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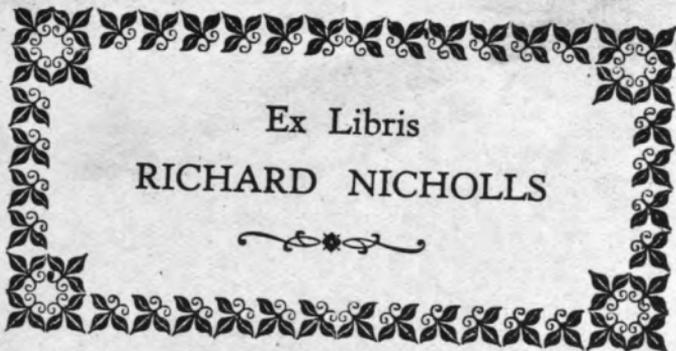
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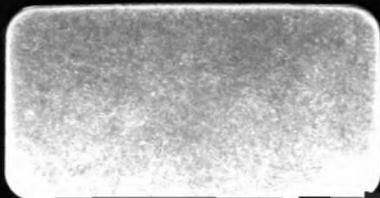
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# Castara

## William Habington



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# **English Reprints.**

**Vol. 3.**



# English Reprints.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,  
*Fellow of King's College, London; Hon. Member of the Virginia Historical Society;  
Examiner in English Language and Literature, Victoria University, Manchester;  
Professor of English Language and Literature,  
Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham.*

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

CASTARA. 1634-40.

ROGER ASCHAM.

THE SCHOLEMASTER. 1570.

BIRMINGHAM:  
1 MONTAGUE ROAD.

1870.

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# English Reprints.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

## *Castara.*

THE THIRD EDITION OF 1640; EDITED AND  
COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER ONES OF 1634, 1635.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

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1 MONTAGUE ROAD.

14 April, 1870.

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## INTRODUCTION.

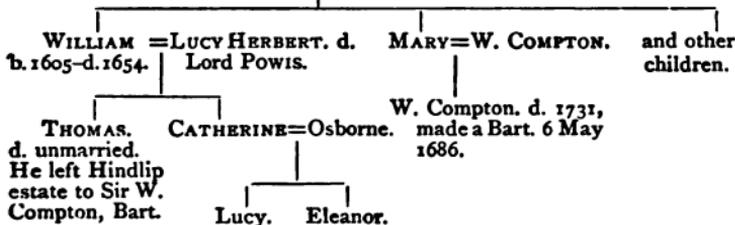


He old English family of **HABINGDON, ABINGDON, HABINGTON,** or **ABINGTON** traced their pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III., to **PHILIP DE HABINGTON**, of Abingdon, co. Cambridge: but that branch of the family from which our Poet sprang, descended from **RICHARD HABINGTON**, of Brokhampton, whose *third* son **JOHN** was coifferer to Queen Elizabeth. This **JOHN HABINGTON**, our Poet's grandfather, bought Hindlip Hall, an estate beautifully situated about four miles from Worcester. He married twice. By his second wife he had two sons, **THOMAS**; and **EDWARD**, who was executed for Babington's plot in 1586.

Anthony-a-Wood gives this account of **THOMAS HABINGTON**. He 'was born at Thorpe near to Chertsey in Surrey, on the 23 Aug. 1560, (at which time and before the manor thereof belonged to his father) and at about 16 years of age he became a commoner of Lincoln Coll. Where spending about three years in academical studies, was taken thence by his father and sent to the universities of Paris and Rheimes in France. After some time spent there in good letters, he return'd into England, and expressing and shewing himself an adherent to Mary qu. of Scots (who plotted with Anth. Babington against qu. Elizabeth) was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where continuing six years, he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning, then he had before in all his life. Afterwards he retired to Hendlip (the manor of which his father had settled upon him) took to wife Mary the eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley knight, lord Mouteagle; and at ripper years survey'd Worcestershire, made a collection of most of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences both private and public, monumental inscriptions and arms. . . . At length, after he had lived to the age of 87 years, surrendred up his pious soul to God at Hendlip near Worcester on the 8th October 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church there.' *Ath. Oxon. iii. 222. Ed. 1817.*

Hindlip Hall was full of lurking places. **T. NASH** in his *Hist. of Worc. 2. 585-7*, gives a transcript of *Ashmole's MSS. Vol. 804, fol. 93.* at Oxford: which is a most graphic description of a search, *for eleven nights and twelve days*, in Jan. 1605, through the house: wherein Garnett the Jesuit and others were discovered, who were afterwards executed.

2. **THOMAS HABINGTON** = **MARY PARKER**, d. of Lord **MORLEY**.  
 b. 1560—d. 1647. æt. 87. [Mary Habington is said to have written the letter revealing the Gunpowder Plot.]



3. Wood's account of our Poet is perhaps the most authentic. "**WILLIAM HABINGTON**, was born at Herdlip, on the fourth [So have I been instructed by letters from his son Tho. Habington esq.: dated 5 Jan. 1672.] (some say the fifth) day of November 1605, educated in **S. Omers** and **Paris**; in the first of which he was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits, but by excuses got free and left them. After his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. . . . This person, Will.

Habington, who did then run with the times, and was not unknown [what does Wood mean by this?] to Oliver the usurper, died on the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault before-mentioned by the bodies of his father and grand-father. The MSS. which he (and his father) left behind, are in the hands of his son Thomas, and might be made useful for the public, if in others."—*Ath. Oxon. iii. 223. Ed. 1817.*

4. The Habingtons were connected with the Talbots through the above RICHARD HABINGTON'S second son RICHARD HABINGTON, whose granddaughter ELEANOR BASKERVILLE married JOHN TALBOT of Longdon: and became the mother of (1) JOHN, Lord TALBOT 10th Earl of SHREWSBURY, who succeeded his bachelor uncle GEORGE TALBOT, the 9th Earl (lamented by our Poet at *p. 77*) on his death, 2d April 1630: (2) of GEORGE TALBOT, our author's bosom friend, who died young and unmarried: and of other children.

5. The second son of the Earl of PEMBROKE, SIR WILLIAM HERBERT, was created on 2d April 1629, 1st Baron POWIS. He had three children by ELEANOR, youngest daughter of HENRY PERCY, 10th Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, SIR PERCY HERBERT, CATHERINE HERBERT, and LUCY HERBERT. This Lucy Herbert is *Castara*.

6. A concurrence of allusions would seem to fix Habington's marriage with Lucy Herbert, between 1630 and 1633: later than which it cannot be: as the anniversary of his wedding day is celebrated in verse, at *p. 80*. Most of the poems relate to

'those of my blood  
And my *Castara's*.'

There is in their arrangement, a slight thread of continuity. We are to realize the young Englishman, of good family, possibly not unhandsome, wooing—with a culture and grace acquired in France—the young English beauty: possibly under some disadvantage, being neither possessed of high station nor large fortune; and the lady's father too having just been made a Peer. The wooing beginning in town, migrates to Marlow.

See, he from *Marlow* sends

His eyes to *Seymours*. *p. 41.*

The lovers meeting 'under the kind shade of this tree' is noticed. In sum, the details of a pure courtship leading up to a happy marriage.

In "*Wits Recreations*, Selected [by the bookseller Humphry Blunden] from the Finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. London, 1640:" is the following.

19. *To Mr William Habington on his Castara, a Poem.*

Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,  
'Tis strange at Court, and thou hadst power to woo  
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)  
The fair *Castara* for thy vertuous bride:  
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be,  
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

Again, the after incidents of life are alluded to, in the poems; *Castara* has a fever but she recovers, she mourns over the loss of friends, and the like: while, the brightness and fancifulness of this earlier poesy but reflect the happiness of the Poet's home.

7. There are also songs of Friendship. As where he reproaches his bosom friend Talbot for not having seen him for three days, at *p. 39*, or where he consoles him for the hard usage he has received from that jilt *Astrodora*, at *p. 82*: and most of all, in the eight passionate Elegies over his decease.

8. Occasionally there is a bit of lashing satire, as that against the cravings of Poets, at *p. 50*: or of dry humour, as in

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale  
Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale  
Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing  
A Penitential verse in oyle and Ling. *p. 64.*

9. Lastly: strangely intermingled are Requiems over the mortality of Man, the vanity and uncertainty of all things; leading almost to a disgust with life. Of this he thus gives the key-note in saying at *p. 114*, 'When the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place he is condemned to. . . . To live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life.' To this frame

of thought may be opposed the keen wise saying of a great contemporary: Selden.

"Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?"—*Table Talk*, p. 84. Ed. 1867.

Our wisdom is to recognise the representations of Habington, and to live in the spirit of Selden: thus 'using the world as not abusing it.'

William Habington's works were published in the following order:—

1634. *Castara*. First edition in 4to.  
 1635. *Castara*. Second edition in 12mo.  
 1639-40. *Castara*. Third edition in 12mo.  
 1640. "The Historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England. By Wm. Habington Esquire. London. Fol." 'Written and published as the desire of K. Charles I.: in which his father also 'had a considerable hand.'  
 1640. "*The Queene of Arragon*. A Tragi-Comedie. London. 1640." 'Which play he communicating to Philip earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the houshold to K. Charles I. he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards to be published against the author's will.' Wood: *idem*. It was revived at the Restoration; with a Prologue and Epilogue by S. BUTLER. *Remains*, i. 185. Ed. by Thyer, 1759. It is reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 333. Ed. 1825.  
 1641. *Observations upon Historie*. London. These historical notes are six in number, upon as many points in modern History: as the death of Richard I; the battle of Varma, 1444; the fall of Constantinople; the abdication of Charles V.; &c.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

With FIRST LINES, &c. of the three first editions, showing the growth of the work.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. "CASTARA, &c. LONDON, Printed by Anne Griffin for William Cooke, and are to bee sold at his shop near Furnivals Inne gate in Holburne. 1634. 4to."

Perfectly anonymous: all names being represented by initials. It consists of only two Parts, each having a separate title page; in which Parts are contained the following:

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.		PAGE
i. The Author. [A Prose Preface]	.	11
ii. G[EO]RGE] T[ALBOT]. Not in the silence of content, and store	.	14
iii. FIFTY-THREE Poems, by WILLIAM HABINGTON.		
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2. I saw <i>Castara</i> pray, and from the skie,	.	17
3. Yee blushing Virgins happie are	.	18
4. By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light	.	18
5. Where am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele	.	19
6. Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire	.	19
7. Doe not their prophane Orgies heare,	.	20
8. Sing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice	.	21
9. In vaine faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,	.	22
10. While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,	.	22

	PAGE
11. Why doth the stubborne iron prove . . . . .	23
12. Transfix me with that flaming dart . . . . .	24
13. Wing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare . . . . .	25
14. Learned shade of <i>Tycho Brache</i> , who to us, . . . . .	26
15. Ye glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone . . . . .	26
16. If she should dye, (as well suspect we may, . . . . .	27
17. You younger children of your father stay, . . . . .	27
18. Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise . . . . .	28
19. <i>strat.</i> Checke thy forward thoughts, and know . . . . .	28
20. Nimble boy in thy warme flight, . . . . .	29
21. <i>Cupids</i> dead, who would not dye, . . . . .	30
22. Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame, . . . . .	30
23. <i>Straphill.</i> Dost not thou <i>Castara</i> read . . . . .	31
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29. The lesser people of the ayre conspire . . . . .	34
30. Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous <i>Thames</i> , . . . . .	35
31. My Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing . . . . .	35
32. Thanks <i>Cupid</i> , but the Coach of <i>Venus</i> moves . . . . .	36
33. How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove, . . . . .	37
34. Faire Mistresse of the earth, with garlands crown'd, . . . . .	37
35. With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme, . . . . .	38
36. Tis I <i>Castara</i> , who when thou wert gone, . . . . .	38
37. Pronounce me guilty of a Blacker crime, . . . . .	39
38. Thrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the night, . . . . .	39
39. Scorn'd in thy watry Vrne <i>Narcissus</i> lye, . . . . .	40
40. Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde, . . . . .	40
41. Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands, . . . . .	41
42. Bright Dew which dost the field adorne . . . . .	41
43. Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree . . . . .	42
44. Dare not too farre <i>Castara</i> , for the shade . . . . .	43
45. Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath . . . . .	43
46. Night. Let silence close my troubled eyes, . . . . .	44
47. Your judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the Time, . . . . .	45
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*C A S T A R A.* THE SECOND PART.

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55. Did you not see, <i>Castara</i> , when the King. . . . .	59
56. Whose whispers soft as those which lovers breath . . . . .	60
57. Forsake me not so soone. <i>Castara</i> stay, . . . . .	61
58. Hence prophane grim man, nor dare . . . . .	61
59. Sleepe my <i>Castara</i> , silence doth invite . . . . .	62
60. She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death, . . . . .	62
61. May you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine . . . . .	63
62. <i>Castara</i> whisper in some dead mans care, . . . . .	64
63. Forsake with me the earth, my faire, . . . . .	64
64. <i>Castara</i> weepe not, though her tombe appeare . . . . .	65
65. What's death more than departure; the dead go . . . . .	67
66. <i>Castara</i> ! O you are too prodigall . . . . .	67
67. I heard a sigh, and something in my eare . . . . .	68
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69. Why should we build, <i>Castara</i> , in the aire . . . . .	69
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72.	Straphill. <i>Castara</i> you too fondly court . . . . .	71
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74.	Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost . . . . .	73
75.	The breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring, . . . . .	73
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81.	Bright Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse . . . . .	77
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83.	Thou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre . . . . .	80
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85.	The Laurell doth thy reverend temples wreath . . . . .	81
86.	'Bout th' husband Oke, the Vine . . . . .	82
87.	Let not thy grones force Eccho from her cave, . . . . .	82
88.	We saw and woo'd each others eyes . . . . .	83
89.	Here Virgin fix thy pillars, and command . . . . .	88

2. "CASTARA, &c. The Second Edition. Corrected and Augmented. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Will. Cooke, and are to bee sold at his shop neare *Furnivals-Inne* Gate in *Holburne*, 1635. 12mo."

In this second edition, the authorship is avowed by means of a new heading to G. Talbot's poem, at p. 14. It still consists of but two Parts, each with a separate title: but is augmented by three Characters in prose and twenty-six poems; all by Habington.

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.

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96.	Its false Arithmaticke to say thy breath . . . . .	88
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98.	When <i>Pelion</i> wondring saw, that raine which fell . . . . .	89
99.	O whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow . . . . .	90
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101.	Should the cold <i>Muscovit</i> , whose furre and stove . . . . .	91
102.	<i>Amphion</i> , O thou holy shade . . . . .	92
103.	You'd leave the silence in which safe we are . . . . .	92
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107.	I wonder when w'are dead, what men will say; . . . . .	97

v.	A CHARACTER. <i>A Friend</i> .	
vi.	EIGHT Elegies " <i>The Funerals of the Honourable, my best Friend and Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT, Esq.</i> " . . . . .	101
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111.	(4) My name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath . . . . .	104
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114.	(7) There is no peace in sinne. Æternall war . . . . .	108
115.	(8) Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all . . . . .	109

3. 1640. Third Edition in 12mo: with Titles, Characters, and Poems arranged in the order here reprinted. For titles, see pp. 9, 55, 111. There are no further additions to the first two parts: but there is added an entire Third Part.

## CASTARA. THIRD PART.

- i. A CHARACTER. *The Holy Man.* 112
- ii. TWENTY-TWO Poems, chiefly Sacred, with mottoes from the Vulgate. We have here given the equivalent passages in the Authorized version: inserting between [ ] the Douay version! where it more closely follows the Latin of the Vulgate.
116. *O Lord, open thou my lips.* Ps. li. 15. No monument of me remaine 115
117. *My harp also is turned to mourning.* Job xxx. 31. Love! I no orgies sing 116
118. *I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.* 1 Cor. i. 19. Forgive my envie to the World; while I 118
119. [*Declare unto me the fewnes of my days,* Douay]. *He shortened my days.* Ps. cii. 23. Tell me O great All knowing God 119
120. *Not unto us, O Lord.* Ps. cxv. 1. No marble statue, nor high 120
121. *The graves are ready for me.* Job xvii. 1. Welcome thou safe retreat! 121
122. *He fleeth also as a shadow.* Job xiv. 2. What shadow your faire body made 122
123. *Night unto night sheweth knowledge.* Ps. xix. 2. When I survey the bright 124
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126. *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.* Ps. cxlviii. 1. You Spirits! who have throwne away 127
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II. *With other Works.*

None.

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III. *Selections, &c.*

One or more of these Poems will be found in the Selections of Ellis, H. Headley, *The Lyre of Love*, E. Sandford's *British Poets*, &c. &c.

# CASTARA :

—*Carmina non prius  
Audita, Musarum facer-  
dos Virginibus.*—

The third Edition.  
Corrected and augmented



L O N D O N  
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Will.  
Cooke*: and are to be fold at his  
Shop neere *Fernivals-Inne Gate*  
in *Holburne*. 1640.



## The Author



He Presse hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered in many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from businesse, and my more serious study. For though Poetry may challenge if not priority, yet equality with the best Sciences, both for antiquity and worth ; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour,) <sup>1</sup>wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly employed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakned most by its dalliance, and when woman, (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it <sup>2</sup>adores that Idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares employment, then some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the Sacred name of Poets: To which as I beleeeve they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme, than a fame, begot in adultery of study ; I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is

<sup>1</sup> she wantons too much. 1635.

<sup>2</sup> she adores. 1635.

worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate, nor was my invention ever finifter from the strait way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmeft structures shall it selfe be ruined, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye in its survey, was satisfi'd, even to curiosity, yet did not my searck rest there. The Alabafter, Ivory, Porphir, Iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion; I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speak her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discourfing her perfections, Wisdome, I encounter'd there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her senses had beene contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtile witted of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which feated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieg'd Citty, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I shall be censur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet Rhetoricke. However such I fancied her, for to say shee is, or was such, were to play the

Merchant, and boast too much the value of a Jewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same Altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these Poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevail'd, and cleere judgements advis'd. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter customes even heavie to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chafe or field allowes, Poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspition of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Country upon ignorance, or in the City upon Criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of Art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty. If Satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they expresse my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

'To his best friend and Kinsman  
*William Habington, Esquire.*

**N**ot in the silence of content and store  
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more  
Then thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold  
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold  
It selfe a publike joy. Who her restraine,  
Make a close prisoner of a Sovereigne.  
Enlarge her then to triumph. While we see  
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,  
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show  
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,  
Yet stand a Virgin: How that full content  
By vertue is to soules united, lent,  
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are  
But empty titles, highest power but care,  
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,  
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde  
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state  
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.  
I Write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,  
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.  
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne  
To th' World, as to our selves, to be but one  
In blood as study: And my carefull love  
Did never action worth my name, approve  
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,  
But who should be best patterne of a friend.  
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire  
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,  
As reaches heaven it selfe. But I who know  
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow  
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can  
Stile thee more than good Poët, a good man.  
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,  
Th' hast built an Altar which enshrines thy praise:  
And to the faith of after time commends  
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

GEORGE TALBOT.

1 To his best friend and kinsman. On his CASTARA. 1634. 2 G. T. 1634

## A Mistris



*S* the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonneſſe poſſeſſeth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the ſweetneſſe of education, not by the ſlight of Art. She is young, for a woman paſt the delicacie of her ſpring, may well move by vertue to reſpect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of ſinne, for vice is too ſtrong to be wraſtled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modeſtie to that ſence; but in her vertue weares ſo much Majeſtie, luſt dares not rebell, nor though maſqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares reſtraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of ſervants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weakenefſe to deſire ſuperſtition from many. She is deafe to the whiſpers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the leaſt ſuſpition of ſcandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere converſation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but appoſit, and ſhe had rather ſuffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of

*Bold and Wanton.* In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expreffeth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arriv'd to so much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the Courtier use so much of his practis'd impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath writ it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggysh; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love; but she likes the harmony in the Composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she propofeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance; since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be prais'd, and yet vallues death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of Ladies condemne this character as an herefise broacht by a Precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free Poesie to speake her.

To CASTARA.

*A Sacrifice.*

**B**ET the chaste Phoenix from the flowry East,  
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,  
As incense to this Altar, where the name  
Of my *Castara's* grav'd by th' hand of fame.

Let purer Virgins, to redeeme the aire  
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,  
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,  
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.  
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire  
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,  
Bring hither their bright flâmes: which here shall shine  
As Tapers fixt about *Castara's* shrine.

While I the Priest, my untam'd heart, surprife,  
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

To CASTARA,

*Praying.*

**S**aw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,  
A winged legion of bright Angels flie  
To catch her vowes, for feare her Virgin prayer  
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.

To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,  
May seeme a fancie. But the Eagles sight  
Of Saints, and Poets, miracles oft view,  
Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.  
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine  
And purest beauty; let me thee enshrine  
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,  
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious Bayes.  
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,  
Best subject of my pen, Queene of my love.

*To Roses in the bosome of C A S T A R A.*



EE blushing Virgins happie are  
 In the chaste Nunn'ry of her breasts,  
 For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,  
 Who ere should call them *Cupids* nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,  
 How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?  
 In some close garden, Cowslips so  
 Are sweeter then ith' open field.

In those white Cloysters live secure  
 From the rude blasts of wanton breath,  
 Each houre more innocent and pure,  
 Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,  
 Your glorious sepulcher shall be.  
 There wants no marble for a tombe,  
 Whose breast hath marble beene to me.

*To C A S T A R A,*  
*A Vow.*



Y those chaste lamps which yeeld a filent light,  
 To the cold Vnes of Virgins; By that night,  
 Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare  
 The Vowes of recluse Nuns, and th' An'thrits  
 And by thy chaster selfe; My servent zeale [prayer;  
 Like mountaine yce, which the North winds congeale,  
 To purest Christall, feesles no wanton fire.  
 But as the humble Pilgrim, (whose desire  
 Blest in Christs cottage, view by Angels hands,  
 Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands  
 At the great miracle: So I at thee,  
 Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.

Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,  
 And even teach Religion how to love.

To CASTARA,  
Of his being in Love.

**W**Here am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele  
The stone of *Sisiphus*, *Ixions* wheele;  
And all those tortures, Poets (by their wine  
Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.

Not yet am I in hell; for still I stand,  
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land,  
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,  
Springs in my hope, and Winters in my feare.  
And sure I'me 'bove the earth: For th' highest star  
Shoots beames, but dim to what *Castara's* are,  
And in her sight and favour I even shine  
In a bright orbe beyond the Christalline.

If then *Castara* I in Heaven nor move,  
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

To my honoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

**N**ot still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire  
Sometime to th' Holy shade, where the chaste  
quire

Of Muses doth the stubborne Panther awe,  
And give the wildernesse of his nature law.  
The wind his chariot stops: Th' attentive rocke  
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,  
And gently melts away: *Argus* to heare  
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.  
To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious they  
Triumph to force these creatures disobey  
What nature hath enacted. But no charme  
The Muses have these monsters can disarme  
Of their innated rage: No spell can tame  
The North-winds fury, but *Castara's* name.  
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there  
Ith' barke of every *Daphne*, not appear  
*Castara* written; And so markt by me,  
How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree?

Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring  
 In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing  
 To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre  
 Through common channels; sings she not of her?  
 Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaine,  
 That growing but to emulate her veines,  
 It's azur'd like the skie: when she doth bow  
 T' invoke *Castara*, heav'n perfumes her vow.  
 The trees the water, and the flowers adore  
 The Deity of her sex, and through each pore  
 Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love  
 'To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,  
 As if all eares should heare her praise alone.  
 Now listen thou; *Endymion* sings his owne.

To CASTARA.

**D**Oe not their prophane Orgies heare,  
 Who but to wealth no altars reare,  
 The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

*Castara* rather seeke to dwell  
 Ith' silence of a private cell.  
 Rich discontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent  
 Of roome (though not magnificent)  
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,  
 That wealthy stocke of nature bring,  
 Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,  
 And barren Winter Harvest show,  
 While Lilies in his bosome grow,

No North-winde shall the corne infest,  
 But the soft spirit of the East,  
 Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

\* To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove. 1634, 1635.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,  
 In hope to purchase leave to sip  
 Sweete Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers shall adorne  
 Their active fides, and rouse the morne  
 With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,  
 Faire *Daphne* her faire selfe shall free,  
 From the chaste prison of a tree :

And with *Narcissus* (to thy face  
 Who humbly will ascribe all grace)  
 Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse  
 Of these as fictions : shall in us  
 Finde, they were more then fabulous.

T O C A S T A R A,  
*Softly singing to her selfe.*

**S**ing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice  
 Of reasons in thy beauty and the voyce,  
 To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)  
 Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine

To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares  
 May then receive the Musicke of the Spheares.  
 But yet take heede, lest if the Swans of Thames,  
 That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,  
 Oth' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,  
 Should listen, and in silence welcome death :  
 And raviht Nightingales, striving too high  
 To reach thee, in the emulation dye.

And thus there will be left no bird to sing  
 Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

*To a Wanton.*

**I**N vaine faire forcereffe, thy eyes speake charmes,  
 In vaine thou mak'ft loose circles with thy armes.  
 I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,  
 In whom *Castara* hath inspir'd her love.  
 As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,  
 Left it the whispers of soft Courtiers heare ;  
 Reade not his raptures, whose invention must  
 Write journey worke, both for his Patrons lust,  
 And his owne plush : let no admirer feast  
 His eye oth' naked banquet of thy brest.  
 If this faire president, nor yet my want  
 Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant  
 Thy forc'ries ; Pity shall to justice turne,  
 And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

*To the Honourable my much honoured  
 friend, R. B. Esquire.*

**W**Hile you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,  
 The zeale you heare your Mistresse to proclaim  
 To th' talking world: I in the silent'ft grove,  
 Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.  
 Thee, titles *Brud'nell*, riches thee adorne,  
 And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne  
 By th' tide of custome: Which I value more  
 Then what blind superstitious fooles adore,  
 Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone.  
 Greatnesse we borrow, Vertue is our owne.  
 In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere  
 Thou shalt prefix the houre ; may *Hymen* weare  
 His brightest robe ; where some fam'd Persian shall  
 Worke by the wonder of her needle all  
 The nuptiall joyes ; which (if we Poets be

True Prophets) bounteous heaven designs for thee.  
 I envie not, but glory in thy fate,  
 While in the narrow limits of my state  
 I bound my hopes. Which if *Castara* daigne  
 Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine  
 My earth, untild shall beare; my trees shall grone  
 Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one  
 And the same season, Nature forth shall bring  
 Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.  
 But digge, and thou shalt finde a purer Mine  
 The th' Indians boast: Taste of this generous Vine,  
 And her blood sweeter will than Nectar prove.  
 Such miracles wait on a noble love.  
 But should she scorne my suite, I'll tread that path  
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.  
 There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,  
 To figh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

To C A S T A R A,  
*Inquiring why I loved her.*



Hy doth the stubborne iron prove  
 So gentle to th' magnetique stone?  
 How know you that the orbs doe move;  
 With musicke too? since heard of none?  
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre  
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,  
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,  
 To make each gazers heart like thine:  
 Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie  
 When Poëts weepe some Virgins death,  
 That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,  
 Or perfumes vapour from her breath,  
 And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And there must once thy beauty lie. 1634, 1635.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're  
 So vaine as in that to delight :  
 Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,  
 Nor yet is object to the fight,  
 But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes : Since I know  
 They in their motion like the Sea :  
 Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow ;  
 And so in flattery betray,  
 That, raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove  
 Fuell enough t' enflame desire ;  
 But there was something from above,  
 Shot without reasons guide, this fire.  
 I know, yet know not, why I love.

*To C A S T A R A,*  
*Looking upon him.*



Ransfix me with that flaming dart  
 Ith' eye, or brest, or any part,  
 So thou, *Castara*, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright  
 Warme wound, ith' darknesse of his night,  
 Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,  
 Ith' whispering shadow of some grove,  
 That's consecrate to sportive Love.

*December* see the Primrose grow,  
 The Rivers in soft murmurs flow,  
 And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe  
 Those heates, of which youth did complaine,  
 While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,  
Which but to warme them would suffice,  
May burne me to a sacrifice.

<sup>1</sup>*To the right honourable the Countesse of Ar.*



Ing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare  
Chastevertues stamp) those Children of the yeere  
The dayes, haste nimbly; and while as they flie,  
Each of them with their predeceffors vie,  
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispence,  
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.  
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)  
See often the pale monarch of the night,  
*Diana*, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire  
Of vulgar starres, who lend their weaker fire  
To conquer the nights chilnesse, with their Qucene,  
In harmeless revels tread the happy greene.  
But I who am proscrib'd by tyrant love,  
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,  
Where nought except a solitary Spring,  
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing  
*Narcissus* obsequies: For onely there  
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare.  
*Castara*! oh my heart! How great a flame  
Did even shoot into me with her name?  
*Castara* hath betray'd me to a zeale  
Which thus distract's my hopes. Flints may conceale  
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart  
By Love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.  
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now  
Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.  
By Vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde  
In the interiour province of your minde  
Such government: That if great men obey  
Th' example of your order, they will sway  
Without reproofe. For onely you unite  
Honour with sweetenesse, vertue with delight.

<sup>1</sup> *To the right honourable my very good Lady,  
Anne Countesse of Ar. 1634, 1635.*

Vpon CASTARA'S frowne or smile.

**E**arned shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,  
The stars propheticke language didst impart,  
And even in life their mysteries discusse:  
*Castara* hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,  
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be.  
For if *Castara* smile; though winter hath  
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,  
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand.  
But should she frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd,  
In midst of Summer, leads his frozen band:  
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,  
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

In CASTARA,  
*All fortunes.*

**Y**E glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone,  
A nobler quarry to build trophies on, [fame,  
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time; Go court loud  
He wins it, who but sings *Castara's* name?  
Aspiring foules, who grow but in a Spring,  
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent King:  
Know if *Castara* smile: I dwell in it,  
And vie for glory with the Favorit.  
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share  
Vncertaine treasure with a certaine care.  
Tempt death in th' horrid Ocean: I, when ere  
I but approach her, find the Indies there.  
Heaven brightest Saint, kinde to my vowes made thee  
Of all ambition courts, th' Epitome.

*Vpon thought C A S T A R A may dye.*

**I**F she should dye, (as well suspect we may,  
A body so compact should ne're decay)  
Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire  
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.

You twins of *Læda* (as your parents are  
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular  
Now in your motion: for the marriner  
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.  
And when the zeale of after time<sup>1</sup> shall spie  
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie;  
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,  
Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.  
For he who did to her in life dispence  
A heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

*Time to the moments, on sight  
of C A S T A R A.*

**Y**Ou younger children of your father stay,  
Swift flying moments (which divide the day  
And with your number measure out the yeare  
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.

For since my cradle, I so bright a grace  
Ne're saw, as you see in *Castara's* face;  
Whom nature to revenge some youthfull crime  
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.  
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay  
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,  
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,  
I'le punish Nature for her injurie.

On nimble moments in your journey flie,  
*Castara* shall like me, grow old, and die.

<sup>1</sup> times. 1634.

*To a friend inquiring her name, whom  
he loved.*

**R**ond Love himselfe hopes to disguise  
From view, if he but covered lies,  
Ith' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,  
Or in a sigh, thou art so tride  
In all his arts, hee'le be discride.

I must confesse (Deare friend) my flame,  
Whose boasts *Castara* so doth tame,  
That not thy faith, shall know her name.

Twere prophanation of my zeale,  
If but abroad one whisper steale,  
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye  
Could by his subtlest ray descry,  
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,  
I'de force it from that obscure Mine,  
And then it like pure should shine.

*A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare.*

**Feare,** hecke thy forward thoughts, and know  
*Hymen* onely joynes their hands;  
Who with even paces goe,  
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

**Hope.** But *Castara's* purer fire,  
When it meetes a noble flame:  
Shuns the smoke of such desire,  
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same.

- Fear.** Yet obedience must prevaile,  
They who o're her actions sway :  
Would have her in th' Ocean saile,  
And contemne thy narrow sea.
- Hope.** Parents lawes must beare no weight  
When they happinesse prevent.  
And our sea is not so streight,  
But it roome hath for content.
- Fear.** Thousand hearts as victims stand,  
At the Altar of her eyes.  
And will partiall she command,  
Onely thine for sacrifice ?
- Hope.** Thousand victims must returne ;  
Shee the purest will designe :  
Choose *Castara* which shall burne,  
Choose the purest, that is, mine.

To C U P I D,

*Vpon a dimple in C A S T A R A'S cheeke.*

**N** Imble boy in thy warme flight,  
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight ?  
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,  
Thou wouldst figh thy selfe to ayre :

Fearing to create this one,  
Nature had her selfe undone.  
But if you when this you heare  
Fall downe murdered through your eare,  
Begge of *Love* that you may have  
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.  
Lilly, Rose, and Violet,  
Shall the perfum'd Hearse beset  
While a beauteous sheet of Lawne,  
O're the wanton corps is drawne :  
And all lovers use this breath ;  
" Here lies *Cupid* blest in death.

Vpon CVPID'S death and buriall in  
CASTARA'S cheek



*C*upid dead. Who would not dye,  
To be interr'd so neere her eye?  
Who would feare the sword, to have  
Such an Alabaſter grave?

O're which two bright tapers burne,  
To give light to the beauteous Vrne.

At the firſt *Caſtara* ſmil'd,  
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,  
Onely counterfeiting death.

But when ſhe perceiv'd his breath  
Quite expir'd : the mournfull Girle,

To entombe the boy in Pearle,  
Wept ſo long ; till pittious *Iove*,

From the aſhes of this Love,  
Made ten thouſand' *Cupids* riſe,

But confin'd them to her eyes :

Where they yet, to ſhew they lacke  
No due ſorrow, ſtill weare blacke.

But the blacks ſo glorious are  
Which they mourne in, that the faire

Quires of ſtarres, look pale and fret,  
Seeing themſelves out ſhin'd by jet.

To Fame.



*F*ly on thy ſwifteſt wing, ambitious Fame,  
And ſpeake to the cold North *Caſtara's* name:  
Which very breath will, like the Eaſt wind, bring  
The temp'rate warmth, and muſicke of the Spring.

Then from the Articke to th' Antarticke Pole,

Haste nimble and inſpire a gentler ſoule,

By naming her, ith' torrid South ; that he

May milde as *Zephirus* coole whiſpers be.

Nor let the Weſt where heaven already joynes,

The vaſteſt Empire, and the wealthieſt Mines :

Nor th' Eaſt in pleaſures wanton, her condemne,

For not diſtributing her gifts on them.

For she with want would have her bounty meete.  
Loves noble charity is so discretee.

*A Dialogue betweene Araphill and  
Castara.*

Araph.  Oft not thou *Castara* read  
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?  
Doth not every motion plead  
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?  
Sences act each others part.  
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart

Cast. I saw love, as lightning breake  
From thy eyes, and was content  
Oft to heare thy silence speake.  
Silent love is eloquent.  
So the sence of learning heares,  
The dumbe musicke of the Spheares.

Araph. Then there's mercy in your kinde,  
Lifting to an unfain'd love,  
Or strives he to tame the wind,  
Who would your compassion move?  
No y'are pittious, as y're faire.  
Heaven relents, o'ecome by prayer.

Cast. But loose man too prodigall  
Is in the expence of vowes;  
And thinks to him kingdomes fall  
When the heart of woman bowes:  
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;  
Who resists you, wins the field.

Araph. Triumph not to see me bleede,  
Let the Bore chafed<sup>1</sup> from his den,  
On the wounds of mankinde feede.  
Your soft sexe should pittie men.  
Malice well may practise Art,  
Love hath a transparent heart.

Cast. Yet is love all one deceit,  
A warme frost, a frozen fire.

<sup>1</sup> chased. 1634, 1635.

She within her selfe is great,  
 Who is slave to no desire.  
 Let youth act, and age advise,  
 And then love may finde his eyes.

**Araph.** *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,  
 When ambition joynes our hands.  
 A proud day, but mournfull night,  
 She sustaines, who marries lands.  
 Wealth slaves man, but for their Ore,  
 Th' Indians had beene free, though poore

**Cast.** And yet wealth the fuell is  
 Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,  
 And in honour there's a blisse.  
 Th' are immortall who aspire.  
 But truth sayes, no joyes are sweete,  
 But where hearts united meete.

**Araph.** Roses breath not such a sent,  
 To perfume the neighbr'ing groves ;  
 As when you affirme content,  
 In no spheare of glory moves.  
 Glory narrow foules combines :  
 Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

*To CASTARA,  
 Intending a journey into the Countrey.*

**W**hy haste you hence *Castara*? can the earth,  
 A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,  
 Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose  
 In emulation of thy cheeke, a Rose,  
 Sweete as thy blush? Upon thy selfe then set  
 Iust value, and scorne it, thy counterfet.  
 The Spring's still with thee; But perhaps the field,  
 Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld,  
 Her tribute to the Plough; O rather let  
 Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt  
 To th' hope of sweating industry, than we  
 Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee.  
 Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give  
 A life to all, who can deserve to live.

*Vpon CASTARA's departure.*

**T**Am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart  
 Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart  
 And leave me to my feares; let love in spite  
 Of absence, our divided soules unite.  
 But you must goe. The melancholy Doves  
 Draw *Venus* chariot hence. The sportive Loves  
 Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flye,  
 And like false friends forsake me when I dye.  
 For but a walking tombe, what can he be ;  
 Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee ?

*To CASTARA,**Vpon a trembling kisse at departure.*

**T**H' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows  
 Purple to th' Violet, blushes to the Rose;  
 Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.  
 Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,  
 Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare  
 So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare ?  
 Thinke you I parting with so fad a zeale,  
 Will act so blacke a mischief, as to steale  
 Thy Roses thence? And they, by this device,  
 Transplanted: somwhere else force Paradice?  
 Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip  
 Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,  
 Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,  
 T' have *Iudas* like betraid me with a kisse.

*To CASTARA,**Looking backe at her departing.*

**L**Ooke backe *Castara*. From thy eye  
 Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.  
 To live, is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,  
 But that thy selfe, as I expire,  
 Should bring both death and funerall fire ?

Distracted Love, shall grieve to see  
Such zeale in death : For feare lest he  
Himselfe, should be consumed in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,  
That in his teares he then may sleepe :  
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,  
And the loose flames in which they burne,  
Give up as offerings to my Vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine,  
By miracle so long refine ;  
Till they prove innocent as mine.

*Vpon CASTARA'S absence.*

**T**Is madnesse to give Physicke to the dead ;  
Then leave me friends : Yet haply you'd here read  
A lecture ; but I'le not dissected be,  
T' instruct your Art by my anatomic.

But still you trust your sense, sweare you discry  
No difference in me. All's deceit oth'eye,  
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,  
Like mine, which he doth to delude you, weare :  
Else heaven by miracle makes me survive  
My selfe, to keepe in me poore Love alive.  
But I am dead, yet let none question where  
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,  
Prophane the Pompe, when they my corps interre,  
My soule impardis'd, for 'tis with her.

*To CASTARA,*

*Complaining her absence in the Country.*

**T**He lesser people of the ayre conspire  
To keepe thee from me, *Philomel* with higher  
And sweeter notes, woos thee to weepe her rape.  
Which would appease the gods, and change her  
The early Larke, preferring 'fore soft rest [shape.

Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,  
 And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay ;  
 Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.  
 From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove  
 (As never having felt the warmth of love.)  
 In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,  
 Nor bidding the bright lustre of thy sight.  
 With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee  
 I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

To THAMES.

**S**WIFT in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,  
 Haft by the happy error of thy streames,  
 To kisse the banks of *Marlow*, which doth show  
 Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.

Then summon all thy Swans, that who did give  
 Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,  
 For my *Castara*. She can life restore,  
 Or quicken them who had no life before.  
 How should the Poplar else the Pine provoke ;  
 The stately Cedar challenge the rude Oke  
 To dance at sight of her? They have no sense  
 From nature given, but by her influence.

<sup>1</sup> If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures move,  
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang my love.

To the right honourable the Earle  
 of SHREWES.<sup>2</sup>

**M**Y Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing  
 Did to your Vncles Vrne, her off'rings bring :  
 And if to fame I may give faith, your eares  
 Delighted in the musicke of her teares.

That was her debt to vertue. And when e're  
 She her bright head among the clouds shall reare  
 And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,

<sup>1</sup> If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures stirre,  
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang of her. 1634, 1635.

