Taylor, and Milton were all at Cambridge when he studied there, and in 1638, at the youthful age of twenty, he received his M.A. from Queens' College, where one of his uncles was president. His first publication was *The History of the Holy War* (1639). It is like Bunyan's allegory *The Holy War* only in title, being an account of Palestine during the Crusades. After entering the church and establishing himself in London, Fuller quickly became one of the most popular preachers of his day. It is said that at his sermons at the Inns of Court and elsewhere he had one congregation inside the windows and

another outside. Fuller's next work was *The Holy State* (1642), a miscellany which joins the 'character with the whole tradition of the literature of conduct,' whether it be in manual, essay, or biography. It is divided into five books: the first, second, and fourth present sketches of admirable types, such as 'the true gentleman,' 'the faithful minister,' etc., and to many of these Fuller appends illustrative thumb-nail biographies of some of his favorite people. Book five is devoted to 'the profane state,' and submits characterizations of evil persons, from witches to atheists, once more with appropriate lives, e.g., Joan of Arc and Caesar Borgia. Book three seeks to edify the reader not by example, but by precept, and consists exclusively of essays of good counsel, some of them on subjects upon which Bacon had discoursed earlier in the century. The volume as a whole was enormously successful.

In the same year of the publication of *The Holy State* Fuller's equally successful preaching career was interrupted by the outbreak of war between king and parliament, and he was forced to leave his eminent position at the Savoy Chapel. He first took cover at Oxford, then served as chaplain in the king's army until its defeat in 1644, after which he retired to Exeter and composed his *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645). In 1647 a sequel entitled *Good Thoughts in Worse Times* appeared, and thirteen years later, with the restoration of Charles II, Fuller published *Mixed Contemplations in Better Times.*

In 1655 Fuller gave birth to his two large histories, *The Church History of Britain,* a rambling account of English history from the Druids to 1649, more systematically historical in its treatment of Fuller's own age than of earlier periods, and *The History of the University of Cambridge.* In 1660 life's prospect grew brighter for Fuller and other loyal Anglicans, and he was sent to the Netherlands with a group to welcome Charles II. The king appointed him his chaplain and designated him doctor of divinity, but before Fuller could enjoy his new security or the bishopric that probably would have been his, he died in 1661. In the following year his best-known work, *The Worthies of England,* came forth. In it he describes the 'furniture,' or the worthy men, in the 'rooms,' or counties (by which the book is alphabetically arranged), of the 'house' called England. A kind of topographical and psychological encyclopaedia, it mixes shrewd comments upon men with gossipy accounts of village customs, diets, and recipes. *The Worthies* might also have deserved Dryden's remark on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales:* 'Here is God's plenty!'

MODERN EDITIONS: **The Holy State and the Profane State* (ed by M. G. Walten), 2 vols., New York, 1938.

COMMENT: See general studies of essayists and character-writers listed under the Overburian Characters. E. N. S. Thompson, *Literary Bypaths of the Renaissance,* Yale, 1924; W. E. Houghton, *The Formation of Thomas Fuller's Holy and Profane States,* Harvard, 1938; J. E Bailey, *The Life of Thomas Fuller,* London, 1874; D. B. Lyman, *The Great Tom Fuller,* University of California, 1935.

TEXT. *The Holy State,* 1642 (Wing F-2443), Folger.

669 4 Hevenninghams] i.e., Effinghams. 13 than the star . . . Cassiopeia] the new star in Cassiopeia, first observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572. It disappeared in about eighteen months 26 portage] transportation fee. 26 poundage] a duty paid to the crown for every pound of merchandise carried by a vessel, whether exporting or importing. 34 bestead] assist.

670 4 Rabshakeh] the title seems to mean chief of the captains. An officer with this title was sent by Sennacherib to demand the surrender of Jerusalem. 4–5 that brave] that challenge. 7 neighing of . . . steed] the anecdote is found in Herodotus, iii.84–88. 39 Barnabas . . . St. Paul] for 'Barnabas' substitute 'Mercury'; for 'St. Paul' substitute 'Jupiter.' The error was corrected in the second edition. See *Acts,* 14 12.

671 27 breathe him] make him breathe more rapidly, as though from exercise.

672 15 to awaken hospitality] a com-

mon complaint was that old-time English hospitality among the gentry was dying out. 32 the two-edged sword] see *Hebrews*, 4.12, and compare Milton's 'two-handed engine,' *Lycidas*, l. 130 33 font] baptismal font. 40 chance-medley] legal term for accidental wounding or killing, not completely blameless, but without criminal intent.

673 5 like mummy] either the dry flesh of a mummy or the liquor exuding from that flesh under heat. The ancients believed it to possess magical curative powers 20 the great mortality] the bubonic plague, or 'Black Death' of 1349. 20 cheek-teeth] molars or grinding teeth. 27 *crepitus ingenii*] the crackling of a dazzling genius. 28 that they begin not with Heraclitus] i e, those who, like Democritus, spend all their time laughing at the weaknesses of mankind are likely to begin the next life in the mood of Heraclitus, who is supposed habitually to have wept at the failings of humanity. 37 anchorites] here referring generally to those of solitary, secluded habits.

674 14–16 One braved . . . before me."] presumably an anecdote of Fuller's own contriving or from an Elizabethan jestbook. 21 Mandeville] beginning of chap. 22 in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville* (*c* 1350).

675 22 Spa] one of the oldest of European watering places, in Belgium.

676 33 the Common sense] the inward sense whose function is to analyze the impressions received from the five outward senses Cf. Burton, page 700. 35 *libera custodia, verum et bonum*] free bondage, truth and goodness.

677 13 *Bene monent . . . iniquum*] 'Those are excellent advisers, who forbid you to do anything, concerning the propriety or impropriety of which you have some doubts.'

678 15 estridge] ostrich.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649), Scottish poet, correspondent and friend of Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson, received his M.A. from the University of Edinburgh and later studied law at Bourges and Paris. When he succeeded to the family estates on his father's death in 1610, he settled down to a retired life as laird of Hawthornden, devoting himself to mechanical invention, and to literature. His reputation as a writer of English prose rests upon his almost poetic meditation upon death, *A Cypress Grove*, first published under that title in a volume of his poems, *Flowres of Sion*, issued in 1623. An earlier version of the essay had been published in a small volume entitled *A Midnight's Trance*, entered in the Stationers' Register on October 31, 1618, and issued in 1619. Drummond's talent for the skilful interweaving of ideas and passages borrowed from other writers is illustrated in the first version entitled *A Midnight's Trance*. Borrowings from Bacon, Donne, Charron, Montaigne, and others have been identified. In revising this version for publication in 1623 as *A Cypress Grove*, Drummond added and adapted other passages which he admired in the English writings of his predecessors and contemporaries: he turned into prose the first lines of Sidney's invocation to Sleep in Sonnet 39 of *Astrophel and Stella*; he incorporated several phrases from Hamlet's best-known soliloquy; he added further echoes from Donne's *First* and *Second Anniversary*; he borrowed many phrases from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*; he increased his debt to Montaigne. All these borrowings were of the sort fully sanctioned by the Renaissance critical doctrines of literary imitation, for Drummond made whatever he appropriated distinctly his own by fitting it neatly into an original work that was something more than a slavish copy of another's writing. Furthermore, in his revision, Drummond was consistently seeking an appropriate elevation of style; to that end he multiplied the frequency with which he employed the rhetorical devices of metaphor and simile, of illustrative example, and of other types of amplification. At the same time he cultivated the rhetorical schemes for producing harmonious patterns of sound:

balance, alliteration, rhythmic cadences abound in *A Cypress Grove*. For the edition of 1630 Drummond again carefully revised his work. This time very little new matter was introduced; the many minor changes were chiefly for the improvement of style: substituting a more euphonious word for the one he had first chosen; changing phraseology for more harmonious balance and rhythm; occasionally adding a more striking image or illustrative example.

Our text follows that of Drummond's final revision in the edition of 1630.

MODERN EDITIONS: **The Poetical Works of William Drummond* (ed. by L. E. Kastner), Scottish Text Society, 2 vols, Edinburgh and London, 1913; *A Cypress Grove* (ed. by S. Clegg), London, 1919.

COMMENT: The editions listed above, and the introduction by R. Ellrodt to the reprint of *A Midnight's Trance*, Luttrell Society, Oxford, 1951; R. C. Wallerstein, 'The Style of Drummond of Hawthornden in its Relation to his Translations,' *PMLA*, xlviii (1933), 1090–1107.

TEXT. *Flowres of Sion*, 1630 (7250), Folger.