<sup>2</sup> To the Right Honourable my very good Lord, Iohn Earle of S. 1634, 1635

Shee'le celebrate the Genius of your name.  
 Wilde with another rage, inspir'd by love,  
 She charms the Myrtles of the Idalian grove.  
 And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,  
 Those wanton Doves which *Cythercia* draw  
 Through th'am'rous ayre: Admire what power doth sway  
 The Ocean, and arrest them in their way.  
 She sings *Castara* then. O she more bright,  
 Than is the starry Senate of the night;  
 Who in their motion did like straglers erre,  
 Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,  
 Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sinne hath beene  
 Clad like a neigh'ring shepheard often seene  
 To hunt those Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there  
 To see a brighter face. Th' Astrologer  
 In th' interim dyed, whose proud Art could not show  
 Whence that Eclipse did on the sudden grow.  
 A wanton Satyre eager in the chase  
 Of some faire Nymph, beheld *Castara's* face,  
 And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,  
 Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified  
 With such a vertue; by heavens great commands  
 Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statute stands.  
 As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,  
 And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,  
 She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;  
 In the impiety 'twere not to love.

To C U P I D.

*Wishing a speedy passage to C A S T A R A.*



Hanks *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves  
 For me too slow, drawn but by lazie Doves.  
 I, left a journey my delay should finde,  
 Will leape into the chariot of the winde.  
 Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,  
 Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire  
 But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,  
 What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.

Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,  
 Who first accesse deny'd me, will obey,  
 With feare what love commands : Yet censure me  
 As guilty of the blackest forcery.

But after to my wishes milder prove :  
 When they know this the miracle of love.

To C A S T A R A.

*Of Love.*

**H**ow fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,  
 'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to love,  
 And ore th' obedient elements command.  
 Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand  
 Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe  
 Yee lovers who first made it ; which can frowne  
 Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame  
 In rage. *Castara* call thou<sup>1</sup> on his name,  
 And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,  
 Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

*To the Spring,*

*Vpon the uncertainty of C A S T A R A'S abode.*

**F**Aire Mistresse of<sup>a</sup> the earth, with garlands crown'd  
 Rise, by a lovers charme, from the parcht ground,  
 And shew thy flowry wealth : that she, where ere  
 Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties  
 Should she to the cold Northerne climates goe, [there.  
 Force thy affrighted Lillies there to grow ;  
 Thy Roses in those gelid fields t' appeare ;  
 She absent, I have all their Winter here.  
 Or if to the torrid Zone her way she bend,  
 Her the coole breathing of *Favonius* lend,  
 Thither command the birds to bring their quires.  
 That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.

Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should here  
 Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

<sup>1</sup> then. 1634.

<sup>2</sup> to. 1634, 1635.

To Reason,

Vpon CASTARA'S absence.

**W**ith your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme,  
 In some brest flegmaticke which would conformance  
 Her life to your cold lawes: In vain y' engage  
 Your selfe on me. I will obey my rage.  
 Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove  
 I'le finde, whereby the miracle of Love  
 I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,  
 By numbring every moment with a teare.  
 Where if *Castara* (to avoyd the beames  
 Oth'neighb'ring Sun) shall wandring meeete my streames.  
 And tasting, hope her thirst alaid shall be,  
 Shee'le feele a sudder flame, and burne like me:  
 And thus distracted cry. Tell me thou cleere,  
 But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

An<sup>1</sup> answer to CASTARA'S question.

**I**s I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone,  
 Did freeze into this melancholy stone,  
 To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where  
 Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?  
 The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,  
*Aurora's* early blush to entertaine,  
 And having too deepe tasted of these streames,  
 He loves, and amorously courts her beames.  
 The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,  
 Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale,  
 And murm'ring askt what power this change did move,  
 The language of my waters whispered, Love.  
 And thus transform'd Ile stand, till I shall see,  
 That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

To CASTARA.  
*Vpon the disguising his affection.*

**R**onounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,  
 Then e're in the large Volume writ by Time,  
 The sad Historian reades, if not my Art  
 Diffembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.

For when the zealous anger of my friend  
 Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend  
 To study vertue, which indeede I doe,  
 He must court vertue who aspires to you.  
 Or that some friend is dead and then a teare,  
 A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare  
 Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all  
 These sorrowes usher but its funerall.

<sup>1</sup>Which should revive, should there you a mourner be,  
 And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

*To the honourable my honoured kinsman.*  
 Mr. G. T.

**T**hrice hath the pale-fac'd Empreffe of the night,  
 Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,  
 To guide the vowing Mariner: since mute  
*Talbot* th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute

Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse  
 This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muse.  
 When thunder summons from eternall sleepe  
 Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads oth' frighted deepe,  
 A veile of darknesse; penitent to be  
 I may forget, yet still remember thee,  
 Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,  
 In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.  
 Nor thinke *Castara* (though the sexe be fraile,  
 And ever like uncertaine vessels faile  
 On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind  
 Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)  
 Can be induc't to alter: Every starre  
 May in its motion grow irregular;

<sup>1</sup> Which would revive, should you there mourner be. 1634, 1635.

The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame  
 To th' teeming earth, yet she remaine the same.  
 And in my armes (if Poets may divine)  
 I once that world of beauty shall intwine,  
 And on her lips print volumes of my love,  
 Without a froward checke, and sweetly move  
 Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw  
 Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw  
 With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,  
 To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

Eccho to Narciffus.

*In praise of CASTARA'S discreete Love.*

**S**corn'd in thy watry Vrne *Narciffus* lye,  
 Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye  
 T' increafe thy streames: or make me weepe a  
 showre,

To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.  
 But should relenting heaven restore thee sence,  
 To see such wifedome temper innocence,  
 In faire *Castara's* love; how she discreet,  
 Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,  
 At the same moment; thould't confesse fond boy,  
 Fooles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.  
 And wonder not that I, who have no choyce  
 Of speech, have praying her so free a voyce:  
 Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,  
 When to *Castara* I would speake my zeale.

To CASTARA,

*Being debarr'd her prefence.*

**B**anisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,  
 My unseene Messenger, to speake my minde,  
 In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse  
 Lest the unruly spirit should abuse  
 The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due  
 To her alone, to sing my loves to you.  
 Heare her then speake. Bright Lady, from whose eye

Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye  
 A martyr in your flames : O let your love  
 Be great and firme as his : Then nought shall move  
 Your setled faiths, that both may grow together :  
 Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.  
 Hark ! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends  
 His troubled thoughts ! See, he from *Marlow* sends  
 His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th' envious trees,  
 And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie fees  
 And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd  
 Close to you, and then weepes becaufe deceiv'd.  
 Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see  
 A glorious triumph waits o'th victorie  
 Your love will purchase, shewing us to prize  
 A true content. There onely Love hath eyes.

*To Seymors,  
 The house in which C A S T A R A lived.*

**B**Left Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands,  
 Which Nature built, but the exacter hands  
 Of Vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny  
 My prophane feete access, my vowes shall flye.  
 May those Musicians, which divide the ayre  
 With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,  
 For this glad place, and all their accents frame,  
 To teach the Eccho my *Castara's* name.  
 The beautious troopes of graces led by love  
 In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove  
 Where may the Spring dwell still. May every tree  
 Turne to a Laurell, and propheticke be.  
 Which shall in its first Oracle divine,  
 That courteous Fate decree *Castara* mine.

*To the Dew,  
 In hope to see C A S T A R A walking.*

**B**Right Dew which dost the field adorne  
 As th' earth to welcome in the morne,  
 Would hang a jewell on each corne.

Did not the pittious night, whose eares  
Have oft beene conscious of my feares  
Distill you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Castara* for your zeale,  
When she her beauties shall reveale,  
Might you to Dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere  
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,  
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,  
Put out thy light: the world shall spie,  
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid Pearle, hang heavie now  
On every graffe that it may bow  
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,  
And were I here, should question thee,  
Hee's full of whifpers, speak not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,  
Our happy enterview betray;  
Left thou confesse too, melt away.

### To C A S T A R A.



Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree  
*Castara*, and protect thy selfe and me [Kings,  
From the Sunnes rayes. Which shew the grace of  
A dangerous warmth with too much favour  
How happy in this shade the humble Vine [brings.  
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,  
And so growes fruitfull; teaching us her fate  
Doth beare more sweetes, though Cedars beare more state:  
Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre,  
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny showre,  
His coyneffe wept, while strugling yet alive:  
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,  
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull charmes,  
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

To CASTARA,

*Ventring to walke too farre in the neighbouring wood.*

**D**Are not too farre *Castara*, for the shade  
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd  
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers oth' wood,  
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.

If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,  
For like a ship where all the fortunes are  
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,  
If thou should'ft perish banquerout in thee.  
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall  
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall  
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are  
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.

Yet venter not; tis nobler farre to sway  
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

*Vpon CASTARA'S departure.*

**V**Owes are vaine. No suppliant breath  
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.  
Life with her is gone and I  
Learne but a new way to dye.

See the flowers condole, and all  
Wither in my funerall.  
The bright Lilly, as if day,  
Parted with her, fades away.  
Violets hang their heads, and lose  
All their beauty. That the Rose  
A sad part in sorrow beares,  
Witnesse all those dewy teares,  
Which as Pearle, or Dyamond like,  
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.  
All things mourne, but oh behold

How the wither'd Marigold  
 Clofeth up now ſhe is gone,  
 Iudging her the ſetting Sunne.

*A Dialogue betweene*  
**Night and Araphil.**

**Night.**  Et ſilence cloſe my troubled eyes,  
 Thy feare in *Lethe* ſleepe :  
 The ſtarres bright cent'nels of the ſkies,  
 Watch to ſecure thy ſleepe.

**Araph.** The Norths unruly ſpirit lay  
 In the diſorder'd Seas :  
 Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,  
 And give a lover eaſe.

**Night.** Yet why ſhould feare with her pale charmes,  
 Bewitch thee ſo to grieſe ?  
 Since it prevents n' inſuing harmes,  
 Nor yeelds the paſt reliefe.

**Araph.** And yet ſuch horror I ſuſtaine  
 As the ſad veſſell, when  
 Rough tempeſts have incenſt the Maine,  
 Her Harbor now in ken.

**Night.** No conqueſt weares a glorious wreath  
 Which dangers not obtaine :  
 Let tempeſts 'gainſt thee ſhipwracke breathe,  
 Thou ſhalt thy harbour gaine.

**Araph.** Truths *Delphos* doth not ſtill foretell,  
 Though *Sol* th' inſpirer be.  
 How then ſhould night as blind as hell,  
 Enſuing truths fore-ſee ?

**Night.** The Sunne yeelds man no conſtant flame.  
 One light thoſe Priests inſpires.  
 While I though blacke am ſtill the fame,  
 And have ten thouſand fires.

**Arch.** But those, sayes my propheticke feare,  
 As funerall torches burne;  
 While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,  
 T' attend me to my Vrne.

**Sight.** Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights  
 In *Hymens* Church shall shine,  
 When he by th' mystery of his rites,  
 Shall make *Castara* thine.

*To the Right Honourable, the Lady, E. P.*

 Our judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the  
 Time,  
 On th' humble fate : which censures it a crime,  
 To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know  
 Y'are not so various as to ebbe and flow  
 Ith' streame of fortune, whom each faithlesse winde  
 Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.  
 Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine  
 All those bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,  
 The tann'd slave dives ; or in one boundlesse chest  
 Imprison all the treasures of the West,  
 We still should want. Our better part's immence,  
 Not like th' inferiour, limited by fence.  
 Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift  
 Vs to a greatnesse, whether chance or thrift  
 E're rais'd her serstants. For though all were spent,  
 That can create an *Europe* in content.  
 Thus (Madam) when *Castara* lends an eare  
 Soft to my hope, I Loves Philosopher,  
 Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand  
 At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,  
 (Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine  
 I not ascribe the blood of *Charlemaine*  
 Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are  
 In that and th'other *Marmion*, *Rosse*, and *Parr*  
*Fitzhugh*, *Saint Quintin*, and the rest of them  
 That adde such lustre to great *Pembrokes* stem.

My love is envious. Would *Castara* were  
 The daughter of some mountaine cottager,  
 Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave  
 Her no more dowre, than what she did receive  
 From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead  
 To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth ; her head  
 Crown'd with her haire faire treasure ; diamonds in  
 Her brighter eyes ; soft Ermines in her skin ;  
 Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who vaunt,  
 That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,  
 Should fet themselves out glorious in her stealth,  
 And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

To CASTARA.

*Departing upon the approach of Night.*



What should we feare *Castara*? The coole aire,  
 That's false in love, and wanton in thy haire,  
 Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale  
 A Nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale  
 The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires  
 To our blest interview, and in our fires  
 Bath's like a Salamander, and doth sip,  
 Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.  
 Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye  
 Though breaking Natures law, will us supply  
 With his still flaming lampe : and to obey  
 Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.  
 But should he fet, what rebell night dares rise,  
 To be subdu'd ith' vict'ry of thy eyes?

*An Apparition.*



More welcome my *Castara*, then was light  
 I'o the disorder'd Chaos. O what bright  
 And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?  
 While the amazed stars to see so faire

And pure a beauty from the earth arise,  
 Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.  
 O let my zealous lip print on thy hand  
 The story of my love, which there shall stand  
 A bright inscription to be read by none,  
 But who as I love thee, and love but one.

Why vanish you away? Or is my sense  
 Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence  
 Of erring nature! And would heaven this had  
 Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

<sup>1</sup>*To the Honourable Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. E.*

**H**Ee who is good is happy. Let the loude  
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude  
 And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine  
 Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine  
 In welcomming th' approach of death; then vice  
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradiſe.  
 Time mocks our youth, and (while we number paſt  
 Delights, and raiſe our appetite to taſte  
 Enſuing) brings us to unflattered age.  
 Where we are left to fatiſſie the rage  
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all  
 Our friendſhips, ſhrinking from the funerall.  
 The thought of this begets that brave diſdaine  
 With which thou view'ſt the world and makes thoſe vaine  
 Treafures of fancy, ſerious fooles ſo court,  
 And ſweat to purchaſe, thy contempt or ſport.  
 What ſhould we covet here? Why interpoſe  
 A cloud twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature choſe  
 Mans foule th' Exchequer where ſhe'd hoord her wealth,  
 And lodge all her rich ſecrets; but by th' ſtealth  
 Of our owne vanity, w'are left ſo poore,  
 The creature meerely ſenſuall knowes more.  
 The learn'd *Halcyon* by her wifedome finds  
 A gentle ſeaſon, when the ſeaſ and winds

<sup>1</sup> *To the Honourable my moſt honoured friend, W<sup>m</sup>. E. Eſquire. 1635.*

Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth  
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,  
 Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,  
 That view the architecture of her nest.  
 Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe  
 Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow  
 By age to dotage : while the sensitive  
 Part of the World in it's first strength doth live.  
 Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe  
 Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine  
 And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,  
 By avarice in the possession poore.  
 And yet that Idoll wealth we all admit  
 Into the foules great temple. Busie wit  
 Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites  
 To show it's superstition, anxious nights  
 Are watcht to win its favour : while the beast  
 Content with Natures courtesie doth rest.  
 Let man then boast no more a foule, since he  
 Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee  
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard  
 Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd  
 Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,  
 Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.  
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade  
 Of humble quiet, my ambition payde  
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame  
 Doth raise me trophies in *Castara's* name.  
 No thought of glory swelling me above  
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.  
 Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres  
 To purchase unsafe honour in the warres  
 Or envied smiles at court ; for thy great race,  
 And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.  
 Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread  
 To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

To CASTARA,  
*The vanity of Avarice.*

**M**Arke? how the traytor wind doth court  
 The Saylor to the maine;  
 To make their avarice his sport?  
 A tempest checks the fond disdaine,  
 They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le fit my love upon the shore,  
 And while proud billowes rise  
 To warre against the skie, speake ore  
 Our Loves so sacred misteries.  
 And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame  
 Where ever statues are?  
 And purchase glory to my name  
 In the smooth court or rugged warre?  
 My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow  
 Vnmarkt i'th shaded vale,  
 Then on the hill those terrors know  
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,  
 There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine Philosopher  
 (While covetous Landlords rent,  
 And Courtiers dignity preferre)  
 Instructs us to a sweete content,  
 Greatnesse it selfe, doth in it selfe interre.

*Castara*, what is there above  
 The treasures we possesse?  
 We two are all and one, wee move  
 Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.  
 All blessings are Epitomiz'd in Love.

To my [most] honoured Friend and  
Kinsman, R. St., Esquire.

**T**H shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write  
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight  
So farre my fullen Genius, as to raise  
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes  
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let those wits,  
Who teach their Muse the art of Parasits  
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue  
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue  
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one  
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me best vnknowne:  
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate  
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;  
That I by want am neither vilified,  
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.  
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be  
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard Destinie,  
That makes some Poets raile?) Why are their times  
So stept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?  
As if no sin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more  
Then cause the world leaves some few writers poore?  
Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must  
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,  
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;  
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.  
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be  
So seriously devout to Poesie  
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome  
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.  
Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes  
Stand petrified ith' wall, with *Laurell* bowes  
Yet girt about; and nigh wife *Henries* herse,  
Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verse.  
So courteous is Death; Death Poets brings  
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings:  
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please  
His silly Patron with Hyperboles.

Or most myſterious non-fence, give his braine  
 But the ſtrapado in ſome wanton ſtraine ;  
 Hee'le ſweare the State lookes not on men of parts  
 And, if but mention'd, ſlight all other Arts.  
 Vaine oſtentation ! Let us ſet ſo juſt  
 A rate on knowledge, that the world may truſt  
 The Poets Sentence, and not ſtill aver  
 Each Art is to it ſelfe a flatterer.  
 I write to you Sir on this theame, becauſe  
 Your foule is cleare, and you obſerve the lawes,  
 Of Poefie ſo juſtly, that I chuſe  
 Yours onely the example to my muſe.  
 And till my browner haire be mixt with gray  
 Without a bluſh, Ile tread the ſportive way,  
 My Muſe direct ; A Poet youth may be,  
 But age doth dote without Phiſoſophie.

*To the World.*  
*The Perfection of Love.*

ou who are earth, and cannot riſe  
 Above your fence,  
 Boaſting the envyed wealth which lyes  
 Bright in your Miſtris lips or eyes,  
 Betray a pittyed eloquence.

That which doth joyne our ſoules, ſo light  
 And quicke doth move.

That like the Eagle in his flight,  
 It doth tranſcend all humane fight,  
 Loſt in the element of Love.

You Poets reach not this, who ſing  
 The praife of duſt  
 But kneaded, when by thett you bring  
 The roſe and Lilly from the Spring  
 T' adorne the wrinckled face of luſt.

When we ſpeake Love, nor art, nor wit  
 We gloſſe vpon :

Our ſoules engender, and beget  
*Idaas*, which you counterfeit  
 In your dull progagation.

While Time, seven ages shall disperse,  
 Wee'le talke of Love,  
 And when our tongues hold no commerce.  
 Our thoughts shall mutually converse.  
 And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind  
 Fit for offence :  
 Yet are we so by Love refin'd,  
 From impure drosse we are all mind.  
 Death could not more have conquer'd fence.  
 How suddently those flames expire  
 Which scorch our clay?  
*Prometheas*-like when we steale fire  
 From heaven 'tis endlesse and intire  
 It may know age, but not decay.

*To the Winter.*

**W**hy dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?  
 Why doe thy cheeks curl like the Ocean,  
 Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare  
 So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?

The Sunne is gone. But yet *Castara* staves,  
 And will adde stature to thy Pigmy dayes,  
 Warne moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring  
 Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.  
 Hence with thy palfie then, and on thy head  
 Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led  
 To th' holy Fane. Banish thy aged ruth,  
 That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.  
 And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde  
 A Spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

*Vpon a visit to CASTARA in the Night.*

**T**'was Night: when *Phæbe* guided by thy rayes,  
 Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her praise,  
 I humbly crept to my *Castara's* shrine.  
 But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine

A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,  
 As shewd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.  
 It was her eyes which like two Diamonds shin'd,  
 Brightest ith' dark. Like which could th' Indian find,  
 But one among his rocks, he would out vie  
 In brightnesse all the Diamonds of the Skie.  
 But when her lips did ope, the Phoenix nest  
 Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Love* once feast,  
 Hee'd loath his heavenly surfets: if we dare  
 Affirme, *Love* hath a heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA,  
*Of the chastity of his Love.*

**W**Hy would you blush *Castara*, when the name  
 Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,  
 Ith' shade of melancholly night doth stray,  
 A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.

Let's chafly love *Castara*, and not soyle  
 This Virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle  
 Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,  
 And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,  
 Like two starres in conjunction. But beware  
 Left th' Angels who of love compacted are,  
 Viewing how chafly burnes thy zealous fire,  
 Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.  
 Yet take thy flight: on earth for surely we  
 So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

*The Description of CASTARA.*

**L**ike the Violet which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade;  
 My *Castara* lives vnknowne,  
 To no looser eye betray'd.  
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,  
 Who delights ith' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts  
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,  
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant :  
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence eloquent.

Of her selfe survey she takes,  
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will  
 Her grave Parents wife commands.  
 And so innocent, that ill,  
 She nor acts, nor understands.

Womens feete runne still astray.  
 If once to ill they know the way.

She failes by that rocke, the Court,  
 Where oft honour splits her mast :  
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.

Vertue safely cannot fit,  
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,  
 Where sinne waits not on delight.  
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winters night.

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,  
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,  
 While wild passions captive lie.

And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven flie :

All her vowes religious be,  
 And her love she vowes to me.

*FINIS.*



# CASTARA

The Second part.

*Vatumque lascivos triumphos,  
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.*



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## A Wife.



*She the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, Man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncontemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. She is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be Mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her Ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to Riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes Charity, to be the*

*foule of goodnesse, and Vertue without reward often prone to bee her own destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, shee considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Country shee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. Shee is so temperate, she never read the modern pollicie of glorious surfeits; since she finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse then that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as Conjurers upon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleevs Paradise circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinkes no more frailtie, then makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that she may dye; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too<sup>1</sup> deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it Repentance.*

# The Second Part.

To CASTARA,

*Now possess'd of her in marriage.*

**H**is day is ours. The marriage Angell now  
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow,  
Yield a more precious breath, then that which  
moves

The whispring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.  
View how his temples shine, on which he weares  
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares  
Thou wepst a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,  
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.  
But now *Castara* smile, No envious night  
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'eclipse the light  
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine  
Permit our mutuall love<sup>1</sup> so to entwine,  
That Kings, to ballance true content, shall say ;  
Would they were great as we, we blest as they,

To CASTARA,

*Vpon the mutuall love of their Majesties.*

**I**d you not see, *Castara*, when the King  
Met his lov'd Queene ; what sweetnesse she  
did bring [flame  
T' incounter his brave heat ; how great a  
From their brests meeting, on the sudder came ?  
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,  
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,  
As heresies would from his faith remove  
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.  
The barb'rous nations which supply the earth  
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,

<sup>1</sup> loves. 1634.

Would by his precedent correct their life,  
Each wisely chuse, and chastely love a wife.

<sup>1</sup>Princes example is a law. Then we  
If Ioyall subjects, must true lovers be.

### To Zephirus.



Hose whispers soft as those which lovers breath  
*Castara* and my selfe I here bequeath  
To the calme wind. For heaven such joyes  
afford

To her and me, that there can be no third.  
And you kinde starres, be thriftier of your light :  
Her eyes supply your office with more bright  
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like  
The nimbler ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike  
Or hoish up saile ; Nor shall our vessell move  
By Card or Compasse, but a heavenly love.  
The courtesie of this more prosperous gale  
Shall swell our Canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile  
To some blest Port, where ship hath never lane  
At anchor, whose chaste soule no foot prophane  
Hath ever trod ; Where nature doth dispence  
Her infant wealth, a beautious innocence.  
Pompe (even a burthen to it selfe) nor Pride,  
(The Magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide  
On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're,  
BUILT for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.  
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence  
And feare expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.  
A silence there so melancholly sweet,  
That none but whispring Turtles ever meet.  
Thus Paradise did our first Parents woove,  
To harmelesse sweets, at first posselt by two.  
And o're this second, wee'le usurpe the throne ;  
*Castara*, wee'le obey and rule alone.  
For the rich vertue of this foyle I feare,  
Would be depraved, should but a third be there.

<sup>1</sup> Princes examples are a law. Then we. 1634.

To CASTARA  
in a Trance.

**F**Orfake me not so soone. *Castara* stay,  
And as I breake the prison of my clay,  
Ile fill the Canvas with m'expiring breath,  
And with thee faile o're the vast maine of  
Some Cherubin thus as we passe shall play. [death.  
Goe happy twins of love ; The courteous Sea  
Shall smoothe her wrinkled brow : the winds shal sleep,  
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.  
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,  
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.  
Th' indulgent skie shall smile : each starry quire  
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.  
While Love the Pilot, steeres his course so even,  
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

To DEATH.  
*CASTARA being sicke.*

**M**ence prophane grim man, nor dare  
To approach so neere my faire.  
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,  
Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,  
Where the living loath to be,  
Heaven hath design'd to thee.  
But it needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,  
Let thy fury feed on age.  
Wrinckled browes, and withered thighs,  
May supply thy sacrifice.  
Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,  
A flamed dart shot from her eye,  
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,  
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.  
If Love so mistooke his aime,

Gently welcome in the flame :  
 They who loath'd thee, when they see  
 Where thou harbor'ft, will love thee.  
 Onely I, fuch is my fate,  
 Muft thee as a rivall hate,  
 Court her gently, learne to prove,  
 Nimble in the thefts of love.  
 Gaze on th' errors of her haire :  
 Touch her lip; but oh beware,  
 Left too ravenous of thy bliffe,  
 Thou shouldft murder with a kiffe.

To CASTARA.

*Inviting her to fleepe.*

**S**leepe my *Castara*, filence doth invite  
 Thy eyes to clofe up day; though envious night  
 Grieves Fate should her the fight of them debarre,  
 For ſhe is exil'd, while they open are.  
 Reft in thy peace ſecure. With drowfie charmes,  
 Kinde ſleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes ;  
 And finding where Loves chiefeft treafure lies,  
 Is like a theefe ſtole under thy bright eyes.  
 Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt  
 Wrought by the Perſian hand, thy dreames from guilt  
 Exempted, heaven with ſweete refoſe doth crowne  
 Each vertue, fofter then the Swans ſam'd downe.  
 As exorcifts wild ſpirits mildly lay,  
 May ſleepe thy fever calmly chaſe away.

*Upon CASTARA'S recoverie.*

**S**He is reſtor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,  
 Thy mercie in permitting vitall breath  
 Backe to *Castara*, hath enlarg'd us all,  
 Whome grieſe had martyr'd in her funerall.  
 While others in the ocean of their teares,

Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares,  
 With exclamations: I without a grone,  
 Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:  
 There stood a statue, till the generall doome;  
 Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.  
 While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,  
 Each Lover might this Epitaph have read.  
 " Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above,  
 " This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love."

*To a Friend,*

*Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.*

**M**Ay you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine  
 Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam* divine;  
 If you make breach of promise. I have now  
 So rich a Sacke, that even your selfe will bow  
 T' adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should *Prynne*  
 Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne  
 A health to *Shakespeares* ghost, But you may bring  
 Some excuse forth, and answer me, the King  
 To day will give you audience, or that on  
 Affaires of state, you and some serious Don  
 Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'll fin  
 So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.

The least of these, will make me only thinke  
 Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke  
 Drunke even alone, and thus made wife create  
 As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state,  
 Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore  
 To *Holland*, all the herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour: and I know  
 Will sooner stones at *Sals'burg* casements throw,  
 Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits, all  
 The rich impropriations, then let pall  
 So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:  
 Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale,  
 Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale  
 Say grace in Latine ; while I faintly sing  
 A Penitential verse in oyle and Ling.  
 Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,  
 Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right !  
 This I am sure : My sacke will disingage  
 All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,  
 That *Hypocrene* shall henceforth Poets lacke,  
 Since more Enthusiasmes are in my sacke.  
 Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,  
 How good *Castara* is, how deare my friend.

To C A S T A R A.

*Where true happinesse abides.*



*Castara* whisper in some deads mans eare,  
 This subtill *quære*; and hee'le point out where,  
 By answers negatiue, true joyes abide.  
 Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide  
 Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have,  
 Vpon the trepidation of a wave.  
 Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,  
 Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,  
 To covetous man so fatall. Nor ith' grace  
 Love they to wanton of a brighter face,  
 For th'are above Times battery ; and the light  
 Of beauty, ages cloud will soone be night.  
 If among these Content, he thus doth prove,  
 Hath no abode ; where dwels it but in Love ?

To C A S T A R A.



Orfake with me the earth, my faire,  
 And travell nimbly through the aire,  
 Till we have reacht th' admiring skies ;  
 Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes  
 Which blind themselves, make creatures see.  
 And taking view of all, when we

Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare ;  
 Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.  
 Nor will we still each other view,  
 Wee'le gaze on lesser starres then you ;  
 See how by their weake influence they,  
 The strongest of mens actions sway.  
 In an inferiour orbe below,  
 Wee'le see *Calisto* loofely throw  
 Her haire abroad : as she did weare,  
 The self-same beauty in a Beare,  
 As when she a cold Virgin stood,  
 And yet inflam'd *Ioves* lustfull blood.  
 Then looke on *Lede*, whose faire beames  
 By their reflection guild those streames,  
 Where first unhappy she began  
 To play the wanton with a Swan.  
 If each of these loose beauties are  
 Transform'd to a more beauteous starre  
 By the adult'rous lust of *Iove* ;  
 Why should not we, by purer love ?

To CASTARA,  
*Vpon the death of a Lady.*


*Astara* weepe not, though her tombe appeare  
 Sometime thy grieſe to answer with a teare :  
 The marble will but wanton with thy woe.  
 Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow  
 To lose our selves in the infatiate Maine,  
 Whence Rivers may, she<sup>1</sup> ne're returne againe.  
 Nor grieve this Christall streame so soone did fall  
 Into the Ocean ; since she perfum'd all  
 The banks she past, so that each neighbour field  
 Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld.  
 Which now adorne her Hearſe. The violet there  
 On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,  
 Which heavens compassion gave her ; And since she  
 Cause cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,  
 As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,

<sup>1</sup> we. 1634.

And fading, on her Lady waits in death.  
 Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did  
 Great *Cleopatra*, when she dying chid  
 The Afps flow venome, trembling she should be  
 By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.  
 The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come then all  
 Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,  
 And with her, to increase deaths pompe, decay.  
 Since the supporting fabricke of your clay  
 Is falne, how can ye stand? How can the night  
 Shew stars, when Fate puts out the dayes great light?  
 But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,  
 She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.  
 Come you who speake your titles. Reade in this  
 Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is.  
 What's honour but a hatchment? what is here  
 Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names most deare  
 To vertue? but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,  
 An Eagle groaning o're an infant flaine?  
 Or what availes her, that she once was led,  
 A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,  
 Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive  
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive  
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be  
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.  
 Come all who glory in your wealth, and view  
 The embleme of your frailty. How untrue  
 (Though flattering like friends) your treasures are,  
 Her Fate hath taught<sup>1</sup>: who, when what ever rare  
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread  
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.  
 Come likewise my *Castara* and behold,  
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,  
 Bestow'd on her in death. She past away  
 So sweetely from the world, as if her clay  
 Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear  
 To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.  
 But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe.  
 Lest grieve disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

<sup>1</sup> Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever rare. 1634, 1635.

To C A S T A R A,  
*Being to take a journey.*

**W**Hat's death more than departure; the dead go  
 Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know  
 Those regions they heard mention of: 'Tis th' art  
 Of sorrowes, faves, who dye doe but depart.

Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven t'adorne  
 The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,  
 Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be  
 As naked, as it had no obsequie.

Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,  
 My sad *Castara*, you the sermon here  
 Which I preach o're my hearse: And dead, I tell  
 My owne lives story, ring but my owne knell.

But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath  
 In sighes divided, rescues me from death.

To C A S T A R A,  
*Weeping.*

**C***astara!* O you are too prodigall  
 Oth' treasure of your teares; which thus let fall  
 Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace might  
 bring

To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King.  
 So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,  
 Which might adde majestie to Diadems,  
 'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store  
 The thanklesse Sea, to make our Empire poore.  
 When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,  
 Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,  
 Or else despairing to roote out abuse,  
 Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuse.

Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,  
 Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more.

To C A S T A R A.

*Vpon a sigh.*

**H** Heard a sigh, and something in my eare  
 Did whisper, what my soule before did feare.  
 That it was breath'd by thee. May th'easie Spring  
 Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing  
 Of th' Easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,  
 If he the treasure of this breath convey'd ;  
 'Twas thine by 'th musicke which th' harmonious breath  
 Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death :  
 And th'odour, for as it the nard expires,  
 Perfuming Phoenix-like his funerall fires.  
 The winds of Paradice send such a gale,  
 To make the Lovers vessels calmy faile  
 To his lov'd Port. This shall, where it inspires,  
 Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

*To the Right Honourable the Lady F.*

Madam.

**Y** Ou saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:  
 In which as incense to your sacred name  
 Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost  
 To one another, and our fire be frost ;  
 When we omit to pay the tribute due  
 To worth and vertue, and in them to you :  
 Who are the soule of women. Others be  
 But beauteous parts oth' female body ; she  
 Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip  
 Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip :  
 The other who in her soft breasts can show  
 Warne Violets growing in a banke of snow,  
 And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin :  
 Nor is she but a hand, who holds within

The chryftall violl of her wealthy palme,  
 The precious sweating of the Easterne balme.  
 And all these if you them together take,  
 And joyne with art, will but one body make,  
 To which the soule each vitall motion gives;  
 You are infus'd into it, and it lives.  
 But should you up to your blest mansion flie,  
 How loath'd an object would the carkaffe lie?  
 You are all mind. *Castara* when she lookes,  
 On you th' Epitome of all, that bookes  
 Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise  
 Vnto your sex, that now even customes sayes  
 He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ  
 Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.  
*Castara* cries to me; Search out and find  
 The Mines of wisedome in her learned mind,  
 And trace her steps to honour; I aspire  
 Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

To C A S T A R A,  
*Against opinion.*

 Hy should we build, *Castara*, in the aire  
 Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,  
 What the weake faith of man gives us for right?  
 The jugling world cheats but the weaker fight.  
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,  
 As ample pleasures of th' indulgent earth  
 We joy, who on the ground our mansion finde,  
 As they, who faile like witches in the wind  
 Of Court applause. What can their powerfull spell  
 Over enchanted man, more than compell  
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme  
 Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.  
 Tyrant Opinion but depose. And we  
 Will absolute ith' happiest Empire be.

To CASTARA.

*Vpon beautie.*

**C**astara, see that dust, the sportive wind  
 So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde  
 Left of some beauty: and hovv still it flies,  
 To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.  
 O empty boast of flesh? Though our heires gild  
 The farre fetch Phrigian marble, vvhich shall build  
 A burthen to our ashes, yet will death  
 Betray them to the sport of every breath.  
 Dost thou, poor relique of our frailty, still  
 Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,  
 To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise  
 Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise.  
 If so, mocke on, And tell him that his lust  
 To beauty's, madnesse. For it courts but dust.

To CASTARA,

*Melancholly.*

**W**ere but that sigh a penitentiall breath  
 That thou art mine: It would blow with it death,  
 T' inclose me in my marble: Where I'de be  
 Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.  
 What should we envy? Though with larger faile  
 Some dance upon the Ocean: yet more fraile  
 And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,  
 Blest in the safety of a private tide.  
 We still have land in ken. And 'cause our boat  
 Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float  
 Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud  
 Is big with thunder, every wind speakes loud.  
 And though wild rockes about the shore appeare  
 Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

*A Dialogue betweene*

*Araphill and Castara.*

- Araph.**  *Castara*, you too fondly court  
The silken peace with which we  
cover'd are,  
Vnquiet time may for his sport,  
Vp from its iron den rowfe sleepy warre.
- Cast.** Then in the language of the drum,  
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare,  
All women shall in me be dumbe;  
If I but with my *Araphill* be there?
- Araph.** If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,  
Which having vow'd to th'ship a faire event,  
Oth' sudden rends her hopefull faile;  
Blow ruine; will *Castara* then repent?
- Cast.** Love shall in that tempestuous showre [show:  
Her brightest blossome like the blacke-thorne  
VVeake friendship prospers by the powre  
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.
- Araph.** If on my skin the noysome skar  
I should oth'leprosie, or canker weare;  
Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre [feare?  
Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy
- Cast.** In flesh may sicknesse horror move,  
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,  
For then wee'd like two Angels love, [mind.  
VWithout a sence; imbrace<sup>1</sup> each others
- Araph.** VVere it not impious to repine;  
'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath.  
That two must be, whom heaven did joyne  
In such a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.

<sup>1</sup> Without a sense; and clip each others mind. 1634, 1635.

Cast. That's no divorce. Then shall we see [state,  
 The rites in life, were types o'th marriage  
 Our soules on earth contracted be ;  
 But they in heaven their nuptials consumate.

<sup>1</sup>*To the Right Honourable HENRY Lord M.*

My Lord.

**M**Y thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth  
 So farre predominate in me, that mirth  
 Lookes not as lovely as when our delight  
 First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight  
 To lazie time ; who would, to have survai'd  
 Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.  
 And they were harmelesse. For obedience  
 If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sence ;  
 VVe shall but with a sugred venome meete ;  
 No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.  
 And that's your choyce : who adde the title good  
 To that of noble. For although the blood  
 Of *Marshall, Stanley*, and '*La Pole* doth flow  
 VVith happy *Brandon's* in your veines ; you owe  
 Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone  
 Oth' ground of honour : For desert's our ovvne.  
 Be that your ayme. I'le vvith *Castara* fit  
 Ith' shade, from heat of bufinesse. VVhile my vvit  
 Is neither big vvith an ambitious ayme,  
 To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,  
 For after ages, or to win conceit  
 Oth' present, and grow in opinion great.  
 Rich in our selves, we envy not the East,  
 Her rockes of Diamonds, or her gold the West.  
*Arabia* may be happy in the death  
 Of her reviving *Phœnix* ; In the breath  
 Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove  
 Of *Tempe* ; while we in each others love.  
 For that let us be fam'd. And when of all  
 That Nature made us two, the funerall

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord HENRY Lord M*

Leaves but a little dust ; (which then as wed,  
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)  
 The Bride and Bridegroome on the solemne day,  
 Shall with warm zeale approach our Vrne, to pay  
 Their vowes, that heaven should blefse so farre their rites,  
 To shew them the faire paths to our delights.

*To a Tombe.*

**T**yrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost  
 Clip the lascivious beauty without lust; [sence;  
 What horror at thy sight shootes through each  
 How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,  
 Which never flatters? Thou instruct'st the proud,  
 That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,  
 Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have  
 Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave.  
 Thou tell'st the rich, their Idoll is but earth.  
 The vainely pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth  
 Betrayes to mischief, and that onely he  
 Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.  
 Which yet more zeale doth to *Castara* move.  
 What checks me, when the tombe perfwades to love?

*To C A S T A R A.*

*Vpon thought of Age and Death.*

**T**he breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring,  
 Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring  
 So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light  
 Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.  
 Some melancholly chamber of the earth,  
 1 (For that like Time devoures whom it gave breath)  
 Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere  
 Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.  
 But I vvhoſe griefe no formall limits bound,  
 Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,  
 VVill there immure my selfe. And thus I shall

1 (For she like Time devoures whom she gave breath)

Thy mourner be, and my ovvne funerall.  
 Else by the vveeping magicke of my verfe,  
 Thou hadst reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearfe.

*<sup>1</sup>To the Right Honourable, the Lord P.*

My Lord.

**H**He reverend man by magicke of his prayer  
 Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are  
 Contracted into one. The holy lights  
 Smil'd vvith a cheerfull lustre on our rites,  
 And every thing presag'd full happinesse  
 To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blesse.  
 Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before  
 Afflicted Seas fought refuge on the shore  
 From the angry Northvvind. Ere th'astonisht Spring  
 Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,  
 Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd  
 His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.  
 Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,  
 Or more uncertaine hopes: for had I stood  
 On th' highest ground of fortune, the world knowne  
 No greatnesse but what waited on my throne;  
 And she had onely had that face and mind,  
 I, with my selfe, had th'earth to her resign'd.  
 In vertue there's an Empire. And so sweete  
 The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,  
 As fellow Confull; that of heaven they  
 Nor earth partake; who would her disobey.  
 This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why  
 I ought to love *Castara*, through my eye,  
 This soft obedience stole into my heart.  
 Then found I love might lend to th'quick-ey'd art  
 Of Reason yet a purer fight: For he  
 Though blind, taught her these Indies first to see,  
 In whose possession I at length am blest,  
 And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,  
 As all things to my powre subdu'd, To me  
 Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

<sup>1</sup> *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord, the Lord P.* 1634, 1635.