680 37 fanes] temples

681 23 twinneth forth] puts asunder 37 elemental brethren] the spheres of the four elements. earth, water, air, and fire 40–41 mother of months . . . moisture] the moon

682 11 frame] the structure of the universe 25 planet of time] Saturn.

683 14 mistereth] lacks. 30] about 20 pages are omitted. 33 diamantine] adamantine

684 23 the late ( )] Prince Henry is the name intended to be substituted in the parentheses Henry Prince of Wales died in 1612; Drummond, apparently wrote the first draft of *A Cypress Grove* shortly thereafter; *A Midnight's Trance*, the earlier version, was composed before 1615. 41 peiser] weigher.

687 41 sublunary] transitory; the region below the moon was, in the cosmology of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, the realm of the spheres of the four elements, and hence subject to constant change and decay.

688 9 privation to a habit] the terms are used in the technical sense in which they were employed in Aristotelian logic; *habitus*, or innate, and unchanging quality, was one of the Aristotelian categories Some terms were defined as the deprivation of a particular 'habit,' as evil was customarily defined as the 'privation of good' 33 spagyric] alchemist.

ROBERT BURTON

ROBERT BURTON (1577–1640) lived one of the most outwardly uneventful lives on historical record, but among those whose lives are spent in books, few have travelled farther or seen more. Born in Leicestershire, he entered Brasenose College, Oxford, as a commoner in 1593, was elected a student of Christ Church in 1599, and admitted B.A. in 1602. He lived the rest of his life at Christ Church, never travelling except, as he tells us, 'in Map or Card.' In 1614 he received his bachelor of divinity degree and in 1616 became vicar of St. Thomas's in Oxford. No one knows why it took Burton so long to get through the university, though some scholars have suggested—on slender evidence—that his studies were frequently interrupted by attacks of the malady he was afterwards so learnedly to discuss. From Frances, Dowager Countess of Exeter, he received a benefice in Lincolnshire in 1624, which he held until 1631; and about 1633–34 his patron, Lord Berkeley, gave him the living of Seagrave in his native county of Leicestershire.

Like Izaak Walton, Burton was a dabbler in poetry and contributed a number of Latin verses to contemporary academic anthologies. His Latin comedy, *Philosophaster*, an exposure of charlatanism, was written in 1606, but not printed until 1862. He lies in Christ Church Cathedral, beneath a portrait bust erected in his memory by his brother.

Objective biographical details are superfluous, however. Burton is fully to

be found in the one work for which he is famous, *The Anatomy of Melancholy: What It Is. With All the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Prognostics, and Several Cures of It. In Three Main Partitions with Their Several Sections, Members, and Sub-sections, Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically, Opened and Cut up. By Democritus Junior.* First published at Oxford in 1621, it won wide popularity and was revised and enlarged by the author in five subsequent editions, the last published posthumously. To all literatures, all ages, and all peoples Burton went for information concerning his ailment, and he discovered 'that all the world is melancholy, or mad, dotes, and every member of it.' His work is divided into three main parts: the first considers the causes and symptoms of melancholy; the second its cure; the third analyzes two of the classic types of the illness, love melancholy and religious melancholy. Though he is an acute and clinical observer of men 'as they are,' Burton's final authorities are not experience and observation, but the ancients—from whom, along with occasional moderns, he quotes with glacial lavishness. His analysis of the causes of melancholy is traditional, founded upon the standard Platonic and medieval division of the irrational soul into its irascible and concupiscible parts, which produce characteristic and destructive passions of the mind and body.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy*, it is often said, belongs to the literature of folly. Since Burton styles himself 'Democritus, Junior,' his kinship with Rabelais, to mention only one predecessor, has been frequently noted; and Burton himself has been most frequently read as a humorist. Such treatment fails to perceive the depth of compassion in him, the earnest desire to free men—by means of his treatise—from pessimism and despair brought on by the disease of melancholy. *The Anatomy* is fundamentally a unified, systematic study of that disease and that humour; its end is more therapeutic than it is dissective, though it does give, among other things, a voluminous cross-section of all the various conflicting astronomical theories and of all the works, scientific and otherwise, available to Burton's age. Finally, it is notable that Burton wrote freer, easier, more colloquial English than anyone of his time, despite his original wish to write in Latin, overruled by profit-hungry stationers who had little interest in a Latin treatise from an unknown.

MODERN EDITIONS. **The Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed A R. Shilleto), 3 vols, London, 1893; *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed. Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan-Smith), 'With the *Latin* completely given in translation,' 2 vols, New York, 1927 (1 vol., 1929); †*The Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed Holbrook Jackson), 3 vols., Everyman's Library, 1932.

COMMENT: F. Madan, Sir W Osler, *et al., OBS,* Vol i, part iii, 1925; Paul Jordan-Smith, *Bibliographia Burtoniana,* Stanford, 1931; Desmond MacCarthy, 'Robert Burton,' *English Critical Essays: Twentieth Century* (ed Phyllis M. Jones), World's Classics, 1933; Bergen Evans, *The Psychiatry of Robert Burton,* New York, 1944.

TEXT: *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* 1638 (4163), Harvard.

689 23 Democritus] Greek philosopher, born *c.* 460 B.C. 23 Laertius] Diogenes Laertius (*c.* 200–250 A.D.), author of 'Lives and opinions of eminent philosophers' from Thales to Epicurus. 26 *cooevus*] coeval, contemporary. 29 Diacosmus] a lost work on cosmology. 30 Columella] Roman author on agriculture (fl. A.D. 40). 31 Constantinus] Constantine Porphyrogenitus, reputed author of a work on agriculture actually compiled by Cassianus Bassus (6th or 7th cent.), but published during the reign of Constantine VII (10th cent.). 34 *omnifariàm doctus*] learned in everything. 37 *Nihil . . . scripsit*] There is nothing in all the contriving of nature of which he has not written.

690 9 *Antistat mihi . . . nec spero*] He outranks me by countless numbers; I am insignificant, a nobody, with both little ambition and small prospects. 12

mihi et musis] for myself and my meditations. 13 Xenocrates] second to follow Plato as head of the academy. 13 *ad senectam ferè*] practically to old age. 15 *augustissimo collegio*] the most distinguished college, i.e., Christ Church at Oxford, according to Burton. 16 Jovius] Paulus Jovius, Italian historian of the 16th cent. 16 *in eâ . . . didici*] for thirty-seven years I have made good use of my opportunities for study in the world-celebrated library of the Vatican. 23 *turbine raptus . . .*] carried away by a giddy disposition. 23 as he said] Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609), Italian physician, widely known and influential Renaissance scholar 25 *aliquis in omnibus . . .*] a somebody in general knowledge, a nobody in specialized knowledge. 27 Lipsius] Justus Lipsius (1547–1606), Flemish scholar and professor, author of the important neo-Stoic *De Constantia* (1584). 29 *centum puer artium*] one who can do anything. 31 Adrian Turnebus] Adrien Turnèbe, sixteenth-century French classical scholar. 35 Gesner] Konrad von Gesner, sixteenth-century German-Swiss biologist.

691 3 Damogetus] Hippocrates' *Epistle to Damagetus* is no longer considered genuine. 10 *atra bilis*] black bile. 36 Ælian] Claudius Aeliānus (fl. *c.* A D. 200), author of gossipy books about political and literary figures and of a work, *On the Characteristics of Animals.* 40 Valerius] Valerius Maximus, Roman compiler of collection of historical anecdotes for the use of orators.

692 2 Polycrates Samius] 'tyrant' of Samos in sixth century B.C. 12 *Invicem . . . voluptas*] by turns there is pleasure and pain. 14 *medio . . augat*] From the middle of the fountain of delight there arises some gall to spoil our pleasure. 18 Austin] St. Augustine (A D. 354–430). 19 *Inter . . . strangulat*] in the midst of our pleasure something harsh chokes us. 26 γλυκύπικρον] bitter-sweet. 40 as Paul adviseth] *2 Timothy, 2.3.*

693 21 *qua data porta ruunt*] wherever there is an opening, they rush out.

694 15 Melancthon] humanistic professor of Greek at University of Wittenberg, supporter of the Reformation. 20 Bauhinus, Plater, Vesalius, Falopius, Laurentius, Remelinus] sixteenth- and seventeenth-century anatomists and physicians. 22 that translation of Columbus] Matteo Realdo Colombo, sixteenth-century anatomist who partially anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. His Anatomy was the basis (1578) of Banister's *History of Man.* 23 *Microcosmographia*] an anatomical work by Helkiah Crooke, English physician, published in 1615. 24–25 Wecker, Fernelius, Fuschius] 16th-century physicians and botanists. 25 *de Anima*] concerning the soul. 33 Laurentius] according to Burton, the author of a treatise on melancholy; André Du Laurens, sixteenth-century French physician, author of several treatises; the English translation (1599) of his treatise on melancholy has been reprinted (1938). 42 Crato] Johann Crato von Kraftheim, sixteenth-century German physician

695 6 meseraic] veins in the intestinal wall 20 feculent] full of dregs. 37 syncope] sudden loss of strength.