*His Muse speakes to him.*

**T**hy vows are heard, and thy *Castara's* name  
 Is writ as faire ith' Register of Fame,  
 As th' ancient beauties which translated are  
 By Poets vp to heaven; each there a starre.  
 And though Imperiall *Tiber* boast alone  
*Ovids Corinna*, and to *Arn* is knowne  
 But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames  
 Doth murmur *Sydneys Stella* to her streames  
 Yet hast thou *Severne* left, and she can bring  
 As many quires of Swans, as they to sing  
 Thy glorious love: Which living shall by thee  
 The onely Sov'raigne of those waters be.  
 Dead in loves firmament, no starre shall shine  
 So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

*To Vaine hope.*

**T**Hou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,  
 Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy faile  
 Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'st them who thee  
 court  
 To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.  
 Were I not mad, who when secure at ease,  
 I might ith' Cabbin passe the raging Seas,  
 Would like a franticke shipboy wildly haste,  
 To climbe the gidly top of th'unSAFE mast?  
 Ambition never to her hopes did faine  
 A greatnesse, but I really obtaine  
 In my *Castara*. Wer't not fondnesse then  
 T' embrace<sup>1</sup> the shadows of true blisse? And when  
 My Paradise all flowers and fruits both breed:  
 To rob a barren garden for a weed?

<sup>1</sup> clip. 1634, 1635.

To CASTARA,

*How happy, though in an obscure fortune.*

**W**ere we by fate throwne downe below our feare;  
 Could we be poore? Or question Natures care  
 In our provision? She who doth afford  
 A feather'd garment fit for every bird,  
 And onely voyce enough t'expresse delight.  
 She who apparels Lillies in their white,  
 As if in that she'de teach mans duller sence,  
 Wh'are highest, should be so in innocence.  
 She who in damaske doth attire the Rose,  
 (And man t'himselfe a mockery to propose,  
 'Mong whom the humblest Iudges grow to sit)  
 She who in purple cloathes the Violet:  
 If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence;  
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.

**W**hat can the freedome of our love enthrall?  
*Castara* were we dispossesst of all  
 The gifts of fortune; richer yet than she  
 Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.  
 Love in himselfe's a world. If we should have  
 A mansion but in some forsaken cave;  
 Wee'd smooth misfortune: and our selves thinke then  
 Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men,  
 To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,  
 That should the silence of our cell infest,  
 With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie were  
 Nought but an avaritious Courtier.  
 VVealth's but opinion. VVho thinks others more  
 Of treasures have, than we, is<sup>1</sup> onely poore.

<sup>1</sup> he's. 1634.

*On the death of the Right Honourable,  
G E O R G E Earle of S.*

**B**Right Saint, thy pardon, if my fadder verfe,  
 Appeare in fighting o're thy glorious hearfe,  
 To envie heaven. For fame it felfe now weares  
 Griefes Livery, and onely fpeaks in teares.

And pardon you *Castara*, if a while  
 Your memory I banifh from my ftile ;  
 VVhen I have payd his death the tribute due,  
 Of forrow, I'le returne to Love and you.  
 Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a showre  
 Can force from every eye? And hath even powre  
 To alter natures courfe? How elfe fhould all  
 Runne wilde with mourning, and diftracted fall :  
 Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,  
 Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death,  
 For its<sup>1</sup> bold rape, while the sad Poets fong  
 Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.  
 Th'amaz'd marriner having loft his way  
 In the tempeftuous defart of the Sea,  
 Lookes vp but findes no ftarres. They all confpire  
 To darke themfelves, t'enlighten this new fire.  
 The learn'd Aftronomer with daring eye,  
 Searching to tracke the Spheres through which you flie,  
 (Moft beauteous foule) doth in his journey faile,  
 And blufhing, fays, the subtleft art is fraile,  
 And but truths counterfet. Your flight doth teach,  
 Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with forrow. Vnkinde Fate  
 To play the tyrant and subvert the ftate  
 Of fetled goodneffe. Who fhall henceforth ftand  
 A pure example to enforme the Land  
 Of her loofe riot<sup>2</sup>? Who fhall counter-checke  
 The wanton pride of greatneffe ; and direct  
 Straid honour in the true magnificke way?

<sup>1</sup> his. 1634, 1635.

<sup>2</sup> wit. 1634.

Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t'obey  
 The hard commands of reason? And how sweet  
 The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?  
 Who will with silent piety confute  
 Atheisticke Sophistry, and by the fruite  
 Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood  
 A Virgin law and dare be great and good?  
 Who will despise his stiles? And nobly weigh  
 In judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay  
 Hath no advantage by them? Who will live  
 So innocently pious, as to give  
 The world no scandall? Who'le himself deny,  
 And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?  
 My griefe distracts me. If my zeale hath said,  
 What checks the living; know I serve the dead.  
 The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,  
 With his pale ashes to intombe his faults.  
 Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore  
 For benefit; for worth, the rich adore.  
 Who liv'd a solitary Phænix free  
 From the commerce with mischief, joy'd to be  
 Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,  
 Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.  
 Alone he flourisht, 'till the fatall houre  
 Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre  
 Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest,  
 He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.  
 There shine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,  
 Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

*To my worthy Cousin Mr. E. C.*

*In praise of the City life, in the long Vacation.*


 Like the greene plush which your meadows weare;  
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare  
 Their wealthy burden to th'industrious Bore.  
 Nor doe I disallow that who are poore

In minde and fortune, thither should retire :  
 But hate that he who's warme with <sup>h</sup>oly fire  
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong-us may feast  
 On Ne<sup>c</sup>tar'd wit, should turne himfelfe t' a beast,  
 And graze ith' Country. Why did nature wrong  
 So much her paines, as to give you a tongue  
 And fluent language ; If converse you hold  
 With Oxen in the stall, and sheep ith' fold ?  
 But now it's long Vacation you will say  
 The towne is empty, and who ever may  
 To th' pleasure of his Country home repaire,  
 Flyes from th' infection of our *London* aire.  
 In this your errour. Now's the time alone  
 To live here ; when the City Dame is gone,  
 T' her house at *Brandford* ; for beyond that she  
 Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,  
 Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence  
 Rid is the Country Iustice whose non-fence  
 Corrupted had the language of the Inne,  
 Where he and his horse litter'd : We beginne  
 To live in silence, when the noyse oth' Bench  
 Not deafens *Westminster*, nor corrupt French  
 Walkes *Fleet-street* in her gowne. Ruffes of the Barre,  
 By the Vacations powre translated are,  
 To Cut-worke bands. And who were busie here,  
 Are gone to sow fedition in the shire.  
 The aire by this is purg'd, and the Termes strife,  
 Thus fled the City : we the civill life  
 Lead happily. When in the gentle way,  
 Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,  
 Contracted to a moment : I retire.  
 To my *Castara*, and meet such a fire  
 Of mutuall love : that if the City were  
 Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

*Loves Aniverfarie  
To the Sunne.*

**T**Hou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre  
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,  
Loyn'd with *Cassara* hearts: And as the same  
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame:  
Which had increast, but that by loves decree,  
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.  
But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey,  
Of things below thee, what did not decay  
By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene  
The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene  
And wither, and the beauty of the field  
With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld  
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.  
But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

*Against them who lay unchastity to  
the sex of Women.*

**T**hey meet but with unwholesome Springs,  
And Summers which infectious are:  
They heare but when the Mermaid sings,  
And onely see the falling starre:  
Who ever dare,  
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe cure your feavers: and you'le fay  
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:  
In Copper Mines no longer stay,  
But travell to the West, and there  
The right ones see:  
And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cause the glow-wormes flame  
Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?  
Cause some make forfeit of their name,

And flave themselves to mans desire ;  
 Shall the sex free  
 From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?

Nor grieve *Castara*, though 'twere fraile,  
 Thy Vertue then would brighter shine,  
 When thy example should prevaile,  
 And every womans faith be thine.

And were there none ;  
 'Tis Majesty to rule alone.

*To the Right Honourable and excellently  
 learned, WILLIAM Earle of St.*

My Lord,

**T**He Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath  
 As aptly now, as when your youth did breath  
 Those tragicke raptures which your name shall  
 From the blacke ediſt of a tyrant grave. [save  
 Nor shall your Day ere fet, till the Sunne shall  
 From the blind heavens like a cynder fall ;  
 And all the elements intend their strife,  
 To ruine what they fram'd : Then your fames life,  
 When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire  
 Attended by the world ith' generall fire.  
 Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread  
 Your steps to glory, search among the dead,  
 Where Vertue lies obſcur'd ; that as I give  
 Life to her tombe, I ſpight of time may live.  
 Now I reſolve in triumph of my verſe,  
 To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearſe,  
 Which yet doth to her fright his duſt encloſe :  
 Then to ſing *Herbert* who ſo glorious roſe,  
 With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth ſhine  
 Yet in the faith of nobleſt *Pembrookes* line.  
 Sometimes my ſwelling ſpirits I prepare  
 To ſpeake the mighty *Percy*, neereſt heire,  
 In merits as in blood, to **CHARLES** the great :  
 Then *Darbies* worth and greatneſſe to repeat :

Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,  
 Whose valour lies eterniz'd in his name.  
 But while I thinke to sing those of my bloud,  
 And my *Castara's*; Loves unruly flood  
 Breakes in, and beares away what ever stands,  
 Built by my bufie fancy on the sands.

To CASTARA,  
 Vpon an embrace.

**B** Out th' Husband Oke, the Vine  
 Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face :  
 Their streames thus Rivers joyne,  
 And lose themselves in the embrace.  
 But Trees want fence when they infold,  
 And Waters when they meet, are cold.

Thus Turtles bill, and grone  
 Their loves into each others eare :  
 Two flames thus burne in one,  
 When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.  
 But Birds want soule though not desire :  
 And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane ; we'll say  
 When Angels clofe, their joyes are such.  
 For we not love obey  
 That's bastard to a fleshly touch.  
 Let's clofe *Castara* then, since thus  
 We patterne Angels, and they us.

To the Honourable, G. T.

**B** Et not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,  
 Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,  
 Which last *Narciffus* kist : let no darke grove  
 Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.  
 What though the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not faile  
 By vertue of a cleane contrary gale,

Into some other Port? Where thou wilt find,  
 It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,  
 To steere thee to some Iland in the West,  
 For wealth and pleasure, that transcends thy East.  
 Though *Astrologora*, like a fullen starre  
 Eclipse her selfe: Ith' sky of beauty are  
 Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she.  
 And who with milder beames, may shine on thee.  
 Nor yet doth this Eclipse beare a portent,  
 That should affright the world: The firmament  
 Enjoyes the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,  
 And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,  
 As fairely wed to the *Theffalian* grove  
 As e're it was; though she and you not love.  
 And we two, who like two bright stars have shin'd  
 Ith' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd  
 As bloud and love first fram'd us. And to be  
 Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,  
 Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend  
 An honour, equals that of *Talbots* friend.  
 Nor envie me that my *Castara's* flame  
 Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came  
 To marriage happy Ilands: Seas to thee  
 Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.  
 Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine;)   
 To this delicious port: and make love thine.

To CASTARA.

*The reward of Innocent Love.*


 E saw and woo'd each others eyes,  
 My soule contracted then with thine,  
 And both burnt in one sacrifice.  
 By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,  
 Prophane the Temple of delight.  
 And purchase endlesse penitence,  
 With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time 's ever ours, while we dispise  
 The sensuall idoll of our clay.  
 For though the Sunne doe fet and rise,  
 We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,  
 While each of us shine innocent.  
 The troubled streame is still impure,  
 With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,  
 Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.  
 For finnes blacke danger circles her,  
 Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke filent roome,  
 Death shall our loving coffins thrust ;  
 Fame will build columnes on our tombe,  
 And adde a perfume to our dust.

*To my noblest Friend, Sir I. P. Knight.*

Sir,

**T**Hough my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a fad  
 And heavy brow ; my verfe shall not be clad  
 For him this houre in mourning : I will write  
 To you the glory of a pompous night,  
 Which none (except sobriety) who wit  
 Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.  
 I (who still sinne for company) was there  
 And tasted of the glorious supper, where  
 Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest  
 Oth' *Phoenix* rifled seem'd t'amaze the feast,  
 And th' Ocean left so poore that it alone  
 Could since vant wretched herring and poore Iohn.  
*Lucullus* surfets, were but types of this,  
 And whatsoever riot mention'd is  
 In story, did but the dull *Zanye* play,  
 To this proud night ; which rather wee'le terme day :  
 For th'artificiall lights so thicke were fet,

That bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit  
 But seven (whom whether we should Sages call  
 Or deadly finnes, Ile not dispute) were all  
 Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare  
 Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' *Hungarian* did prepare  
 Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when  
 He layd his happy siege to *Nortlinghen*.  
 The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke  
 That *Linx* himselfe thought his sight fam'd so quicke,  
 Had there scarce spyed one sober: For the wealth  
 Of the *Canaries* was exhaust, the health  
 Of his good Majestye to celebrate,  
 Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that:  
 Yet they, who some fond privilege to mainteine,  
 Would have rebeld; their best freehold, their braine  
 Surrender'd there; and five fiftenees did pay  
 To drink his happy life and reigne. O day  
 It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene  
 Found accessary else to this fond finne.  
 But I forget to speake each stratagem  
 By which the dishes enter'd, and in them  
 Each luscious miracle, As if more bookes  
 Had written beene oth' mystery of Cookes  
 Then the Philos'phers stone, here we did see  
 All wonders in the kitchin Alchimy:  
 But Ile not have you there, before you part  
 You shall have something of another art.  
 A banquet raining downe so fast, the good  
 Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood:  
 Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty showre  
 Of Amber comfits it sweete felse did powre  
 Vpon our heads, and Suckets from our eye  
 Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,  
 That it was question'd whether heaven were  
*Black-fryers*, and each starre a confectioner;  
 But I too long detaine you at a feast  
 You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest  
 Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave  
 Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

*To The Right Honourable Archibald  
Earle of Ar.*

**F** your example be obey'd  
 The serious few will live ith' silent shade :  
 And not indanger by the wind  
 Or Sunshine, the complexion of their mind :  
 Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin  
 That it decays with the least taint of sin.  
 Vice growes by custome, nor dare we  
 Reject it as a slave, where it breathes free,  
 And is no priviledge denyed ;  
 Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.  
 Wherefore your Lordship in your selfe  
 (Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelve  
 Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,  
 Safe from the rocks oth' shore, and stormes oth' Seas.  
 Your soule's a well built City, where  
 There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:  
 No rebels wilde distractions move ;  
 For you the heads have crusht ; Rage, Envy, Love.  
 And therefore you defiance bid  
 To open enmity, or mischiefe hid  
 In fawning hate and supple pride,  
 Who are on every corner fortifide.  
 Your youth not rudely led by rage  
 Of blood, is now the story of your age  
 Which without boast you may averre  
 'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer :  
 Glory not purchast by the breath  
 Of Sycophants, but by encountring death.  
 Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes  
 Did make your fight, but justice of the cause.  
 For but mad prodigals they are  
 Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.  
 When well made peace hath clos'd the eyes  
 Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.  
 Your life as well as powre, did awe

The bad, and to the good was the best law :  
 When most men vertue did pursue  
 In hope by it to grow in fame like you.  
 Nor when you did to court repaire,  
 Did you your manners alter with the ayre.  
 You did your modesty retaine  
 Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.  
 Nor did all the soft flattery there  
 Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.  
 And though your roofes were richly gilt,  
 The basis was on no wards ruine built.  
 Nor were your vassals made a prey,  
 And forc't to curse the Coronation day.  
 And though no bravery was knowne  
 To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.  
 For 'twas the indulgence of fate,  
 To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state ?  
 But I, my Lord, who have no friend  
 Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.  
 'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire  
 Of action ; nor is't safe, farre to retire.  
 Yet better lost ith' multitude  
 Of private men, then on the state t'intrude,  
 And hazard for a doubtfull smile,  
 My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.  
 Ile therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke  
 That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke  
 With my *Castara*, or some friend,  
 My youth not guilty of ambition spend.  
 To my own shade (if fate permit)  
 Ile whisper some soft musique of my wit.  
 And flatter to my selfe, Ile see  
 By that, strange motion steale into the tree.  
 But still my first and chiefeest care  
 Shall be t'appease offended heaven with prayer :  
 And in such mold my thoughts to cast,  
 That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last  
 How ere it's sweete lust to obey,  
 Vertue though rugged, is the safest way.

*An Elegy upon The Honourable Henry  
Cambell, sonne to the Earle of Ar[g].*

**T**is false Arithmaticke to say thy breath  
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death  
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares  
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,  
Thou didst the old *Methusalem* out-live.  
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give  
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre  
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre  
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day  
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.  
Such miracles workes goodnesse : and behind  
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde  
Fit for example ; that when them we read,  
We envy earth the treasure of the dead.  
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive  
The seavers of their fursets ? Why alive  
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they  
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey ?  
Why lives the gamester. who doth blacke the night  
With cheats and imprecations ? Why is light  
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it :  
Who sold the vigor of their strength and wit  
To buy diseases : and thou, who faire truth  
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But Ile not question fate. Heaven doth conveigh  
Those first from the darke prison of their clay  
Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in warre  
Hadst tane degrees, those dangers felt, which are  
The props on which peace safely doth subsist  
And through the Cannons blew and horrid mist  
Hadst brought her light : And now wert so compleat  
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,  
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we

Who dyed rob'd of thy life : in whose increafe  
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,  
We all did share : and thou away we feare  
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner, Wee'le to thee  
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

To C A S T A R A.



Hy should we feare to melt away in death ;  
May we but dye together. When beneath  
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove  
Religious, and call it the shrine of Love.

There, when oth' wedding eve some beautious maid,  
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid  
The tribute of her vowes ; oth' sudder shree  
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see :  
And cry out, ye sweet emblems of their zeale  
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale  
The story of our future joyes, how we  
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be ?

If not ; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,  
And I will weepe and wither hence with you.

To C A S T A R A,

*Of what we were before our creation.*



When *Pelion* wondring saw, that raine which fell  
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven ward  
swell :

When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,  
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea :  
And the whole earth was water : O where then  
Were we *Castara* ? In the fate of men  
Loft underneath the waves ? Or to beguile  
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in *Noahs* floating Isle ?  
We had no being then. This fleshly frame  
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came

A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were  
But the last age, no news of us did heare.

What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day  
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

*To the Moment last past.*



Whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow  
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,  
And thou art gone: like ships which plough the  
Sea,

And leave no print for man to tracke their way.  
O unfeene wealth! who thee did husband, can  
Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,  
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee  
Had beene a purchase for eternity!

We will not loose thee then. *Castara*, where  
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;  
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth  
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth.

Vndone in thrift! while we befought his stay,  
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

*To C A S T A R A.*

*Of the knowledge of Love.*



Here sleepest the North-wind when the South  
inspires

Life in the spring, and gathers into quires  
The scatter'd Nightingales; whose subtile eares  
Heard first th' harmonious language of the Spheares;  
Whence hath the stone Magneticke force t'allure  
Th' enamour'd iron; From a seed impure  
Or naturall did first the Mandrake grow;  
What powre ith' Ocean makes it ebbe and flow;  
What strange materials is the azure skye  
Compacted of; of what its<sup>1</sup> brightest eye  
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are  
In th' unknowne wo'ld; what worlds in every star;

<sup>1</sup> her. 1635.

Let curious fancies at this secret rove ;  
*Castara* what we know, wee'le practise, Love.

*To the Right Honourable the Countesse of C.*

Madam,

**S**Hould the cold *Muscovit*, whose furre and stove  
 Can scarce prepare him heate enough for love,  
 But view the wonder of your presence, he  
 Would scorne his winters sharpest injury :

And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse  
 To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse.  
 As a dull Poet even he would say,  
 Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day  
 Till that bright minute ; that he now admires  
 No more why the coy Spring so soone retires  
 From their unhappy clyme : It doth pursue  
 The Sun, and he derives his light from you.  
 Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea  
 Is set at freedome, while the yce away  
 Doth melt at your approach ; how by so faire  
 Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are  
 Reduc't to order ; how to them you bring  
 The wealthiest mines below, above the Spring.  
 Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want  
 Religion to beleeve, there were a Saint  
 Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.  
 But I here pay my vowes to the devine  
 Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were  
 Not hid in a faire cloud but might appeare  
 In its full lustre, would make Nature live  
 In a state equall to her primitive.  
 But sweetly thats obscur'd. Yet though our eye  
 Cannot the splendor of your soule descry  
 In true perfection, by a glimmering light,  
 Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright  
 The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind  
 Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.  
 How hastily doth Nature build up man

1 *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lady, the Countesse of C.* 1635.

To leave him so imperfect? For he can  
 See nought beyond his fence; she doth controule  
 So farre his sight, he nere discern'd a foule.  
 For had yours beene the object of his eye;  
 It had turn'd wonder to Idolatry.

*The harmony of Love.*



*A*mphion, O thou holy shade!  
 Bring *Orpheus* up with thee:  
 That wonder may you both invade,  
 Hearing Loves harmony.  
 You who are foule, not rudely made  
 Vp, with Materiall eares,  
 And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke! when *Castara's* orbs doe move  
 By my first moving eyes,  
 How great the Symphony of Love,  
 But 'tis the destinies  
 Will not so farre my prayer approve,  
 To bring you hither, here  
 Left you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

Tis no dull Sublunary flame  
 Burnes in her heart and mine.  
 But something more, then hath a name.  
 So subtile and divine,  
 We know not why, nor how it came.  
 Which shall shine bright, till she  
 And the whole world of love, expire with me.

*To my honoured friend Sir Ed. P. Knight.*



*Y*ou'd leave the silence in which safe we are,  
 To listen to the noyse of warre;  
 And walke those rugged paths, the factious tread,  
 Who by the number of the dead

Reckon their glories, and thinke greatnesse flood  
 Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.  
 Secure ith' wall our Seas and ships provide  
 (Abhorring wars fo barb'rous pride  
 And honour bought with slaughter) in content  
 Lets breath though humble, innocent.  
 Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we nere  
 See the fresh youth of the next yeare.  
 Perhaps not the chaste morne, her selfe disclofe  
 Againe, t'out-blush th' æmulous rose,  
 Why doth ambition fo the mind distresse  
 To make us scorne what we possesse?  
 And looke fo farre before us? Since all we  
 Can hope, is varied misery?  
 Goe find some whispering shade neare *Arne* or *Poe*,  
 And gently 'mong their violets throw  
 Your wearyed limbs, and see if all those faire  
 Enchantments can charme grieffe or care?  
 Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you  
 The ruin'd Capitoll shall view  
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can  
 Not cure yet the disease of man,  
 And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where  
 Another Sun and Starres appeare,  
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,  
 And yet even there your selfe you'le meet.  
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find  
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;  
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring  
 By her aeriall quires doth sing  
 As sweetly to you, as if you were laid  
 Vnder the learn'd *Theffalian* shade,  
 Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'le find  
 A thousand regions in your mind  
 Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be  
 Expert in home Cosmographie.  
 This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:  
 Man's a whole world within him selfe.

To CASTARA.



Ive me a heart where no impure  
 Disorder'd passions rage,  
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,  
 Not vanity t' expence ingage,  
 Nor wooed to madnesse by quiet oathes,  
 Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloathes,  
 Which not the softnesse of the age  
 To vice or folly doth decline ;  
 Give me that heart (*Castara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke  
 Provokes new appetite :  
 VVith no fresh charme of beauty tooke,  
 Or wanton stratagem of wit ;  
 Not Idly wandring here and there,  
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.  
 Ayming each beautious marke to hit ;  
 VVhich vertue doth to one confine :  
 Take thou that heart, *Castara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,  
 Observe but how it still  
 Doth listen how thine doth with me ;  
 And guard it well, for else it will  
 Runne hither backe ; not to be where  
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.  
 But without discipline, or skill.  
 Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move ;  
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

To CASTARA.

*Of true delight.*



Hy doth the eare so tempt the voyce,  
That cunningly divides the ayre?  
VVhy doth the pallate buy the choyce  
Delights oth' fea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I, my eare obey  
The Eccho's loſt even with the breath.  
And when the ſewer takes away  
I'me left with no more taſte, then death.

Be curious in purſuite of eyes  
To procreate new loves with thine;  
Satiety makes ſence deſpiſe  
VVhat ſuperſtition thought divine.

Quicke fancy how it mockes delight?  
As we conceive, things are not ſuch,  
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,  
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

VVhen I have ſold my heart to luſt,  
And bought repentance with a kiſſe  
I find the malice of my duſt,  
That told me hell contain'd a bliſſe.

The Roſe yeelds her ſweete blandiſhment  
Loſt in the fold of lovers wreathes,  
The violet enchants the ſent,  
When earely in the Spring ſhe breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre  
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,  
Or an intruding cold hath powre  
To ſcorne the perfume of the Roſe.

Our fences like falſe glaſſes ſhow  
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled arc,  
And makes the cofen'd fancy glow.  
Chafte vertue's onely true<sup>1</sup> and faire.

<sup>1</sup> chaste. 1635.

To my noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire.

Sir,

**H**Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet  
 I love the silence ; I embrace the wit  
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.  
 But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.  
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold  
 Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold  
 (After a due oath ministred) the height  
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state :  
 The brightnesse, the eclipse, the influence.  
 With others I commune, who tell me whence  
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow :  
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,  
 Soone as they happen ; and by rote can tell  
 Those *Germane* townes, even puzzle me to spell.  
 The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they  
 Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay :  
 And on each action comment, with more skill  
 Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill*.  
 O busie folly ! Why doe I my braine  
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of *Spaine*,  
 Or quicke designes of *France*? Why not repaire  
 To the pure innocence oth' Country ayre :  
 And neighbor thee, deare friend? Who so dost give  
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live  
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we  
 Arme against passion with Philotophie ;  
 And by the aide of leifure, so controule,  
 What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule ?  
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when  
 VVe study misteries of other men  
 And torraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade  
 (Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,  
 Kind Natures hufwifery) contemplate all  
 His stratagemes who labours to intrall  
 The world to his great Master ; and youle finde  
 Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare  
 A price for glory : Honour doth appeare  
 To statefmen like a vifion in the night,  
 And jugler-like workes oth' deluded fight.  
 Th' unbufied onely wife : For no respect  
 Indangers them to error ; They affect  
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold  
 Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold  
 Or tall in title ; fo much him they weigh  
 As Vertue raifeth him above his clay.  
 Thus let us value things : And fince we find  
 Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind  
 Create new youth ; and arme againft the rude  
 Assaults of age ; that no dull folitude  
 Oth' country dead our thoughts, nor bufie care  
 Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are  
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot  
 His journey, though his fteps we numbred not.

To C A S T A R A.

*What Lovers will fay when ſhe and he are  
 dead.*

**W**onder when w'are dead, what men will fay ;  
 Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.  
 The parents of their Loves decay ;  
 And envy death the treasure of our ſleepe ?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares  
 To th' holy ſilence of my Vrne ?  
 And chide the Marble with her teares,  
 Cauſe ſhe ſo ſoone faith's obſequie muſt mourne.

For had Fate ſpar'd but *Araphill* (ſhe'le fay)  
 He had the great example ſtood,  
 And forc't unconstant man obey  
 The law of Loves Religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,  
 Will to *Castara's* shrine deplore  
 His injuries, and death obrayd,  
 That woman lives more guilty, then before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre  
 Thy Sex (hee'le say) did onely move  
 By the chaste influence of a faire,  
 Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman, like a Meteor vapor'd forth  
 From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;  
 Not shining with a reall worth,  
 But subtile her blacke errors to disguise.

Thus will they talke, *Castara*, while our dust  
 In one darke vault shall mingled be.  
 The world will fall a prey to lust,  
 When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

*To his Muse.*

**H**ere Virgin fix thy pillars, and command  
 They sacred may to after ages stand  
 In witnesse of loves triumph. Yet will we  
*Castara*, find new worlds in Poetry,  
 And conquer them. Not dully following those  
 Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in profe.  
 But we will henceforth more Religious prove,  
 Concealing the high mysteries of love  
 From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,  
 Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.  
 That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,  
 I here commit. That when their holy flame,  
 True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,  
 They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

*F I N I S.*

## A Friend.



*AS a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie.*

*He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whisper'd danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirms the quarrell lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weakenesse. He is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softned to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men possesse, is an indigested Chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.*

*He is no flatterer ; but when he findes his friend any way imperfekt, he freely but gently informes him ; nor yet shall some few errors cancell the bond of friendship ; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailety. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it ; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite ; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier ; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship : the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves ; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousie procedes from weaknesse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opiuion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by inlarging it ; and no Sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret ; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.*

*The Funerals of the Honourable, my best friend and Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT,*  
Esquire.

*Elegie, I.*

**T**Were malice to the fame ; to weepe alone  
And not enforce an univerfall groane [plaine :  
From ruinous man, and make the World com-  
Yet I'le forbid my grieffe to be prophane  
In mention of thy prayse ; I'le speake but truth  
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.  
I can relate thy businesse here on earth,  
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth  
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue : but how farre  
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,  
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in  
Commiffion with a Throne, or Cherubin.  
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,  
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd : we may  
Without disturbing the harmonious Spheares,  
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.  
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seisd  
My active soule : Loud stormes of sighes are rais'd  
By empty griefes ; they who can utter it,  
Doe no vent forth their sorrow, but their wit.  
I stood like *Niobe* without a grone,  
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone  
That doth lye over thee : I had no roome  
For witty grieffe, fit onely for thy tombe.  
And friendships monument, thus had I stood ;  
But that the flame I beare thee, warm'd my blood  
With a new life. Ile like a funerall fire  
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

*Elegie, 2.*

*Talbot* is dead. Like lightning which no part  
 Oth' body touches, but first strikes the heart,  
 This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in all  
 The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call  
 Death sooner up. For musiqu's in the breath  
 Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even ith' death  
 That brings with it, if you with this compare  
 All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.  
 They cure (Phyisitians say) the element  
 Sicke with dull vapors, and to banishment  
 Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,  
 Without the least redresse, is utter'd like  
 The last dayes summons, when Earths trophies lye  
 A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.  
 What now hath life to boast of? Can I have  
 A thought lesse darke than th' horror of the grave  
 Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault  
 Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?  
 Hayle Sacred house in which his reliques sleepe?  
 Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,  
 These vowes to thee! for since great *Talbot's* gone  
 Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none  
 But thy pale people: and in that confute  
 Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.  
 Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare  
 Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare  
 How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin  
 Is but a beautilous shrine, in which black sin  
 Is Idoliz'd; thy eyes but Spheares where lust  
 Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.  
 Great *Atlas* of the state, descend with me.  
 But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee  
 With more aviso's, then thy costly spyes,  
 And show how false are all those mysteries  
 Thy Sect receives, and though thy pallace swell  
 With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.  
 It will instruct you, Courtier, that your Art

Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart  
 But cheates your self, and all those subtile wayes  
 You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze  
 Where you your selfe shall loofe, for though you breath  
 Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.  
 And 'twill thy Rhetorick false flesh confound ;  
 Which flatters thy fraile thoughts, no time can wound  
 This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence  
 'Will teach my soule to triumph over sence,  
 Which hath its period in a grave, and there  
 Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.  
 Great Orator ! deare *Talbot* ! Still, to thee  
 May I an auditor attentive be :  
 And pioufly maintaine the same commerce  
 We held in life ! and if in my rude verse  
 I to the world may thy sad precepts read :  
 I will on earth interpret for the dead.

*Elegie, 3.*

**E**t me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though  
 I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe  
 In thy cœlestiall journey ; and my heart  
 Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art  
 How bright and wide thy glories ; yet I may  
 Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.  
 Best object to my heart ! what vertues be  
 Inherent even to the least thought of thee !  
 Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings feare  
 In its leane looke ; doth like a Prince appeare,  
 Now glorious to my eye, since it possessest  
 The wealthy empyre of that happie chest  
 Which harbours thy rich dust ; for how can he  
 Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee ?  
 Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare  
 I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare  
 Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright  
 His eye, who since thy death feelles no delight  
 In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate

Doth in me a sublimer foule create.  
 And now my forrow followes thee, I tread  
 The milkie way, and see the snowie head  
 Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high  
 Swolne buildings seeme but atomes to my eye.  
 I'me heighten'd by my ruine ; and while I  
 Weepe ore the vault where the sad ashes lye,  
 My foule with thine doth hold commerce above ;  
 Where we discerne the stratagemes, which Love,  
 Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man ;  
 So fraile that every blast of honour can  
 Swell him above himselfe, each, adverte gust  
 Him and his glories shiver into dust.  
 How small seemes greatnesse here ! How not a span  
 His empire, who commands the Ocean.  
 Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore  
 And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its' shore  
 Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All  
 For which men quarrell so, is but a ball  
 Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.  
 And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,  
 Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway ;  
 And mans so reverend wisdome but their play.  
 From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne  
 The Arts of life, and by thy light discerne  
 The truth, which men dispute. But by thee dead  
 I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread :  
 And that way sooner master it, than he  
 To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

*Elegie, 4.*


 Y name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath  
 Did call upon : affirming that thy death  
 Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be  
 Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.  
 My Lord, if I with licence of your teares,  
 (Which your great brother's hearfe as dyamonds weares  
 T' enrich deaths glory) may but speake my owne :

Ile prove it, that no sorrow ere was knowne  
 Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe  
 In griefe a method : without forme I weepe.  
 The sonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes  
 Wet just as long as are the obsequies.  
 The widow formerly a yeare doth spend  
 In her so courtly blackes. But for a Friend  
 We weepe an age, and more than th' Achorit, have  
 Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.  
 Chast Love who hadst thy triumph in my flame  
 And thou *Castara* who had hadst a name,  
 But for this sorrow glorious : Now my verse  
 Is lost to you, and onely on *Talbots* herse  
 Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand  
 Ruines, what's left of Churches, there shall stand.  
 There to thy selfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeate  
 Thy owne brave story ; tell thy selfe how great  
 Thou wert in thy mindes Empire, and how all  
 Who out-live thee, see but the Funerall  
 Of glory : and if yet some vertuous be,  
 They but weake apparitions are of thee.  
 So settled were thy thoughts, each action so  
 Discreetely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow  
 Was ere perceiv'd in thee : each word mature  
 And every sceane of life from sinne so pure  
 That scarce in its whole history, we can  
 Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.  
 Horror to say thou wert ! Curst that we must  
 Adresse our language to a little dust,  
 And seeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,  
 To lay my lifes ambition desolate.  
 Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,  
 Not how it can give such another blow.

*Elegie, 5.*



Haft as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright  
 As when by death her Soule shines in full light  
 Freed from th' Eclipse of earth, each word that  
 From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame [came

T' enkindle vertue : which so faire by thee  
 Became, man, that blind mole, her face did see.  
 But now t'our eye she's lost, and if she dwell  
 Yet on the earth ; she 's coffin'd in the cell  
 Of some cold Hermit ; who so keeps her there,  
 As if of her the old man jealous were.  
 Nor ever shoves her beauty, but to some  
*Carthusian*, who even by his vow, is dumbe !  
 So 'mid the yce of the farre Northern fea,  
 A starre about the Articke Circle, may  
 Then ours yeeld clearer light ; yet that but shall  
 Serve at the frozen Pilots funerall.  
 Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine  
 Which all we finners traffique on, didst daigne  
 The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare  
 And constant beames did our frayle vessels steare,  
 That safely we, what storme so ere bore sway,  
 Past ore the rugged Alpes of th' angry Sea.  
 But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke  
 The folly doth of our ambition mocke  
 And splits our hopes : To every Sirens breath  
 We listen and even court the face of death,  
 If painted ore by pleasure : Every wave  
 Ift hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave :  
 So ruinous is the defect of thee,  
 To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me  
 Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,  
 Possess with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas death.  
 And now by fate : I but my selfe survive,  
 To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.  
 Where shall I then begin to weepe ? No grove  
 Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by Love :  
 With his warme whifpers, and faint idle feares,  
 His busie hopes, loud sighes, and causelesse teares  
 Each eare is so enchanted ; that no breath  
 Is listned to, which mockes report of death.  
 I'le turne my griefe then inward and deplore  
 My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore  
 The story of his vertues ; untill I  
 Not write, but am my selfe his Elegie.

*Elegie, 6.*

**G**Oe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight  
 To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night  
 From its approach on day, and force day rise  
 From the faire East of some bright beauties eyes:

Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verfe.

It hath no powre. For mine from his blacke herfe  
 Redeemes not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath  
 Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,  
 Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare  
 To breath into his soft expiring prayer.

For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun  
 Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne  
 And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all  
 Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall  
 Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be  
 The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.

But all we Poets glory in, is vaine  
 And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine  
 One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye  
 By a fooles finger destinate to dye.

Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set  
 At liberty by death thou owest no debt  
 T' exacting Nature: Live, freed from the sport  
 Of time and fortune in yand' starry court

A glorious Potentate, while we below  
 But fashon wayes to mitigate our woe.  
 We follow campes, and to our hopes propose  
 Th' insulting victor; not remembering those  
 Dismembred trunkes who gave him victory  
 By a loath'd fate: We covetous Merchants be  
 And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,  
 Forgetfull of the treasons of the Sea.

The shootings of a wounded conscience  
 We patiently sustaine to serve our sence  
 With a short pleasure; So we empire gaine  
 And rule the fate of buinesse, the sad paine

Of action we contemne, and the affright  
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.  
 Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares  
 Are certaine prophecies. And till our eares  
 Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now  
 So cheerefully receive, we must allow  
 No comfort to our griefes : from which to be  
 Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

*Elegie, 7.*

**H**ere is no peace in sinne. Æternall war  
 Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are  
 Friends 'mong themselves, and choifest accents  
 Harsh Eccho's of their heavenly harmonie. [be  
 While thou didst live we did that union finde  
 In the so faire republick of thy mind,  
 Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare  
 Affirme those goodly structures, temples are  
 Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare :  
 The musique of thy soule made us say, there  
 God had his Altars ; every breath a spice  
 And each religious act a sacrifice.  
 But death hath that demolisht. All our eye  
 Of thee now sees doth like a Cittie lye  
 Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame  
 That added warmth and beauty to thy frame ?  
 Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire  
 The losses of some maim'd Seraphick quire ?  
 Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold  
 From generall ruine, and expell that cold  
 Dull humor weakens it ? If so it be ;  
 My sorrow yet must prayse fates charity.  
 But thy example (if kinde heaven had daign'd  
 Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd  
 To his first purity. For that the wit  
 Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' Ancherit  
 As too to strickt ; thou didst uncloyster'd live :  
 Teaching the soule by what preservative,

She may from finnes contagion live secure,  
 Though all the ayre she suckt in, were impure.  
 In this darke mist of error with a cleare  
 Vnspotted light, thy vertue did appeare  
 T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage  
 Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age ;  
 Had it seene thy chaste youth? Who could the wealth  
 Of time have spent in ryot, or his health  
 By surfeits forfeited ; if he had seene  
 What temperance had in thy dyet beene ?  
 What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought  
 By gold or practife, or by rapin brought  
 From his fore-fathers, had he understood  
 How *Talbot* valued not his owne great blood !  
 Had Politicians seene him scorning more  
 The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore  
 Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind  
 (A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find  
 Still free admittance : their pale labors had  
 Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.  
 But he is lost in a blind vault, and we  
 Must not admire though finnes now frequent be  
 And uncontrol'd : Since those faire tables where  
 The Law was writ by death now broken are,  
 By death extinguisht is that Star, whose light  
 Did shine so faithfull : that each ship say'd right  
 Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,  
 (That failing) lost in this worlds tempest be.  
 But to what Orbe so ere thou dost retyre,  
 Far from our ken : tis blest, while by thy fire  
 Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here  
 Be seene againe : may I ore-take thee there.

*Elegie, 8.*

**B**oast not the rev'r'd Vatican, nor all  
 The cunning Pompe of the Escuriall. [room  
 Though there both th' Indies met in each smal  
 Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.

Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this cheft  
 Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the East  
 When it is purified by th' generall fire  
 Shall see thefe now pale afhes sparkle higher  
 Then all the gems ſhe vants : tranſcending far  
 In fragrant luſtre the bright morning ſtar.  
 Tis true, they now ſeeme darke. But rather we  
 Have by a catacraft loſt fight, then he  
 Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night  
 Brings darkeneſſe, when the Sun retains his light.  
 Thou eclips'd duſt ! Expecting breake of day  
 From the thicke miſts about thy Tombe, I'le pay  
 Like the juſt Larke, the tribute of my verſe  
 I will invite thee, from thy envious herſe  
 To riſe, and 'bout the World thy beames to ſpread,  
 That we may ſee, there's brightneſſe in the dead.  
 My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come  
 From th' happy vault ? In her ſweete martyrdom  
 The nard breathes never ſo, nor ſo the roſe  
 When the enamor'd Spring by kiſſing blowes  
 Soft bluſhes on her cheeke, nor th' early Eaſt  
 Vying with Paradice, ith' Phœnix neſt.  
 Theſe gentle perfumes uſher in the day  
 Which from the night of his diſcolour'd clay  
 Breakes on the ſudden : for a Soule ſo bright  
 Of force muſt to her earth contribute light.  
 But if w' are ſo far blind, we cannot ſee  
 The wonder of this truth ; yet let us be  
 Not infidels : nor like dull Atheiſts give  
 Our ſelves ſo long to luſt, till we believe  
 (T' allay the grieve of finne) that we ſhall fall  
 To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.  
 The bad mans death is horror. But the juſt  
 Keepe ſomething of his glory in his duſt.

*FINIS.*

CASTARA:  
THE  
THIRD PART.

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## A Holy Man



*So*nely Happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; Or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects Religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the Magistrate: And should conscience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it neverthelesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his owne knowledge attaines it: Confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: But in adversity hee remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happineffe is not meteor-like exhaled from the vapors of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appeares to fall,

onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: Nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinkle: for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the prosperitie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of counsel with the *Æternall*? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the Sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any mans error in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equalls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: Esleeming yet no forme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on others vices, he values not himselfe vertuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension: In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigor: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is Angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour Organs. Lust is the *Basiliske* he flies, a Serpent of the most destroying venome: for it

*blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering Artillery in the eye: He is ever merry but still modest. Not dissolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly seareth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example: In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey: but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his Mistresse on which he is passionately enamord: for that he hath found the most Sovereigne antidote aga[i]nst sinne, and the onley balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailety. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every movement prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himself, when age or sicknesse sommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profesion of faith crownes him a martyr.*

*Domine labia mea aperies* DAVID.

**N**Oe monument of me remaine,  
 My mem'orie rust  
 In the same marble with my dust :  
 Ere I the spreadingst Laurell gaine,  
 By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,  
 Shine still bright starres,  
 Th' Almightyes mystick Characters !  
 Ile not your beautious lights surprife  
 T' illuminate a womans eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins, will I  
 In each one set  
 The purple of the violet.  
 The untoucht flowre may grow and dye  
 Safe from my fancies injurie.

Open my lippes, great God ! and then  
 Ile soare above  
 The humble flight of carnall love.  
 Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,  
 And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded foules  
 Worthy to be  
 Their object finde, excepting thee ?  
 Where can I fixe ? since time controules  
 Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiare  
 T' a Princes smile ;  
 How soone may death my hopes beguile ?  
 And should I farme the proudest state,  
 I'me Tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold ; will it not rust ?  
 And if my love  
 Toward a female beauty move ;

How will that surfet of our lust  
 Distaft us, when resolv'd to dust?  
 But thou Æternall banquet! where  
     For ever we  
 May feede without fatietie!  
 Who harmonie art to the eare,  
 Who art, while all things else appeare!  
 While up to thee I shoote my flame  
     Thou dost dispence  
 A holy death, that murders fence,  
 And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme  
 All other triumphs than thy name.  
 It crownes me with a victory  
     So heavenly, all  
 That's earth from me away doth fall.  
 And I, from my corruption free,  
 Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

*Versa est in luctum cythara mea.* I O B.

**L**ove! I no orgies sing  
 Whereby thy mercies to invoke:  
 Nor from the East rich perfumes bring  
 To cloude the Altars with thy precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent  
 Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee:  
 Did I loose heathenish rites invent,  
 To force a blush from injur'd Chastitie.

Religious was the charme  
 I used affection to intice:  
 And thought none burnt more bright or warme,  
 Yet chaste as winter was the Sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath  
 To the soft silken youths at Court:  
 Who may their witty passions breath,  
 To raise their Mistresse smile, or make her sport.

They'le smoothe thee into rime,  
Such as shall catch the wanton eare :  
And win opinion with the time,  
To make them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile  
Cherish their flatteries of wit !  
While I my life of fame beguile  
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seene the Pine  
Famed for its travels ore the Sea :  
Broken with stormes and age decline,  
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene Cædars fall,  
And in their roome a Mushrome grow :  
I have seene Comets, threatning all,  
Vanish themselves : I have seene Princes so.

Vaine triviall dust ! weake man !  
Where is that vertue of thy breath,  
That others save or ruine can,  
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t'account by death ?

When I consider thee  
The scorn of Time, and sport of fate :  
How can I turne to jollitie  
My ill-strung Harpe, and court the delicate ?

How can I but disdain  
The emptie fallacies of mirth ;  
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,  
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth ?

Fond youth ! too long I playd  
The wanton with a false delight.  
Which when I toucht, I found a shade  
That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray  
The soule to flatter'd ignorance :  
I from the World will steale away  
And by humility my thoughts advance.

*Perdam Sapientiam Sapientum*

To the Right Honorable the Lord *Windfor*.

*My Lord,*

**F**orgive my envie to the World ; while I  
 Commend those sober thoughts, persuade you fly  
 The glorious troubles of the Court. For though  
 The vales lyes open to each overflow,  
 And in the humble shade we gather ill  
 And aguish ayres : yet lightnings oftner kill  
 Oth' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we  
 May have more prospect, not securitie.  
 For when with losse of breath, we have overcome  
 Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome  
 On the so envi'd hill ; how doe our hearts  
 Pant with the labour, and how many arts  
 More subtle must we practise, to defend  
 Our pride from sliding, then we did t' ascend ?  
 How doth successe delude the mysteries  
 And all th' involv'd designements of the wife ?  
 How doth that Power, our Politiques call chance,  
 Racke them till they confesse the ignorance  
 Of humane wit ? Which, when 'tis fortified  
 So strong with reason that it doth deride  
 All adverse force oth' sudden findes its head  
 Intangled in a spiders slender thread.  
 Cœlestiall Providence ! How thou dost mocke  
 The boast of earthly wisdom ? On some rocke  
 When man hath a structure, with such art,  
 It doth disdain to tremble at the dart  
 Of thunder, or to shrinke oppos'd by all  
 The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,  
 Ev'n in a calme so gentle that no ayre  
 Breaths loude enough to stirre a Virgins haire !  
 But misery of judgement : Though past time  
 Instruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,  
 And shew us how we may secure our state  
 From pittied ruine, by anothers fate ;  
 Yet we contemning all such sad advice,

Pursue to build though on a precipice.

But you (my Lord) prevented by foresight  
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,  
And in your selfe both great and rich enough  
Refused t'expose your vessell to the rough  
Uncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they  
Who make the best returne, are forc't to say:  
The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine,  
Weighes light if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.

*Paucitatem dierum meorum nuncia mihi.* DAVID.

**T**ell me O great All knowing God!  
What period  
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?  
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I  
Wither away: or violently  
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the Wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath  
Shall I meete death?

And finde in the same vault a roome  
Where my fore-fathers ashes sleepe?  
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe  
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift *Parthians* fight  
And in their flight

Receive my death? Or shall I see  
That envied peace, in which we are  
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre;  
And perish by th' invadingemie?

Astrologers, who calculate  
Uncertaine fate

Affirme my scheme doth not preface  
Any abridgement of my dayes:  
And the Phisitian gravely sayes,  
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by flight  
Of art the fight

Of faith delude: and in their schoole

They onely practise how to make  
 A mistery of each mistake,  
 And teach strange words, credulity to foole.  
 For thou who first didst motion give,  
     Whereby things live  
 And Time hath being! to conceale  
 Future events didst thinke it fit  
 To checke th' ambition of our wit,  
 And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.  
 Therefore so I prepar'd still be,  
     My God for thee :  
 Oth' sudder on my spirits may  
 Some killing Apoplexie feize,  
 Or let me by a dull disease  
 Or weakened by a feeble age decay.  
 And so I in thy favour dye,  
     No memorie  
 For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,  
 For if my soule be 'mong the blest  
 Though my poore ashes want a chest,  
 I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

*Non nobis Domine.* D A V I D.

**N**O marble statue, nor high  
 Aspiring Piramid be rays'd  
 To lose its head within the skie!  
 What claime have I to memory?  
     God be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeate  
 The mighty conquests of the proude,  
 And blast the laurels of the great.  
 Thou canst make brightest glorie set  
     Oth' sudder in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art  
 Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?  
 Or how can brasse to him impart  
 Sence of surviving fame, whose heart  
     Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride !  
 Æternitie why buildst thou here ?  
 Dost thou not see the highest tide  
 Its humbled streame in th' Ocean hide,  
 And nere the same appeare ?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,  
 As sent abroad by the angry fea  
 To leuell vastest buildings low,  
 And all our Trophies overthrow ;  
 Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou who to preserve thy name  
 Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land !  
 How will posterity scorne fame,  
 When th' Idoll shall receive a maime,  
 And loose a foote or hand ?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he  
 Who onely for his hire did raise  
 Thy counterfet in stone ; with thee  
 Shall stand Competitor : and be  
 Perhapes thought worthier praise ?

No Laurell wreath about my brow !  
 To thee, my God, all praise, whose law  
 The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow !  
 For both dissolve to ayre, if thou  
 Thy influence but withdraw.

*Solum mihi superest sepulchrum.* I O B.



Elcome thou safe retreat !  
 Where th' injured man may fortifie  
 'Gainst the invasions of the great :  
 Where the leane slave, who th' Oare doth plye,  
 Soft as his Admirall may lye.

Great Statist ! tis your doome  
 Though your designs swell high, and wide  
 To be contracted in a tombe !  
 And all your happie cares provide  
 But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight  
 Ith' pompe of your proud obsequies.  
 And should the present flatterie write  
 A glorious Epitaph, the wife  
 Will say, The Poets wit here lyes.

How reconcil'd to fate  
 Will grow the aged Villager,  
 When he shall see your funerall state?  
 Since death will him as warme inter  
 As you in your gay sepulcher.

The great decree of God  
 Makes every path of mortals lead  
 To this darke common period.  
 For what by wayes so ere we tread,  
 We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale  
 Makes fancie a fad truth indite,  
 Insensible a way doe steale :  
 And when I'me lost in deaths cold night,  
 Who will remember, now I write ?

*Et fugit velut umbra.* I O B.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Kintyre*.

*My Lord*

**T**Hat shadow your faire body made  
 So full of sport it still the mimick playde  
 Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday  
 So huge in stature ; Night hath stolen away.  
 And this is th' emblem of our life : To please  
 And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas  
 Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides ; we dare  
 All the sicke humors of a forraine ayre.  
 And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie  
 To unlocke hell, should gold there hoarded lie.  
 But when we have built up a ædifice  
 T' outwraastle Time, we have but built on ice :  
 For firme however all our structures be.  
 Polisht with smootheft Indian Ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire  
 Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.  
 Tracke through the ayre the footesteps of the wind,  
 And searck the print of ships sayl'd by; then finde  
 Where all the glories of those Monarchs be  
 Who bore such sway in the worlds infancie.  
 Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can fame  
 Give an account, that ere they had a name.  
 How can he then who doth the world controle  
 And strikes a terror now in either Pole,  
 Th' insulting Turke secure himself that he  
 Shall not be lost to dull Posterity?  
 And though the Superstition of those Times  
 Which deified Kings to warrant their owne crimes  
 Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,  
 Who every Region of the skie Survay;  
 In their Cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast  
 Could nere discover which containes his ghost.  
 And after death to make that awe survive  
 Which subjects owe their Princes yet alive,  
 Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet  
 And keepe them living in a counterfet;  
 The curious looker on soone passes by  
 And findes the tombe a sickeneffe to his eye.  
 Neither when once the soule is gone doth all  
 The solemne triumph of the funerall  
 Adde to her glory or her paine release:  
 Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace  
 For which we toild, from us abstracted be  
 And onely serve to swell the history.

These are sad thoughts (my Lord) and such as fright  
 The easie soule made tender with delight,  
 Who thinks that he hath forgotten that houre  
 Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.  
 But by the friendship which your Lordship daignes  
 Your Servant, I have found your judgement raignes  
 Above all passion in you: and that fence  
 Could never yet demolish that strong fence  
 Which Vertue guards you with: By which you are  
 Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

*Nox nocti indicat Scientiam.* D A V I D.

**W**hen I survey the bright  
 Cœlestiall spheare :  
 So rich with jewels hung, that night  
 Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.

My foule her wings doth spread  
 And heaven-ward flies,  
 Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read  
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
 Shootes forth no flame  
 So filent, but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creators name.

No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small a Character,  
 Remov'd far from our humane sight :

But if we stedfast looke,  
 We shall discern  
 In it as in some holy booke,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,  
 That farre-stretcht powre  
 Which his proud dangers traffique for,  
 Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North ;  
 Some Nation may  
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
 And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in  
 With hills of ice  
 May be let out to scourge his sinne  
 'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
 Their ruine have,  
 For as your selves your Empires fall,  
 And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Cœlestiall fires,  
 Though seeming mute  
 The fallacie of our desires  
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first  
 The World had birth :  
 And found sinne in it selfe accurst,  
 And nothing permanent on earth.

*Et alta a longè cognoscit.* D A V I D.



O the cold humble hermitage  
 (Not tenanted but by discoloured age,  
 Or youth enfeebled by long prayer  
 And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth reparaire.

But from the lofty gilded rooffe  
 Stain'd with some Pagan fiction, keeps a looffe.

Nor the gay Landlord daignes to know  
 Whose buildings are like Monsters but for show.

Ambition! whither wilt thee climbe,  
 Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?

Which by examples tells the high  
 Rich structures, they must as their owners dye :

And while they stand, their tennants are  
 Detraction, flattery, wantonneffe, and care,

Pride, envie, arrogance, and doubt,  
 Surfet, and ease still tortured by the gout.

O rather may I patient dwell  
 In th' injuries of an ill-cover'd cell!

'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,  
 The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile.

Where the swift measures of the day,  
 Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray :

And some starres solitary light  
 Be the sole taper to the tedious night.

The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst  
 Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst :

And the wilde fruites of Nature give  
 Dyet enough, to let me feele I feele, I live.

You wantons! who impoverish Seas,

And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please !  
 A greedy tyrant you obey  
 Who varies still its tribute with the day.  
 What interest doth all the vaine  
 Cunning of surfet to your fences gaine ?  
 Since it obscure the Spirit must  
 And bow the flesh to sleep disease or lust.  
 While who forgetting rest and fare ;  
 Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,  
 Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,  
 And thence how much more bright the heav'ns above  
 Where on the heads of Cherubins  
 Th' Almighty fits disdainng our bold finnes :  
 Who while on th' earth we groveling lye  
 Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

*Universum fl[r]atum ejus versasti in infirmitate  
 ejus. D A V I D.*



MY Soule ! When thou and I  
 Shall on our frighted death-bed lye ;  
 Each moment watching when pale death  
 Shall snatch away our latest breath,  
 And 'twene two long joyn'd Lovers force  
 An endlesse sad divorce :

How wilt thou then ? that art  
 My rationall and nobler part,  
 Distort thy thoughts ? How wilt thou try  
 To draw from weake Philosophie  
 Some strength : and flatter thy poor state,  
 'Cause tis the common fate ?

How wilt thy spirits pant  
 And tremble when they feele the want  
 Of th' usuall organs ; and that all  
 The vitall powers begin to fall ?  
 When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,  
 Yet whither ; who can know ?

How fond and idle then  
 Will seeme the misteries of men ?

How like some dull ill-acted part  
 The subtlest of proud humane art?  
 How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,  
 When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is  
 My fainting earth) looke pale at this?  
 Disjointed on the racke of paine.  
 How shall I murmur, how complaine;  
 And craving all the ayde of skill,  
 Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my griefe  
 Doth throw my fight to court reliefe,  
 I shall but meete despaire; for all  
 Will prophesie my funerall:  
 The very silence of the roome  
 Will represent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,  
 My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,  
 And counsell of Divines advance  
 Death in each dolefull circumstance:  
 I shall even a sad mourner be  
 At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I  
 Must know that others forrowes dye  
 Soone as our selves, and none survive  
 To keepe our memories alive.  
 Even our fals tombes, as loath to say  
 We once had life, decay.

*Laudate Dominum de cælis.* D A V I D.



Ye Spirits! who have throwne away  
 That envious weight of clay  
 Which your cælestial flight denied:  
 Who by your glorious troopes supply  
 The winged Hierarchie,  
 So broken in the Angells pride!

O you ! whom your Creators fight  
 Inebriates with delight !  
 Sing forth the triumphs of his name  
 All you enamord soules ! agree  
 In a loud symphonie :  
 To give expressions to your flame !

To him, his owne great workes relate,  
 Who daign'd to elevate  
 You 'bove the frailtie of your birth :  
 Where you stand safe from that rude warre,  
 With which we troubled are  
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath  
 Here in this World we breath  
 Each houre some passion us affailes :  
 Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,  
 Or that it may seeme good,  
 It selfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,  
 And lays a siege so streight,  
 No heavenly succor enters in :  
 But if Revenge admittance finde,  
 For ever hath the mind  
 Made forfeit of it selfe to sinne.

Affaaulted thus, how dare we raife  
 Our mindes to thinke his praise,  
 Who is Æternall and immens ?  
 How dare we force our feeble wit  
 To speake him infinite,  
 So farre above the search of fence ?

O you ! who are immaculate  
 His name may celebrate  
 In your soules bright expansion.  
 You whom your vertues did unite  
 To his perpetuall light,  
 That even with him you now shine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,  
 And onely studie Arts  
 To shorten the sad length of Time :  
 In place of joyes bring humble feares :  
 For hymnes, repentant teares  
 And a new sigh for every crime.

*Qui quasi flos egreditur.*

To the Right Honourable, the Lady *Cat. T.*



Aire Madame ! You  
 May see what's man in yond' bright rose.  
 Though it the wealth of Nature owes,  
 It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shewes, though fate  
 May promise still to warme our lippes,  
 And keepe our eyes from an eclips ;  
 It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor filly flowre !  
 Though in thy beauty thou perfume,  
 And breath which doth the spring perfume ;  
 Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may  
 Then thy good fortune be, to rest  
 Oth' pillow of some Ladies brest ;  
 Thou'lt whither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome  
 However, that there shall appeare  
 No memory that thou grew'st heere,  
 Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath  
 By meditation to fore see  
 How loath'd a nothing it must be:  
 Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can  
Behold this mighty world decay  
And weare by th' age of time away :  
Yet not discourfe the fall of man.

But Madam thefe  
Are thoughts to cure ficke humane pride.  
And med'cines are in vaine applyed.  
To bodies far 'bove all difeafe.

For you fo live  
As th' Angels in one perfect ftate ;  
Safe from the ruines of our fate,  
By vertues great prefervative.

And though we fee  
Beautie enough to warme each heart ;  
Yet you by a chafte Chemicke Art,  
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

*Quid gloriaris in malicia?* DAVID.



Well no more proud man, fo high !  
For enthron'd where ere you fit  
Rais'd by fortune, finne and wit :  
In a vault thou duft muft lye.  
He who's lifted up by vice  
Hath a neighb'ring precipice  
Dazeling his diftorted eye.

Shallow is that unfafe fea  
Over which you fspread your faile :  
And the Barke you trust to, fraile  
As the Winds it muft obey.  
Mifchiefe, while it profpers, brings  
Favour from the fmile of Kings ;  
Vfeleffe foone is throwne away.

Profit, though finne it extort,  
Princes even accounted good,  
Courting greatneffe nere withstood,

Since it Empire doth support.  
 But when death makes them repent  
 They condemne the instrument,  
 And are thought Religious for 't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,  
 How distracted will you lye ;  
 When your flattering Clients flye  
 As your fate infectious were ?  
 When of all th' obsequious throng  
 That mov'd by your eye and tongue,  
 None shall in the storme appeare ?

When that abject insolence  
 (Which submits to the more great,  
 And disdaines the weaker state,  
 As misfortune were offence)  
 Shall at Court be judged a crime  
 Though in practise, and the Time  
 Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud ;  
 Whose large branches vainely sprout  
 'Bove the measure of the roote.  
 But let stormes speake nere so loud,  
 And th' astonisht day benight ;  
 Yet the just shines in a light  
 Faire as noone without a cloud.

*Deus Deus Meus.* DAVID.



Here is that foole Philosophie,  
 That bedlam Reason, and that beast dull fence ;  
 Great God ! when I consider thee  
 Omnipotent, Æternall, and imens ?  
 Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride  
 Of th' Angels, when they to defection fell ?  
 And without passion didst provide  
 To punish treason, rakes and death in hell.  
 Thy Word created this great All,

Ith' lower part whereof we wage fuch warres :  
 The upper bright and sphæricall  
 By purer bodies tenanted, the ftarres.  
 And though fixe dayes it thee did please  
 To build this frame, the feventh for reft affigne ;  
 Yet was it not thy paine or eafe,  
 But to teach man the quantities of Time.  
 This world fo mighty and fo faire,  
 So 'bove the reach of all dimension :  
 If to thee God we should compare,  
 Is not the slenderft atome to the Sun.  
 What then am I poore nothing man !  
 That elevate my voyce and fpeake of thee ?  
 Since no imagination can  
 Diftinguifh part of thy immenfitie ?  
 What am I who dare call thee God !  
 And raife my fancie to difcourfe thy power ?  
 To whom duft is the period,  
 Who am not fure to farme this very houre ?  
 For how know I the lateft fand  
 In my fraile glaffe of life, doth not now fall ?  
 And while I thus aftonifht ftand  
 I but prepare for my own funerall ?  
 Death doth with man no order keepe :  
 It reckons not by the expence of yeares.  
 But makes the Queene and beggar weepe,  
 And nere diftinguifhes betweene their teares.  
 He who the victory doth gaine  
 Falls as he him purfues, who from him flies,  
 And is by too good fortune flaine.  
 The Lover in his amorous courtfhip dyes.  
 The ftates-man fuddenly expires  
 While he for others ruine doth prepare :  
 And the gay Lady while fh' admires  
 Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.  
 No ftate of man is fortified  
 'Gainft the affault of th' univerfall doome :  
 But who th' Almightye feare, deride  
 Pale death, and meete with triumph in the tombe.

*Quonian ego in flagella paratus sum.*    D A V I D.

**R**ix me on some bleake precipice,  
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand :  
Made now a statute of ice,  
Then by the summer scorcht and tan'd !

Place me alone in some fraile boate  
'Mid th' horrors of an angry Sea :  
Where I while time shall move, may floate  
Despairing either land or day !

Or under earth my youth confine  
To th' night and silence of a cell :  
Where Scorpions may my limbes entwine.  
O God ! So thou forgive me hell.

Æternitie ! when I think thee,  
(Which never any end must have,  
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see  
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,  
My blood ebbes fearefully away :  
Both guilty that they did to lust.  
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautiful fight  
Drew Spider-like blacke venome in :  
Close like the marigold at night  
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore  
Which did proud fallacies admit :  
And vow to heare no follies more ;  
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire  
Imagin'd such an excellence,  
As th' Ermines skin ungentle were)  
Contract themselves, and loose all fence.

But you bold finners ! still purfue  
Your valiant wickedneffe, and brave  
Th' Almighty Iuftice: hee'le fubdue  
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appears,  
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.  
And hope to foften him with teares,  
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you fcorne thofe treafures, which  
So fiercely now you doate upon :  
Then curfe thofe pleafures did bewitch  
You to this fad illufion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you fhall  
Wooe to opprefse you with their weight :  
Difdainefull will deny to fall,  
By a fad death to eafe your fate.

In vaine fome midnight ftorme at fea  
To fwallow you, you will defire :  
In vaine upon the wheels you'le pray  
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the fight of which you start,  
In a mad fury then you'le Court :  
Yet hate th' expreffions of your heart,  
Which onely fhall be figh'd for fport.

No forrow then fhall enter in  
With pittie the great judges eares.  
This moment's ours. Once dead, his fin  
Man cannot expiate with teares.

*Militia est vita hominis.*

To Sir Hen. Per.

Sir



Ere it your appetite of glory, (which  
In nobleft times, did braveft foules bewitch  
To fall in love with danger,) that now drawes  
You to the fate of warre ; it claimes applaufe :

And every worthy hand would plucke a bough  
 From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.  
 Since you unforc'd part from your Ladies bed  
 Warme with the purest love, to lay your head  
 Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele  
 The nights cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of steele.  
 You leave your well grown woods ; and meadows which  
 Our *Severne* doth with fruitfull streames enrich.  
 Your woods where we see such large heards of Deere  
 Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare.  
 You leave your Castle, safe both for defence  
 And sweetely wanton with magnificence  
 With all the cost and cunning beautified  
 That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.  
 These charmes might have bin pow'ful to have staid  
 Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betrayd  
 You to a glorious ease : since to the warre  
 Men by desire of prey invited are,  
 Whom either sinne or want makes desperate,  
 Or else disdain of their owne narrow fate.  
 But you, nor hope of fame or a release  
 Of the most sober goverment in peace,  
 Did to the hazard of the armie bring  
 Onely a pure devotion to the King  
 In whose just cause whoever fights, must be  
 Triumphant : since even death is victory.  
 And what is life, that we to wither it  
 To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit  
 To finde out Natures secrets ; what doth length  
 Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength ?  
 When a brave quarrell doth to arms provoke  
 Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke  
 This emptie shadow, life ? this which the wise  
 As the fooles Idoll, soberly despise ?  
 Why should we not throw willingly away  
 A game we cannot save, now that we may  
 Gain honour by the gift ? since haply when  
 We onely shall be statue of men  
 And our owne monuments, Peace will deny

Our wretched age fo brave a caufe to dye.  
 But thefe are thoughts! And aétion tis doth give  
 A foule to courage, and make vertue live :  
 Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue  
 Of bold Philofophie, but in the ftrong  
 Vndaunted fpirit, which encounters thofe  
 Sad dangers, we to fancie fcarce propofe.  
 Yet tis the true and higheft fortitude  
 To keepe our inward enemies fubdued :  
 Not to permit our paffions over fway  
 Our aétions, not our wanton flefh betray  
 The foules chafte Empire : for however we  
 To th' outward fhew may gaine a victory  
 And proudly triumph : if to conquour finne  
 We combate not, we are at warre within.

*Vias tuas Domine demonstra mihi.*



Here have I wandred? In what way  
 Horrid as night  
 Increaft by ftormes did I delight?  
 Though my sad foule did often fay  
 Twas death and madneffe fo to fray.

On that falfe ground I joy'd to tread  
 Which feemed moft faire,  
 Though every path had a new fnare,  
 And every turning ftill did lead,  
 To the darke Region of the dead.

But with the furfet of delight  
 I am fo tyred  
 That now I loath what I admired,  
 And my diftafted appetite  
 So 'bhors the meate, it hates the fight.

For fhould we naked finne difcry  
 Not beautified  
 By th' ayde of wantonneffe and pride  
 Like fome mishapen birth, 'twould lye  
 A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect  
 Even ore the wife,  
 How powerfull doth it tyrannize !  
 Whose monstros storme should they detract  
 They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadows which oppresse  
 My fight begin  
 To cleere, and show the shape of sinne,  
 A Scorpion sooner be my guest,  
 And warme his enome in my brest.

May I before I growe so vile  
 By sinne agen,  
 Be throwne off as a scorne to men !  
 May th' angry world decree, t' exile  
 Me to some yet unpeopled Isle.

Where while I straggle, and in vaine  
 Labor to finde  
 Some creature that shall have a minde,  
 What justice have I to complaine  
 If I thy inward grace retaine ?

My God if thou shalt not exclude  
 Thy comfort thence :  
 What place can seeme to troubled fence  
 So melancholly darke and rude,  
 To be esteem'd a solitude.

Cast me upon some naked shore  
 Where I may tracke  
 Onely the print of some mad wracke ;  
 If thou be there, though the seas rore,  
 I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the *Cymmerians*, whom no ray  
 Doth ere enlight  
 But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night :  
 Not finners at high noone, but they  
 'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

*Et Exultavit Humiles.*

How cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne  
 Gilds with his beames  
 The narrow streames  
 Oth' Brooke which silently doth runne  
 Without a name?  
 And yet disdaines to lend his flame  
 To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye  
 And lightning feare,  
 Though they appeare  
 To bid defiance to the skie;  
 Which in one houre  
 W' have seene the opening earth devoure  
 When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head  
 Like some rich vales  
 Whose fruites nere faile  
 With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.  
 Nor doth complaine  
 Oreflowed by an ill feason'd raine  
 Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall Barke with treasure fraught  
 He the seas cleere  
 Doth quiet steere:  
 But when they are t' a tempest wrought;  
 More gallantly  
 He spreads his saile, and doth more high  
 By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force  
 The glorious tide  
 Of humane pride  
 To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course  
 (Which rudely bore

Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)  
His feeblest enimie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings  
The Cottager  
And doth preferre  
Him to th' adored state of Kings :  
He bids that hand  
Which labour hath made rough and tand  
The all commanding Scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast  
Their boundlesse sway :  
Since in their Sea  
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.  
Let them themselves  
Beware, for they are their owne shelves.  
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

*Dominus Dominantium.*



Vpreame Divinitie ! Who yet  
Coulde ever finde  
By the bold scrutinie of wit,  
The tresurie where thou lock'ft up the wind ?

What Majesty of Princes can  
A tempest awe ;  
When the distracted Ocean  
Swells to Sedition, and obeyes no Law ?

How wretched doth the Tyrant stand  
Without a boast ?  
When his rich fleete even touching land  
He by some storme in his owne Port sees lost ?

Vaine pompe of life ! what narrow bound  
Ambition  
Is circled with ? How false a ground  
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on.

And Nature how dost thou delude  
     Our fearch to know?  
 When the same windes which here intrude  
 On us with frosts and onely winter blow:  
 Breath temprate on th' adjoining earth;  
     And gently bring  
 To the glad field a fruitfull birth  
 With all the treasures of a wanton Spring.  
 How diversly death doth assaile;  
     How sporting kill?  
 While one is scorcht up in the vale  
 The other is congeald oth' neighboring hill.  
 While he with heates doth dying glow  
     Above he fees  
 The other hedg'd in with his snow  
 And envies him his ice although he freeze.  
 Proud folly of pretending Art,  
     Be ever dumbe,  
 And humble thy aspiring heart,  
 When thou findest glorious Reason overcome.  
 And you Astrologers, whose eye  
     Survayes the starres!  
 And offer thence to prophesie  
 Successe in peace, and the event of warres.  
 Throw downe your eyes upon that dust  
     You proudly tread!  
 And know to that resolve you must!  
 That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

*Cogitabo pro peccato meo.*



N what darke silent grove  
 Profan'd by no unholy love  
 Where witty melancholy nere  
 Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,  
 Shall I religious leafure winne  
     To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent  
 My youthes unvalued treasure, lent  
 To traffique for Cœlestiall joyes?  
 My unripe yeares pursuing toyes;  
 Iudging things best that were most gay  
 Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired  
 Our Poets as from heaven inspired  
 VVhat Obeliskes decreed I fit  
 For *Spencers* Art, and *Sydnyes* wit?  
 But waxing fober soone I found  
 Fame but an Idle found.

Then I my blood obey'd  
 And each bright face an Idoll made:  
 Verfe in an humble Sacrifice,  
 I offer'd to my Mistresse eyes,  
 But I no sooner grace did win  
 But met the devill within.

But growne more polliticke  
 I tooke account of each state trickes:  
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,  
 VVho had a conscience fit to rise.  
 VVhomet soone I found but forme and rule  
 And the more ferious foole.

But now my soule prepare  
 To ponder what and where we are  
 How fraile is life, how vaine a breath  
 Opinion, how uncertaine death:  
 How onely a poore stone shall beare  
 VVitnesse that once we were.

How a shrill Trumpet shall  
 Vs to the barre as traytors call.  
 Then shall we see too late that pride  
 Hath hope with flattery bely'd  
 And that the mighty in command  
 Pale Cowards there must stand.

*Recogitabo tibi omnes annos meos.* I S A Y.

Time! where didst thou those years inter  
 VVhich I have seere decease?  
 My soules at war and truth bids her  
 Finde out their hidden Sepulcher,  
 To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring  
 Like a late bride appeare?  
 VVhose fether'd Musicke onely bring  
 Careffes, and no Requiem sing  
 On the departed yeare?

The Earth, like some rich wanton heire,  
 VVhose Parents coffin'd lye,  
 Forgets it once lookt pale and bare  
 And doth for vanities prepare,  
 As the Spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all  
 Reflects not on the last;  
 But I, like a sad factor shall  
 T' account my life each moment call,  
 And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way  
 Since Reason did begin  
 Over my actions her first sway:  
 And teacheth me that each new day  
 Did onely vary fin.

Poor banckrout Conscience! where are those  
 Rich houres but farm'd to thee?  
 How carelessly I some did lose,  
 And other to my lust dispose  
 As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure  
 Disorders my past yeares.  
 But Ile to penitence inure  
 Those that succeed. There is no cure  
 Nor Antidote but teares.

*Cupio dissolvi.* PAVLE.

He foule which doth with God unite,  
 Those gayities how doth she flight  
     VVhich ore opinion fway?  
 Like facred Virgin wax, which fhines  
 On Altars or on Martyrs shrines  
     How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she  
 From envious earth delivered be,  
     Which doth her flight reftreaine?  
 How doth she doate on whips and rackes,  
 On fires and the fo dreaded Axe,  
     And every murd'ring paine?

How foone she leaves the pride of wealth,  
 The flatteries of youth and health  
     And fames more precious breath.  
 And every gaudy circumstance  
 That doth the pompe of life advance  
     At the approach of death?

The cunning of Aftrologers  
 Obferves each motion of the ftarres  
     Placing all knowledge there:  
 And Lovers in their Miftrefse eyes  
 Contra&thofe wonders of the skies,  
     And feeke no higher fphere.

The wandring Pilot fwetes to find  
 The caufes that produce the wind  
     Still gazing on the Pole.  
 The Politician fcornea all Art  
 But what doth pride and power impart.  
     And fwells the ambitious foule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,  
 Amd 'gainst these powerful follies arme,  
 Doth foberly difdaine  
 All these fond humane mifteries  
 As the deceitfull and unwife  
 Diftempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,  
 Yet vainely throwes it not away  
 On every idle caufe :  
 But with the fame untroubled eye  
 Can refolve to live or dye,  
 Regardleffe of th' applaufe.

My God ! If 'tis thy great decree  
 That this muft the laft moment be  
 Wherein I breath this ayre ;  
 My heart obeyes joy'd to retreat  
 From the falfe favours of the great  
 And treachery of the faire.

When thou fhalt please this foule t' enthrone,  
 Above impure corruption ;  
 What fhall I grieve or feare.  
 To thinke this breathleffe body muft  
 Become a loathfome heape of duft  
 And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when Ore is tryed,  
 And by that torment purified :  
 Doe we deplore the loffe ?  
 And when thou fhalt my foule refine,  
 That it thereby may purer shine  
 Shall I grieve for the droffe ?

*F I N I S.*

# English Reprints.

ROGER ASCHAM.

## THE SCHOLEMASTER.

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Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

*Fellow of King's College, London ; Hon. Member of the Virginia Historical Society ;  
Examiner in English Language and Literature, Victoria University, Manchester ;  
Professor of English Language and Literature,  
Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham.*

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# THE SCHOLEMASTER.

## INTRODUCTION.



**T**is a part of the Divine Providence of the World, that the Strong shall influence the Weak: not only on the Battlefield and in Diplomacy; but also in Learning and Literature. Thus the Nations of Modern Europe have been influenced by the Writings of Greece and Rome: and they have influenced each other, in turn, with their own Power and Beauty in Thought and Expression. Thus, Modern English has been subject in succession to the influence of Classical Literature in the time of Ascham; to the literary fascination of Italy, in the age of Elizabeth; of France, at the Restoration; and of Germany, in more recent times: without at all ceasing in the natural progression of its innate capabilities, for all the fashions and forms which, for a time, it pleased to adopt. In like manner, English Literature has allured the German, the Frenchman, and the Italian: thereby restoring benefit for benefit in the commerce and free trade of the Mind.

2. The stream of Ancient Literature and Cultivation, which, after the fall of Constantinople, advanced from East to West; at length reached our shores in the reign of Henry the Eighth. In the planting and engraftment of Classical learning in England at that time, St. John's College, Cambridge,—founded on 9th April 1511—had a most distinguished share. Its Master and Fellows—whether they adhered to the older or the newer 'faith'—strove alike most earnestly to promote the new 'learning.'

THOMAS NASHE, writing—twenty years after Ascham's death—something severely on 'our triuall translators,' in his address *To the Gentlemen Students*, prefixed to R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589; bears honourable testimony to the worthiness of this College. . . . "I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credit in this laudable kinde of Translation; In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged Father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke Writers, in the robes of the auncient *Romaines*; in whose traces, *Philip Melancthon*, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and manie other reuerent Germaines insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and merueilouslie enriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation beeing transported into *England*, euerie priuate Scholler, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to vaunt the smattering of Latine, in English Impressions. But amongst others in that age, Sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance did seuer it selfe from all equalls, although Sir *Thomas Moore* with his Comicall wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not Knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, *Saint Iohns in Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoever, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tythe of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie tearmed *Colonia diducta* from the Suburbes of *Saint Iohns*. In which extraordinarie conception, *uno partu in rempublicam prodire*, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir *Ihon Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally traded in al tongues, Sir *John Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Aschame*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkington*: all which, haue either by their priuate readings, or publike workes, repurged the errors of Artes, expelde from their puritie, and set before our eyes, a more perfect Methode of Studie.

3. THOMAS BAKER in his *History of the College of St. John the Evangelist*, Ed. by J. E. B., Mayor, 1869; tells us that about 1520-30, "12d per week was allowed in commons to a fellow, and only 7d to a scholar. These were times when £120 was sufficient to found a fellowship [for the private foundations usually run thereabouts], and when £6 per an. was enough to maintain a fellow," p. 81, "as £3 per annum was enough to found a scholar," p. 99.

Baker also gives us a Statement of the finances of the College when Doctor Metcalfe became its third master, about Dec. 1518, which fully corroborates Ascham's account at p. 133: which Statement may be thus summarized:—

Total revenues from lands	.	.	.	.	234	14	4
Less value of private foundations	.	.	.	.	48	0	0
					<hr/>		
					186	14	4
Less the ordinary charges incident to these revenues					125	9	9
Remaining to the sustentation of all such as be to be found of the said lands, <i>i.e.</i> , for their only commons, stipend, and livery yearly					61	4	6
The charges of these viz. of the master, twenty-eight fellows, six scholars and of several servants, is yearly					162	8	0
					<hr/>		
					Excess of Outgoings over Receipts	£101	3 5

Yet Doctor Metcalfe in ways like those described by Ascham, as well as by obtaining the property of the suppressed Nunneries of Higham and Bromehall, raised the finances of the College to a flourishing condition, until it was spending £1000 a year (equal to £15,000 now) in the spread of knowledge.

4. But the College was not more fortunate in wealth than in learning when, in 1530, Roger Ascham, a Yorkshire lad of 15, entered it. John Cheke had been elected Fellow on the 30th of March in that year: and John Redman became a fellow on 3d of November following. Ascham thus distinctly attributes the race of Scholars that were bred up in St. John's College to the unwearied efforts of these two men. "At Cambridge also, in S. Johns Colledge, in my tyme, I do know, that, not so much the good statutes, as two Ientlemen, of worthie memorie, Syr John Cheke, and Doctour Readman, by their onely example of excellency in learning, of godnes in liuyng, of diligence in studying, of counsell in exhorting, of good order in all thyng, did breed vp so many learned men in that one College of S. Iohns, at one time, as I beleue, the whole Vniuersitie of Louaine, in many yeares was neuer able to affourd," p. 67.

As Redman became Master of King's College in 1542, and Cheke went to Court on 10 July 1544 to be Tutor to Prince Edward; the period of Study to which Ascham so gladly and so often reverts in this his last work, 'my swete tyme spent at Cambridge,' would not exceed fifteen years, at the longest; so far at least as the time during which Cheke and Redman gave so mighty an impulse to classical Learning.