696 11 Picus Mirandula] Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, Italian philosopher (1463–1494). 11 Tolet] Franciscus Tolet, sixteenth-century Spanish churchman and scholar, author of a treatise on Aristotle. 15 Picolomineus and Zabarel] sixteenth-century Italian and French theologians 17 Campanella . . . *de Sensu rerum*] Thomas Campanella, Italian utopian philosopher (1568–1639), author of *de Sensu rerum* [*The Meaning of Things*], (1620) and *City of the Sun* (1623). 28 Taurellus, Philip, Flavius] Nicholas Taurellus was a German physician, theologian, and philosopher, professor of medicine at Basel, who lived in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries Philip appears to have been an obscure author of a book on the nature of the human soul. Flavius Arrianus (Arrian), second-century Greek historian and philosopher, 'author' of the discourses of Epictetus, is the most famous of the three. 35 *altrix, auctrix, procreatrix*] sustainer, producer, creator.

698 31 Lullius] Raymond Lully (1235–1315), Spanish mystic philosopher and missionary. 39 *Visibile . . . sensum*] extreme brightness destroys the sight.

699 12 Macrobius, Lactantius] Macrobius was a well-known Roman grammarian of the fifth century. Lucius Caelius Lactantius Firmianus was an eloquent fourth-century Christian apologist, known as the 'Christian Cicero.' 13–14 Alhazen the Arabian . . . Aquilonius] another of Burton's lists of learned references, this time of mathematicians and writers on optics. 28 Boethius and other musicians] in addition to his *Consolation of Philosophy,* Boethius also wrote a treatise on music,

for centuries used at Oxford University. 35 A. Gellius] Aulus Gellius, second-century Roman grammarian, author of *Attic Nights*.

700 26 Fernelius] Jean Francois Fernel, sixteenth-century French physician. 38 Apuleius] second-century Roman author of the *Golden Ass*, containing, among other things, the most famous version of the Cupid-Psyche story. 40 *ratio brutorum*] reason of the brutes.

701 11 Artemidorus, Cardanus, and Sambucus] Artemidorus of Daldis was the author (2nd cent. A.D.) of a treatise on the interpretation of dreams. Jerome Cardan, mathematician and scientist, and Johannes Sambucus, humanist scholar published discussions of dreams in the sixteenth century.

702 34 *per consequens*] as a result. 37 *situs*] position.

703 12 Aristoxenus] student of Aristotle who contributed to the study of the theory of music. 15 Pomponatius of Padua] Pietro Pomponazzi, fifteenth-century Italian physician and philosopher, author of a work denying the immortality of the soul. 16 Plinius Avunculus] Pliny the Elder, or 'Uncle Pliny,' as Burton calls him elsewhere. 18 Aratus] third-century Greek poet. 19–20] (*Praeterea . . . mentem,*)] the mind is born with the body and in addition grows with it and dies with it. 22 Averroes] twelfth-century Arabian Aristotelian philosopher. 28 Cornelius Gallus] Roman amatory poet and politician, first century B.C. 34 *et è . . . annunciare*] announced many things from afar. 37 *Errant . . . umbrae*] Bloodless shades, without bone or body they wander. 42 Hierome] St. Jerome (340?–420), Latin Church Father.

704 6 Atticus] Roman scholar, bookseller, and friend of Cicero. 8–15 Niphus, Nic. Faventinus. . . . Marinus Marcennus] another of Burton's miscellaneous lists of learned authorities· scientists, theologians, poets, physicians, philosophers, etc , here all mustered in behalf of the immortality of the soul, a subject on which nearly all of them wrote or spoke

705 2 *Ens*] pure being 24 synteresis] *synderesis*, in the history of philosophy, especially Aquinas, the inborn tendency of the mind to think in moral terms According to Burton, the 'pure' part of conscience.

706 38–39] *Nec nos . . . Sufficimus*] our strength suffices neither to make a stand nor to resist.

707 30 *Trahit . . . suadet*] Against the will a new force takes over· desire urges one course, reason the other. 36 *Odi, nec . . . odi*] I hate it, yet I cannot help longing for that which I hate. 37–38 *quae . . . pejora*] from Seneca's *Hippolytus*. You speak the truth, yet my passion drives me to follow the worse course.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682), physician, philosopher, and antiquary, was born in London and took his B.A. (1627) and M.A. (1629) from Oxford. After practising medicine for a few years, he continued his studies abroad at Montpelier, Padua, and Leyden, from the last of which he took his M.D. in 1634(?). Returning to England, he lived for a while in Yorkshire, where, at the age of thirty, he wrote *Religio Medici* (1635). In 1637 he settled in Norwich, where he was to spend the rest of his life practising his profession and writing with equal industry. He married in 1641 and had twelve children. Though he sympathized with the Royalist cause, Browne seems to have lived aloof from, though not unaware of or indifferent to, the political and religious strife of his day. He conducted his experiments, pursued his meditations, and set down the results of both in works whose tranquility of tone contrasts sharply with the tense and heated atmosphere of Milton's prose, for example. The two major 'events' of Browne's life were a witches' trial at which he testified in 1664, and a visit of Charles II to Norwich in 1671, on which occasion Browne was knighted as the most distinguished citizen of the town.

In recent years Browne has been more actively studied for his prose style, but his principal significance is still for the history of ideas. Nominally a 'scientist' his attitude toward natural phenomena differs radically from that of

Bacon and of his own contemporaries in the Royal Society (which Browne never joined). From the point of view of method, he is a better scientist than Bacon, since he regularly tested his own prescriptions and hypotheses empirically, whereas Bacon did not. But in all other respects Bacon belongs to modern, Browne to medieval, times. The one sought to enlarge men's knowledge of nature in order to increase their power over nature; the other sought to increase his own knowledge of nature in order to enlarge his capacity to worship the visible expression of God. Briefly, Bacon's attitude is always materialistic; Browne's is always reverent.

Browne's first and most important book is *Religio Medici*, which first appeared surreptitiously in 1642; an authorized edition appeared in 1643. Though it is spiritual autobiography, it foreshadows the spirit of his later and more strictly scientific works. In it he seems to elevate reason as the final authority in human life: 'When the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, 'tis but my comment; where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason.' Yet Browne willingly subdues reason to faith when it comes to his own religion; nothing satisfies his spirit more than 'to believe a thing not only above but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.'

In 1646 came *Pseudodoxia Epidemica; or, Enquiries into Very many received Tenets, and commonly presumed Truths.* Commonly called *Vulgar Errors*, it was an ambitious attempt to rid the world of superstition. The first book, for example, is organized according to Bacon's account of the idols. Yet Browne was himself credulous, retaining his belief in alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and magic. *The Garden of Cyrus*, published in 1658, is a fanciful treatment of all the known examples of the quincunx or five-spot, in an effort to disclose a scientific explanation of the structure of the cosmos. The unearthing of burial urns in a field not far from Norwich led to the writing of *Hydriotaphia, Urn Burial*, in 1658, a series of solemn and eloquent reflections on burial customs and the futility of attempting to perpetuate fame in monuments or urns. Browne's last works, including *A Letter to a Friend* and *Christian Morals*, were not published until after his death.

In the selections from *Religio Medici* the original punctuation and spelling of the 1643 edition have been retained. The spelling and punctuation in later editions (e.g., 1672, 1678), followed by most modern editors, are actually farther removed from modern practice than that of the 1643 edition. In the selection from *Hydriotaphia* the editor has modified punctuation to accord more closely with modern practice.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Works* (ed by Charles Sayle), 3 vols., Edinburgh, 1904–7; **Works* (ed. by Geoffrey Keynes), 6 vols., London, 1928–31; **Religio Medici* (ed. by W. A. Greenhill), London, 1881; in †Golden Treasury Series, London, 1946; *Religio Medici* (ed. by W. Murison), Cambridge, 1922; **Hydriotaphia* (ed. by W. A Greenhill), London, 1896 and 1922; †*Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, etc.* (ed. by C. H. Herford), Everyman's Library, London, 1906.

COMMENT. O. Leroy, *Le Chevalier Thomas Browne, Médecin, Styliste, et Métaphysicien*, Paris, 1931; W. P. Dunn, *Sir Thomas Browne: A Study in Religious Philosophy*, Menasha, Wisconsin, 1926; revised ed., Minneapolis, 1950; A. C. Howell, 'Sir Thomas Browne and Seventeenth Century Scientific Thought,' *SP*, xxii (1925), 61–80; A. C. Howell, 'Sir Thomas Browne as Wit and Humorist,' *SP*, xlii (1945), 564–77; N. R Tempest, 'Rhythm in the Prose of Sir Thomas Browne,' *RES*, iii (1927), 308–18; G. K. Chalmers, 'Sir Thomas Browne, True Scientist,' *Osiris*, ii (1936), 28–79; J. M. Cline, 'Hydriotaphia,' in *Five Studies in Literature, Univ. Calif. Publ.*, viii (1940), 73–100; E. S. Merton, *Science and Imagination in*

Sir Thomas Browne, New York, 1949; J. S. Finch, *Sir Thomas Brown: A Doctor's Life of Science and Faith*, New York, 1950.

TEXT: *Religio Medici*, 1643 (Wing B-5169), Harvard; *Hydriotaphia*, 1658 (Wing B-5154), Harvard.

708 24 press] the pressure of upsetting current events.

709 10 dissentaneous] opposed, in a state of dissent. 21 Tropical] figurative, metaphorical.

710 13 wherein I dislike . . . name] the name of 'Protestant,' probably, since it connotes enmity, if not violence, instead of serenity of faith. 29 improperations] taunting language.

711 4 morosity] moroseness. 13 *Ave Marie* bell] bell at six and twelve calling to prayer in honor of the Virgin Mary. 29 mediocrity] moderation. 42 as points indifferent] points not essential or indispensable to salvation

712 4 Council of *Trent*] the Council of the Catholic Church which condemned the Reformation (1545–63). 4 Synod of *Dort*] Protestant meeting at Dort at which many Anglican doctrines were discussed (1619) 12 State of *Venice*] reference to the dispute in 1606 between Pope Paul V and the republic of Venice. 18 Antichrist . . . *Babylon*] terms from the Book of Revelation frequently applied to Rome.

713 2 *Oedipus*] who guessed the riddle of the Sphynx. 15 *Arethusa*] river supposed to flow under the ocean from Greece to Sicily. 22 *Plato's* year] a cycle of thousands of years at the end of which Plato supposed all things would return to their first condition. 23 *Timons*] cynics. 37 *Origen*] father of the Greek church (A.D. *c.* 182–*c.* 251) who attempted to work out a comprehensive Christian theology.

716 4 *Bezo las Manos*] literally Spanish for 'I kiss your hands'; in other words, a gracious salutation. 12 a miscarriage in the letter] *i.e.*, a miscarriage by means of the letter. 13 88.] 1588.

717 3 *sortilegies*] misspelled *sortilège*, sorcery, magic. 36 supputation] estimation, reckoning. 38 *Homer's* chain] *Iliad*, viii.19.

718 13 Reason] probably should read Faith. 23 naturality] natural occurrence. 24 Archidoxis] the works of Paracelsus. 26 that image . . . Sympathy] see *Numbers*, 21.9. 30 *Elias* . . . Water] *1 Kings*, 18. 34–35 Asphaltic and . . . *Gomorrah*] *Genesis*, 19.24. 36 *Josephus*] Jewish historian (A.D. 37?–100), author of *Jewish Antiquities*, a history of the Jews to A.D. 66.

719 5 never any] i.e., any atheist. 7 as the other] the other argument, which sees *reason* as distinguishing man from the beast. 14 Atheists] for a rigorous Trinitarian a Unitarian would be almost the same as an atheist. 18 three Impostors] Pope Gregory IX accused the Emperor Frederick II of holding that the world had been deceived by three impostors: Jesus Christ, Moses, and Mahomet. 29 gravelled] perplexed. 34 Quere's] questions, queries. 37 *Garagantua* or *Bevis*] the giant in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel* or the hero of a medieval English romance.

720 28 *Pantagruel's* Library] Pantagruel's fictitious library. 29 *Tartaretus De modo Cacandi*] Tartaretus was a philosophic author of the 15th–16th centuries, but the title of the work is imaginary.

721 15 salved] saved; explained. 33 flat affirmative of Plato] especially in the *Phaedo*. 40 *Antimetathesis*] inversion of the parts of an antithesis 40 *Creando . . creatur*] by creation it is fused; by fusing it is created

722 12 Crasis] the combination of elements or humors in the body.

723 32–33 Which . . . man] *1 Cor*, 2.9. 34 translated out of himself] *2 Cor*, 12 2. 35 Saint *John's* description] *Rev*, 21 19–21.

724 5 Saint *Paul*, whether . . . body] *2 Cor*, 12 2–4. 11–12 committed a gross absurdity] *Exodus*, 33.18 15 the Parable] *Luke*, 16 19. 30 those flames . . . Scriptures] *Rev.*, 21 8. 39–40 I would . . . powder] *Exodus*, 32.20.

725 22 in *posse* to] within the power of 38 Anaxagoras] Greek philosopher (500?–428 B C). 39 *Magdalen*] *St. Luke*, 8 2. 40 his own *ubi*] his own situation, circumstances; literally, his own 'whereness'

727 3–4 *Ruat . . . tua*] though the heavens fall, thy will be done. 26 galliardize] excessive merriment.

728 29 example of the Mite] *Luke*, 21.1–4. 41 *He that . . . Lord*] *Prov.*, 19 17.

729 38 Crambe] tiresome repetition.

730 25 diuturnity] day by day through all eternity. 27 *Sic ego . . . velim*] 'So I should wish verse composed for my bones.' 30 conservatories] preservatives. 41 Archimedes] Greek mathematician (287?–212 B.C.).

731 10 Alcmena's nights] one night as long as three (Browne's note), when

Alcmena lay with Jupiter disguised as Amphytrion to conceive Hercules. 16 what name Achilles . . . women] Achilles was hidden, disguised as a girl, by his mother at the court of Lycomedes in order that he might not participate in the Trojan War. 18 Ossuaries] depositories for bones of the dead. 31 Atropos] the third of the Fates, the one who cuts the thread of life. 39 Prophecy of Elias] Elijah's prophecy that the world would last six thousand years. 39 Charles the fifth] even if Hector had died twice the length of Methuselah's life before Charles.

732 2 Janus] Roman divinity who opens the door of the year and therefore looks both to the past and future. 13 mortal right-lined-circle] the figure of death, *θ*, the first letter of the Greek word for death. 17 Grave-stones . . . years] since the old ones are taken and other bodies placed under them. 19 Gruter] Gruter's collection of ancient inscriptions. 26 Cardan] fifteenth-century mathematician. 28 nominations] names. 29 *Entelechia*] Aristotle: the mode of being of anything whose essence (potentiality) is completely realized. 31–32 The Canaanitish . . . Herodias with one] the first gave water to Christ; the second asked for the head of John the Baptist. 35 Herostratus . . . Diana] the event is supposed to have occurred the day on which Alexander the Great was born.

733 5 the first story] before the flood. 10 Lucina] goddess of childbirth.

734 20 scape] accidental mistake. 37 decretory term] decreed term.

735 5 Alaricus] Alaric, conqueror of Rome, king of the Visigoths (376–410). 11 poetical taunt . . .] *Isaiah*, 14. 33 moles] tombs. 35 ——*Tabesne . . . refert.*——] It does not matter whether wasting of the flesh or funeral pyre dissolve the corpse.

JOHN MILTON

John Milton (1608–1674) was born on Bread Street, Cheapside, the son of John Milton, prosperous scrivener, private banker, and a musician and composer of note. Few men have been so fortunate in their fathers. John Milton, Sr., though disinherited by his own parents for renouncing Catholicism, perceived no incompatibility between his professed Puritanism and the arts; and he championed his son's literary aspirations. He 'destined me from a child,' Milton tells us, 'to the pursuits of literature; and my appetite for knowledge was so voracious that, from twelve years of age, I hardly ever left my studies or went to bed before midnight.' After an elementary schooling at St. Paul's, Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625. His purpose was to prepare for a professorship or the church, but he soon became disenchanted with both, his independent mind and conscience resisting the yoke or orthodoxy, whether pedagogical or religious.