5. These Planters of the ancient Literature in England hoped well of their Mother Tongue. The more they learnt of the subtily of Greek eloquence or the cunning elegance of Roman prose: the more they desired that English might be kept pure, the more they believed it to be capable of a worthy literature.

ROGER ASCHAM while a Fellow of St. John's, deliberately wrote his *Taxophilus*, published in 1545, in plain and pure English; thus, how strangely to us, *defends* himself. "If any man woulde blame me, eyther for takyng such a matter in hande, or els for writing it in the Englyshe tongue, this answer I may make hym, that whan the beste of the realme thinke it honest for them to vse, I one of the ineanest sorte, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write: And though to haue written it in an other tonge, had bene bothe more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my lajour wel bestowed, yf with a little hynderaunce of my profyt and name, maye come any fourtheraunce, to the pleasure or commoditie, of the gentlemen and yeomen of Englande, for whose sake I touke this matter in hande. And as

for ye Latin or greke tonge, every thing is so excellently done in them, that none can do better: In the Englysh tonge contrary, every thinge in a maner so meanly, bothe for the matter and handelynge, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the moste parte, haue ben alwayes moost redye to wryte. And they whiche had leaste hope in latin, haue bene moste bould in englyshe: when surely every man that is moste ready to taulke, is not moost able to wryte. He that wyll wryte well in any tongue, muste folowe thys counsell of Aristotle, to speake as the common people do, to thinke as wise men do; and so shoulde euery man vnderstande hym, and the iudgement of wyse men alowe him. Many English writers haue not done so, but vsing straunge wordes as latin, french and Italian, do make all thinges darke and harde," p. 18. *Ed.* 1868.

THOMAS HOBY, afterwards knighted, having, after many delays, finished his translation of Baldassare Castiglione's work, spoken of so highly by Ascham at p. 66: in his *Epistle*, has the following. "As I therefore haue to my smal skil bestowed some labour about this piece of worke, euen so coule I wishe with al my hart, profounde learned men in the Greeke and Latin shoulde make the lyke prooffe, and euery manne store the tunge accordinge to hys knowledge and delite aboute other men, in some piece of learnynge, that we alone of the worlde may not bee styll counted barbarous in oure tunge, as in time out of minde we haue bene in our maners. And so shall we perchance in time become as famous in Englande, as the learned men of other nations haue ben and presently are."

While the work was yet in MS., Hoby sent it to Sir JOHN CHEKE to look over. Cheke wrote the following letter in reply; which is important as coming from one who, Sir T. Wilson says, had 'better skill in our English speache to iudge of the Phrases and properties of wordes and to diuide sentences: than any one else had that I haue knowne.' It is also interesting as showing that uniform spelling had nothing to do with clean English.

This letter was written while Sir John was fading out of life; for shame at his recantation of the Protestant faith at his pardon, for having acted—out of zeal for that faith—as Secretary of State to Lady Jane Grey. He died in the Sept. following of that year, 1557, at the house of his friend Peter Osborne, in Woodstreet. The letter is printed verbatim at the end of the first edition of *The Courtier*, 1561.

¶ To his louing frind Mayster Thomas Hoby.

FOR your opinion of my gud will vnto you as you writt, you can not be deceiued: for submitting your doinges to mi iudgement, I thanke you: for taking this pain of your translation, you worthilie deseru great thankes of all sortes. I haue taken sum pain at your request cheffie in your preface, not in the reading of it for that was pleasaunt vnto me boath for the roundnes of your sainges and welspeakings of the saam, but in changing certain wordes which might verie well be let aloan, but that I am verie curious in mi freendes matters, not to determijn, but to debaat what is best. Whearin, I seek not the bestnes haplie bi truth, but bi mijn own phansie, and shew of goodnes.

I am of this opinion that our own tung shold be written cleane and pure, vnmixt and vnmangeled with borowing of other tungen, wherein if we take not heed bi tijm, euer borowing and neuer payeng, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt. For then doth our tung naturallic and praisable vtter her meaning, when she bouroweth no conterfeitnes of other tungen to attire her self withall, but vseth plainlie her own with such shift, as nature craft, experiens, and folowing of other excellent doth lead her vnto, and if she want at ani tijm (as being vnperfit she must) yet let her borow with suche bashfulnes, that it mai appeer, that if either the mould of our own tung could serue 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 vnknewen wordes. This I say not for reproof of you, who haue scarslie and necessarily vsed whear occasion serueth a strange word so, as it seemeth to grow out of the matter and not to be sought for: but for mijn own defens, who might be counted ouerstraight a deemer of thinges, if I gaue not thys accompt to you, mi freend and wijs, of mi marring this your handiwork. But I am called

awai, I prai you pardon mi shortnes, the rest of mi saiences 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 IOAN CHEEKE.

These three instances may suffice to show the close connection between their study of the ancient Literature and their care over their native speech. Some of these Classical Students were the best Prose Writers of their time: just as the best Poets then, were those who drew their inspiration from Italy. The two literary influences prepared a way, by creating a favourable literary atmosphere, for our Master Writers in Elizabeth's reign, Spenser and Shakespeare; Bacon and Hooker.

6. Of these Classical Pioneers, Sir JOHN CHEEKE was the chief. His influence on the *English* Literature of that and the next age has hardly been adequately recognized: partly because his principal work was Oral Teaching; and partly because only three or four of his thirty to forty known writings (many now lost) are in English. Sir Richard Sackville calls him 'the best Master . . . in our tyme,' at p. 21. Ascham quotes him ever and anon in this work as an authority from whom there was hardly any appeal, and in particular, relates at pp. 154-159, with a fresh memory, Cheke's criticism of Sallust, made to him about twenty-five years before. Cheke was a Teacher of Teachers. The influence of simply Oral Teachers rests chiefly in the hearts and minds of the Taught, and it shows itself most in their after Lives and Works. Cheke taught Edward VI.; Sir W. Cecil; W. Bill, 7th Master of St Johns; R. Ascham; Sir T. Wilson; and many more celebrities of that time: and their characters and careers reflect his teaching.

T, afterwards Sir T. WILSON, in his *Epistle*, dated 10 June 1570, to Sir W. Cecil (It would be an interesting list, if English books were grouped according to their *dedicatees*: as 'showing the influence of the Nobility and Gentry on Literature), prefixed to his translation of the *Olynthiacs of Demosthenes* into English: thus ably conveys to us a conception of the surpassing abilities and character of Sir John Cheke.

"Great is the force of vertue (Right Honorable Counsellor) to wynne loue and good will vniuersally, in whose minde soeuer it is perfiteley knowne, to haue once gotte a dwelling. I speake it for this ende, that being solitarie of late time from my other studies, and musinge on this world, in the midst of my booke: I did then (as I haue oftentimes else done) deepeley thinke of Sir Iohn Cheeke Knyght, that rare learned man, and singular ornament of this lande. And as the remembrance of him was deare vnto me, for his manifolde great gifts and wonderfull vertues: so did I thinke of his most gentle nature and godly disposed minde, to helpe all those with his knowledge and vnderstanding, that any waye made meanes vnto him, and sought his fauour. And to say for my selfe amongst others, I founde him such a friende to me, for communicating the skill and giftes of hys minde, as I cannot but during my life speake reuerentelye of so worthie a man, and honor in my hart the heauenly remembrance of him. And thinking of my being with him in Italie in that famous Vniuersitie of Padua: I did cal to minde his care that he had ouer all the Englishe men there, to go to their booke: and how gladly he did reade to me and others, certaine Orationes of Demosthenes in Greeke, the interpretation wherof, I and they had then from his mouth. And so remembering the rather this world by the very argument of those actions: I did then seeke out amongst my other writings for the translation of them, and happily finding some, although not all: I was caried streightways (I trust by Gods good motion) to make certaine of them to be acquainted so nigh as I coulde with our Englishe tongue, aswell for the aptnesse of the matter, and needefull knowledge now at this time to be had: as also for the right notable, and most excellent handling of the same. And here must I saye,<sup>1</sup> confessing mine owne weakenesse and imperfection, that I neuer founde in my life any thing so harde for me to doe.

Maister Cheeke (whome I dare match with any one before named for his knowledge in the Greeke tongue,) hauing traueyled in Demosthenes as much as any one of them all, and famous for his learning throughout Europe: yet was he neuer so passing in his translations that no exception coulde be made against him. And then what shall I thinke of my selfe, after the naming of

so manye excellent learned men, but onely submit my doings to the fauour of others, and desire men to beare with my weaknesse. For this must I needes confesse, that I am altogether vnable to doe so in English, as the excellencie of this Orator deserueth in Greeke. And yet the cunning is no lesse, and the prayse as great in my iudgement, to translate any thing excellently into English, as into any other language. And I thinke (although there be many doers) yet scant one is to be found worthe amongst vs, for translating into our Countrie speech. Such a hard thing it is to bring matter out of any one language into another. And perhaps it may be that euen those who take themselues to bee much better learned than I am (as what is he that is not, hauing any name for learning at all?) will finde it an harder peece of woorke than they thinke, euen to make Greeke speake English, if they will make prooffe thereof as I haue done. Whose labor and traualle I woulde as gladly see, as they are lyke now to see mine, that such an Orator as this is, might bee so framed to speake our tongue, as none were able to amende him, and that he might be founde to be most like himselfe. The which enterprise if any might haue bene moste bolde to haue taken vpon him, Sir Iohn Cheeke was the man, of all that euer I knew, or doe yet know in Englande. Such acquaintance had he with this notable Orator, so gladly did he reade him, and so often: that I thinke there was neuer olde Priest more perfite in his Portreise, nor superstitious Monke in our Ladies Psalter as they call it, nor yet good Preacher in the Bible or testament, than this man was in Demosthenes. And great cause moued him so to be, for that he sawe him to be the perfitest Orator that euer wrote for these two thousand yeares almost by past (for so long it is since he was) and also for that he perceyued him to haue before his eyes in all his Orations the aduancement of vertue as a thing chiefly to be sought for, together with the honor and welfare of his countrie. Besides this, maister Cheekes iudgement was great in translating out of one tongue into an other, and better skill he had in our English speech to iudge of the Phrases and properties of wordes, and to diuidesentences: than any else had that I haue knowne. And often he woulde englyshe his matters out of the Latine or Greeke vpon the sodeyne, by looking of the booke onely without reading or construing any thing at all: An vsage right worthe and verie profitable for all men, aswell for the vnderstanding of the booke, as also for the aptnesse of framing the Authors meaning and bettering thereby their iudgement, and therewithall perfiting their tongue and vtterance of speech. Moreouer he was moued greatly to like Demosthenes aboue all others, for that he sawe him so familiarly applying himselfe to the sense and vnderstanding of the common people, that he sticke not to say, that none euer was more fitte to make an English man tell his tale praise worthily in an open hearing, either in Parliament or in Pulpit, or otherwise, than this onely Orator was.

And although your honour hath no neede of these my doings, for that the Greeke is so familiar vnto you, and that you also, as well as I, haue hearde Sir Iohn Cheeke read the same Orations at other times: yet I thinke for diuers causes I shoulde in right present vnto your honour this my traueyle the rather to haue it through your good liking and allowance, to be made common to many. First the sayd Sir Iohn Cheeke (whome I doe often name, for the honour and reuerence due of so worthe a man) was your brother in lawe [*Sir W. Cecil's first wife was Cheeke's sister*], your deare friende, your good admonisher, and teacher in your yonger yeares, to take that way of vertue, the fruite whereof you do feele and taste to your great ioy at this day, and shall for euer be remembered therefore" . . . . Ed. 1570.

We may not wonder then; if Ascham so affectionately refers to Cheke in this work; as 'that Ientleman of wortheie memorie, my dearest frend and teacher of all the poore learning I haue,' p. 138.

[We would here add, out of the same *Epistle*, by way of parenthesis, Wilson's defence of Translations, which was possibly provoked by Ascham's remarks, at p. 127. "But such as are grieued with translated bokes, are lyke to them that eating fine Manchet, are angry with others that feede on Cheate breade. And yet God knoweth men would as gladly eate Manchet as they, if they had it. But all can not weare Veluet, or feede with the best, and therefore such are contented for necessities sake to weare our Countrie cloth, and to take themselues to hard fare, that can haue no better."]

7. We have noticed a few of the influences on Ascham in his earlier life: in order to understand his outlook on the Literature of his day; while—as he was growing from 48 to 53 years of age—he wrote this book. The Italian influence had come in like a flood after the publication of Tottel's Miscellany in June 1557. In his rejection of this influence, while he kept up with the classical learning of the time, we judge him to be a Scholar of Henry's time, surviving into the reign of Elizabeth. We do not allude to his Invective against *Italianated Englishmen*, for which he had doubtless adequate grounds: but to his shunning the airy lightness of Italian poesy, which so much characterizes English Verse for the next forty years. Every one is entitled to a preference in such matters, and Ascham with others. Though he contended for English Iambics, he confessed he never had a "poetical head." He owned to loving the Italian language next after Greek and Latin: but Fiction and Rhyme he could not abide. So we realize him as the strong plain Englishman of Henry's day, with his love for all field sports and for cock-fighting, his warm generous heart, his tolerant spirit, his thorough scholarship, his beautiful penmanship: a man to be loved and honoured.

8. Ascham's special craft was teaching the young, Latin and Greek. He had taught the Queen, as he tells us at *ϕ*. 96: and now read Greek with her, as she desired. Being thus about the Court, and the Court resting at Windsor on the 10th Dec. 1563; the officers in attendance dined together under the presidency of the Secretary of State. Of the Table Talk on that occasion and its results: Ascham's own account is the best: and need not be repeated here.

9. Looking within the book; we see that begun in December 1563, it was prosecuted off and on for two years and a half, until Sir Richard Sackville's death in July 1566. It was then, for sorrow's sake, flung aside. 'Almost two yeares together, this booke lay *scattered*, and neglected,' and then finished, so far as we now possess it, by the encouragement of Cecil, in the last six or eight months of Ascham's life. Ascham died 30 Dec: 1568.

If a guess might be hazarded: it would seem that the Author had but gathered the materials together, up to Sir Richard Sackville's death: and that he wove them together in their present form, after he resumed the book again. The allusion at *ϕ*. 137, to the Queen's visit to Cambridge, in August 1564, as '*late* being there,' would show that that part was written about 1565: while the phrase at *ϕ*. 71, 'Syr Richard Sackuille, that worthy gentleman, of *worthis memorie*, as I sayd in the *begynnyngs*,' would prove that at least *The Preface* and the Invective against Italianated Englishmen were written after the resumption of the book in 1568: and consequently that it was after then, that the work was finally planned. The first book was then completed, and the second far proceeded with, when Death parted for euer, the busy worker from his Book. This is also confirmed by Ascham's last letter to Sturm: which proves him to have been intent on the work just before his decease.

10. Thanks to the editions of Upton and Bennet, *The Scholemaster* (which, like so many of the books of Elizabeth's time, had been quite forgotten in the previous sixteenth century) has obtained, for a hundred years or more, the reputation of an historic English work of general as well as of professional interest. With it, more than with any other of his works, is Ascham's name usually associated. As *Toxophilus* was the gift of his manhood towards the cultivation of the Body: so in this work—the legacy almost of his last hours—we inherit his ripest, his most anxious thought upon the Education of the Mind and Heart.

11. Among that first race of modern learned Englishmen, who fed and carried aloft the Lamp of Knowledge through all those changing and tempestuous times into the peaceful days of Elizabeth: none has become more famous than Roger Ascham: who, taught by the greatest English Teacher of his youth-tide, Sir John Cheeke: in due time became, to his undying delight, the Instructor of the most noble Scholar within the realm:—the Virgin Queen herself.

## ROGER ASCHAM'S METHOD OF TEACHING LATIN.

1. That part of *The Scholemaster* which describes English life and manners of that age, is for us an heritage of authentic information: his Criticism of Ancient and Contemporary Latin writers, establishes a test of the Classical acumen of his time: but his system of teaching Latin—and *mutatis mutandis* other languages—deserves our study as a contribution in aid of Education, for all time.

2. We would wish to associate with this Reprint, an excellent book, *Essays on Educational Reformers*, by the Rev. R. H. QUICK, M.A., London, 1868: 7s. 6d., but worthy of being perpetually sold at a shilling as a companion volume to this reprint; inasmuch as it is in some measure a continuation and completion of *The Scholemaster*. For in these Essays, Mr. Quick ably analyses and compares the successive systems of Instruction adopted by THE JESUITS, ASCHAM, MONTAIGNE, RATICH, MILTON, COMENIUS, LOCKE, ROUSSEAU, BASEDOW, PESTALOZZI, JACOTOT, and HERMERT SPENCER. We cannot therefore too strongly recommend the work to the attention of all those who desire to acquaint themselves with Modern Thought and Experiment in the Science and Art of Teaching.

3. Ascham's Method is avowedly based upon *B. I. c.* 34 of Cicero's *De Oratore*, of which the following is a translation: and more especially upon the latter portion of it. "But in my daily exercises I used, when a youth, to adopt chiefly that method which I knew that Caius Carbo, my adversary, generally practised; which was, that, having selected some nervous piece of poetry, or read over such a portion of a speech as I could retain in my memory, I used to declaim upon what I had been reading in other words, chosen with all the judgment that I possessed. But at length I perceived that in that method there was this inconvenience, that Ennius, if I exercised myself on his verses, or Gracchus, if I laid one of his orations before me, had forestalled such words as were peculiarly appropriate to the subject, and such as were the most elegant and altogether the best; so that, if I used the same words, it profited nothing; if others, it was even prejudicial to me, as I habituated myself to use such as were less eligible. Afterwards I thought proper, and continued the practice at a rather more advanced age, to translate the orations of the best Greek orators; by fixing upon which I gained this advantage, that while I rendered into Latin what I had read in Greek, I not only used the best words, and yet such as were of common occurrence, but also formed some words by imitation, which would be new to our countrymen, taking care, however, that they were unobjectionable." *Ed.* 1855.

4. Upon these hints, Ascham—after considering all possible means of teaching languages, which he there discusses in the second book—insisted upon the *exhaustive study of one or two books*, each to be of the highest excellence in its way.

In fact his system might be labelled as

### THE DOUBLE TRANSLATION OF A MODEL BOOK.

Mr. Quick remarks, "There are three ways in which the model-book may be studied. 1st, It may be read through rapidly again and again, which was Ratich's plan and Hamilton's; or, 2nd, each lesson may be thoroughly mastered, read in various ways a dozen times at the least, which was Ascham's plan; or, 3rd, the pupil may begin always at the beginning, and advance a little further each time, which was Jacotot's plan," p. 215.

5. Ascham, at p. 94, quotes Pliny and Dionysius Halicarnasseus in support of his Method, in a passage we have not space to quote, but which is the key to his system. In the brief space that remains to us, we can but outline the process of study he laid down, commending the method to the careful consideration of all teachers.

### PREPARATORY.

**LEARNER.** 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, p. 25.

### A. DOUBLE TRANSLATION.

The Model Book, to begin with, which Ascham recommended in his time was John Sturm's selection of Cicero's letters, for the capacity of children.

## 10 ROGER ASCHAM'S METHOD OF TEACHING LATIN.

This work was first published at Strasburg in 1539, under the title of *Ciceronis Epistola Libri iv, puerili educationi coniecta*; and again in 1572.

I. **MASTER.** a. Let *him* teach the child, cheerfully and plainly, the *cause* and *matter* of the letter, *p.* 26.

b. Then let *him* construe it into English, so often, as the child may *easily* carry away the understanding of it, *p.* 26.

c. Let *him* parse it over perfectly, *p.* 26.

II. **LEARNER.** a. Let the child, by and bye, both conspire [*i.e.* combine] and parse it over again. So that it may *appear*, that the child doubteth in nothing that *his master taught him before*, *p.* 26.

. . . So far it is the Mind and Memory comprehending and reproducing the Oral Teaching.

b. Then the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place where no one shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson, *p.* 26.

**MASTER.** c. Then shewing it to his master: let his master take from him his Latin book.

**LEARNER.** b. Then, pausing an hour at the least: let the child translate his own English into Latin, in another Paper Book.

III. **MASTER.** a. When the child bringeth it, turned into Latin; 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 Scholars hand, and also used of him as a *Dictionary*, for every present use, *p.* 26.

b. The Master must *compare* the child's Retranslation with Cicero's book, and lay them both together, *p.* 26.

Praising him where he doth well, either in choosing or true placing of Cicero's words.

But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word, or in changing a good for a worse, or misordering the sentence . . . the master shall have good occasion to say. "N. [like M. or N. in the Catechism] 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, the gender: he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple rather than that compound; this adverb here not there; he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle, &c.

In these few lines, I have wrapped up the most tedious part of Grammar and also the ground of almost all the Rules . . . Which after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain: the Master being lead by so sure a guide and the Scholar being brought into so plain and easy a way, *p.* 27.

**Axiom.** A child shall take more profit of two faults, gently warned of, then of four things rightly hit, *p.* 27.

. . . All this while, the child shall use to speak no Latin, *p.* 28.

With this way of good understanding the matter, plain construing, diligent parsing, daily translating, cheerfull admonishing, and heedfull amending of faults; never leaving behind just praise for well doing: I would have the Scholar brought up: while he had read and translated over the first book of Cicero's Epistles chosen out by Sturm; with a good piece of a Comedy of Terence [Terence at that time held a position in Latin Education, which has not since been maintained], *p.* 28.

### B. ANALYSIS.

As you perceive your scholar to go better and better on away: first, with understanding his lesson more quickly, with passing more readily, with translating more speedily and perfectly than he was wont.

IV. **MASTER.** a. After, give him longer lessons to translate.

b. Begin to teach him, both in **NOUNS** and **VERBS**; what is *Proper* or *Literal*? what is *Figurative*? what is *Synonymous*, what is *Diverse*, which be *Opposites*: and which be the most notable *Phrases* in all his reading.

V. **LEARNER.** a. Your scholar, after he hath done his *Double translating*, let him write in a third Paper Book four of the fore-named six, diligently marked out of every lesson. As

<p>Four or else three or two if there be no more.</p>	}	<p><i>Proper.</i> <i>Figures.</i> <i>Synonymes.</i> <i>Differents.</i> <i>Oposites.</i> <i>Phrases.</i></p>	<p>If there be none of these all in some reading yet omit not the order but write.</p>	}	<p><i>Differents.</i> None. <i>Opposites.</i> None. &amp;c.</p>
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This diligent translating, joined with this heedful marking, in the foresaid Epistles : and afterward in some plain Oration of Tully, as *pro Lege Manilia pro Archaia Poeta*, or in those three *Ad Catum Caesarem* shall work such a right choice of words, so straight a framing of sentences, such a true judgement, both to write skilfully and speak witty, as wise men shall both praise and marvel at, *pp.* 29-31.

C. READING AND A SECOND KIND OF TRANSLATION.

After that your Scholar shall come indeed : first to a ready perfectness in translating, then to a ripe and skilful choice in marking out his six points, *p.* 87.

VI. LEARNER. a. I would have him *read* now, a good deal now at every lecture, these books, *p.* 88.

- [1.] Some book of Cicero, as the Third Book of Epistles chosen out by Sturm, *de Amicit., de Senect.* : or the first book *Ad Quint. frat.*
- [2.] Some Comedy of Terence or Plautus (But in Plautus, skilful choice must be used by the Master to train his scholar to a judgement, in perfecting, and cutting out over old and improper words).
- [3.] Cæsar's *Commentaries*, in which is seen the unspotted propriety of the Latin tongue ; even when it was at its acme.

[4.] Some Orations of Livy, such as be both longest and plainest.

b. He shall not now daily use translation : but only construe again and parse where ye suspect is any need. Yet let him not omit in these books, marking diligently and writing out orderly his six points.

VII. MASTER. a. For translating, use you yourself, every second and third day, to choose out some Epistle *Ad Atticum*, some notable commonplace out of Cicero's Orations, or some other part of Tully, by your discretion : *which your Scholar may not know where to find.*

Translate it you yourself into plain natural English, and then give it him to translate into Latin again : allowing him good space and time to do it : both with diligent heed and good advisement.

Here his wit will be new set on work ; his judgment for right choice, truly tried ; his memory for sure retaining, better exercised than by learning anything without the book. And here, how much he hath profited, shall plainly appear.

VIII. MASTER. a. When he bringeth it translated unto you, bring you forth the place of Cicero. Lay them together. Compare the one with the other. Commend his good choice and right placing of words. Show his faults gently, but blame them not over sharply. For of such missings gently admonished of, proceedeth Glad and Good Heed-taking. Of Good Heed-taking, springeth chiefly Knowledge, which after groweth to perfectness : if this Order be diligently used by the Scholar and gently handled by the Master, *p.* 88.

D. A THIRD KIND OF TRANSLATION.

When, by this diligent and speedy reading over those forenamed good books of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, and Livy : and by the second kind of translating out of your English, time shall breed skill, and use shall bring perfection : then you may try, if you will, your scholar, with the third kind of translation. Although the two first ways, by mine opinion, be not only sufficient of themselves, but also surer both for the Master's teaching and Scholar's learning, than this third way is. Which is this.

IX. MASTER. Write you in *English*, some letter, as it were from him to his father or to some other friend ; naturally, according to the disposition of the child : or some tale or fable, or plain narration. But yet use you yourself such discretion for choice therein as the matter may be within the compass, both for words and sentences, of his former learning.

X. LEARNER. Let him *translate* it into Latin again, abiding in such place where no other scholar may prompt him.

And now take heed, lest your Scholar do not better in some point than you yourself : except you have been diligently exercised in these kinds of translating before, *pp.* 89, 90.

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\* Editions not seen.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.  
None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.  
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"Rd. of m<sup>r</sup> Daye for his lycense for printinge of a boke intituled the schole m<sup>r</sup> of Wynsore made by m<sup>r</sup> Askecham" . . . . . iijd.  
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THE  
SCHOLEMMASTER

*Or plaine and perfite way of teaching children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging up of youth in Ientlemen and Noble mens houses, and commodious also for all such, as haue forgot the Latin tonge, and would, by themselves, without a Scholemaster, in short tyme, and with small paines, recouer a sufficient habilitie, to vnderstand, write, and speake Latin.*

¶ By Roger Ascham.

¶ An. 1570.

AT LONDON.

Printed by Iohn Daye, dwelling  
ouer Aldersgate.

¶ *Cum Gratia et Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis,  
per Decennium.*



¶ To the honorable Sir William  
Cecill Knight, principall Secretarie to  
the Quenes most excellent Maiestie.



*On dry and reasonable be the causes why  
learned men haue vsed to offer and  
dedicate such workes as they put  
abrode, to some such personage as  
they thinke fittest, either in respect of  
abilitie of defense, or skill for iuge-*

*ment, or priuate regard of kindenesse and dutie. Euery  
one of those considerations, Syr, moue me of right to offer  
this my late husbands M. Aschams worke vnto you. For  
well remembryng how much all good learnyng oweth  
vnto you for defense therof, as the Vniuersitie of Cam-  
brige, of which my said late husband was a member,  
haue in chosing you their worthy Chaunceller acknow-  
ledged, and how happily you haue spent your time in such  
studies and caried the vse therof to the right ende, to  
the good seruice of the Quenes Maiestie and your contrey  
to all our benefites, thyrldly how much my sayd husband  
was many wayes bound vnto you, and how gladly and  
comfortably he vsed in hys lyfe to recognise and report  
your goodnesse toward hym, leauyng with me then  
hys poore widow and a great sort of orphanes a good  
comfort in the hope of your good continuance, which  
I haue truly found to me and myne, and therefore do  
duely and dayly pray for you and yours: I could not*

*finde any man for whose name this booke was more agre able for hope [of] protection, more mete for submission to iudgement, nor more due for respect of worthynesse of your part and thankfulnessse of my husbandes and myne. Good I trust it shall do, as I am put in great hope by many very well learned that can well iudge therof. Mete therefore I compt it that such good as my husband was able to doe and leaue to the common weale, it should be receiued vnder your name, and that the world should owe thanke therof to you, to whom my husband the authour of it was for good receyued of you, most dutiefully bounden. And so besechyng you, to take on you the defense of this booke, to auauance the good that may come of it by your allowance and furtherance to publike vse and benefite, and to accept the thankfull recognition of me and my poore children, trustyng of the continuance of your good memorie of M. Ascham and his, and dayly commendyng the prosperous estate of you and yours to God whom you serue and whoes you are, I rest to trouble you.*

Your humble Margaret  
Ascham.



120 *A Præface to the  
Reader.*



When the great plage was at London, the yeare 1563. the Quenes Maieftie Queene *Elizabeth*, lay at her Castle of Windfore: Where, vpon the 10. day of December, it fortun'd, that in Sir *William Cicells* chamber, hir Highnesse Principall Secretarie, there dined together these personages, M. Secretarie him selfe, Syr *William Peter*, Syr *J. Mason*, D. *Wotton*, Syr *Richard Sackuille* Treasurer of the Exchecker, Syr *Walter Mildmaye* Chauncellor of the Exchecker, M. *Haddon* Master of Requestes, M. *John Astley* Master of the Jewell house, M. *Bernard Hampton*, M. *Nicasius*, and *J.* Of which number, the most part were of hir Maiesties most honourable priuie Counsell, and the reast seruing hir in verie good place. I was glad than, and do reioice yet to remember, that my chance was so happie, to be there that day, in the companie of so manie wise and good men together, as hardly than could haue bene pi[c]ked out againe, out of all England beside.

M. Secretarie hath this accustomed maner, though his head be neuer so full of most weightie affaires of the Realme, yet, at diner time he doth seeme to lay them alwaies aside: and findeth euer fitte occasion to taulke pleasantlie of other matters, but most gladlie of some matter of learning: wherein, he will curteslie heare the minde of the meanest at his Table.

Not long after our sitting doune, I haue strange

newes brought me, sayth M. Secretarie, this morning, that diuerse Scholers of Eaton, be runne awaie from the Schole, for feare of beating. Whereupon, M. Secretarie tooke occasion, to wishe, that some more discretions were in many Scholemasters, in vsing correction, than commonlie there is. Who many times, punishe rather, the weakenes of nature, than the fault of the Scholer. Whereby, many Scholers, that might else proue well, be driuen to hate learning, before they knowe, what learning meaneth: and so, are made willing to forsake their booke, and be glad to be put to any other kinde of liuing.

M. Peter. M. Peter, as one somewhat seuerer of nature, said plainlie, that the Rodde onelie, was the sworde, that must keepe, the Schole in obedience, and M. Wotton. the Scholer in good order. M. Wotton, a man milde of nature, with soft voice, and fewe wordes, inclined to M. Secretaries iudgement, and said, in mine

Ludus literarum.

opinion, the Scholehouse should be in deede, as it is called by name, the house of playe and pleasure, and not of feare and bondage: and as I do remember, so saith *Socrates* in one place of *Plato*. And therefore, if a Rodde carie the feare of a Sworde, it is no maruell, if those that be fearefull of nature, chose rather to forsake the Plaie, than to stand alwaies within the feare of a Sworde in a fonde mans handling. M.

M. Mason. *Mason*, after his maner, was verie merie with both parties, pleasantlie playing, both, with the shrewde touches of many courste boyes, and with the small discretions of many leude Scholemasters. M.

M. Haddon. *Haddon* was fullie of M. Peters opinion, and said, that the best Scholemaster of our time, was the greatest beater, and named the Person. Though,

The Author of this booke. quoth I, it was his good fortune, to send from his Schole, vnto the Vniuersitie, one of the best Scholers in deede of all our time, yet wise men do thinke, that that came so to passe, rather, by

the great towardnes of the Scholer, than by the great beating of the Master: and whether this be true or no, you your selfe are best witnes. I said somewhat farder in the matter, how, and whie, yong children, were soner allured by loue, than driuen by beating, to attayne good learning: wherein I was the bolder to say my minde, bicause M. Secretarie curteslie prouoked me thereunto: or else, in such a companie, and namelie in his præsence, my wonte is, to be more willing, to vse mine eares, than to occupie my tonge.

Syr *Walter Mildmaye*, M. *Astley*, and the rest, said verie litle: onelie Syr *Rich. Sackuill*, said nothing at all. After dinner I went vp to read with the Queenes Maiestie. We red than together in the Greke tonge, as I well remember, that noble Oration of *Demosthenes* against *Æschines*, for his false dealing in his Ambassage to king

Demost  
περὶ πα-  
ραπροσβ.

*Philip* of Macedonie. Syr *Rich. Sackuile* came vp

sone after: and finding me in hir Maiesties priuie chamber, he tooke me by the hand, and carying me to a windoe, said, M. *Afcham*, I would not for a good

Syr R.  
*Sackuiles*  
communication  
with the Au-  
thor of this  
booke.

deale of monie, haue bene, this daie, absent from diner. Where, though I said nothing, yet I gaue as good eare, and do consider as well the taulke, that passed, as any one did there. M. Secretarie said very wisely, and most truely, that many yong wittes be driuen to hate learninge, before they know what learninge is. I can be good witnes to this my selfe: For a fond Scholemaster, before I was fullie fourtene yeare olde, draue me so, with feare of beating, from all loue of learninge, as nowe, when I know, what difference it is, to haue learninge, and to haue litle, or none at all, I feele it my greatest greife, and finde it my greatest hurte, that euer came to me, that it was my so ill chance, to light vpon so lewde a Scholemaster. But seing it is but in vain, to lament thinges paste, and also wisdome to looke to thinges to cum, surely, God willinge, if God lend me life, I will make this my mis-

hap, some occasion of good hap, to litle *Robert Sackuile* my sonnes sonne. For whose bringinge vp, I would gladlie, if it so please you, vse speciallie your good aduice. I heare saie, you haue a sonne, moch of his age: we wil deale thus together. Point you out a Scholemaster, who by your order, shall teache my sonne and yours, and for all the rest, I will prouide, yea though they three do cost me a couple of hundred poundes by yeare: and beside, you shall finde me as fast a Frend to you and yours, as perchance any you haue. Which promise, the worthie Ientleman surelie kept with me, vntill his dying daye.

The cheife  
pointes of  
this booke.

We had than farther taulke together, of bringing vp of children: of the nature, of quicke, and hard wittes: of the right choice of a good witte: of Feare, and loue in teachinge children. We passed from children and came to yonge men, namely, Ientlemen: we taulked of their to moch libertie, to liue as they lust: of their letting louse to sone, to ouermoch experience of ill, contrarie to the good order of many good olde common welthes of the Perfians and Grekes: of witte gathered, and good fortune gotten, by some, onely by experience, without learning. And lastlie, he required of me verie earnestlie, to shewe, what I thought of the common goinge of Englishe men into Italie. But, sayth he, bicause this place, and this tyme, will not suffer so long taulke, as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leysure, put in some order of writing, the cheife pointes of this our taulke, concerning, the right order of teachinge, and honestie of liuing, for the good bringing vp of children and yong men. And surelie, beside contentinge me, you shall both please and profit verie many others. I made some excuse by lacke of habilitie, and weakenes of bodie: well, sayth he, I am not now to learne, what you can do. Our deare frende, good M. *Goodricke*, whose iudgement I could well beleue, did once for all, satisfie me fullie therein. Againe, I heard you

say, not long agoe, that you may thanke Syr *John Cheke*, for all the learninge you haue: And I know verie well my selfe, that you did teach the Queene. And therefore feing God did so blesse you, to make you the Scholer of the best Master, and also the Schole-master of the best Scholer, that euer were in our tyme, surelie, you should please God, benefite your cuntrye, and honest your owne name, if you would take the paines, to impart to others, what you learned of such a Master, and how ye taught such a scholer. And, in vttering the stufte ye receiued of the one, in declaring the order ye tooke with the other, ye shall neuer lacke, neither matter, nor maner, what to write, nor how to write in this kinde of Argument.

I beginning some farther excuse, sodeinlie was called to cum to the Queene. The night following, I slept litle, my head was so full of this our former taulke, and I so mindefull, somewhat to satisfie the honest request of so deare a frend. I thought to præpare some litle treatise for a New yeares gift that Christmas. But, as it chanceth to busie builders, so, in building thys my poore Scholehouse (the rather bicause the forme of it is somewhat new, and differing from others) the worke rose dailie higher and wider, than I thought it would at the beginninge.

And though it appeare now, and be in verie deede, but a small cotage, poore for the stufte, and rude for the workemanship, yet in going forward, I found the site so good, as I was lothe to giue it ouer, but the making so costlie, outreaching my habilitie, as many tymes I wished, that some one of those three, my deare frendes, with full purses, Syr *Tho. Smithe*, M. *Haddon*, or M. *Watson*, had had the doing of it. Yet, neuerthelesse, I my selfe, spending gladlie that litle, that I gatte at home by good Syr *John Cheke*, and that that I borrowed abroad of my frend *Sturmius*, beside somewhat that was left me in Reuerfion by my olde Masters, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and *Cicero*,

M. { *Smith.*  
*Haddon.*  
*Watson.*  
Syr *J. Cheke.*  
*I. Sturmius.*  
*Plato.*  
*Aristotle.*  
*Cicero.*

I haue at last patched it vp, as I could, and as you see. If the matter be meane, and meanly handled, I pray you beare, both with me, and it: for neuer worke went vp in worse wether, with mo lettes and stoppes, than this poore Scholehouse of mine. Westminster Hall can beare some witnesse, beside moch weakenes of bodie, but more trouble of minde, by some souch fores, as greue me to toche them my selfe, and therefore I purpose not to open them to others. And, in middes of outward iniuries, and inward cares, to encrease them withall, good Syr *Rich. Sackuile* dieth, that worthie Ientleman: 'That earnest fauorer and furtherer of Gods true Religion: That faithfull Seruitor to his Prince and Countrie: A louer of learning, and all learned men: Wise in all doinges: Curtesse to all persons: shewing spite to none: doing good to many: and as I well found, to me so fast a frend, as I neuer lost the like before. Whan he was gone, my hart was dead. There was not one, that woare a blacke gowne for him, who caried a heuier hart for him, than I. Whan he was gone, I cast this booke awaie: I could not looke vpon it, but with weping eyes, in remembring him, who was the onelie setter on, to do it, and would haue bene, not onelie a glad commender of it, but also a sure and certaine comfort, to me and mine, for it. Almost two yeares together, this booke lay scattered, and neglected, and had bene quite giuen ouer of me, if the goodnesse of one had not giuen me some life and spirite againe. God, the mouer of goodnesse, prosper alwaies 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 iustlie I may saie, and verie oft, and alwaies gladlie, I am wont to say, that sweete verse of *Sophocles*, spoken by *Oedipus* to worthie *Theseus*.

Soph. in *Oed. Col.* εἴχω, [γὰρ αἴ] χω διὰ σε, κοῦκ ἄλλον βροτῶν.

Thys hope hath helped me to end this booke: which, if he allowe, I shall thinke my labours well employed,

and shall not moch æsteme the misliking of any others. And I trust, he shall thinke the better of it, bicause he shall finde the best part thereof, to cum out of his Schole, whom he, of all men loued and liked best.

Yet some men, frendly enough of nature, but of small iudgement in learninge, do thinke, I take to moch paines, and spend to moch time, in settinge forth these childrens affaires. But those good men were neuer brought vp in *Socrates* Schole, who saith plainlie, that no man goeth about a more godlie purpose, than he that is mindfull of the good bringing vp, both of hys owne, and other mens children.

*Plato in initio  
Theagis.  
οὐ γὰρ ἔστι  
περὶ δῶν  
θειότερον  
ἀνθρώπος ἀν-  
βουλεύσαστο,  
ἢ περὶ παι-  
δείας, καὶ  
τῶν αὐτοῦ,  
καὶ τῶν  
οὐκείων.*

Therefore, I trust, good and wise men, will thinke well of this my doing. And of other, that thinke otherwise, I will thinke my selfe, they are but men, to be pardoned for their follie, and pitied for their ignoraunce.

In writing this booke, I haue had earnest respecte to three speciall pointes, trothe of Religion, honestie in liuing, right order in learning. In which three waies, I praie God, my poore children may diligently waulke: for whose sake, as nature would, and reason required, and necessitie also somewhat compelled, I was the willinger to take these paines.

For, seing at my death, I am not like to leaue them any great store of liuing, therefore in my life time, I thought good to bequeath vnto them, in this litle booke, as in my Will and Testament, the right waie to good learning: which if they followe, with the feare of God, they shall verie well cum to sufficiencie of liuinge.

I wishe also, with all my hart, that yong *M. Rob. Sackuille*, may take that fructe of this labor, that his worthie Grauntfather purposed he should haue done: And if any other do take, either proffet, or pleasure hereby, they haue cause to thanke *M. Robert Sackuille*, for whom speciallie this my Scholemaster was prouided.