In 1632 he took his M.A. and retired to the village of Horton, near London, where his father, now retired, had purchased a home. Few parents would feel joyful or justified in continuing to support the literary ambitions of a son who at twenty-four had little to show for his efforts beyond a handful of English and Latin verses, and, probably, the companion poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1631?). Milton's father had no misgivings, however; he may not fully have understood, but he trusted the strength and integrity of his son's silent purpose. It must have been during this period that Milton accomplished most of the enormous reading that was to make him the most learned of English poets, for his life was never again to give him adequate leisure for books. His father's faith was rewarded, also; for the Horton period witnessed the production of two of his masterpieces, the masque *Comus* (1637), and the greatest of English pastoral elegies, *Lycidas* (1637).

In 1637 Milton's mother died, but his father was unwilling that his son should forego an earlier proposed foreign tour, and in April of the following year Milton departed for Italy. While in Naples he heard of increasing civil

discord in England, and he canceled a projected trip to Greece in order to return to the aid of his Puritan and parliamentary countrymen in their struggle for liberty against church and king (though one must admit he returned by a leisurely route). Very early in life he had dedicated himself to the writing of a heroic poem which would be of permanent meaning to his own and subsequent generations, but he set aside his great ambition at the summons of what he regarded as a higher duty. The interruption lasted twenty years, and during that time Milton produced no less than seventeen prose tracts in defense of religious, civil, and domestic liberty.

Milton's polemical career opens with five anti-episcopal pamphlets, written in 1641–42, the most notable of which are *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England* (published anonymously), *The Reason of Church Government*, and *An Apology for Smectymnuus*, the latter two especially significant for the autobiographical sections they contain. In 1642 Milton married Mary Powell, daughter of a royalist gentleman who was already in debt to John Milton, Sr. Within a month she left him for her family, refusing to return (though they later were reconciled and had three daughters), and a year later Milton published the first of his four (1643–45) pamphlets on divorce, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. Though he realized that his own marriage had been a grievous error, his arguments in the divorce tracts are much more than 'sour grapes.' In the name of his own conception of marriage, founded on an ideal of mental and spiritual compatibility, Milton protests against the base ideal of marriage which current divorce laws reflected in their justification of divorce only on the grounds of adultery.

Milton quickly sensed that the Presbyterians, with whom he had at first allied himself, wanted to use their new parliamentary majority only to impose their own uniformity upon the realm; and when they tried to smother opposition by re-enforcing the old censorship laws, he wrote his *Areopagitica* (1644). Its very publication defied the licensing act, and it remains at once the greatest of Milton's prose works and the noblest defense of a free press and freedom of conscience in the language. In the same year he published his letter, *Of Education*, a brief but concentrated summary of the ideals and methods of liberal and humanistic education.

Of the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates appeared in 1649. It was actually written during King Charles' trial, before the execution, and it advanced the time-honored democratic thesis that sovereignty is delegated by the people and may be recalled when it is abused. In the same year Cromwell appointed Milton Latin Secretary for the Council of State, and for eleven years his energies were divided between governmental correspondence and further pamphleteering. By 1652 his labors had brought on total blindness. The most important tracts of this period are the *Second Defense of the English People* (1654), for its autobiographical matter, and *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* (1660), courageously published on the eve of the restoration of monarchy that everyone in England expected.

Though he lost some property, Milton miraculously escaped serious persecution by the new government, in part through the good offices of the poet Andrew Marvell. He had married his second wife in 1656—Katherine Woodcock, and his sonnet written after her untimely death two years later, 'Methought I saw my late espoused Saint,' is one of the tenderest utterances in all literature. In 1663 he married for the third time, and his last years were spent in composing and dictating his three major poems, *Paradise Lost* (1667),

Paradise Regained and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). His youthful wife Elizabeth survived his death in 1674 by fifty-three years.

In punctuating our text we have retained Milton's apostrophe only when its presence is necessary to indicate the way in which Milton intended a word should be pronounced; at other times we have modernized punctuation and spelling.

MODERN EDITIONS: **The Works of John Milton* (ed. by Frank A. Patterson and others), 20 vols, Columbia, 1931; †*Milton: Prose Selections* (ed. Merritt Y. Hughes), New York, 1947; *The Student's Milton* (ed. by Frank A. Patterson), New York, rev. ed., 1933

COMMENT: J. H Hanford, *A Milton Handbook*, 4th ed., New York, 1946; William Haller, *The Rise of Puritanism*, New York, 1938; A. S P. Woodhouse, *Puritanism and Liberty*, London, 1938; W. R. Parker, *Milton's Contemporary Reputation*, Ohio State University Press, 1940; D. M. Wolfe, *Milton in the Puritan Revolution*, New York, 1941; Arthur Barker, *Milton and the Puritan Dilemma*, Toronto, 1942, Z. S. Fink, *The Classical Republicans*, Evanston, 1945; Douglas Bush, 'Milton,' in *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century*, Oxford History of English Literature, Oxford, 1945.

TEXT: *Areopagitica*, 1644 (Wing M-2092), Huntington.

736 11 states] men of high estate, statesmen. 24 gratulation] satisfaction. 34 a Roman recovery] whereas Rome was unable to liberate herself from papal tyranny, England has already successfully rebelled against both King and bishops 40 obligement] obligation.

737 8–9 him who went . . . encomium] probably Bishop Hall, who employed objectionable flattery in *A Modest Confutation* (1642). 17 one of your published orders] the recently revived censorship law, or Ordinance for Printing. 19 equal] fair, impartial. 22 triennial parliament] Parliament had provided in an act of 1641 that it should be summoned at least once every three years. 23 cabin counselors that usurped] the king's cabinet or council chamber. Between 1614 and 1621 and between 1629 and 1640 Parliament had not been summoned once while Charles I and his advisers ruled the realm alone. 36 I could name him] Isocrates, whose *Areopagiticus*, urging the restoration of the court of the Areopagus to its original function, was promulgated in 355 B.C. 42 Dion Prusaeus] Chrysostomos, Greek rhetorician and philosopher (*c.* 50–117 A.D.), expelled from Rome for his views on freedom and virtue, later a popular lecturer on those subjects in Asia Minor and Greece.

738 21 copy] copyright. 23 painful] who take pains. 25 *quadragesimal*] pertaining to Lent. Traditional Anglican restrictions on diet during the Lenten period had been eased by the Puritans. *matrimonial*] reflects Milton's approval of Parliament's transfer of marriage registration and control to civil authorities.

739 2 armed men] Jason sowed the teeth of a dragon, which sprang up armed men who instantly went about slaying each other. (Ovid, *Met*, iii 95–126.) 16–17 fifth essence] in ancient and medieval philosophy the mysterious substance which made up the region above the sphere of the moon, though believed latent in human bodies. 27 Protagoras] Greek Sophist, accused in 411 B.C. of impiety 31 *Vetus Comoedia*] early Greek comedy as represented by Aristophanes, in contrast with the 'new comedy' of Menander. 33 as Cicero writes] in the treatise, *On the Nature of the Gods* 36 Epicurus] Greek philosopher (342–270 B.C) who taught the existence of the gods, but claimed their indifference to human affairs. 37 libertine school of Cyrene] founded in 370 B.C. by Aristippus; the Cyrenaics considered pleasure the chief good. Cynic impudence] the Cynics were another ethical school, founded by Antisthenes (*c.* 366 B.C.); they believed in virtue for virtue's sake. 41 Dionysius] the Elder, Syracusan tyrant from 405 to 367 B.C.

740 1 holy Chrysostom] church father (347–407 A.D.), bishop of Constantinople. 4 Lycurgus] Spartan lawgiver (9th century B.C.), represented by Plutarch as first collector of Homeric poems and first statesman to make music and poetry a required part of public education. 9 museless] ignorant of the Muses. 12 Archilochus] Spartan poet (early seventh century B.C.). 21 twelve tables] twelve bronze tables, on which were engraved the earliest Roman law about 450 B.C. 21 Pontific College . . . flamens] the flamens were priests who ranked beneath the *pontifices* and the augurs, whose responsibility was to con-

sult omens before battles and other important public events. The Pontific College itself consisted of the highest religious officers in republican Rome, who established all feast days, etc. 23 Carneades] founder of the New Academy at Athens and lecturer on justice in Rome (?213–129 B.C.). Critolaus] leader of the Peripatetic or Aristotelian School in Athens in the second century B.C. 23 stoic Diogenes] successor to Zeno as head of the Stoic School. Not to be confused with Diogenes the Cynic. 26 Cato the Censor] Marcus Portius Cato, the Elder (?234–139 B.C.), Censor in 184. 27 Scipio . . . and his old Sabine austerity] Scipio the Younger (?185–129 B.C.), capturer of Carthage; Laelius, in Cicero's *La Amicitia*, speaks of Scipio's admiration for Cato and the virtuous life he led on his Sabine farm 30 study of that] of Greek. 31 Nævius] Roman satiric playwright (died *c* 202 B.C.). Plautus] Roman dramatist (254–184 B.C.). 32 Menander and Philemon] rival Greek playwrights (3rd and 4th centuries, B.C.). 40–42 Lucretius . . . by Cicero] the tradition that Cicero at one time edited Lucretius is highly doubtful, especially in the light of Cicero's general position on Epicureanism. 41 Memmius] praetor in 58 B.C., to whom Cicero's *On the Nature of the Gods* was dedicated

741 2 Lucilius] usually recognized as originator of Roman school of satire (148–103 B.C.). 2 Catullus] Roman lyric poet (87–47? B.C.). 3 Flaccus] Horace, or Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65–8 B.C.). 4 Titus Livius] Roman historian (59 B.C.–17 A.D.). 4 that part which Pompey held] that party or faction supported by Pompey, Roman general and triumvir (106–48 B.C.). 5 Naso] Ovid, or Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C.–18 A.D.). 20 Porphyrius] Porphyry (233–305? A.D.), enemy of Christianity, whose book attacking the faith was publicly destroyed by command of the emperor Theodosius. 20 Proclus] another antagonist of Christianity (412–485 A.D.) and, like Porphyry, a disciple of the neoplatonist Plotinus. 27 Padre Paolo] Pietro Sarpi (1552–1623), Venetian monk and opponent of papal authority, author of a history of the Council of Trent. 28 Trentine Council] i.e. Council of Trent. 33 Martin the 5] Otto Colonna, Pope from 1417 to 1431. 35 Wyclif and Huss] John Wyclif was the great English reformer and contemporary of Chaucer (*c.*1324–1384); John Huss was a Bohemian reformer (1369–1415). 36 Leo the 10] Giovanni dei Medici, Pope from 1513 to 1521. 38 perfeted] perfected; Milton's spelling is the older form.

742 15 Davanzati] Florentine author (1529–1606), translator of Tacitus, and author of a history describing the period which culminated in the separation of the English Church from Rome under Henry VIII. 35 responsories] portions of the Psalms sung between readings from the missal during the mass. 35 antiphonies] hymns sung in responsive parts by two choirs. 37 Lambeth House] residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. 38 Paul's] St. Paul's Cathedral in London, center of Bishop of London's activities, which included licensing of books.

743 12 Juno] see Ovid, *Met.* ix. 285–319. 16 Radamanth] Rhadamanthus, legendary king of Crete, designated by Zeus to judge dead souls 22 minorites] Franciscans. 34 Lullius] writer on alchemy and Christian missionary and martyr who lived from 1234 to 1315. 34 sublimate] in alchemy, to transmute base into precious metals. 41 Moses, Daniel, and Paul] see *Acts*, 7.22, *Daniel* 1.17; *Acts*, 17.28.

744 3 a tragedian] Euripides. 6 Julian the Apostate] Roman emperor who attempted to restore paganism (331–363) 11 the two Apollinarii] Apollinaris of Alexandria and his son, Bishop of Alexandria. 12 seven liberal sciences] *i.e.*, the trivium: grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the quadrivium: arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. 15 Socrates] (5th cent. A.D.) 17 who devised it] i.e., when Julian died and Jovian succeeded him. 19 Decius] Roman emperor from 249 to 251. 20 Diocletian] Roman emperor (284–305), who, like Decius, persecuted the Christians. 21 St. Jerome in a Lenten dream] St. Jerome, father of the church (345–420) recounts in one of his epistles how he was tried by a court in heaven for having committed Cicero's works to memory. 29 Basil] Bishop of Cappadocia (370–79) who devoted his youth to the study of pagan literature and philosophy. 30 *Morgante*] *Morgante Maggiore* (1488), by Luigi Pulci (1431–1487), usually recognized as the first mock-heroic romance of the Renaissance. 33 Eusebius] (d. *c.* 340), author of a church history.

745 3 'Prove all things . . . good.'] *1 Thessalonians*, 5.21. 5 'To the pure . . ."] *Titus*, 1.15. 18 Mr. Sel-

den] John Selden (1584–1654), much admired by Milton. 32 omer] see *Exodus,* 16.16. 39 Solomon] *Eccl.,* 12.12.

746 2 converts] *Acts,* 19.19. 12 Psyche] the story may be found in Aupleius' *Golden Ass,* iv–vi.

747 2 nicely] delicately. 6 Talmudist] one who is intimate with the Jewish law not to be found in the Pentateuch. 7 Keri] what is read, as against Chetiv, what is written. 10 Clement] church father (?150–? A.D.) one of the first to assimilate Greek philosophy to Christianity. 11 Eusebian book] Eusebius also wrote a *Praeparatio Evangelica.* 13 Irenaeus, Epiphanius] 2nd and 4th century Christian writers against heresies. 20 criticisms] critical refinements. 22 Arezzo] Pietro Aretino (1492–1557). 24 vicar of hell] probably an allusion to a minor poet named Sir Francis Brian, who betrayed his own cousin, Anne Boleyn, to the king. 35 not to be understood . . .] *Acts,* 8.28–35 37 Sorbonists] students from the Sorbonne. 40 Arminius] Dutch opponent of extreme Calvinism (1560–1609).

748 9 cautelous] tricky. 23 Aristotle] See *Eth. Nic,* x.8 3. 24 Solomon, Our Saviour] *Prov.,* 17.24; *Matt,* 7 6. 33 want] do without 34 qualify] fix the quality of 39 prevented] anticipated or 'got ahead of'

749 23 Sophron] writer of dramatic sketches (*c* 460–420 B.C), admired by Plato. 34 fond] foolish. 39 Doric] rough, manly, as opposed to Lydian, delicate or feminine. 41 honest] honorable.

750 4 shrewd] mischievous, evil. 6 visitors] inspectors 6 lectures] addresses, popular sermons. 7 rebec] a two-stringed fiddle. 8 *Arcadias*] *Arcadia* was the title of Sir Philip Sidney's pastoral romance. 9 Montemayors] Jorge de Montemayor (1520?–1561), Portuguese author of a pastoral romance entitled *Diana Enamorada.* 10 hears ill] hears unfavorably spoken of. 36 pittance] ration 38 gramercy] thanks. 42 in the motions] in the puppet shows.

751 37 court-libel] the royal journal, *Mercurius Aulicus* or *Court Mercury,* published while King Charles headquartered at Oxford.

752 3 divulged] distributed publicly 9 expunctions] expungings, excisions by the censor. 34–35 journey-work] humdrum labor, work by the day. 41 sensible] sensitive.

753 18 pluralities] the holding of two or more benefices simultaneously by a clergyman. 36 ferular] schoolmaster's rod; ferula.

754 9 Palladian] the oil of the olive tree, sacred to Pallas Athene, and which, when burned by an author, might be expected to impart to him some of her wisdom. 12 puny] a child or legal minor. 39 stationer] a member of the Stationers' Company, official organization of London printers and publishers.

755 1 Bacon] from Bacon's *An Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England.* 11 Knox] John Knox, leader of the Scottish Presbyterians, fierce opponent of Mary, Queen of Scots. 17 season] perhaps Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634), whose *Institutes* were published after changes were made by Parliamentary authority, or John Knox, whose *History* was subjected to the same treatment in its 1644 edition. 19 iron molds] an iron-rust stain on cloth. 36 tickets] official warrants. 39 Philistines] see *1 Sam.,* 13. 20. 40 coulters] the coulter is the point of the plough.

756 15 pipe] a tube for taking medicine. 25 laic] of the laity. 33 *enchiridion*] a manual or hand-book. 33 St. Angelo] castle of St. Angelo in Rome; in Milton's time the papal prison.

757 3 Galileo] Galileo (1564–1642) was in prison when Milton visited Florence in 1638–39, but there is no reason to suppose that he was inaccessible to visitors. Milton honors him again in *Paradise Lost.* 17 Verres] corrupt praetor in 73–71 B.C.; prosecuted by Cicero in one of the latter's most brilliant cases. 30 silenced from preaching] the Presbyterian clergy and their Parliamentary supporters 40 mystical] here probably mysterious or strange.

758 2 covenants] reference to both the Scottish National Covenant (1638) and the Solemn League and Covenant between Parliament and the Scots (1643). 2 protestations] reference to Parliamentary protest against Charles (1641). 4 palace metropolitan] the power or property of an archbishop. 7 conventicle] a meeting of any of the outlawed religious sects. 16 fineness] subtlety. 17 baited down] i.e, like bears in the sport of bear-baiting. 27 remember] remind. 31 Viscount St. Albans] Sir Francis Bacon. Milton is quoting from the same work which he cites earlier. 37 complexion] temperament, character. 38 streaming fountain] *Psalms,* 85.11.