And one thing I would haue the Reader consider in readinge this booke, that bicaufe, no Scholemaster hath charge of any childe, before he enter into hys Schole, therefore I leauing all former care, of their good bringing vp, to wise and good Parentes, as a matter not belonging to the Scholemaster, I do appoynt thys my Scholemaster, than, and there to begin, where his office and charge beginneth. Which charge lasteth not long, but vntill the Scholer be made hable to go to the Vniuersitie, to procede in Logike, Rhetoricke, and other kindes of learning.

Yet if my Scholemaster, for loue he beareth to hys Scholer, shall teach hym somewhat for hys furtherance, and better iudgement in learning, that may serue him seuen yeare after in the Vniuersitie, he doth hys Scholer no more wrong, nor deserueth no worse name thereby, than he doth in London, who felling silke or cloth vnto his frend, doth giue him better measure, than either hys profite or bargaine was.

*Farewell in Christ.*



## The first booke for the youth.



After the childe hath learned perfitlie the eight partes of speach, let him then learne the right ioyning together of substantiues with adiectiues, the nowne with the verbe, the relatiue with the antecedent. And in learninge farther hys Syntax, by mine aduice, he shall not

vse the common order in common scholes, for making of latines: wherby, the childe commonlie learneth, first, an euill choice of wordes, (and right choice of wordes, faith *Cæsar*, is the foundation of eloquence) than, a wrong placing of wordes: and lastlie, an ill framing of the sentence, with a peruerse iudgement, both of wordes and sentences. These faultes, taking once roote in yougthe, be neuer, or hardlie, pluckt away in age. Moreouer, there is no one thing, that hath more, either dulled the wittes, or taken away the will of children from learning, then the care they haue, to satisfie their masters, in making of latines.

*Cic. de  
Cla. or.*

*Making of Latines  
marreth  
Children.*

For, the scholer, is commonlie beat for the making, when the master were more worthie to be beat for the mending, or rather, marring of the same: The master many times, being as ignorant as the childe, what to saie properlie and fitlie to the matter.

Two scholemasters haue set forth in print, either of them a booke, of soch kinde of latines, *Horman* and *Whittington*.

*Horman  
Whittington.*

A childe shall learne of the better of them, that, which an other daie, if he be wise, and cum to iudgement, he must be faine to vnlearne againe.

There is a waie, touched in the first booke of  
1 De Or. *Cicero De Oratore*, which, wiselie brought  
 into scholes, truly taught, and constantly vsed, would  
 not onely take wholly away this butcherlie feare in  
 making of latines, but would also, with ease and plea-  
 sure, and in short time, as I know by good experience,  
 worke a true choice and placing of wordes, a right  
 ordering of sentences, an easie vnderstandyng of the  
 tonge, a readines to speake, a facultie to write, a true  
 iudgement, both of his owne, and other mens doinges,  
 what tonge so euer he doth vse.

The waie is this. After the three Concordances  
 learned, as I touched before, let the master read vnto  
 hym the Epistles of *Cicero*, gathered together and  
 chosen out by *Sturmius*, for the capacitie of children.

First, let him teach the childe, cherefullie and plainlie,  
 the cause, and matter of the letter: then, let  
The order of teaching. him construe it into Englishe, so oft, as the  
 childe may easilie carie awaie the vnderstanding of it:  
 Lastlie, parse it ouer perfitlie. This done thus, let  
 the childe, by and by, both construe and parse it  
 ouer againe: so, that it may appeare, that the childe  
 douteth in nothing, that his master taught him be-  
 fore. After this, the childe must take a paper booke,  
 and sitting in some place, where no man shall prompe  
 him, by him self, let him translate into Englishe his  
 former lesson. Then shewing it to his  
Two paper bokes. master, let the master take from him his  
 latin booke, and pausing an houre, at the least, than  
 let the childe translate his owne Englishe into latin  
 againe, in an other paper booke. When the childe  
 bringeth it, turned into latin, the master must compare  
 it with *Tullies* booke, and laie them both together: and  
 where the childe doth well, either in chosing, or true  
 placing of *Tullies* wordes, let the master  
Children learne by prayse. praise him, and saie here ye do well. For I  
 assure you, there is no such whetstone, to sharpen a good  
 witte and encourage a will to learninge, as is praise.

But if the childe misse, either in forgetting a worde,

or in chaunging a good with a worfe, or misordering the sentence, I would not haue the master, either froune, or chide with him, if the childe haue done his diligence, and vsed no trewandship therein. For I know by good experience, that a childe shall take more profit of two fautes, ientlie warned of, then <sup>Ientleness in</sup> of four things, rightly hitt. For than, <sup>teaching.</sup> the master shall haue good occasion to saie vnto him. N. *Tullie* would haue vsed such a worde, not this: *Tullie* would haue placed this word here, not there: would haue vsed this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender: he would haue vsed this moode, this tens, this simple, rather than this compound: this aduerbe here, not there: he would haue ended the sentence with this verbe, not with that nowne or participle. etc.

In these fewe lines, I haue wrapped vp, the most tedious part of Grammer: and also the ground of almost all the Rewles, that are so busilie taught by the Master, and so hardlie learned by the Scholer, in all common Scholes: which after this fort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholer shall learne without great paine: the master being led by so sure a guide, and the scholer being brought into so plaine and easie a waie. And therefore, we do not contemne Rewles, but we gladlie teach Rewles: and teach them, more plainlie, sensible, and orderlie, than they be commonlie taught in common Scholes. For whan the Master shall compare *Tullies* booke with his [the] Scholers translation, let the Master, at the first, lead and teach his Scholer, to ioyn the Rewles of his Grammer booke, with the examples of his present lesson, vntill the Scholer, by him selfe, be hable to fetch out of his Grammer, euerie Rewle, for euerie Example: So, as the Grammer booke be euer in the Scholers hand, and also vsed of him, as a Dictionarie, for euerie present vse. This is a liuely and perfit waie of teaching of Rewles: where the common waie, vsed in common Scholes, to read the Grammer alone

by it selfe, is tedious for the Master, hard for the Scholer, colde and vncumfortable for them bothe.

Let your Scholer be neuer afraide, to aske you any dou[b]t, but vse discretlye the best allurements ye can, to encorage him to the same: lest, his ouermoch hearinge of you, driue him to seeke some misorderlye shifte: as, to seeke to be helped by some other booke, or to be prompted by some other Scholer, and so goe aboute to beg[u]ile you moch, and him selfe more.

With this waie, of good vnderstanding the ma[t]ter, plaine construinge, diligent parsinge, dailie translatinge, cherefull admonishinge, and heedfull amendinge of faultes: neuer leauinge behinde iuste praise for well doinge, I would haue the Scholer brought vp withall, till he had red, and translated ouer ye first booke of Epistles chosen out by *Sturmius*, with a good peece of a Comedie of *Terence* also.

All this while, by mine aduise, the childe shall vse to speake no latine: For, as *Cicero* saith in like matter,

Latin speak-  
yng. with like wordes, *loquendo, male loqui  
discunt.* And, that excellent learned man,  
*G. Budæus.* *G. Budæus*, in his Greeke Commentaries,

fore complaineth, that whan he began to learne the latin tonge, vse of speaking latin at the table, and elsewhere, vnaduisedlye, did bring him to soch an euill choice of wordes, to soch a crooked framing of sentences, that no one thing did hurt or hinder him more, all the daies of his life afterward, both for redinesse in speaking, and also good iudgement in writinge.

In very deede, if children were brought vp, in soch a house, or soch a Schole, where the latin tonge were properlye and perfittlye spoken, as *Tib.* and *Ca. Gracci* were brought vp, in their mother *Cornelias* house, surelye, than the dailie vse of speaking, were the best and readiest waie, to learne the latin tonge. But now, commonlye, in the best Scholes in England, for wordes, right choice is smallie regarded, true proprietie whollye neglected, confusion is brought in, barbariounesse is bred up so in yong wittes, as afterward they be, not onelye marde for speaking, but also corrupted in iudge-

ment: as with moche adoe, or neuer at all, they be brought to right frame againe.

Yet all men couet to haue their children speake latin: and so do I verie earnestlie too. We bothe, haue one purpose: we agree in desire, we wish one end: but we differ somewhat in order and waie, that leadeth rightlie to that end. Other would haue them speake at all aduentures: and, so they be speakinge, to speake, the Master careth not, the Scholer knoweth not, what. This is, to feeme, and not to bee: except it be, to be bolde without fhome, rashe without skill, full of wordes without witte. I wish to haue them speake so, as it may well appeare, that the braine doth gouerne the tonge, and that reason leadeth forth the taulke. *Socrates* doctrine is true in *Plato*, and well *Plato* marked, and truely by *Horace* in *Arte Horat.*

*Poetica*, that, where so euer knowledge doth accompanie the witte, there best vtterance doth alwaies awaite vpon the tonge: For, good vnderstanding must first be bred in the childe, which, being nurished with skill, and vse of writing (as I will teach more largelie hereafter) is the onelie waie to bring him to iudgement and readinesse in speakinge: and that in farre shorter time (if he followe constantlie the trade of this lit[t]le lesson) then he shall do, by common teachinge of the common scholes in England.

Much writyng breedeth ready speakyng.

But, to go forward, as you perceiue, your scholer to goe better and better on awaie, first, with vnderstanding his lesson more quicklie, with parsing more readelie, with translating more spedelie and perfitlie then he was wonte, after, giue him longer lessons to translate: and withall, begin to teach him, both in nounes, and verbes, what is *Proprium*, and what is *Translatum*, what *Synonymum*, what *Diuerfum*, which be *Contraria*, and which be most notable *Phrases* in all his lecture.

The second degree and order in teaching.

As:

*Proprium.* { *Rex Sepultus est*  
                  { *magnificè.*

*The first booke teachyng*

<i>Translatum.</i>	{ <i>Cum illo principe, sepulta est et gloria et Salus Re[is] publicæ.</i>
<i>Synonyma.</i>	{ <i>Ensis, Gladius. Laudare, prædicare.</i>
<i>Diuerfa.</i>	{ <i>Diligere, Amare. Calere, Exardescere Inimicus, Hostis.</i>
<i>Contraria.</i>	{ <i>Acerbum et luctuosum bellum. Dulcis et læta Pax.</i>
<i>Phrases.</i>	{ <i>Dare verba. abjicere obedientiam.</i>

Your scholer then, must haue the third paper booke :  
 The thyrd in the which, after he hath done his double  
 paper boke. translation, let him write, after this sort  
 foure of these forenamed fixe, diligentlie marked out  
 of euerie lesson.

<i>Quatuor.</i>	{ <i>Propria. Translata. Synonyma. Diuerfa. Contraria. Phrases.</i>
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Or else, three, or two, if there be no moe: and if  
 there be none of these at all in some lecture, yet not  
 omitte the order, but write these.

{ <i>Diuerfa nulla. Contraria nulla. etc.</i>
---

This diligent translating, ioyned with this heedfull  
 marking, in the foresaid Epistles, and afterwarde in

some plaine Oration of *Tullie*, as, *pro lege Manil: pro Archia Poeta*, or in those three *ad. C. Cæs*: shall worke soch a right choise of wordes, so streight a framing of sentences, soch a true iudgement, both to write skilfullie, and speake wittlelie, as wise men shall both praise, and maruell at.

If your scholer do misse sometimes, in marking rightlie these foresaid fixe thinges, chide not hastelie: for that shall, both dull his witte, and discourage his diligence: but monish him gentlelie: which shall make him, both willing to amende, and glad to go forward in loue and hope of learning.

I haue now wished, twife or thrife, this gentle nature, to be in a Scholemaster: And, that I haue done so, neither by chance, nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why, in mine opinion, Loue. loue is fitter then feare, ientlenes better Feare. then beating, to bring vp a childe rightlie in learninge.

With the common vse of teaching and beating in common scholes of England, I will not greatlie contend: which if I did, it were but a small grammaticall controuerfie, neither belonging to heresie nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the Prince: although in very deede, in the end, the good or ill bringing vp of children, doth as much serue to the good or ill seruice, of God, our Prince, and our whole countrie, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladlie agree with all good Scholemasters in these pointes: to haue children brought to good perfittnes in learning: to all honestie in maners: to haue all fau[il]tes rightlie amended: to haue euerie vice seuerelie corrected: but for the order and waie that leadeth rightlie to these pointes, we somewhat differ. For commonlie, many scholemasters, some, as I haue seen, moe, as I haue heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as, when they meete with a hard witted scholer, they rather breake him, than bowe him, rather marre him, then mend him. For whan the scholemaster is angrie with some other

Ientlenes in teaching.

Loue.

Feare.

Common Scholes.

Sharpe Scholemasters.

matter, then will he soneft faul to beate his scholer : and though he him selfe should be punished for his folie, yet must he beate some scholer for his pleasure : though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholer to deserue so. These ye will say, be fond scholemasters, and fewe they be, that be found to be foch. They be fond in deede, but surelie ouer-many foch be found euerie where. But this will I say, that euen the wisest of your great  
 Nature punished. beaters, do as oft punishe nature, as they do correcte faultes. Yea, many times, the better nature, is forer punished : For, if one, by quicknes of witte, take his lesson readelie, an other, by hardnes of witte, taketh it not so speedelie : the first is alwaies commended, the other is commonlie punished : whan a wise scholemaster, should rather discretelie consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so moch wey what either of them is able to do now,  
 Quicke wittes for learnyng. as what either of them is likelie to do hereafter. For this I know, not onelie by reading of bookes in my studie, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those, which be commonlie the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be olde, were neuer commonlie the quickest of witte, when they were yonge. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that moue me thus to thinke, be these fewe, which I will reckon. Quicke wittes commonlie, be apte to take, vnapte to keepe : soone hote and desirous of this and that : as colde and sone wery of the same againe : more quicke to enter spedelie, than hable to pearse farre : euen like ouer sharpe tooles, whose edges be verie soone turned. Soch wittes delite them selues in easie and pleasant studies, and neuer passe farre forward in hie and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wittes commonlie may proue the best Poetes, but not the wisest Orators : readie of tonge to speak bold-  
 Quicke wittes, for maners and lyfe. lie, not deepe of iudgement, either for good counsell or wise writing. Also, for maners

and life, quicke wittes commonlie, be, in desire, newfangle[d], in purpose, vnconstant, light to promise any thing, readie to forget euery thing: both benefite and iniurie: and therby neither fast to frend, nor fearefull to foe: inquisitiue of euery trifle, not secret in greatestt affaires: bolde, with any person: busie, in euery matter: so[o]thing, soch as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, alwaies, flattering their betters, enuying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quicknes of witte, verie quicke and readie, to like none so well as them selues.

Moreouer commonlie, men, very quicke of witte, be also, verie light of conditions: and thereby, very readie of disposition, to be caried ouer quicklie, by any light cumpanie, to any riot and vnthriftines when they be yonge: and therefore seldome, either honest of life, or riche in liuing, when they be olde. For, quicke in witte, and light in maners, be, either seldome troubled, or verie sone we[e]ry, in carying a verie heuie purse. Quicke wittes also be, in most part of all their doinges, ouer quicke, hastie, rashe, headie, and brainsicke. These two last wordes, Headie, and Brainsicke, be fitte and proper wordes, rising naturallie of the matter, and tearmed aptlie by the condition, of ouer moch quickenes of witte. In yougthe also they be, readie fcoffers, priuie mockers, and euer ouer light and mer[r]y. In aige, sone testie, very waspishe, and alwaies ouer miserable: and yet fewe of them cum to any great aige, by reason of their misordered life when they were yong: but a greate deale fewer of them cum to shewe any great countenance, or beare any great authoritie abrode in the world, but either liue obfcurelie, men know not how, or dye obfcurelie, men marke not whan. They be like trees, that shewe forth, faire blossoms and broad leaues in spring time, but bring out small and not long lasting fruite in haruest time: and that onelie soch, as fall, and rotte, before they be ripe, and so, neuer, or seldome, cum to any good at all. For this ye shall finde most true by experience, that amongst a

number of quicke wittes in youthe, fewe be found, in the end, either verie fortunate for them selues, or verie profitable to serue the common wealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way: except a very fewe, to whom peradventure blood and happie parentage, may perchance purchase a long standing vpon the stage. The which felicitie, because it commeth by others procuring, not by their owne deseruinge, and stand by other mens feete, and not by their own, what owtward brag so euer is borne by them, is in deed, of it selfe, and in wise mens eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wittes, moderate enough by nature, be many tymes marde by ouer moch studie and vse of some sciences, namelie, Musicke, Arithmetick, and Geometrie. Thies sciences, as they sharpen mens wittes ouer moch, so they change mens maners ouer fore, if they be not moderatlie mingled, and wiselie applied to som good vse of life.

Marke all Mathematicall heades, which be onely and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitarie they be themselues, how vnfit to liue with others, and how vnapte to serue in the world. This is not onelie knowen now by common experience, but vttered long before by wise mens Iudgement and sentence.

*Galen.* *Galene* faith, moch Musick marreth mens maners: and *Plato* hath a notable place of the same thing in his bookes *de Rep.* well marked also, and excellentlie translated by *Tullie* himself. Of this matter, I wrote once more at large, xx. yeare ago, in my booke of shoting: now I thought but to touch it, to proue, that ouer moch quicknes of witte, either giuen by nature, or sharpened by studie, doth not commonlie bring forth, eyther greatest learning, best maners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariewise, a witte in youth, that is not ouer dulle, heauie, knottie and lumpishe, but hard, rough, and though fomwhat staffishe, as *Tullie* wisheth *otium, quietum, non languidum*: and *negotium cum labore, non cum periculo*, such a witte I

Some sciences  
hurt mens wits,  
and mar mens  
maners.

Mathematicall  
heades.

*Galen.*

*Plato.*

Hard wits in  
learning.

say, if it be, at the first well handled by the mother, and rightlie smo[o]thed and wrought as it should, not ouer[t]whartlie, and against the wood, by the scholemaster, both for learning, and hole course of liuing, proueth alwaies the best. In woode and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be alwaies aptest, for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for proffit. Hard wittes be hard to receiue, but sure to keepe: painefull without werinesse, hedefull without wauering, constant without newfangelnes: bearing heauie thinges, though not lightlie, yet willinglie; entring hard thinges, though not easelie, yet depelie; and so cum to that perfines of learning in the ende, that quicke wittes, seeme in hope, but do not in deede, or else verie seldome, euer attaine vnto.

Hard wits  
in maners  
and lyfe.

Also, for maners and life, hard wittes commonlie, ar[e] hardlie caried, either to desire euerie new thing, or else to maruell at euerie strange thinge: and therefore they be carefull and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other mens affaires: and so, they becum wise them selues, and also ar[e] counted honest by others. They be graue, stedfast, silent of tong, secret of hart. Not hastie in making, but constant in ke[e]ping any promise. Not rashe in vttering, but war[y]e in considering euerie matter: and therby, not quicke in speaking, but deepe of iudgement, whether they write, or giue counsell in all waightie affaires. And theis be the men, that becum in the end, both most happie for themselues, and alwaife best esteemed abroad in the world.

I haue bene longer in describing, the nature, the good or ill successe, of the quicke and hard witte, than perchance som will thinke, this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby, plainlie to vtter, what iniurie is offered to all learninge, and to the common welthe also, first, by the fond father in chosing, but chieflie by the lewd scholemaster in beating and driuing away the best natures from learning. A childe that is still, silent,

The best wittes  
driuen from  
learnynge to  
other liuyng.

constant, and fomwhat hard of witte, is either neuer chofen by the father to be made a scholer, or else, when he commeth to the schole, he is smally regarded, little looked vnto, he lacketh teaching, he lacketh coraging, he lacketh all thinges, onelie he neuer lacketh beating, nor any word, that may moue him to hate learninge, nor any deed that may driue him from learning, to any other kinde of liuing.

And when this sadde natured, and hard witted child, is bette from his booke, and becumeth after eyther student of the common lawe, or page in the Court, or seruingman, or bound prentice to a merchant, or to fom handie-crafte, he proueth in the ende, wifer, happier and many tymes honester too, than many of theis quick wittes do, by their learninge.

Learning is, both hindred and iniured to[o], by the ill choice of them, that fend yong scholers to the vniuersities. Of whom must nedes cum all oure Diuines, Lawyers, and Physicians.

Thies yong scholers be chofen commonlie, as yong apples be chofen by children, in a faire garden about *S. James* tyde: a childe will chose a sweeting, because it is presentlie faire and pleasant, and refuse a Runnet, because it is than grene, hard, and fowre, whan the one, if it be eaten, doth breed, both wormes and ill humors: the other if it stand his tyme, be ordered and kepte as it should, is holfom of it self, and helpeth to the good digestion of other meates: Sweetinges, wiil receyue wormes, rotte, and dye on the tree, and neuer or seldom cum to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For verie greafe of hearte I will not applie the similitude: but hereby, is plainlie seen, how learning is robbed of hir best wittes, first by the greate beating, and after by the ill chosing of scholers, to go to the vniuersities. Whereof cummeth partelie, that lewde and spitefull prouerbe, founding to the greate hurte of

Hard wits  
proue best in  
euery kynde  
of lyfe.

The ill choice  
of wittes for  
learnynge.

learning, and shame of learned men, that, the greatest Clerkes be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainlie to prefer, hard and rough wittes, before quicke and light wittes, both for learning and maners, yet am I not ignorant that some quicknes of witte, is a singular gifte of God, and so most rare amonges men, and namelie such a witte, as is quicke without lightnes, sharpe without brittlenes, desirous of good things without newfanglenes, diligent in painfull things without werifomnes, and constant in good will to do all things well, as I know was in Syr *John Cheke*, and is in some, that yet liue, in whome all theis faire qualities of witte are fullie mette together.

But it is notable and trewe, that *Socrates* saith in *Plato* to his frende *Crito*. That, that number of men is fewest, which far excede, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folie, but the meane betwixt both, be the greatest number: which he proueth trewe in diuerse other things: as in greyhoundes, amonges which fewe are found, exceding greate, or exceding litle, exceding swift, or exceding slowe: And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wittes, I ment, the common number of quicke and hard wittes, amonges the which, for the most parte, the hard witte, proueth manie times, the better learned, wiser and honestest man: and therefore, do I the more lament, that such wittes commonlie be either kepte from learning, by fond fathers, or be [a]t [e] from learning by lewde scholemasters.

And speaking thus moche of the wittes of children for learning, the opportunitie of the place, and goodnes of the matter might require to haue here declared the most speciall notes of a good witte for learning in a childe, after the maner and custume of a good horsman, who is skilfull, to know, and hable to tell others, how by certain sure signes, a

*Plato. in Crito.*

Verie good or verie ill men, be fewest in number.

Horsemen be wiser in knowledge of a good Colte, than Scholemasters be, in knowledge of a good witte.

man may choise a colte, that is like to proue an other day, excellent for the saddle. And it is pit[t]ie, that commonlie, more care is had, yea and that emonges

A good Rider  
better reward-  
ed than a good  
Scholemaster. verie wife men, to finde out rather a cunningge man for their horse, than a cunningge man for their children. They say nay in

worde, but they do so in dede. For, to the one, they will gladlie giue a stipend of 200. Crounes by [the] yeare, and loth to offer to the other, 200. shillings. God, that fitteth in heauen laugheth their choice to skorne, and

Horse well  
broken, chil-  
dren ill taught. rewardeth their liberalitie as it should: for he suffereth them, to haue, tame and well ordered horse, but wilde and vnfortunate

Children: and therefore in the ende they finde more pleasure in their horse, than comfote in their children.

But concerning the trewe notes of the best wittes for learning in a childe, I will reporte, not myne own opinion, but the very iudgement of him, that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning

maketh mention of, and that is *Socrates* in *Plato* in 7 de Rep. *Plato*, who expresseth orderlie thies seuen plaine notes to choise a good witte in a child for learninge.

Trewe notes of a  
good witte.

- |   |   |             |
|---|---|-------------|
| { | 1 | Εὐφνής.     |
|   | 2 | Μνήμων.     |
|   | 3 | Φιλομαθής.  |
|   | 4 | Φιλόπονος.  |
|   | 5 | Φιλήκοος.   |
|   | 6 | Ζητητικός.  |
|   | 7 | Φιλέπαινος. |

And bicause I write English, and to Englishemen, I will plainlie declare in Englishe both, what thies wordes of *Plato* meane, and how aptlie they be linked, and how orderlie they fol[l]ow one an other.

1. Εὐφνής.

Witte. Is he, that is apte by goodnes of witte,  
Will. and appliable by readines of will, to learning, hauing all other qualities of the minde and partes

of the bodie, that must an other day serue learning, not tro[u]bled, mangled, and halfed, but sounde, whole, full, and hable to do their office: as, a tong, The tong. not stamering, or ouer hardlie drawing forth wordes, but plaine, and redie to deliuer the meaning of the minde: a voice, not softe, weake, piping, The voice. womannishe, but audible, stronge, and manlike: a countenance, not werishe and crabbed, but Face. faire and cumlie: a personage, not wretched and deformed, but taule and goodlie: for Stature. surelie a cumlie countenance, with a goodlie stature, geueth credit to learning, and authoritie Learnynge ioyned with a cumlie personage. to the person: otherwise commonlie, either open contempte, or priuie diffauour doth hurte, or hinder, both person and learning. And, euen as a faire stone requireth to be sette in the finest gold, with the best workmanhype, or else it leseth moch of the Grace and price, euen so, excellencye in learning, and namely Diuinitie, ioyned with a cumlie personage, is a meruelous Iewell in the world. And how can a cumlie bodie be better employed, than to serue the fairest exercise of Goddes greatest gifte, and that is learning. But commonlie, the fairest bodies, ar[e] bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so: and with examples herein I will not medle: yet I wishe, that those shold, both mynde it, and medle with it, which haue most occasion to looke to it, as good and wise fathers shold do, and greatest authoritie to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do: And yet I will not let, openlie to lament the vnfortunate case of learning herein.

For, if a father haue foure sonnes, three faire and well formed both mynde and bodie, the fourth, wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shalbe, to put the worst to learning, as one good enoughe to becum a scholer. Deformed creatures commonlie set to learnynge. I haue spent the most parte of my life in the Vniuersitie, and therefore I can beare good witnes that many fathers commonlie do thus: wherof, I haue hard

many wife, learned, and as good men as euer I knew, make great, and oft complainte: a good horseman will choise no foch colte, neither for his own, nor yet for his masters fadle. And thus moch of the first note.

## 2. Μνήμων.

**Memorie.** Good of memorie, a speciall parte of the first note *ἐνφύης*, and a mere benefite of nature: yet it is so necessarie for learning: as *Plato* maketh it a separate and perfite note of it selfe, and that so principall a note, as without it, all other giftes of nature do  
*Aul. Gel.* small seruice to learning, *Afranius*, that olde Latine Poete maketh *Memorie* the mother of learning and wisedome, saying thus.

*Vfus me genuit, Mater peperit memoria*, and though it be the mere gifte of nature, yet is memorie well preferued by vse, and moch encreased by order, as our  
Three sure  
signes of a  
good me-  
morie. fcholer must learne an other day in the Vniuersitie: but in a childe, a good memorie is well known, by three properties: that is, if it be, quicke in receyuing, sure in keping, and redie in deliuering forthe againe.

## 3 Φιλομαθής.

Giuen to loue learning: for though a child haue all the giftes of nature at wishe, and perfection of memorie at will, yet if he haue not a speciall loue to learning, he shall neuer attaine to moch learning. And therefore *Isocrates*, one of the noblest scholemasters, that is in memorie of learning, who taught Kinges and Princes, as *Halicarnassæus* writeth, and out of whose schole, as *Tullie* saith, came forth, mo noble Capitanes, mo wife Counselors, than did out of *Epeius* horse at *Troie*. This *Isocrates*, I say, did cause to be written, at the entrie of his schole, in golden letters, this golden sentence, *ἐὰν ἦς φιλομαθής, ἔση πολυμαθής* which excellentlie said in *Greeke*, is thus rudelie in *Englishe*, if thou louest learning, thou shalt attayne to moch learning.

4 Φιλόπονος.

Is he, that hath a lust to labor, and a will to take paines. For, if a childe haue all the benefites of nature, with perfection of memorie, loue, like, and praife learning neuer so moch, yet if he be not of him selfe painfull, he shall neuer attayne vnto it. And yet where loue is present, labor is seldom absent, and namelie in studie of learning, and matters of the mynde: and therefore id *Isocrates* rightlie iudge, that if his scholer were φιλομαθής he cared for no more. *Aristotle*, variing from *Isocrates* in priuate affaires of life, but agreeing with *Isocrates* in common iudgement of learning, for loue and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, vttered in these wordes, in his Rhetorike *ad Theodecten*. Li-<sup>2</sup> Rhet. ad Theod. bertie kindleth loue: Loue refuseth no labor: and labor obteyneth what so euer it seeketh. And yet neuerthelesse, Goodnes of nature may do little good: Perfection of memorie, may serue to small vse: All loue may be employed in vayne: Any labor may be sone graued, if a man trust alwaies to his own singlar witte, and will not be glad somtyme to heare, take aduise, and learne of an other: And therefore doth *Socrates* very notablie adde the fift note.

5 Φιλήκοος.

He, that is glad to heare and learne of an other. For otherwise, he shall sticke with great trouble, where he might go easelie forward: and also catche hardlie a verie litle by his owne toyle, whan he might gather quicklie a good deale, by an others mans teaching. But now there be some, that haue great loue to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learne of others, yet, either of a fonde shamefastnes, or else of a proud folie, they dare not, or will not, go to learne of an other: And therefore doth *Socrates* wiselie adde the fixte note of a good witte in a childe for learning, and that is.

## 6 Ζητητικός.

He, that is naturallie bold to aske any question, desirous to searche out any dou[b]te, not ashamed to learne of the meanest, not affraide to go to the greatest, vntill he be perfetlie taught, and fullie satisfiede. The seuenth and last poynte is.

## 7 Φιλέπαινος.

He, that loueth to be praised for well doing, at his father, or masters hand. A childe of this nature, will earnestlie loue learnyng, gladlie labor for learning, willinglie learne of other, boldlie aske any dou[b]te. And thus, by *Socrates* iudgement, a good father, and a wise scholemaster, shold chose a childe to make a scholer of, that hath by nature, the foresayd perfite qualities, and cumlie furniture, both of mynde and bodie, hath memorie, quicke to receyue, sure to keape, and readie to deliuer: hath loue to learning: hath lust to labor: hath desire to learne of others: hath boldnes to aske any question: hath mynde holie bent, to wyne praise by well doing.

The two firste poyntes be speciall benefites of nature: which neuerthelesse, be well preferued, and moch encreased by good order. But as for the fise laste, loue, labor, gladnes to learne of others, boldnes to aske dou[b]tes, and will to wyne praise, be wonne and maintained by the onelie wisdom and discretion of the scholemaster. Which fise poyntes, whether a scholemaster shall work so[o]ner in a childe, by fearefull beating, or curtesie handling, you that be wise, iudge.

Yet some men, wise in deede, but in this matter, more by seueritie of nature, than any wisdom at all, do laugh at vs, when we thus wishe and reason, that yong children should rather be allured to learning by ientilnes and loue, than compelled to learning, by beating and feare: They say, our reasons serue onelie to breede forth talke, and passe a waie tyme, but we neuer saw good scholemaster do so, nor neuer red of wise man that thought so.

Yes forsothe : as wise as they be, either in other mens opinion, or in their owne conceite, I will bring the contrarie iudgement of him, who, they them selues shall confesse, was as wise as they are, or else they may be iustlie thought to haue small witte at all : and that is *Socrates*, whose iudgement in *Plato* is plainlie this in these wordes : which, bicause they be verie notable, Plato in 7. de Rep.

I will recite them in his owne tonge, οὐδὲν μάθημα μετὰ δουλείας χρὴ μαθάνειν: οἱ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ σώματος πόνοι βίᾳ πονούμενοι χεῖρον οὐδὲν τὸ σῶμα ἀπερνάξονται; ψυχῇ δέ, βίαιον οὐδὲν ἔμμονον μάθημα: in Englishe thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodelie labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the bodie : but any learning learned by compulsion, tarieth not long in the mynde: And why? For what foeuer the mynde doth learne vnwillinglie with feare, the same it doth quicklie forget without care. And lest proude wittes, that loue not to be contraryed, but haue lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say, that *Socrates* meaneth not this of childrens teaching, but of som other higher learning, heare, what *Socrates* in the same place doth more plainlie say: μὴ τοίνυν βία; ὦ ἀριστε, τοὺς παῖδας ἐν τοῖς μαθήμασιν, ἀλλὰ παίξοντας τρέφε, that is to say, and therefore, my deare friend, bring not vp your children in learning by compulsion and feare, but by playing and pleasure. And you, that do read *Plato*, as ye should, do well perceiue, that these be no Questions asked by *Socrates*, as doutes, but they be Sentences, first affirmed by *Socrates*, The right readyng of Plato.

as mere trothes, and after, giuen forth by *Socrates*, as right Rules, most necessarie to be marked, and fitte to be folowed of all them, that would haue children taughte, as they should. And in this counsell, iudgement, and authoritie of *Socrates* I will repose my selfe, vntill I meete with a man of the contrarie mynde, whom I may iustlie take to be wiser, than I thinke *Socrates* was. Fonde scholemasters, neither can vnderstand, nor will folow this good counsell of *Socrates*, but wise ryders, in their office, can and will Yong Gentlemen, be wiser taught to ryde, by

common  
ryders, than  
to learne, by  
common  
Schole-  
masters.

do both: which is the onelie cause, that commonly, the yong ientlemen of England, go so vnwillinglie to schole, and run so fast to the stable: For in verie deede fond schole-masters, by feare, do beate into them, the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by ientle allurementes, do breed vp in them, the loue of riding. They finde feare, and bondage in scholes, They feele libertie and freedom in stables: which causeth them, vtterlie to abhor[r]e the one, and most gladlie to haunt the other. And I do not write this, that in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade yong ientlemen from the other: yea I am forie, with all my harte, that they be giuen no Ryding.

more to riding, then they be: For, of all outward qualities, to ride faire, is most cumelie for him selfe, most necessarie for his contrey, and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exce[e]de all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble ientlemen the old *Persians*, Alwaise to fay troth, to ride faire, and shote well: and so it was engrauen vpon *Darius* tumb, as *Strabo*. 15. *Strabo* beareth witnesse.

*Darius the king, lieth buried here,  
Who in riding and shooting had neuer peare.*

But, to our purpose, yong men, by any meanes, leeling the loue of learning, whan by tyme they cum to their owne rule, they carie commonlie, from the schole with them, a perpetuall hatred of their master, and a continuall contempt of learning. If ten Ientlemen be asked, why they forget so sone in Court, that which they were learning so long in schole, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will laie the fault on their ill handling, by their scholemasters.

*Cuspinian* doth report, that, that noble Emperor *Maximilian*, would lament verie oft, his misfortune herein.

Pastime.

Learnyng.

Yet, some will fay, that children of nature, loue pastime, and mislike learning:

bicaufe, in their kinde, the one is easie and pleafant, the other hard and werifon : which is an opinion not fo trewe, as some men weene : For, the matter lieth not fo much in the difpofition of them that be yong, as in the order and maner of bringing vp, by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learnyng and paftime. For, beate a child, if he daunce not well, and cherifh him, though he learne not well, ye fhall haue him, vn-willing to go to daunce, and glad to go to his booke. Knocke him alwaies, when he draweth his shaft ill, and fauo[u]r him againe, though he fau[l]t at his booke, ye fhall haue hym verie loth to be in the field, and verie willing to be in the fchole. Yea, I faie more, and not of my felfe, but by the iudgement of thofe, from whom few wifemen will gladlie diffent, that if euer the nature of man be giuen at any tyme, more than other, to receiue goodnes, it is, in innocencie of yong yeares, before, that experience of euill, haue taken roote in hym. For, the pure cleane witte of a fweete yong babe, is like the neweft wax, moft hable to receiue the beft and fayreft printing : and like a new bright filuer difhe neuer occupied, to receiue and kepe cleane, anie good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wifelie }  
 wrought withall, maie eafelie be won }  
 to be verie well willing to learne. And }  
 witte in children, by nature, namelie }  
 memorie, the onely keie and keper of all learning, is }  
 readieft to receiue, and fureft to kepe anie maner of }  
 thing, that is learned in yough: This, lewde and learned, }  
 by common experience, know to be moft trewe. For }  
 we remember nothyng fo well when we be olde, as }  
 thofe things which we learned when we were yong : }  
 And this is not ftraunge, but common in all natures }  
 workes. Euery man fees, (as I fayd be- }  
 fore) new wax is beft for printyng : new }  
 claie, fitteft for working : new fhorne wo[o]ll, }  
 apteft for fone and fureft dying : new fresh flefh, for }  
 good and durable falting. And this fimilitude is not

Yong yeares  
 apteft for  
 learnyng.

rude, nor borrowed of the larder houle, but out of his scholehoufe, of whom, the wifest of England, neede not be ashamed to learne. Yong Graftes grow not onelie soneft, but also faireft, and bring alwayes forth the best and sweetest frute: yong whelpes learne easelie to carie: yong Popingeis learne quicklie to speake: And so, to be short, if in all other thinges, though they lacke reason, fens, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodnesse, surelie nature, in mankinde, is most beneficiall and effectuell in this behalfe.

Therefore, if to the goodnes of nature, be ioyned the wisidome of the teacher, in leading yong wittes into a right and plaine waie of learnyng, surelie, children, kept vp in Gods feare, and gouerned by his grace, maie most easelie be brought well to serue God, and contrey both by vertue and wisidome.

But if will, and witte, by farder age, be once allured from innocencie, delited in vaine fightes, fil[l]ed with foull taulke, crooked with wilfulnesse, hardned with stubburnesse, and let louse to disobediencie, surelie it is hard with ientlenesse, but vnpossible with seuerer crueltie, to call them backe to good frame againe. For, where the one, perchance maie bend it, the other shall surelie breake it: and so in stead of some hope, leaue an assured desperation, and shamelesse contempt of all goodnesse, the fardest pointe in all mischief, as *Xenophon* doth most trewlie and most wittelie marke.

Therefore, to loue or to hate, to like or contemne, to plie this waie or that waie to good or to bad, ye shall haue as ye vse a child in his youth.

And one example, whether loue or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be heard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into *Germanie*, I came to Brodegate in Le[i]cestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Ladie *Iane Grey*, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the

houfhold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunt-  
inge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber,  
readinge *Phædon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as  
moch delite, as fom ientlemen wold read a merie tale  
in *Bocafe*. After falutation, and dewtie done, with  
fom other taulke, I asked hir, whie fhe wold leefe foch  
paftime in the Parke? fmiling fhe answered me: I  
wiffe, all their fporte in the Parke is but a fhadowe  
to that pleasure, that I find in *Plato*: Alas good folke,  
they neuer felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe  
came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge  
of pleasure, and what did chieffie allure you vnto it:  
feinge, not many women, but verie fewe men haue  
attained thereunto. I will tell you, quoth fhe, and  
tell you a troth, which perchance ye will meruell at.  
One of the greateft benefites, that euer God gaue me,  
is, that he fent me fo sharpe and feuere Parentes, and  
fo ientle a fcholemafter. For when I am in prefence  
either of father or mother, whether I fpeake, kepe  
filence, fit, ftand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or fad,  
be fowyng, plaiyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els,  
I muft do it, as it were, in foch weight, mefure, and  
number, euen fo perfitelie, as God made the world, or  
elfe I am fo sharplie taunted, fo cruellie threatened,  
yea prefentlie fome tymes, with pinches, nippes, and  
bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for  
the honor I beare them, fo without meafure mifordered,  
that I thinke my felfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I  
muft go to *M. Elmer*, who teacheth me fo ientlie, fo  
pleafantlie, with foch faire allurementes to learning,  
that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with  
him. And when I am called from him, I fall on  
weeping, becaufe, what foeuer I do els, but learning,  
is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole mifliking vnto  
me: And thus my booke, hath bene fo moch my  
pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and  
more, that in refpect of it, all other pleafures, in very  
deede, be but trifles and troubles vnto me. I re-  
member this talke gladly, both bicaufe it is fo worthy

of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that euer I had, and the last tyme, that euer I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

I could be ouer long, both in shewing iust causes, and in recitinge trewe examples, why learning shold be taught, rather by loue than feare. He that wold see a perfite discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my frende *Ioan. Sturmius* wrote *de institutione Principis*, to the Duke of *Cleues*.

Qui parcit  
virgæ, odit  
filium.

The godlie counsels of *Salomon* and *Iesus* the sonne of *Sirach*, for sharpe keepinge in, and bridlinge of youth, are ment rather, for fatherlie correction, then masterlie beating, rather for maners, than for learninge: for other places, than for scholes. For God forbid, but all euill touches, wantonnes, lyinge, pickinge, slouth, will, stubbornesse, and disobedience, shold be with sharpe chastisement, daily cut away.

This discipline was well knowen, and diligentlie vsed, among the *Græcians*, and old *Romanes*, as doth appeare in *Aristophanes*, *Isocrates*, and *Plato*, and also in the Comedies of *Plautus*: where we see that children were vnder the rule of three persones: *Præceptor*, *Pædagogus*, *Parente*: the scholemaster taught him learnyng withall ientlenes: the *Gouernour* corrected his maners, with moch sharpenesse: The father, held the sterne of his whole obedience: And so, he that vsed to teache, did not commonlie vse to beate, but remitted that ouer to an other mans charge. But what shall we saie, when now in our dayes, the scholemaster is vsed, both for *Præceptor* in learnyng, and *Pædagogus* in maners. Surelie, I wold he shold not confound their offices, but discretelie vse the dewtie of both so, that neither ill touches shold be left vnpunished, nor ientle[ne]sse in teaching anie wise omitted. And he shall well do both, if wiselie he do appointe diuerstie of tyme, and separate place, for either purpose: vsing

alwaife foch discrete moderation, as the fcholehouse should be counted a fanctuarie against feare: and verie well learning, a common perdon for ill doing, if the fault, of it felfe be not ouer heinous.

The fchole-  
house.

And thus the children, kept vp in Gods feare, and preferued by his grace, finding paine in ill doing, and pleasure in well studyng, fhold eafelie be brought to honeftie of life, and perfitenes of learning, the onelie marke, that good and wife fathers do wifhe and labour, that their children, fhold moft bufelie, and carefullie fhut at.

There is an other difcommoditie, befides crueltie in fcholemafters in beating away the loue of learning from children, which hindreth learning and vertue, and good bringing vp of youth, and namelie yong ientlemen, verie moch in England. This fault is cleane contrary to the firft. I wifhed before, to haue loue of learning bred vp in children: I wifhe as moch now, to haue yong men brought vp in good order of liuing, and in fome more feure discipline, then commonlie they be. We haue lacke in England of foch good order, as the old noble *Perfians* fo carfullie vfed: whose children, to the age of xxi. yeare, were brought vp in learnyng, and exercifes of labor, and that in foch place, where they fhold, neither fee that was vncumlie, nor heare that was vnhoneft. Yea, a yong ientlemen was neuer free, to go where he would, and do what he lifte him felf, but vnder the kepe, and by the counfell, of fome graue gouernour, vntill he was, either maryed, or cal[le]d to beare some office in the common wealth.

Youth of  
England  
brought vp  
with to much  
libertie.

Xen. 7 Cyri  
Ped.

And fee the great obedience, that was vfed in old tyme to fathers and gouernours. No fonne, were he neuer fo old of yeares, neuer fo great of birth, though he were a kynges fonne, might not mary, [might marry] but by his father and mothers alfo confent. *Cyrus* the great, after he had conquered *Babylon*, and fubdewed

D

Riche king *Cræsus* with whole *Asia minor*, cummyng tryumphantlie home, his vnclē *Cyaxeris* offered him his daughter to wife. *Cyrus* thanked his vnclē, and praised the maide, but for mariage he answered him with thies wife and sweete wordes, as they be vttered *Xen. 8. Cyri* by *Xenophon*, ὦ κυαξάρη, τό τε γένος *Ped.* ἐπαινώ καὶ τὴν παῖδα καὶ τὰ δῶρα· βούλομαι δέ, ἔφη, σὺν τῇ τοῦ πατρὸς γνώμῃ καὶ τῇ τῆς μητρὸς ταῦτά σοι συναίνεσαι, &c., that is to say: Vnclē *Cyaxeris*, I commend the stocke, I like the maide, and I allow well the dowrie, but (sayth he) by the counsell and consent of my father and mother, I will determine farther of thies matters.

Strong *Samson* also in Scripture saw a maide that liked him, but he spake not to hir, but went home to his father, and his mother, and desired both father and mother to make the mariage for him. Doth this modestie, doth this obedience, that was in great kyng *Cyrus*, and stoute *Samson*, remaine in our yongmen at this daie? no furelie: For we liue not longer after them by tyme, than we liue farre different from them by good order. Our tyme is so farre from that old discipline and obedience, as now, not onelie yong ientlemen, but euen verie girles dare without all feare, though not without open shame, where they list, and how they list, marie them selues in spite of father, mother, God, good order, and all. The cause of this euill is, that youth is least looked vnto, when they stand [in] most neede of good kepe and regard. It auail-eth not, to see them well taught in yong yeares, and after whan they cum to lust and youthfull dayes, to giue them licence to liue as they lust them selues. For, if ye suffer the eye of a yong Ientleman, once to be entangled with vaine fightes, and the eare to be corrupted with fond or filthie taulke, the mynde shall quicklie fall seick, and sone vomet and cast vp, all the holesome doctrine, that he receiued in childhoode, though he were neuer so well brought vp before. And being ons [once] ingluttet with vanitie, he will streight

way loth all learning, and all good counsell to the fame. And the parentes for all their great cost and charge, reape onelie in the end, the fru[i]te of grief and care.

This euill, is not common to poore men, as God will haue it, but proper to riche and great mens children, as they deserue it. In deede from feuen, to feuentene, yong ientlemen commonlie be carefullie enough brought vp: But from feuentene to feuen and twentie (the most dangerous tyme of all a mans life, and most slipperie to stay well in) they haue commonlie the reigne of all licens in their owne hand, and speciallie soch as do liue in the Court. And that which is most to be merueled at, commonlie, the wisest and also best men, be found the fondest fathers in this behalfe. And if som good father wold seick some remedie herein, yet the mother (if the houle hold of our Lady) had rather, yea, and will to, haue her sonne cunning and bold, in making him to lyue trimlie when he is yong, than by learning and trauell, to be able to serue his Prince and his contrie, both wiselie in peace, and stoutelie in warre, whan he is old.

Great mens  
sonnes worst  
brought vp.

Wise men fond  
fathers.

The fault is in your selues, ye noble men[s] sonnes, and therefore ye deserue the greater blame, that commonlie, the meaner mens children, cum to be, the wisest counsellours, and greatest doers, in the weightie affaires of this Realme. And why? for God will haue it so, of his prouidence: bicause ye will haue it no otherwise, by your negligence.

Meane mens  
sonnes come  
to great  
authoritie.

And God is a good God, and wisest in all his doinges, that will place vertue, and displace vice, in those kingdomes, where he doth gouerne. For he knoweth, that Nobilitie, without vertue and wisedome, is bloud in deede, but bloud trewelie, without bones and finewes: and so of it selfe, without the other, verie weeke to beare the burden of weightie affaires.

Nobilitie with-  
out wisedome.

The greateſt ſhippe in deede commonlie carieth the greateſt burden, but yet alwayes with the greateſt ieoperdie, not onelie for the perſons and goodes committed vnto it, but euen for the ſhyppes it ſelfe, except it be gouerned, with the greater wiſdome.

But Nobilitie, gouerned by learning and wiſdome, is in deede, moſt like a faire ſhippe, hauyng tide and winde at will, vnder the reule of a ſkilfull maſter: whan contrarie wiſe, a ſhippe, carried, yea with the hieſt tide and greateſt winde, lacking a ſkilfull maſter, moſt commonlie, doth either, ſinck it ſelfe vpon ſandes, or breake it ſelfe vpon rockes. And euen ſo, how manie haue bene, either drowned in vaine pleaſure, or ouerwhelmed by ſtout wilfulneſſe, the histories of England be able to affourde ouer many examples vnto vs. Therefore, ye great and noble mens children, if ye will haue rightfullie that praife, and enioie ſurelie that place, which your fathers haue, and elders had, and left vnto you, ye muſt kepe it, as they gat it, and that is, by the onelie waie, of vertue, wiſdome and worthineſſe.

For wiſdom, and vertue, there be manie faire examples in this Court, for yong Ientlemen to fo[l]low. But they be, like faire markes in the feild, out of a mans reach, to far of, to ſhote at well. The beſt and worthieſt men, in deede, be ſometimes ſeen, but ſeldom tauked withall: A yong Ientleman, may ſometime knele to their perſon, ſmallie vſe their companie, for their better inſtruction.

But yong Ientlemen are faine commonlie to do in the Court, as yong Archers do in the feild: that is to take ſoch markes, as be nie them, although they be neuer ſo foule to ſhote at. I meene, they be driuen to kepe companie with the worſte: and what force ill companie hath, to corrupt good wittes, the wiſeſt men know beſt.

Nobilitie with  
wiſdome.

Nobilitie with

Wisdome.

out wiſdome.

Vaine pleaſure,  
and ſtoute  
wilfulneſſe, two  
greateſt  
enemies to  
Nobilitie.

Ill companie  
marreth youth.

And not ill companie onelie, but the ill opinion also of the most part, doth moch harme, and namelie of those, which shold be wise in the trewe decyphring, of the good disposition of nature, of cumlineffe in Courtlie maners, and all right doinges of men.

The Court iudgeth worst of the best natures in youth.

But error and phantafie, do commonlie occupie, the place of troth and iudgement. For, if a yong ientleman, be demeure and still of nature, they say, he is simple and lacketh witte: if he be bashfull, and will soone blushe, they call him a babishe and ill brought vp thyng, when *Xenophon* doth preciselie note in *Cyrus*, that his bashfulnes in youth,

*Xen. in 1. Cyr. Pad.*

was ye verie trewe signe of his vertue and stoutnes after: If he be innocent and ignorant of ill, they say, he is rude, and hath no grace, so vngraciouflic do som gracelesse men, misuse the faire and godlie word G R A C E.

The Grace in Courte.

But if ye would know, what grace they meene, go, and looke, and learne emonges them, and ye shall see that it is: Firft, to blush at nothing. And blushing in youth, sayth *Aristotle* is nothyng els, but feare to do ill: which feare beyng once lustely fraid away from youth, then foloweth, to dare do any mischief, to contemne stoutly any goodnesse, to be busie in euery matter, to be skilfull in euery thyng, to acknowledge no ignorance at all. To do thus in Court, is counted of some, the chief and greateft grace of all: and termed by the name of a vertue, called Corage and boldnesse, whan *Crassus* in *Cic. 3. de Or.* *Cicero* teacheth the cleane contrarie, and that most wittelie, 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 it self, greatlie to be exchewed.

Boldnes, yea in a good matter, not to be praised.

Moreouer, where the fwing goeth, there to follow, fawne, flatter, laugh and lie lustelie at other mens liking. To face, stand formeft, shoue backe: and to the meaner man, or vnknowne in the

More Grace of Courte.

Court, to seeme fomwhat folume, coye, big, and dangerous of looke, taulke, and anfwere : To thinke well of him selfe, to be lustie in contemning of others, to haue some trim grace in a priuie mock. And in greater presens, to beare a braue looke: to be warlike, though he neuer looked enimie in the face in warre: yet som warlike signe must be vsed, either a slounglie busking, or an ouerflaring frowned hed, as though out of euerie heeres toppe, should suddenslie start out a good big othe, when nede requireth. Yet praised be God, England hath at this time, manie worthie Capitaines and good fouldiours, which be in deede, so honest of behauiour, so cumlie of conditions, so milde of maners, as they may be examples of good order, to a good sort of others, which neuer came in warre. But to retorne, where I left: In place also, to be able to raise taulke, and make discourse of euerie rishe: to haue a verie good will, to heare him selfe speake: To be seene in Palm-Palmistrie. estrie, wherby to conueie to chaste eares, som fond or filthie taulke :

Men of warre,  
best of  
conditions.

And, if som Smithfeild Ruffian take vp, som strange going: som new mowing with the mouth: som wrinchyng with the shoulder, som braue prouerbe: som fresh new othe, that is not stale, but will rin [run] round in the mouth: som new disguised garment, or desperate hat, fond in facion, or gaurish in colour, what foeuer it cost, how small foeuer his liuing be, by what shift foeuer it be gotten, gotten must it be, and vsed with the first, or els the grace of it, is stale and gone: som part of this gracelesse grace, was discribed by me, in a little rude verse long ago.

*To laughe, to lie, to flatter, to face:  
Foure waies in Court to win men grace.  
If thou be thrall to none of these,  
Away good Peek goos, hens Iohn Cheese:  
Marke well my word, and marke their dede,  
And thinke this verse part of thy Creed.*

Would to God, this taulke were not trewe, and that

fom mens doinges were not thus. I write not to hurte any, but to proffit fom : to accuse none, but to monish soch, who, allured by ill counsell, and folowing ill example, contrarie to their good bringyng vp, and against their owne good nature, yeld ouermoch to thies folies and faultes : I know many seruing men, of good order, and well staide : And againe, I heare saie, there be som seruing men do but ill seruice to their yong masters. Yea, rede *Terence* and *Plaut[us]*. aduisedlie ouer, and ye shall finde in those two wise writers, almost in euerie no vnthriftie yong man, that is not brought there vnto, by the sotle inticement of som lewd seruant. And euen now in our dayes *Gete* and *Dau*, *Gnatos* and manie bold bawdie *Phormios* to, be preasing in, to pratle on euerie stage, to medle in euerie matter, whan honest *Parmenos* shall not be hard, but beare small swing with their masters. Their companie, their taulke, their ouer great experience in mischief, doth easelie corrupt the best natures, and best brought vp wittes.

Councill.  
 III {  
 Company.  
 Seruinge men.  
*Terentius.*  
*Plantus.*  
 commedie,  
 Serui corrupte-  
 læ iuuenum.  
 Multi Getæ  
 pauci  
 Parmenones.

But I meruell the lesse, that thies misorders be emonges fom in the Court, for commonlie in the contrie also euerie where, innocencie is gone : Bashfulnesse is banished : moch presumption in yougthe : small authoritie in aige : Reuerence is neglected : dewties be confounded : and to be shorte, disobedience doth ouerflowe the bankes of good order, almoste in euerie place, almoste in euerie degree of man.

Misorders in  
 the countrey.

Meane men haue eies to see, and cause to lament, and occasion to complaine of thies miseris : but other haue authoritie to remedie them, and will do so to, whan God shall think time fitte. For, all thies misorders, be Goddes iuste plages, by his sufferance, brought iustelie vpon vs, for our sinnes, which be infinite in number, and horrible in deede, but namelie, for the

greate abhominable sin of vnkindnesse : but what vn-  
 kindnesse? euen such vnkindnesse as was  
 in the Iewes, in contemninge Goddes voice,  
 in shrynking from his woorde, in wishing  
 backe againe for *Agypt*, in committinge aduoultrie  
 and hordom, not with the women, but with the doc-  
 trine of Babylon, did bring all the plages, destructions,  
 and Captiuities, that fell so ofte and horriblie, vpon  
 Israell.

We haue cause also in England to beware of vnkind-  
 nesse, who haue had, in so fewe yeares, the Candel of  
 Goddes worde, so oft lightned, so oft put out, and yet will  
 venture by our vnthankfulnesse in doctrine  
 and sinfull life, to leefe againe, lighte,  
 Candle, Candlesticke and all.

God kepe vs in his feare, God grafte in vs the trewe  
 knowledge of his woorde, with a forward will to folowe  
 it, and so to bring forth the sweete frutes of it, and  
 then shall he preferue vs by his Grace, from all maner  
 of terrible dayes.

The remedie of this, doth not stand onelie, in mak-  
 ing good common lawes for the hole  
 Realme, but also, (and perchance cheiffie) in obseruing  
 priuate discipline euerie man carefullie in  
 his own house: and namelie, if speciall  
 regard be had to yougth: and that, not so much, in  
 teaching them what is good, as in keping  
 them from that, that is ill.

Therefore, if wise fathers, be not as well ware in  
 weeding from their Children ill thinges,  
 and ill companie, as they were before, in  
 graftinge in them learninge, and prouiding for them  
 good scholemasters, what frute, they shall reape of all  
 their coste and care, common experience doth tell.

Here is the place, in yougthe is the time whan som  
 ignorance is as necessarie, as moch know-  
 ledge: and not in matters of our dewtie  
 towardes God, as som wilful wittes willing-  
 lie against their owne knowledge, perniciouslie againste

Contempt of  
 Gods trewe  
 Religion.

*Doctrina*  
*Mores.*

*Domestica*  
*disciplina.*

*Cognitio boni.*

*Ignoratio*  
*mali.*

Some ignor-  
 ance, as good  
 as knowledge.

their owne conscience, haue of late openlie taught. In deede *S. Chrysofome*, that noble and *Chrisost. de Fato.* eloquent Doctor, in a sermon *contra fatum*, and the curious serching of natiuities, doth wiselie saie, that ignorance therein, is better than knowledge: But to wring this sentence, to wreste thereby out of mens handes, the knowledge of Goddes doctrine, is without all reason, against common sence, contrarie to the iudgement also of them, which be the discretest men, and best learned, on their own side. I know, *Iulianus Apostata* did so, but I neuer hard or *Iulia. Apostat.* red, that any auntyent father of the primitiue church, either thought or wrote so.

But this ignorance in yougthe, which I Innocency in youth. spake on, or rather this simplicitie, or most trewlie, this innocencie, is that, which the noble *Persians*, as wise *Xenophon* doth testifie, were so carefull, to breede vp their yougth in. But Christian fathers commonlie do not so. And I will tell you a tale, as moch to be misliked, as the *Persians* example is to be folowed.

This last somer, I was in a Ientlemans houfe: where a yong childe, fomewhat past fower yeare A childe ill brought vp. olde, cold in no wise frame his tonge, to saie, a litle shorte grace: and yet he could roundlie rap out, so manie vgle othes, and those of the newestt facion, as som good man of fourefcore yeare olde hath neuer hard named before: and that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother Ill Parentes. wold laughe at it. I moche doubtte, what comforte, an other daie, this childe shall bring vnto them. This Childe vsing moche the companie of seruinge men, and geuing good eare to their taulke, did easelie learne, which he shall hardlie forget, all [the] daies of his life hereafter: So likewise, in the Courte, if a yong Ientleman will ventur[e] him self into the companie of Ruffians, it is ouer greate a ieopardie, lest, their facions, maners, thoughtes, taulke, and deedes, will verie sone, be euer like. The confounding of companies, breedeth con-

Ill companie. fusion of good maners both in the Courte,  
and euerie where else.

And it maie be a great wonder, but a greater shame,  
to vs Christian men, to vnderstand, what a heithen  
*Isocrates.* writer, *Ifocrates*, doth leaue in memorie of  
writing, concerning the care, that the noble Citie of  
*Athens* had, to bring vp their yougthe, in honest com-  
panie, and vertuous discipline, whose taulke in Greke,  
is, to this effect, in Englishe.

“The Citie, was not more carefull, to see their Chil-  
dren well taughte, than to see their yong  
men well gouerned: which they brought  
to passe, not so much by common lawe, as by priuate  
discipline. For, they had more regard, that their  
yougthe, by good order shold not offend, than how,  
by lawe, they might be punished: And if offense  
were committed, there was, neither waie to hide it,  
neither hope of pardon for it. Good natures, were  
not so moche openlie praised as they were secretlie  
marked, and watchfullie regarded, lest they should  
leaue the goodnes they had. Therefore in scholes of  
singing and dauncing, and other honest exercises,  
gouernours were appointed, more diligent to ouersee  
their good maners, than their masters were, to teach  
them anie learning. It was som shame to a yong  
man, to be seene in the open market: and if for  
businesse, he passed throughe it, he did it, with a  
meruelous modestie, and bashefull facion. To eate,  
or drinke in a Tauerne, was not onelie a shame, but  
also punishable, in a yong man. To contrarie, or to  
stand in termes with an old man, was more heinous,  
than in som place, to rebuke and scolded with his  
owne father: with manie other mo good orders, and  
faire disciplines, which I referre to their reading, that  
haue lust to looke vpon the description of such a  
worthie common welthe.

And to know, what worthie frute, did  
spring of soch worthie seade, I will tell yow  
the most meruell of all, and yet soch a trothe, as no

Good seade,  
worthie frute.

man shall denie it, except such as be ignorant in knowledge of the best stories.

*Athens*, by this discipline and good ordering of yougthe, did breede vp, within the circ[u]mte *Athenas*. of that one Citie, within the compas of one hondred yeare, within the memorie of one mans life, fo manie notable Capitaines in warre, for worthinesse, wifdome and learning, as be scarfe matchable no *Roma*. not in the state of *Rome*, in the compas of those feauen hondred yeares, whau it florished moste.

And bicaufe, I will not onelie faie it, but also proue it, the names of them be these. *Miltiades*, The noble Capitaines of Athens. *Themistodes*, *Xantippus*, *Perides*, *Cymon*, *Alcybiades*, *Thrafsybulus*, *Conon*, *Iphicrates*, *Xenophon*, *Timotheus*, *Theopompus*, *Demetrius*, and diuers other mo: of which euerie one, maie iustelie be spoken that worthie praife, which was geuen to *Scipio Africanus*, who, *Cicero* douteth, whether he were, more noble Capitaine in warre, or more eloquent and wise councelor in peace. And if ye beleue not me, read diligentlie, *Æmilius Probus* in Latin, and *Æmil. Probus*. *Plutarche* in Greke, which two, had no *Plutarchus*. cause either to flatter or lie vpon anie of those which I haue recited.

And beside nobilitie in warre, for excellent and matchles masters in all maner of learninge, The learned of Athens. in that one Citie, in memorie of one aige, were mo learned men, and that in a maner altogether, than all tyme doth remember, than all place doth affourde, than all other tonges do containe. And I do not meene of those Authors, which, by iniurie of tyme, by negligence of men, by crueltie of fier and fworde, be lost, but euen of those, which by Goddes grace, are left yet vnto us: of which I thank God, euen my poor studie lacketh not one. As, in Philosphie, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, *Euclide*, and *Theophrast*: In eloquens and Ciuill lawe, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, *Lycurgus*, *Dinarchus*, *Demades*, *Isocrates*, *Isæus*, *Lysias*, *Antisthenes*, *Andocides*: In histories, *He*

*rodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon*: and which we lacke, to our great losse, *Theopompus* and *Eph[orus]*: In Poetrie, *Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes*, and somewhat of *Menander, Demosthenes* sifter[s] sonne.

Now, let Italian, and Latin it self, Spanishe, French, Douch, and Englishe bring forth their lernyng, and recite their Authors, *Cicero* onelie excepted, and in one or two moe in Latin, they be all patched cloutes and ragges, in comparifon of faire wouen broade cloathes. And trowelie, if there be any good in them, it is either lerned, borrowed, or stolne, from some one of those worthie wittes of *Athens*.

The remembrance of soch a common welthe, vsing soch discipline and order for yougthe, and thereby bringing forth to their praise, and leauing to vs for our example, such Capitaines for warre, soch Councelors for peace, and matcheles masters, for all kinde of learninge, is pleasant for me to recite, and not irksom, I trust, for other to heare, except it be soch, as make neither counte of vertue nor learninge.

And whether, there be anie soch or no, I can not well tell: yet I heare saie, some yong Ientlemen of oures, count it their shame to be counted learned: and perchance, they count it their shame, to be counted honest also, for I heare saie, they medle as litle with the one, as with the other. A meruelous case, that Ientlemen shold so be ashamed of good learning, and neuer a whit ashamed of ill maners: soch do laie for them, that the Ientlemen of France do so: which is a lie, as God will haue it. *Langæus*, and *Bellaus* that be dead, and the noble *Vidam* of Chartes, that is aliue, and infinite mo in France, which I heare tell of, proue this to be most false. And though som, in France, which will nedes be Ientlemen, whether men will or no, and haue more ientleshipe in their hat, than in their hed, be at deedlie feude, with both learning and honestie, yet I beleue, if that noble Prince, king *Francis* the first were

Lernyng,  
chiefly con-  
tained in the  
Greke, and in  
no other tong.

Contemners of  
lernyng.

Ientlemen of  
France.

aliue, they shold haue, neither place in his Courte, nor pension in his warres, if he had knowledg of them. This opinion is not French, but plaine Turckishe: from whens, som French fetche moe faultes, than this: which, I praie God, kepe out of England, and fend also those of oures better mindes, which bend them felues againste vertue and learninge, to the contempte of God, dishonor of their contrie, to the hurt of manie others, and at length, to the greatest harme, and vtter destruction of them-felues.

Franciscus 1.  
Nobilis. Fran-  
corum Rex.

Some other, hauing better nature, but lesse witte, (for ill commonlie, haue ouer moch witte) do not vtterlie dispraise learning, but they saie, that without learning, common experience, knowledge of all facions, and haunting all companies, shall worke in yougthe, both wifdome, and habilitie, to execute anie weightie affaire. Surelie long experience doth proffet moch, but moeste, and almost onelie to him (if we meene honest affaires) that is diligientlie before instructed with preceptes of well doinge. For good precepts of learning, be the eyes of the minde, to looke wifelie before a man, which waie to go right, and which not.

Experience  
without  
learnynge.

Learning teacheth more in one yeare than experience in twentie: And learning teacheth safelie, when experience maketh mo miserable then wif. He hafardeth fore, that waxeth wif by experience. An vnhappie Master he is, that is made cunning by manie shippe wrakes: A miserable merchant, that is neither riche or wif, but after som bankroutes. It is costlie wifdom, that is bought by experience. We know by experience it selfe, that it is a meruelous paine, to finde oute but a short waie, by long wandering. And surelie, he that wold proue wif by experience, he maie be wittie in deede, but euen like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his waie, and vpon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verilie they be fewest of number, that be happie or

Learnynge.  
Experience.

wife by vnlearned experience. And looke well vpon the former life of those fewe, whether your example be old or yonge, who without learning haue gathered, by long experience, a litle wisdom, and som happines: and when you do consider, what mischeife they haue committed, what dangers they haue escaped (and yet xx. for one, do perishe in the aduerture) than thinke well with your selfe, whether ye wold, that your owne son, should cum to wisdom and happines, by the waie of such experience or no.

*Syr Roger Chamloe.*

It is a notable tale, that old *Syr Roger Chamloe*, sometime cheife Iustice, wold tell of him selfe. When he was Auncient in Inne of Courte, certaine yong Ientlemen were brought before him, to be corrected for certaine misorders: And one of the lustiest saide: *Syr*, we be yong ientlemen, and wise men before vs, haue proued all facions, and yet those haue done full well: this they said, because it was well knowen, that *Syr Roger* had bene a good feloe in his yough. But he aunswered them verie wiselie. In deede faith he, in yougthe, I was, as you ar[e] now: and I had twelue feloes like vnto my self, but not one of them came to a good ende. And therefore, folow not my example in yough, but folow my counsell in aige, if euer ye thinke to cum to this place, or to thies yeares, that I am cum vnto, lesse ye meete either with pouertie or Tiburn in the way.

*Experience.* Thus, experience of all facions in yougthe, beinge, in prose, alwaise daungerous, in iss hue, seldom lucklie, is a waie, in deede, to ouermoch knowledge, yet vsed commonlie of such men, which be either caried by som curious affection of mynde, or driuen by som hard necessitie of life, to hasard the triall of ouer manie perilous aduertes.

*Erasmus.*

*Erasmus* the honour of learning of all oure time, saide wiselie that experience is the common scholehouse of soles, and ill men: Men, of witte and honestie, be otherwise instructed. For there be, that kepe them out of fier,

*Experience, the scholehouse of Foles, and ill men.*

and yet was neuer burned : That beware of water, and yet was neuer nie drowninge : That hate harlottes, and was neuer at the stewes : That abhorre falshode, and neuer brake promis themselues.

But will ye see, a fit Similitude of this aduentured experience. A Father, that doth let louse his son, to all experiences, is most like a fond Hunter, that letteth flippe a whelp to the hole herde. Twentie to one, he shall fall vpon a rascall, and let go the faire game. Men that hunt so, be either ignorant persones, preuie stealers, or night walkers.

Learning therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing vp, and not blinde and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest waie, that must leede your Children, first, to wisdom, and than to worthinesse, if euer ye purpose they shall cum there.

And to saie all in shorte, though I lacke  
Authoritie to giue counsell, yet I lacke not  
good will to wiffhe, that the yougthe in England,  
speciallie Ientlemen, and namelie nobilitie, shold be  
by good bringing vp, so grounded in iudgement of  
learninge, so founded in loue of honestie, as, whan  
they sho[u]ld be called forthe to the execution of great  
affaires, in seruice of their Prince and co[u]ntrie, they  
might be hable, to vse and to order, all experiences,  
were they good were they bad, and that, according to  
the square, rule, and line, of wisdom, learning, and  
vertue.

How experi-  
ence may  
proffet.

And, I do not meene, by all this my  
taulke, that yong Ientlemen, should al-  
waies be poring on a booke, and by vsing  
good studies, shold leafe honest pleasure,  
and haunt no good pastime, I meene no-  
thing lesse : For it is well knowne, that I both like and  
loue, and haue alwaies, and do yet still vse, all exer-  
cises and pastimes, that be fitte for my nature and  
habilitie. And beside naturall disposition, in iudge-  
ment, also, I was neuer, either Stoick in doctrine, or  
Anabaptif in Religion to mislik a merie, pleasant,

Diligente  
learningeought  
to be ioyned  
with pleasant  
pastimes,  
namelie in a  
Ientleman.

and plaifull nature, if no outrage be committed, against lawe, me[a]sure, and good order.

Therefore, I wo[u]ld wishe, that, beside some good time, fitlie appointed, and constantlie kepte, to encrease by readinge, the knowledge of the tonges and learning, yong ientlemen shold vse, and delite in all Courtlie exercises, and Ientlemanlike pastimes.

Learnynge  
ioyned with  
pastimes.

And good cause whie: For the self same noble Citie of Athenes, iustlie commended of me before, did wiselie and vpon great consideration, appoint, the Muses, *Apollo*, and *Pallas*, to be patrones of learninge to their yougthe. For the

*Muse.*

Muses, besides learning, were also Ladies of dauncinge, mirthe and minstrelsie: *Apollo*, was god of

*Apollo.*

shooting, and Author of cunning playing vpon Instrumentes: *Pallas* also was Laidie mistres in

*Pallas.*

warres. Wherbie was nothing else ment, but that learninge shold be alwaife mingled, with honest mirthe, and cumlie exercises: and that warre also shold be gouerned by learning, and moderated by wisdom, as did well appeare in those Capitaines of *Athenes* named by me before, and also in *Scipio* and *Cæsar* the two Diamondes of Rome.

And *Pallas*, was no more feared, in weering *Ægida*, than she was praised, for chosing *Oliua*: whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus, was Gouernour and Mistres, in the noble Citie of *Athenes*, both of warre and peace.

Learning rew-  
eth both warre  
and peace.

Therefore, to ride cumlie: to run faire at the tilte or ring: to plaie at all weapones: to shote faire in bow, or furelie in gon: to vout lustely: to runne: to leape: to wrestle: to swimme: To daunce cumlie: to sing, and playe of instrumentes cunningly: to Hawke: to hunte: to playe at tennes, and all pastimes generally, which be ioyned with labor, vsed in open place, and on the day light, conteining either some fitte exercise for warre, or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not onelie cumlie and decent, but also verie necessarie, for a Courtlie Ientleman to vse.

The pastimes  
that be fitte for  
Courtlie  
Ientlemen.

But, of all kinde of pastimes, fitte for a Gentleman, I will, godwilling, in fitter place, more at large, declare fullie, in my booke of the Cockpitte: which The Cockpitte. I do write, to satisfie som, I trust, with som reason, that be more curious, in marking other mens doings, than carefull in mending their owne faultes. And som also will nedes busie them selues in merueling, and adding thereunto vnfrendlie taulke, why I, a man of good yeares, and of no ill place, I thanke God and my Prince, do make choise to spend soch tyme in writyng of trifles, as the schole of shoting, the Cockpitte, and this booke of the first Principles of Grammer, rather, than to take some weightie matter in hand, either of Religion, or Ciuill discipline.

Wise men I know, will well allow of my choise herein: and as for such, who haue not witte of them selues, but must learne of others, to iudge right of mens doynge, let them read that wise Poet *Horace* in his *Arte Poetica*, who willetth wisemen to beware, of hie and loftie Titles.

A booke of lofty title, beareth the brag of ouer great a promise.

For, great shippes, require costlie tackling, and also afterward dangerous gouernment: Small boates, be neither verie chargeable in making, nor verie oft in great ieoperdie: and yet they cary many tymes, as good and costlie ware, as greater vessels do.

A meane Argument, may easelie beare, the light burden of a small faute, and haue alwaise at hand, a ready excuse for ill handling:

The right choise, to chose a fitte Argument to write vpon.

And, some praise it is, if it so chaunce, to be better in deede, than a man dare venture to seeme. A hie title, doth charge a man, with the heauie burden, of to great a promise: and therefore sayth *Horace* verie wittellie, that, that Poete was a verie foole, that began hys booke, with a goodlie verse in deede, but ouer proude a promise.

Hor. in Arte Poet.

*Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum,*

And after, as wifellie.

*Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè etc.*

E

*Homers wisdom* Meening *Homer*, who, within the compasse  
 in choice of his of a smal Argument, of one harlot, and of  
 Argument. one good wife, did vtter so much learning in  
 all kinde of sciences, as, by the iudgement of *Quintilian*,  
*ian*, he deserueth so hie a praise, that no man yet deserued  
 to fit in the second degree beneth him. And thus  
 moch out of my way, concerning my purpose in spending  
 penne, and paper, and tyme, vpon trifles, and  
 namelie to aunswere some, that haue neither witte nor  
 learning, to do any thyng them felues, neither will nor  
 honestie, to fay well of other.

To ioyne learnyng with cumlie exercises, *Conto*  
 The Cortegian, *Baldeſer Castiglione* in his booke, *Cortegiane*,  
 an excellent doth trimlie teache: which booke,  
 booke for a aduisedlie read, and diligentlie folowed,  
 ientleman. but one yeare at home in England, would do a yong  
 ientleman more good, I wisse, then three yeares trauell  
 abroad spent in *Italie*. And I meruell this booke,  
 is no more read in the Court, than it is, feyng it is fo  
 well translated into English by a worthie Ientleman  
*Syr Tho. Hobbie*. *Syr Th. Hobbie*, who was many wayes well  
 furnished with learnyng, and very expert in  
 knowledge of diuers tonges.

And beside good preceptes in bookes, in all kinde  
 of tonges, this Court also neuer lacked many faire ex-  
 amples, for yong ientlemen to folow: And surelie, one  
 example, is more valiable, both to good and  
 ill, than xx. preceptes written in bookes:  
 and so *Plato*, not in one or two, but diuerse  
 places, doth plainlie teach.

*King Ed. 6.* If kyng *Edward* had liued a litle longer,  
 his onely example had breed foch a rafe of worthie  
 learned ientlemen, as this Realme neuer yet did af-  
 fourde.

And, in the second degree, two noble Primerofes of  
 Nobilitie, the yong Duke of Suffolke, and  
 Lord *H. Matreuers*, were foch two examples  
 to the Court for learnyng, as our tyme may  
 rather wishe than looke for agayne.

The yong Duke  
 of Suffolke.

*L. H. Mar-  
 trauers.*

At Cambrige also, in S. Iohns Colledge, in my tyme, I do know, that, not so much the good statutes, as two Ientlemen, of worthe memorie Syr *Syr John John Cheke*, and Doctour *Readman*, by *Cheke*. their onely example of excellency in learnyng, of godnes in liuyng, of diligence in studyng, of counsell in exhorting, of [by] good order in all thyng, *D. Readman*. did breed vp, so many learned men, in that one Colledge of S. Iohns, at one time, as I beleue, the whole Vniuersitie of *Louaine*, in many yeares, was neuer able to affourd.

Present examples of this present tyme, I list not to the touch : yet there is one example, for all *Queene Ientlemen* of this Court to fol[l]ow, that *Elisabeth*. may well satisfie them, or nothing will serue them, nor no example moue them, to goodnes and learning.

It is your shame, (I speake to you all, you yong Ientlemen of England) that one mayd[e] should go beyond you all, in excellencie of learnyng, and knowledge of diuers tonges. Pointe forth fix of the best giuen Ientlemen of this Court, and all they together, shew not so much good will, spend not so much tyme, bestow not so many houres, dayly, orderly, and constantly, for the increafe of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queenes Maiestie her selfe. Yea I beleue, that beside her perfit readines, in *Latin, Italian, French,* and *Spanish*, she readeth here now at Windfore more Greeke euery day, than some Prebendarie of this Chirch doth read *Latin* in a whole weeke. And that which is most praise worthe of all, within the wailes of her priue chamber, she hath obteyned that excellencie of learnyng, to vnderstand, speake, and write, both wittely with head, and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Vniuersities haue in many yeares reached vnto. Amongest all the benefites yat God hath blessed me with all, next the knowledge of Christes true Religion, I counte this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me, to be one poore minister in setting for

ward these excellent giftes of learnyng in this most excellent Prince. Whose onely example, if the rest of our nobilitie would folow, than might England be, for learnyng and wisedome in nobilitie, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: The best examples haue neuer such forse to moue to any goodnes, as the bad, vaine, light and fond, haue to all ilnes.

And one example, though out of the compas of learning, yet not out of the order of good maners, was notable in this Courte, not fullie xxiiij. yeares ago, when all the actes of Parliament, many good Proclamations, diuerse strait commaundementes, fore punishment openlie, speciall regarde priuatelie, cold not do so moch to take away one misorder, as the example of one big one of this Courte did, still to kepe vp the fame: The memorie whereof, doth yet remaine, in a common prouerbe of Birching lane.

Take hede therefore, ye great ones in ye Court, yea though ye be ye greatest of all, take hede, what ye do, take hede how ye liue. For as you great ones vse to do, so all meane men loue to do. You be in deed, makers or marrers, of all mens maners within the Realme. For though God hath placed yow, to be cheife in making of lawes, to beare greatest authoritie. to commaund all others: yet God doth order, that all your lawes, all your authoritie, all your commaundementes, do not halfe so moch with meane men, as doth your example and maner of liuinge. And for example euen in the greatest matter, if yow your selues do serue God gladlie and orderlie for conscience sake, not coldlie, and somtyme for maner sake, you carie all the Courte with yow, and the whole Realme beside, earnestlie and orderlie to do the same. If yow do otherwise, yow be the onelie authors, of all misorders in Religion, not onelie to the Courte, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be

Great men in Court, by their example, make or marre, all other mens maners.

Example in Religion.

made cold in Religion by your example, that neuer were hurt by reading of bookes.

And in meaner matters, if three or foure great ones in Courte, will nedes outrage in apparell, Example in apparell. in huge hofe, in monst[e]rous hattes, in gaurishe colers, let the Prince Proclame, make Lawes, order, punishe, commaunde euerie gate in London dailie to be watched, let all good men beside do euerie where what they can, surelie the misorder of apparell in mean men abrode, shall neuer be amended, except the greatest in Courte will order and mend them selues first. I know, som greate and good ones in Courte, were authors, that honest Citizens in London, shoulde watche at euerie gate, to take misordered persones in apparell. I know, that honest Londoners did so: And I sawe, which I sawe than, and reporte now with some greife, that som Courtlie men were offended with these good men of London. And that, which greued me most of all, I sawe the verie same tyme, for all theis good orders, commaunded from the Courte and executed in London, I sawe I say, cum out Masters, Vshers, and Scholers of fense. of London, euen vnto the prefence of the Prince, a great rable of meane and light persons, in apparell, for matter, against lawe, for making, against order, for facion, namelie hofe, so without all order, as he thought himselfe most braue, that durst do most in breaking order and was most monstrous in misorder. And for all the great commaundementes, that came out of the Courte, yet this bold misorder, was winked at, and borne withall, in the Courte. I thought, it was not well, that som great ones of the Court, durst declare themselues offended, with good men of London, for doinge their dewtie, and the good ones of the Courte, would not shew themselues offended, with the ill men of London, for breaking good order. I fownde thereby a fayinge of *Socrates* to be most trewe that ill men be more hastie, than good men be forward, to profecute their purposes, euen as Christ himselfe saith, of the Children of light and darknes.