759 3 professors] those who profess religious (Protestant) faith. 4 Loretto] Italian Catholic shrine. 7 mysteries]

trades, occupations. 10 factor] agent. 17 dividual] separable, expendable. 21 malmsey] strong, sweet wine. 23 Bethany and Jerusalem] see *Mark*, 11.12–13. 28 publicans] tax-gatherers. 42 Hercules' pillars] Gibraltar and the promontory opposite it, which in antiquity represented the utmost limit of ordinary travel or ambition.

760 3 harmony] a treatise harmonizing otherwise divergent scriptural narratives, *e.g.*, the four gospels. 3 catena] a chain or compilation. 12 St. Thomas, etc.] the places indicated seem to refer to the bookselling district of the city of London. 16 impaled] protected. 32 Christ urged] *John*, 18 20. 38 disinured] diverted from ordinary practice.

761 10 *Alcoran*] Koran, Mohammedan sacred scripture. 16 mortal glass] mirror. See *1 Cor.*, 13 12. 22 Typhon] an allusion to the Christian allegorization of the myth of Plutarch's *Isis and Osiris*. Isis constantly gathers and organizes divine truth, but it is continually mangled and scattered by Typhon. 36 combust] close to the sun.

762 4 Zwinglius] Ulrich Zwingli, Swiss Protestant reformer (1484–1531). 10 *Syntagma*] systematic compilation or collection. 26 Julius Agricola] Roman governor of Britain (A.D. 37–93). 30 Hercynian wilderness] mountains and forests of southern and central Germany. 34–35 propending] inclining. 36 Sion] Mount Zion in Jerusalem, frequently used to represent Jerusalem itself. 40 Huss] John Huss (*c.* 1374–1415), Bohemian religious reformer. 40 Jerome] Jerome of Prague (d. 1416), supporter of Huss, burned at the stake.

763 1 demeaned] managed, conducted. 13 plates] armor of plate mail, armor-plating. 24 the fields are white already] see *John*, 4.35. 39 Pyrrhus] king of Epirus, Greece (318–272 B.C.).

764 17 as Joshua then was] see *Numbers*, 11.29. 23 maniples] companies of Roman soldiers.

765 25 engrossers] persons trying to monopolize or 'corner' a market.

766 6 cote and conduct] clothing and transportation of troops. Also an obsolete tax levied for those purposes 6 four nobles of Danegelt] the noble was a coin worth about 6s 8d; the Danegelt was originally an English tax used to buy off the Danish invaders of the Saxon kingdoms. 10–11 unequal] unjust, inequitable 17–18 Lord Brook] Robert Greville, second Lord Brooke (1608–1643), author of *A Discourse opening the Nature of that Episcopacie, which is exercised in England* (1641). 22 to His disciples] see *John*, 14.27.

767 3 *to seek . . . treasures*] see *Prov.*, 8 11. 19 Micaiah] see *1 Kings*, 22.23 24 *those ordinances . . .*] see *Col.*, 2 14. 26 boasts of], *e.g.*, in *Gal.*, 5.1 27 may do either to the Lord] a paraphrase of *Rom.*, 14 6. 39 wood and hay and stubble] *1 Cor.*, 3 12

768 2 tares] see *Matt.*, 13.24–30. 24 to see to] to look at. 38 appointed] bound.

769 1 in the old convocation house . . . Westminster] Laud's convocations were meeting at the chapter-house at Westminster, while the Assembly of Divines met in Henry VII's chapel 26 this parliament] the Long Parliament, which first met on November 3, 1640. 33 young John] see *Luke*, 9 50. 38 Dominican] the Dominicans were supposedly the first who preached the doctrine of the Inquisition, the first to urge censorship.

770 11 Star-Chamber] an inquisitorial court organized under Henry VII which sat in secret and without a jury. It was abolished in 1641. 31 elenches] fallacious refutations. 35 what hath been erred] what errors have been made. 36 advertisement] notification.

JEREMY TAYLOR

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667) was born in Cambridge, the son of an educated barber. After an elementary schooling at the new Perse School, he achieved a brilliant record at Gonville and Caius College as a scholar on the Perse foundation. Before the age of twenty-one he had taken orders, and in 1634–35 he received his M.A. His eloquent pulpit oratory as a substitute preacher at St. Paul's soon brought the attention of Archbishop Laud, under whose watchful guidance Taylor's ecclesiastical career presently began to prosper. He was first installed in Laud's own college of All Souls at Oxford, where, in 1636 he became a fellow. It was not long before Taylor was made one of Laud's own chaplains and soon after a chaplain to the king. From 1638 to 1642 he served

as rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire, though he did not sever connections with Oxford, where he had been appointed preacher to the University in 1638. He married in 1639.

Taylor's imposing list of publications begins with an anti-Romanist sermon (1638) preached at Oxford on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot and dedicated to Laud. On the eve of the Civil Wars (1642) he published, along with countless other bishops, his own defense of episcopacy. In the same year he was awarded the degree of D.D. from Oxford by royal command and left his parish of Uppingham. For a time Taylor served as Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King's household, but in 1645 he was captured and imprisoned by parliamentary forces. Upon his release he went to live with the Earl and Countess of Carbery at Golden Grove in Carmarthenshire. They supported and protected him for ten years and it was here that most of his best writing was done.

A convinced supporter of episcopacy, Taylor yet seems to have hoped for honest compromise and reconciliation among the dissenting groups in and out of the church, and in 1647 his plea for religious toleration, *The Liberty of Prophesying*, appeared. Arguing that all Christians are agreed on the fundamentals of faith as revealed in the Scriptures, and that nothing beyond the Apostles' Creed and a good life are necessary to salvation, Taylor concluded that intolerance and sectarian controversy are not only futile but unchristian. The book offended Laud, but it was not the only work which embarrassed its author. In *Unum Necessarium* (1655) he advanced, among other things, highly unorthodox views on the subject of original sin.

Taylor had more than one man's share of personal and emotional strain. Two of his three sons died in an epidemic; he experienced serious financial difficulties; he was imprisoned again in 1655; and he lost his beloved patroness Lady Carbery and his wife within the same year. In 1658 another noble patron, Lord Conway, secured Taylor a lectureship at Lisburn in Ireland. Along with *Ductor Dubitantium* in 1660 came *The Worthy Communicant* and Taylor's appointment to the see of Down and Connor, where his life was made miserable by constant opposition from the Presbyterian clergy under his jurisdiction. In 1667, at the age of 54, he died.

Like Milton, Taylor had felt it his duty to take part in the political and religious controversies of his day, but he did not keep up the fight as untiringly as his great contemporary. Apart from *The Liberty of Prophesying*, hardly any of his works are read today for their topical significance. *Ductor Dubitantium*, an enormous study of individual cases of human conscience and on which Taylor seems to have rested his hopes for permanent fame, shows him to have been a unique and transitional figure in the history of rational—and anti-rational—theology; yet few people know its title or that Taylor wrote it. His undying glory is as a devotional writer and his two great works are *Holy Living* (1650) and *Holy Dying* (1651). The former was dedicated to Taylor's patron, Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, and is, with Fuller's *Holy State*, the most popular example of what may be called the religious courtesy book. Treating all of the essentials of faith and a holy life, it leads naturally to its companion volume, which contemplates in magnificently cadenced prose the supreme fact of death. *Holy Dying* was written for Lady Carbery, and she, along with Taylor's wife, had just died, so that personal loss and sorrow add feeling to Taylor's meditation on human mortality.

Justice cannot be done to Taylor's prose style in a comment. It is its own justification, and Taylor is the prose-poet *par excellence* among English divines

—if not among English writers generally. Though he is a Christian preacher, his pages contain abundant classical allusion and quotation. His sensuous imagination, master of an incredible range of metaphor, instinctively harmonizes Christian zeal and classical embellishment; and it might be said, paradoxically, that Taylor, a writer of prose, fulfilled Sir Philip Sidney's defense and elevation of the poet, who 'doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it.'

MODERN EDITIONS: *The Whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D.* (ed. by Reginald Heber), 15 vols., London, 1822; (revised by C. P. Eden), 10 vols., London, 1847–54, *Holy Living and Dying,* Bohn's Standard Library, London, 1851; *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying,* 3 vols, Temple Classics, London, 1901; *Jeremy Taylor: A Selection from his Works* (ed by Martin Armstrong), London, 1922; *The Golden Grove: Selected Passages from the Sermons and Writings of Jeremy Taylor* (ed. by Logan Pearsall Smith), Oxford, 1930.

COMMENT: Reginald Heber, 'The Life,' in *The Whole Works;* Sir Edmund Gosse, *Jeremy Taylor,* English Men of Letters, New York, 1903; J. Tulloch, *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century,* 2 vols., London, 1872, revised 1874, Vol. i; Sir James F. Stephens, *Horae Sabbaticae: Reprint of Articles Contributed to the Saturday Review,* First Series, London, 1892; Edward Dowden, *Puritan and Anglican,* London, 1900; Marjorie Nicolson, 'New Material on Jeremy Taylor,' *PQ,* viii (1929), 321–34; W. K. Jordan, *Development of Religious Toleration in England,* 4 vols, Harvard, 1932–40, Vol. iv; C. J. Stranks, 'Jeremy Taylor,' *CQR,* cxxxi (1940), 31–62, T. G. Steffan, 'Jeremy Taylor's Criticism of Abstract Speculation,' *Univ. Texas Studies,* xxi (1940), 96–108; Robert Hoopes, 'Voluntarism in Jeremy Taylor and the Platonic Tradition,' *HLQ,* xiii (1950), 341–54.

TEXT: *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living,* 1650 (Wing T-371), Huntington; *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying,* 1651 (Wing T-361A), Huntington.

771 22 Our Blessed Saviour] *Matt.,* 12.36.

772 30 Idleness is called *the sin*] *Ezek.,* 16.49.

773 9 *A man is a bubble*] compare Sir Francis Bacon's poem beginning 'The world's a bubble.' 12 *à Iove pluvio*] from Jupiter Pluvius, the one who gives rain.

774 5 St. James] *James,* 4.14. 12 Cassiopeia's chair] the constellation represents Cassiopeia seated in a chair. 13 Pelops' shoulder] of ivory. 13 φαινόμενα] appearing. 17 *like the shadow that departeth*] *Psalms,* 109.22. 18 *as a dream when one awaketh*] *Psalms,* 73.19

775 37 Calentures] fevers.

777 18 *Eripitur persona, manet res*] the person is snatched away, the thing remains.

IZAAK WALTON

IZAAK WALTON (1593–1683) is remembered today almost exclusively for his piscatory treatise *The Complete Angler* (1653), but during his life he managed to cast lines into a number of major literary and ecclesiastical streams. Son of a Stafford tavern-keeper, he was apprenticed after an elementary schooling to his brother-in-law, a London draper, and eventually rented half a shop on his own in Fleet Street. There is no way of accounting for his early acquaintance with English divines except on the tempting supposition that he cut a good deal of cloth for clerics. Twice-married (1626 and 1647), Walton led an extraordinarily placid life, cherishing the simple delights of friends and fishing that his works quietly celebrate. Both of his wives were related to noted preachers, and Walton's ecclesiastical connections increased as a result. In addition, he counted a number of literary figures among his friends; notably Jonson, Drayton, and the poet Charles Cotton. During the Civil Wars and Commonwealth he seems to have given up his business, but with the Restoration he was made personal steward by his good friend George Morley, Bishop

of Worcester and later of Winchester. Walton's last years were spent with his clerical son-in-law in and around Winchester until his death at the age of ninety. His will, which provides for memorial rings and cheese for his sister-in-law Ken, is in many ways as homely and attractive as his literary writings.

Whatever his accuracy judged by modern standards, Walton stands first in the ranks of seventeenth-century English biographers. His first work was a completion of his friend Sir Henry Wotton's life of Donne, published with a collection of Donne's sermons in 1640. When *Reliquiae Wottonianae* appeared in 1651, it contained a commemoration by Walton of his old friend and hero. In 1653 the semi-autobiographical *The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation* was published. Douglas Bush has called it a 'prose hymn of contentment,' and its title alone is a clue to the aptness of that characterization. Walton's knowledge of angling may not always be reliable, but his love of Nature, of man, and of God is as warm and reliable as the continuing rural contentments that his work extols. A second revised and enlarged edition came out in 1655, and subsequent editions to our own time number over 265. In 1665 Walton resumed his biographical efforts at the request of Archbishop Sheldon, with a life of Richard Hooker, the first of his subjects so far whom he had not known personally. The life of George Herbert was published in 1670. Walton had seen the Anglican preacher and metaphysical poet only once in his life, but Herbert's mother was revered by John Donne above all other women of the age, and Walton had been Donne's parishioner. In the same year the four lives were gathered in a single volume. At the age of 85 Walton was persuaded to do a life of Robert Sanderson (1678; revised 1681), and upon his death in 1683 he left notes for a life of the Oxford and Eton latitudinarian John Hales, whom Walton had probably met through Wotton when the latter was provost of Eton College from 1624 to 1639.

Apart from a meager supply of printed biographical sketches, Walton's richest sources were his ecclesiastical friends, among them the poet Henry King, Thomas Morton, Archbishop Ussher, and of course Morley. He was the first among English biographers, however, to utilize the letters of the men whose lives he was writing. When Walton lacks information, he says so; and when he feels uncertain of his facts, he warns the reader. His passion for accuracy is marked by his emphasis upon dates, though his accuracy as to fact is frequently marred by the misinformation of friends. Even so, he cannot be charged with carelessness.

MODERN EDITIONS: *Lives* (ed. by Thomas Zouch), London, 1860; *Lives* (ed. A. H. Bullen), Bohn's Illustrated Library, 1884; *Lives* [Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert], (ed Henry Morley), Morley's Universal Library, London, 1888; *Lives* (ed. by Austin Dobson), Temple Classics, 1898; †*Lives* (in the original spelling, introduced by George Saintsbury), The World's Classics, London, 1927; *The Complete Angler* (ed. Edward Jesse), Bohn's Illustrated Library, London, 1884; *The Complete Angler* (introduced by James Russell Lowell), 2 vols., Boston, 1889; †*The Complete Angler* (ed. by Andrew Lang), London, 1896, and Everyman's Library, London, 1906; †*The Complete Angler* (ed. by John Buchan), London, 1901, and The World's Classics, London, 1935; *The Complete Angler* (ed. by Bliss Perry), Boston, 1928; **The Complete Angler and Lives* (ed. by A. W. Pollard), Macmillan's Library of English Classics, London, 1901; **The Compleat Walton* (ed. G. Keynes), London, 1929.

COMMENT: Thomas Zouch, *The Life of Isaak Walton*, London, 1826; R. B. Marston, *Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing*, London, 1894; J. S. Martin, *Izaak Walton and his Friends*, 2nd ed., London, 1904; D. A. Stauffer, *English Biography before 1700*, Harvard, 1930; John Butt, 'Izaak Walton's Methods in Biography,' *ESEA*, xix (1934), 67–84.

TEXT: *The Complcat Angler,* 1653 (Wing W-661), Huntington; *The Life of Mr. George Herbert,* 1670 (Wing W-669), Folger.

778 15 Pisc.] *Piscator,* fisherman, angler. 18 Viat.] *Viator,* wayfarer; becomes *Venator,* hunter, in later editions, which include the character of *Auceps,* falconer.

779 9 echo, whose . . . tree] an allusion to the nymph who wasted away in love for Narcissus until only her voice remained.

780 1–2 *Come shepherds . . . flouts me*] popular songs in Walton's time and earlier in the century. 11 *The Milkmaid's Song*] Marlowe's popular pastoral lyric, printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) and in *England's Helicon* (1600). 40 Milkmaid's wish] a reference to Overbury's Character of 'The fayre and happy Milkmaid.'

781 1 *The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer*] clearly a reply to Marlowe, generally attributed to Ralegh, printed in *England's Helicon,* and signed 'Ignoto.'

782 4 Dr. Neale] Richard Neale, afterwards Archbishop of York. 10 learned languages] Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. 13 King's Scholar] scholarship supported by the king. 32 Edward her eldest son] afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury, author of *History of Henry VIII* (1649), but noted chiefly for his philosophical work *De Veritate* (1624) and an autobiography which was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764

783 3 careful] solicitous. 12 gravity] dignity. 32 St. Chrysostom] archbishop of Constantinople, eventually deposed by Empress Eudoxia for denouncing the imperial court. 33 Olimpias] a deaconess who cared for Chrysostom with selfless solicitude in his late years, and to whom seventeen of the bishop's extant letters are addressed. 34 St Hierom . . . Paula] Paula, a high-born Roman lady, being moved by the preaching of St. Jerome (340–420 A D) made a pilgrimage to Palestine and settled in Bethlehem, where she died in 404 A.D. St. Jerome wrote an account of her journey.