Beside apparell, in all other things to, not so moch, good lawes and strait commaundementes as the example and maner of liuing of great men, doth carie all meane men euerie where, to like, and loue, and do, as they do. For if but two or three noble men in the Court, wold but beginne to shoote, all yong  
Example in shootyng. Ientlemen, the whole Court, all London, the whole Realme, would straight waie exercife shooting.

What praise shold they wyne to themselues, what commoditie shold they bring to their contrey, that would thus deserue to be pointed at: Beholde, there goeth, the author of good order, the guide of good men. I cold fay more, and yet not ouermoch. But perchance, som will fay, I haue stepte to farre, out of my schole, into the common welthe, from teaching a yong scholer, to monishe greate and noble men: yet I trust good and wise men will thinke and iudge of me, that my minde was, not so moch, to be busie and bold with them, that be great now, as to giue trewe aduise to them, that may be great hereafter. Who, if they do, as I wishe them to do, how great so euer they be now, by blood and other mens meanes, they shall becum a greate deale greater hereafter, by learninge, vertue, and their owne desertes: which is trewe praise, right worthines, and verie Nobilitie in deede. Yet, if som will needes presse me, that I am to bold with great men, and stray to farre from my matter, I will answere  
Ad Philip. them with *S. Paul, siue per contentionem, siue quocunque modo, modò Christus prædicetnr, etc.* euen so, whether in place, or out of place, with my matter, or beside my matter, if I can hereby either prouoke the good, or staye the ill, I shall thinke my writing herein well employed.

But, to cum downe, from greate men, and hier matters, to my litle children, and poore schoolehouse againe, I will, God willing, go forwarde orderlie, as I purposed, to instructe Children and yong men, both for learninge and maners.

Hitherto, I haue shewed, what harme, ouermoch

feare bringeth to children: and what hurte, ill companie, and ouermoch libertie breedeth in yougthe: meening thereby, that from feauen yeare olde, to feaudente, loue is the best allurement to learninge: from feaudente to feauen and twentie, that wise men shold carefullie see the steppes of yougthe surelie staide by good order, in that most slipperie tyme: and specialle in the Courte, a place most dangerous for yougthe to liue in, without great grace, good regarde, and diligent looking to.

Syr *Richard Sackuile*, that worthy Ientleman of worthy memorie, as I sayd in the begynnyng, in the Queenes priuie Chamber at Windesore, <sup>Trauelling</sup> after he had talked with me, for the right <sup>into Italie.</sup> choice of a good witte in a child for learnyng, and of the trewe difference betwixt quicke and hard wittes, of alluring yong children by ientlenes to loue learnyng, and of the speciall care that was to be had, to keepe yong men from licencious liuyng, he was most earnest with me, to haue me say my mynde also, what I thought, concernyng the fanisie that many yong Ientlemen of England haue to trauell abroad, and namely to lead a long lyfe in Italie. His request, both for his authoritie, and good will toward me, was a sufficient commaundement vnto me, to satisfie his pleasure, with vtterynge plainlie my opinion in that matter. Syr quoth I, I take goyng thither, and liuing there, for a yonge ientleman, that doth not goe vnder the ke[e]pe and garde of such a man, as both, by wifedome can, and authoritie dare rewle him, to be meruelous dangerous. And whie I said so than, I will declare at large now: which I said than priuatelie, and write now openlie, not bicause I do contemne, either the knowledge of strange and diuerse tonges, and namelie the Italian <sup>The Italian</sup> tonge, which next the Greeke and Latin <sup>tong.</sup> tonge, I like and loue aboue all other: or else bicause I do despise, the learning that is gotten, or the experience that is gathered in strange contries: or for any priuate malice that beare to Italie: which <sup>Italia.</sup>

Roma. contrie, and in it, namelie Rome, I haue alwayes speciallie honored: bicause, tyme was, whan Italie and Rome, haue bene, to the greate good of vs that now liue, the best breeders and bringers vp, of the worthiest men, not onelie for wise speakinge, but also for well doing, in all Ciuill affaires, that euer was in the worlde. But now, that tyme is gone, and though the place remayne, yet the olde and present maners, do differ as farre, as blacke and white, as vertue and vice. Vertue once made that contrie Mistres ouer all the worlde. Vice now maketh that contrie slaue to them, that before, were glad to serue it. All man seeth it: They themselues confesse it, namelie soch, as be best and wisest amongest them. For sinne, by lust and vanitie, hath and doth breed vp euery where, common contempt of Gods word, priuate contention in many families, open factions in euery Citie: and so, makyng them selues bonde, to vanitie and vice at home, they are content to beare the yoke of seruyng straungers abroad. *Italie* now, is not that *Italie*, that it was wont to be: and therefore now, not so fitte a place, as some do counte it, for yong men to fetch either wisdome or honestie from thence. For surelie, they will make other but bad Scholers, that be so ill Masters to them selues. Yet, if a ientleman will nedes trauell into *Italie*, he shall do well, to looke on the life, of the wisest traueler, that euer traueled thether, fet out by the wisest writer, that euer spake with tong, Gods doctrine onelie excepted: and that is *Vlysses* in *Vlysses*. *Homere*. *Vlysses*, and his trauell, I wishe *Homere*. our trauelers to looke vpon, not so much to feare them, with the great daungers, that he many tymes suffered, as to instruct them, with his excellent wisdome, which he alwayes and euerywhere vsed. Yea euen those, that be learned and wittie trauelers, when they be disposed to prayse traueling, as a great commendacion, and the best Scripture they haue for it, they gladlie recite the third verse of *Homere*, in his first booke of *Odysee*, conteinyng a great prayse of

*Vlyffes*, for the witte he gathered, and wife- δδus, α.  
dome he vsed in traouelling.

Which verse, bicause, in mine opinion, it was not made at the first, more naturallie in *Greke* by *Homere*, nor after turned more aptelie into *Latin* by *Horace*, than it was a good while ago, in *Cambrige*, translated into English, both plainlie for the sense, and roundlie for the verse, by one of the best Scholers, that euer S. Iohns Colledge bred, *M. Watson*, myne old friend, somtime Bishop of *Lincolne*, therefore, for their sake, that haue lust to see, how our English tong, in avoidyng barbarous ryming, may as well receiue, right quantitie of fillables, and trewe order of versifying (of which matter more at large hereafter) as either *Greke* or *Latin*, if a cunning man haue it in [the] handling, I will set forth that one verse in all three tonges, for an Example to good wittes, that shall delite in like learned exercise.

**Homerus.**

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

**Horatius.**

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et vrbes.*

**M. Watson.**

*All traouellers do gladly report great prayse of Vlyffes,  
For that he knew many mens manners, and saw many Citics.*

And yet is not *Vlyffes* commended, so much, nor so oft, in *Homere*, bicause he was πολύτροπος, that is, skilfull in many mens manners and facions, as bicause he was πολύμητις, that is, wise in all purposes, and war[y]e in all places: which wisdomes and waresnes will not serue neither a tra- ueler, except *Pallas* be alwayes at his elbow, that is Gods speciall grace from heauen, to kepe him in Gods feare, in all his doynge, in all his ieorneye.

Vlyss	{	πολύτροπος
		πολύμητις

*Pallas* from  
heauen.

For, he shall not alwayes in his absence out of England, light vpon the ientle *Alcynous*, and walke in his faire gardens full of all harmeleffe pleasures : but he shall sometymes, fall, either into the handes of some cruell *Cyclops*, or into the lappe of some wanton and dalying Dame *Calypso*: and so suffer the danger of many a deadlie Denne, not so full of perils, to destroy the body, as, full of vayne pleasures, to poyson the mynde. Some *Siren* shall sing him a song, sweete in tune, but sownding in the ende, to his vtter destruction. If *Scylla* drowne him not, *Carybdis* may fortune swalow hym. Some *Circes* shall make him, of a plaine English man, a right *Italian*. And at length to hell, or to some hellish place, is he likelie to go : from whence is hard returning, although one *Vlyffes*, and that by *Pallas* ayde, and good counsell of *Tirefias* once escaped that horrible Den of deadly darkenes.

Therefore, if wise men will nedes send their sonnes into *Italie*, let them do it wiselie, vnder the kepe and garde of him, who, by his wisedome and honestie, by his example and authoritie, may be hable to kepe them safe and sound, in the feare of God, in Christes trewe Religion, in good order and honestie of liuyng : except they will haue them run headling [headlong], into ouermany ieoperdies, as *Vlyffes* had done many tymes, if *Pallas* had not alwayes gouerned him : if he had not vsed, to stop his eares with waxe : to bind him selfe to the mast of his shyp: to feede dayly, vpon Moly Herba. that swete herbe *Moly* with the bla[c]ke roote and white floore, giuen vnto hym by Mercurie, to auoide all inchantmentes of *Circes*. Wherby, the Diuine Poete *Homer* ment couertlie (as wise and Godlymen do iudge) that loue of honestie, and hatred of ill, which *David* more plainly doth call the feare of God : the onely remedie agaynst all inchantementes of sinne.

I know diuerſe noble personages, and many worthie

Gentlemen of England, whom all the *Siren* songes of *Italie*, could neuer vntwyne from the masse of Gods word : nor no inchantment of vanitie, ouerturne them, from the feare of God, and loue of honestie.

But I know as many, or mo, and some, sometyme my deare frendes, for whose sake I hate going into that countrey the more, who, partyng out of England feruent in the loue of Christes doctrine, and well furnished with the feare of God, returned out of *Italie* worse transformed, than euer were any in *Circes* Court. I know diuerse, that went out of England, men of innocent life, men of excellent learnyng, who returned out of *Italie*, not onely with worse manners, but also with lesse learnyng : neither so willing to liue orderly, nor yet so hable to speake learnedlie, as they were at home, before they went abroad. And why? *Plato*, yat wise writer, and worthy traueler him selfe, telleth the cause why. He went into *Sicilia*, a countrey, no nigher *Italy* by site of place, than *Italie* that is now, is like *Sicilia* that was then, in all corrupt maners and licenciousnes of life. *Plato* found in *Sicilia*, euery Citie full of vanitie, full of factions, euen as *Italie* is now. And as *Homere*, like a learned Poete, doth feyne, that *Circes*, by pleasant inchantmentes, did turne men into beastes, some into Swine, som in Affes, some into Foxes, some into Wolues etc. euen so, *Plato*, like a wise Philosopher, doth plainelie declare, that pleasure, by licentious vanitie, that sweet and perilous poyson of all youth, doth ingender in all those that yeld vp themselves to her, foure notorious properties.

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

The fruits of  
vayne pleasure.

The first, forgetfulnes of all good things learned before: the second, dulnes to receyue either learnyng or honestie euer after: the third, a mynde embracing lightlie the worse opinion, and baren of discretion to make

Causes why  
men returne out  
of *Italie*, lesse  
learned and  
worsemanered.

trewe difference betwixt good and ill, betwixt troth, and vanitie, the fourth, a proude disdainfulnes of other good men, in all honest matters. *Homere* and *Plato* ioyned and expounded. and *Plato*, haue both one meanyng, looke both to one end. For, if a man inglutte himself with

**A Swyne.** vanitie, or walter in filthines like a Swyne, all learnyng, all goodnes, is sone forgotten: Than,

**An Asse.** quicklie shall he becum a dull Asse, to vnderstand either learnyng or honestie: and yet shall

**A Foxe.** he be as sotle as a Foxe, in breedyng of mischief, in bringyng in misorder, with a busie head, a discoursyng tong, and a factious harte, in euery priuate affaire, in all matters of state, with this pretie propertie,

*ἀφροσύνη*, always glad to commend the worfe partie,  
**Quid, et vnde.** and euer ready to defend the falser opinion.

And why? For, where will is giuen from goodnes to vanitie, the mynde is sone caryed from right iudgement to any fond opinion, in Religion, in Philosophie, or any other kynde of learning. The fourth fruite of

*ὑβρις*. vaine pleasure, by *Homere* and *Platos* iudgement, is pride in them selues, contempt of others, the very badge of all those that serue in *Circus* Court.

The true meenyng of both *Homere* and *Plato*, is plainlie declared in one short sentence of the holy Prophet of

**Hieremas** God *Hieremie*, crying out of the vaine and  
**4. Cap.** vicious life of the *Israeletes*. This people

(sayth he) be fooles and dulhedes to all goodnes, but sotle, cunning and bolde, in any mischiese. etc.

The true medecine against the inchantmentes of *Circus*, the vanitie of licencious pleasure, the inticementes of all sinne, is, in *Homere*, the herbe *Moly*, with the blacke roote, and white floer, sower at the

**Hesiodus de** first, but sweete in the end: which, *Hesiodus*  
**virtute.** termeth the study of vertue, hard and irksome

in the beginnyng, but in the end, easie and pleasant. And that, which is most to be marueled at, the diuine Poete

**Homerus diui-** *Homere* sayth plainlie that this medicine  
**nus Poeta.** against sinne and vanitie is not found out by

man, but giuen and taught by God. And forsome [ones] sake, that will haue delite to read that sweete and Godlie

Verse, I will recite the very wordes of *Homere* and also turne them into rude English metre.

χαλεπὸν δὲ τ' ὀρύσσειν  
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι, θεοὶ δὲ πάντα δύναντι.

In English thus.

*No mortall man, with sweat of browe, or toile of minde,  
But onely God, who can do all, that herbe doth finde.*

*Plato* also, that diuine Philosopher, hath many Godly medicines agaynst the poyson of vayne pleasure, in many places, but specially in his Epistles to *Dionisius* the tyrant of *Sicilie*: yet agaynst those, *Plat. ad. Dio.* that will nedes becum beastes, with seruyng of *Circes*, the Prophet *Dauid*, crieth most loude, *Nolite fieri sicut eques et mulus*: and by and by *Psal. 32.* giueth the right medicine, the trewe herbe *Moly*, *In camo et freno maxillas eorum constringe*, that is to say, let Gods grace be the bitte, let Gods feare be the bridle, to stay them from runnyng headlong into vice, and to turne them into the right way agayne. *Dauid* in the second Psalme after, giueth the same medi- *Psal. 33.* cine, but in these plainer wordes, *Diuerte à malo et fac bonum*. But I am affraide, that ouer many of our trauelers into *Italie*, do not exchewe the way to *Circes* Court: but go, and ryde, and runne, and flie thether, they make great hast to cum to her: they make great sute to serue her: yea, I could point out some with my finger, that neuer had gone out of England, but onelie to serue *Circes*, in *Italie*. Vanitie and vice, and any licence to ill liuyng in England was counted stale and rude vnto them. And so, beyng Mules and Horses before they went, returned verie Swyne and Asses home agayne: yet euerie where verie Foxes with as futtle and busie heades; and where they may, verie Woolues, with cruell malicious hartes. A maruelous monster, which, for filthines of liuyng, for A trewe Picture of a knight of Circes Court. dulnes to learning him selfe, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carie at once in one bodie, the belie of a Swyne, the head of an Ass, the brayne of a Foxe,

the wombe of a wolfe. If you thinke, we iudge amiffe, and write to fore against you, heare, what the *Italian* sayth of the English Man, what the master reporteth of the scholer: who vttereth playnlie, what is taught by him, and what learned by you, saying, *Englese Italianato,*

*e vn diabolo incarnato*, that is to say, you remaine men in shape and facion, but becum deuils in life and condition. This is not, the opinion of one, for some priuate spite, but the iudgement of all, in a common Prouerbe, which riseth, of that learnyng, and those maners, which

you gather in *Italie*: a good Scholehouse of wholefome doctrine, and worthy Masters of commendable Scholers, where the Master had rather diffame hym selfe for hys teachyng, than not shame his Scholer for his learnyng.

A good nature of the maister, and faire conditions of the scholers. And now chose you, you *Italian* English men, whether you will be angrie with vs, for calling you monsters, or with the *Italianes*, for callyng you deuils, or else with your owne selues, that take so much paines, and go so farre, to make your selues both. If some yet do not well vnderstand, what is an English man Italianated, I will plainlie tell him. He, that by

liuing, and traueling in *Italie*, bringeth home into England out of *Italie*, the Religion, the learning, the policie, the experience, the maners of *Italie*. That is to say, for Religion, Papistrie or worfe: for learnyng, lesse commonly than they caried out with them: for pollicie, a factious hart, a discourfing head, a mynde to medle in all mens matters: for experience, plentie of new mischieues neuer knowne in England before: for maners, varietie of vanities,

and change of filthy lyuing. These be the inchantementes of *Circes*, brought out of *Italie*, to marre mens maners in England; much, by example of ill life, but more by preceptes of fonde.

The Italians iudgement of Englishmen brought vp in *Italie*.

The Italian diffameth them selfe, to shame the English man.

An English man Italianated.

The	{	1. Religion.	} gotten in <i>Italie</i> .
		2. Learning.	
		3. Pollicie.	
		4. Experience.	
		5. Maners.	

for Religion, Papistrie or worfe: for learnyng, lesse commonly than they caried out with them: for pollicie, a factious hart, a discourfing head, a mynde to medle in all mens matters: for experience, plentie of new mischieues neuer knowne in England before: for maners, varietie of vanities,

bookes, of late translated out of *Italian* Italian bookes translated into English. into English, sold in euery shop in London, commended by honest titles the so[o]ner to corrupt honest maners: dedicated ouer boldlie to vertuous and honourable personages, the easelier to beg[u]ile simple and innocent wittes. It is pitie, that those, which haue authoritie and charge, to allow and disallow bookes to be printed, be no more circumspect herein, than they are. Ten Sermons at Paules Crosse do not so moch good for mouyng men to trewe doctrine, as one of those bookes do harme, with inticing men to ill liuing. Yea, I say farder, those bookes, tend not so moch to corrupt honest liuing, as they do, to subuert trewe Religion. Mo Papistes be made, by yourmer[r]y bookes of *Italie*, than by your earnest bookes of *Louain*. And bicause our great Phisicians, do winke at the matter, and make no counte of this fore, I, though not admitted one of their felowshyp, yet hauyng bene many yeares a prentice to Gods trewe Religion, and trust to continewe a poore iorney man therein all dayes of my life, for the dewtie I owe, and loue I beare, both to trewe doctrine, and honest liuing, though I haue no authoritie to amend the fore my selfe, yet I will declare my good will, to discouer the fore to others.

S. Paul faith, that sectes and ill opinions, Ad Gal. 5. be the workes of the flesh, and frutes of sinne, this is spoken, no more trewlie for the doctrine, than sensible for the reason. And why? For, ill doinges, breed ill thinkinges. And of corrupted maners, spryng peruerter iudgements. And how? there be in man two speciall thinges: Mans will, mans mynde. Where will inclineth to goodnes, the mynde is bent to troth: Where will is caried from goodnes to vanitie, the mynde is sone drawne from troth to false opinion. And so, the readiest way to entangle the mynde with false doctrine, is first to intice the will to wanton liuyng. Therefore, when the busie and open Papistes abroad, could not, by their contentious bookes, turne men in England fast enough,

from troth and right iudgement in doctrine, than the  
 futele and secrete Papistes at home, procured  
 bawdie bookes to be translated out of the  
*Italian* tonge, whereby ouer many yong willes and  
 wittes allured to wantonnes, do now boldly contemne  
 all feure bookes that founde to honestie and godlines.

In our forefathers tyme, whan Papistrie, as a standyng  
 poole, couered and ouerflowed all England, fewe  
 bookes were read in our tong, sauynge certayne bookes  
 Cheualrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which,  
 as some say, were made in Monasteries, by idle Monkes,  
 or wanton Chanons: as one for example, *Morte Ar-*  
*Morte Arthur.*

*thure*: the whole pleasure of which booke  
 standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open mans slaughter,  
 and bold bawdrye: In which booke those be counted  
 the noblest Knightes, that do kill most men without any  
 quarrell, and commit fowlest aduoulter[i]es by futelest  
 shiftes: as Sir *Launcelote*, with the wife of king *Arthure*  
 his master: Syr *Tristram* with the wife of king *Marke*  
 his vncler: Syr *Lamerocke* with the wife of king *Lote*,

that was his own aunte. This is good  
 stufte, for wise men to laughe at, or honest  
 men to take pleasure at. Yet I know, when Gods  
 Bible was banished the Court, and *Morte Arthure* re-  
 ceiued into the Princes chamber. What toyes, the  
 dayly readyng of such a booke, may worke in the will  
 of a yong ientleman, or a yong mayde, that liueth  
 welthelie and idellelie, wise men can iudge, and honest  
 men do pitie. And yet ten *Morte Arthures* do not the  
 tenth part so much harme, as one of these bookes,

made in *Italie*, and translated in England.

They open, not fond and common wayes  
 to vice, but such subtile, cunningg, new, and diuerse  
 shiftes, to cary yong willes to vanitie, and yong wittes  
 to mischief, to teach old bawdes new schole poyntes,  
 as the simple head of an Englishman is not hable to  
 inuent, nor neuer was hard of in England before, yea  
 when Papistrie ouerflowed all. Suffer these bookes to  
 be read, and they shall soone displace all bookes of  
 godly learyng. For they, caryng the will to vanitie

and marryng good maners, shall easly corrupt the mynde with ill opinions, and false iudgement in doctrine : first, to thinke nothyng of God hym selfe, one speciall pointe that is to be learned in *Italie*, and *Italian* bookes. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more nedefull to be looked to, there be moe of these vngratious bookes set out in Printe within these fewe monethes, than haue bene sene in England many score yeare[s] before. And bicause our English men made *Italians* can not hurt, but certaine persons, and in certaine places, therefore these *Italian* bookes are made English, to bryng mischief enough openly and boldly, to all states great and meane, yong and old, euery where.

And thus yow see, how will intised to wantonnes, doth easelie allure the mynde to false opinions : and how corrupt maners in liuinge, breede false iudgement in doctrine : how sinne and fleshlines, bring forth sectes and heresies : And therefore suffer not vaine bookes to breede vanitie in mens willes, if yow would haue Goddes trothe take roote in mens myndes.

That Italian, that first inuented the Italian Prouerbe against our English men Italianated, ment no more their vanitie in liuing, than their lewd opinion in Religion. For, in calling them Deuiles, he carieth them cleane from God : and yet he carieth them no farder, than they wil-linglie go themselues, that is, where they may freely say their mindes, to the open contempte of God and all godlines, both in liuing and doctrine.

The Italian  
prouerbe  
expounded.

And how? I will expresse how, not by a Fable of *Homere*, nor by the Philosophie of *Plato*, but by a plaine troth of Goddes word, sensiblie vttered by *David* thus. Thies men, *abhominabiles facti in studijs suis*, thinke verily, and singe gladlie the verse before, *Dixit insipiens in Corde suo, non est Deus* : that is *Psa. 14*. to say, they geuing themselues vp to vanitie, shackinge of the motions of Grace, driuing from them the feare of God, and running headlong into all sinne, first, lustelie contemne God, than scornefullie mocke his

worde, and also spitefullie hate and hurte all well willers thereof. Than they haue in more reuerence, the triumphes of Petrarche: than the Genesis of Moses: They make more account of *Tullies* offices, than *S. Paules* epistles: of a tale in *Bocace*, than a storie of the Bible. Than they counte as Fables, the holie misteries of Christian Religion. They make Christ and his Gospell, onelie serue Ciuill policie: Than neyther Religion cummeth amisse to them: In tyme they be Promoters of both openlie: in place againe mockers of both priuie, as I wrote oncein a rude ryme.

*Now new, now olde, now both, now neither,*

*To serue the worldes course, they care not with whether.*

For where they dare, in cumpanie where they like, they boldlie laughe to scorne both protestant and Papist. They care for no scripture: They make no counte of generall counsels: they contemne the consent of the Chirch: They passe for no Doctores: They mocke the Pope: They raile on *Luther*: They allow neyther side: They like none, but onelie themselues: The marke they shote at, the ende they looke for, the heauen they desire, is onelie, their owne present pleasure, and priuate proffit: whereby, they plainlie declare, of whose schole, of what Religion they be: that is, Epicures in liuing, and *ἀθεοι* in doctrine: this last worde, is no more vnknowne now to plaine Englishe men, than the Person was vnknown somtyme in England, vntill som[e] Englishe man tooke peines to fetch that deuelifh opinion out of Italie. Thies men, thus

The Italian  
Chirche in  
London.

Italianated abroad, can not abide our Godlie Italian Chirch at home: they be not of that Parish, they be not of that fellowshyp: they like not yat preacher: they heare not his sermons: Excepte sometymes for companie, they cum thither, to heare the Italian tongue naturally spoken, not to hear Gods doctrine trewly preached.

And yet, thies men, in matters of Diuinitie, openlie pretend a great knowledge, and haue priuately to them selues, a verie compendious vnderstanding of all, which neuertheles they will vtter when and where they liste:

And that is this: All the misteries of *Moses*, the whole lawe and Cerimonies, the Pfalmes and Prophetes, Christ and his Gospell, G O D and the Deuill, Heauen and Hell, Faith, Conscience, Sinne, Death, and all they shorthlie wrap vp, they quickly expounde with this one halfe verse of *Horace*.

*Credat Iudæus Appella.*

Yet though in Italie they may freely be of no Religion, as they are in Englande in verie deede to, neuerthelesse returning home into England they must countenance the profession of the one or the other, howsoeuer inwardlie, they laugh to scorne both. And though, for their priuate matters they can follow, fawne, and flatter noble Personages, contrarie to them in all respectes, yet commonlie they allie themselves with the worst Papistes, to whom they be wedded, and do well agree together in three proper opinions: In open contempe of Goddes worde: in a secret securitie of sinne: and in a bloodie desire to haue all taken away, by sword and burning, that be not of their faction: They that do read, with indifferent iudgement, *Pygius* and *Pigijs*.

Papistrie and impietie agree in three opinions.

*Machiauel*, two indifferent Patriarches of *Machiauelus*. Thies two Religions, do know full well what I say trewe.

Ye see, what manners and doctrine, our Englishe men fetch out of Italie: For finding no other there, they can bring no other hither. And therefore, manie godlie and excellent learned Englishe men, not manie yeares ago, did make a better choice, whan open crueltie draue them out of this contrie, to place themselves there, where Christes doctrine, the feare of God, punishment of sinne, and discipline of honestie, were had in speciall regarde.

Wise and honest trauelers.

I was once in Italie my selfe: but I thanke God, my abode there, was but ix. dayes: And yet I sawe in that lit[t]le tyme, in one Citie, more libertie to sinne, than euer I heard tell of in our noble Citie of London in ix. yeare. I sawe, it was there, as free to sinne, not onelie without all punishment, but also without any mans marking, as it is free in the Citie of London, to

chose, without all blame, whether a man lust to weare Shoo or Pantocle. And good cause why: For being vnlike in troth of Religion, they must nedes be vnlike in honestie of liuing. For blessed be Christ, in our Citie of London, commonlie the commandementes of God, be more diligentlie taught, and the seruice of God more reuerentlie vsed, and that daylie in many priuate mens houses, than they be in Italie once a weeke in their common Chirches. where, masking Ceremonies, to delite the eye, and vaine foundes, to please the eare, do quite thrust out of the Chirches, all seruice of God in spirit and troth. Yea, the Lord Maior of London, being but a Ciuill officer, is commonlie for his tyme, more diligent, in punishing sinne, the bent enemie against God and good order, than all the bloodie Inquifitors in Italie be in feauen year. For, their care and charge is, not to punish sinne, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but onelie to watch and ouersee that Christes trewe Religion set no sure footing, where the Pope hath any Iurisdiction. I learned, when I was at *Venice*, that there it is counted good pollicie, when there be foure or fise brethren of one familie, one, onelie to marie: and all the rest, to waulter, with as litle shame, in open lecherie, as Swyne do here in the common myre. Yea, there be as fayre houses of Religion, as great prouision, as diligent officers, to kepe vp this misorder, as Bridewell is, and all the Masters there, to kepe downe misorder. And therefore, if the Pope himselfe, do not onelie graunt pardons to funder thies wicked purposes abrode in Italie, but also (although this present Pope, in the beginning, made som shewe of misliking thereof) assigne both meede and merite to the maintenance of stewes and brothelhouses at home in Rome, than let wise men thinke Italie a safe place for holsom doctrine, and godlie manners, and a fitte schole for yong ientlemen of England to be brought vp in.

Our Italians bring home with them other faultes

from Italie, though not so great as this of Religion, yet a great deale greater, than many good men well beare. For commonlie they cum home, common contemptu-  
contemners of mariage and readie per- of mariage.  
suaders of all other to the same: not because they loue virginitie, nor yet because they hate prettie yong virgines, but, being free in Italie, to go whither so euer lust will cary them, they do not like, that lawe and honestie should be soch a barre to their like libertie at home in England. And yet they be, the greatest makers of loue, the daylie daliers, with such pleasant wordes, with such finilyng and secreet countenances, with such signes, tokens, wagers, purposed to be lost, before they were purposed to be made, with bargaines of wearing colours, floures, and herbes, to breede occasion of offer meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I haue seene some, innocent of ill, and stayde in all honestie, that haue vsed these thinges without all harme, without all suspicion of harme, yet these knackes were brought first into England by them, that learned them before in *Italie* in *Circes* Court: and how Courtlie curtesies so euer they be counted now, yet, if the meaning and maners of some that do vse them, were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt, neither to them selues, nor to others.

An other propertie of this our English *Italians* is, to be meruelous singular in all their matters: Singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothyng: So singular in wife-dome (in their owne opinion) as scarce they counte the best Counsellor the Prince hath, comparable with them: Common discourfers of all matters: busie searchers of most secreet affaires: open flatterers of great men: priuie mislikers of good men: Faire speakers, with smiling countenances, and much curtesie openlie to all men. Ready ba[c]kbiters, fore nippers, and spitefull reporters priuillie of good men. And beyng brought vp in *Italie*, in some free Citie, as all Cities be there: where a man may freelie discourse against what he will, against whom he lust: against any Prince, agaynst any gouernement, yea against God him

felfe, and his whole Religion: where he muſt be, either *Guelphe* or *Gibiline*, either *French* or *Spaniſh*: and alwayes compelled to be of ſome partie, of ſome faction, he ſhall neuer be compelled to be of any Religion: And if he medle not ouer-much with Chriſtes true Religion, he ſhall haue free libertie to embrace all Religions, and becum, if he luſt at once, without any let or puniſhment, Iewiſh, Turkiſh, Papiſh, and Deuilliſh.

A yong Ientleman, thus bred vp in this goodly ſchole, to learne the next and readie way to finne, to haue a buſie head, a factious hart, a talkatiue tonge, fed with diſcourſing of factions: led to contemne God and his Religion, ſhall cum home into England, but verie ill taught, either to be an honeſt man him ſelf, a quiet ſubiect to his Prince, or willyng to ſerue God, vnder the obedience of trewe doctrine, or with in the order of honeſt liuing.

I know, none will be offended with this my generall writing, but onelie ſuch, as finde them ſelues giltye priuatelie therin: who ſhall haue a good leaue to be offended with me, vntill they begin to amende them ſelues. I touch not them that be good: and I ſay to litle of them that be nought. And ſo, though not enough for their deſeruing, yet ſufficientlie for this time, and more els when, if occaſion ſo require.

And thus farre haue I wandred from my firſt purpoſe of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, bicauſe this whole taulke hath tended to the onelie aduancement of trothe in Religion, an honeſtie of liuing: and hath bene wholie within the compaſſe of learning and good maners, the ſpeciall pointes belonging in the right bringing vp of youth.

But to my matter, as I began, plainlie and ſimplie with my yong Scholer, ſo will I not leaue him, God willing, vntill I haue brought him a perſite Scholer out of the Schole, and placed him in the Vniuerſitie, to becum a fitte ſtudent, for Logicke and Rhetoricke: and ſo after to Phicke, Law, or Diuinitie, as aptnes of nature, aduife of frendes, and Gods diſpoſition ſhall lead him.

*The ende of the firſt booke.*

## ☞ The second booke.



After that your scholer, as I sayd before, shall cum in deede, first, to a readie perfittnes in translating, than, to a ripe and skilfull choice in markyng out hys fixe pointes, as

1. *Proprium.*
2. *Translatum.*
3. *Synonymum.*
4. *Contrarium.*
5. *Diuersum.*
6. *Phrases.*

Than take this order with him: Read dayly vnto lxxij, some booke of *Tullie*, as the third *Cicero*. booke of Epistles chosen out by *Sturmius*, *de Amicitia*, *de Senectute*, or that excellent Epistle conteinyng almost the whole first booke *ad Q. fra*: some Comedie of *Terence* or *Plautus*: but in *Plautus*, skilfull *Terentius*. choice must be vsed by the master, to traine *Plautus*. his Scholler to a iudgement, in cutting out perfittelie ouer old and vnproper wordes: *Cæs. Iul. Cesar. Commentaries* are to beread with all curiositie, in specially without all exception to be made either by frende or foe, is feene, the vnspotted proprietie of the Latin tong, euen whan it was, as the *Grecians* say, in ἀκμῆ, that is, at the hiest pitch of all perfittenesse: or some Orations of *T. Liuius*, such as be both longest and *T. Liuius*. plainest.

These bookes, I would haue him read now, a good deale at euery lecture: for he shall not now vse da[i]lie translation, but onely construe againe, and parse, where

ye suspect is any nede : yet, let him not omitte in these bookes, his former exercife, in marking diligently, and wrytyng orderlie out his fix pointes. And for tranflatyng, vse you your selfe, euery second or thyrd day, to chofe out, some Epistle *ad Atticum*, some notable common place out of his Orations, or some other part of *Tullie*, by your discretion, which your scholer may not know where to finde : and translate it you your selfe, into plaine naturall English, and than giue it him to translate into Latin againe : allowyng him good space and tyme to do it, both with diligent heede, and good aduifement. Here his witte shalbe new fet on worke : his iudgement, for right choice, trewlie tried : his memorie, for sure reteyning, better exercifed, than by learning, any thing without the booke : and here, how much he hath profitted, shall plainly appeare. Whan he bringeth it translated vnto you, bring you forth the place of *Tullie* : lay them together : compare the one with the other : commend his good choice, and right placing of wordes : Shew his faultes iently, but blame them not ouer sharply : for, of such missings, ientlie admonished of, proceedeth glad and good heed taking : of good heed taking, springeth chiefly knowledge, which after, groweth to perfitnesse, if this order, be diligentlie vsed by the scholer and iently handled by the master : for here, shall all the hard pointes of Grammer, both easely and surelie be learned vp : which, scholers in common scholes, by making of Latines, be groping at, with care and feare, and yet in many yeares, they scarce can reach vnto them. I remember, whan I was yong, in the North, they went to the Grammer schole, litle children : they came from thence great lubbers : alwayes learning, and litle profityng : learning without booke, euery thing, vnderstandyng with in the booke, little or nothing. Their whole knowledge, by learning without the booke, was tied onely to their tong and lips, and neuer ascended vp to the braine and head, and therefore was fone spitte out of the mouth againe : They were, as men,

alwayes goyng, but euer out of the way: and why? For their whole labor, or rather great toyle without order, was euen vaine idlenesse without proffit. In deed, they tooke great paynes about learning: but employed small labour in learning: Whan by this way prescribed in this booke, being streight, plaine, and easie, the scholer is alwayes laboring with pleasure, and euer going right on forward with proffit: Alwayes laboring I say, for, or he haue construed, parced, twise translated ouer by good aduifement, marked out his six pointes by skilfull iudgement, he shall haue necessarie occasion, to read ouer euery lecture, a dosen tymes, at the least. Which, bicause he shall do alwayes in order, he shall do it alwayes with pleasure: And pleasure allureth loue: loue hath lust to labor: labour alwayes obtaineth his purpose, as most trewly, both *Aristotle* in his Rhetoricke and *Oedipus* in *Sophocles* do teach, saying, *πᾶν γὰρ ἐκπονόνυμενον ἄλισκε. et cet.* Rhet. 2 and this oft reading, is the verie right In Oedip. Tyr following, of that good Counsell, which Epist. lib. 7. *Plinie* doth geue to his frende *Fuscus*, saying, *Multum, non multa.* But to my purpose againe:

Whan, by this diligent and spedie reading ouer, those forenamed good bokes of *Tullie*, *Terence*, *Cæsar* and *Liuië*, and by this second kinde of translating out of your English, tyme shall breed skill, and vse shall bring perfection, than ye may trie, if you will, your scholer, with the third kinde of translation: although the two first wayes, by myne opinion, be, not onelie sufficient of them selues, but also surer, both for the Masters teaching, and scholers learnyng, than this third way is: Which is thus. Write you in English, some letter, as it were from him to his father, or to some other frende, naturallie, according to the disposition of the child, or some tale, or fable, or plaine narration, according as *Aphthonius* beginneth his exercises of learning, and let him translate it into Latin againe, abiding in such place, where no other scholer may prompe him. But yet, vse you your selfe such discre-

tion for choice therein, as the matter may be within the compas, both for wordes and sentences, of his former learning and reading. And now take heede, lest your scholer do not better in some point, than you your selfe, except ye haue bene diligentlie exercised in these kindes of translating before :

I had once a profe hereof, tried by good experience, by a deare frende of myne, whan I came first from Cambrige, to serue the Queenes Maiestie, than Ladie *Elizabeth*, lying at worthie Sir *Ant. Denys* in Cheston. *John Whitney*, a yong ientleman, was my bedfeloe, who willyng by good nature and prouoked by mine aduise, began to learne the Latin tong, after the order declared in this booke. We began after Christmas : I read vnto him *Tullie de Amicitia*, which he did euerie day twise translate, out of Latin into English, and out of English into Latin agayne. About S. Laurence tyde after, to proue how he proffited, I did chose out *Torquatus taulke de Amicitia*, in the lat[t]er end of the first booke *de finib.* because that place was, the same in matter, like in wordes and phrascs, nigh to the forme and facion of sentences, as he had learned before in *de Amicitia*. I did translate it my selfe into plaine English, and gaue it him to turne into Latin : Which he did, so choislie, so orderlie, so without any great misse in the hardest pointes of Grammer, that some, in seuen yeare in Grammer scholes, yea, and some in the Vniuersities to, can not do halfe so well. This worthie yong Ientleman, to my greatest grief, to the great lamentation of that whole house, and speciallie to that most noble Ladie, now Queene *Elizabeth* her selfe, departed within few dayes, out of this world.

And if in any cause a man may without offence of God speake somewhat vngodlie, surely, it was some grief vnto me, to see him hie so hastlie to God, as he did. A Court, full of soch yong Ientlemen, were rather a Paradise than a Court vpon earth. And though I had neuer Poeticall head, to make any verse, in any tong, yet either loue, or sor[r]ow, or both, did wring out of me than, certaine carefull thoughtes of

*the ready way to the Latin tong.* 91

my good will towardes him, which in my m[o]rning for him, fell forth, more by chance, than either by skill or vse, into this kinde of misorderlie meter.

*Myne owne Iohn Whitney, now farewell, now death doth parte vs twaine,*

*No death, but partyng for a while, whom life shall ioyne agayne.*

*Therefore my hart cease sighes and sobbes, cease for[r]owes seede to sow,*

*Wherof no gaine, but greater grief, and hurtfull care may grow.*

*Yet, whan I thinke vpon soch giftes of grace as God him My losse, his gaine, I must a while, with ioyfull teares lament.*

*Yong yeares to yelde soch frute in Court, where seede of vice is fowne.*

*Is sometime read, in some place seene, amongst vs feldom His life he ledde, Christes lore to learne, with [w]ill to worke the fame :*

*He read to know, and knew to liue, and liued to praise his name.*

*So fast to frende, so foe to few, so good to euery wight, I may well wishe, but scarcelie hope, agayne to haue in sight.*

*The greater ioye his life to me, his death the greater payne: His life in Christ so surelie set, doth glad my hearte agayne:*

*His life so good, his death better, do mingle mirth with My spirit with ioye, my flesh with grief, so deare a frend to spare.*

*Thus God the good, while they be good, doth take, and leaues vs ill,*

*That we should mend our sinfull life, in life to tary still.*

*Thus, we well left, be better rest, in heauen to take his place, That bylikelife, and death, at last, we may obtaine like grace.*

*Myne owne Iohn Whitney agayne fairewell, a while thus parte in rwaine,*

*Whom payne doth part in earth, in heauen great ioye shall ioyne agayne.*

In this place, or I procede farder, I will now declare, by whose authoritie I am led, and by what reason I am moued, to thinke, that this way of d[o]uble translation out of one tong into an other, in either onelie, or at least chiefly, to be exercised, speciallie of youth, for the ready and fure obtaining of any tong.

There be six wayes appointed by the best learned men, for the learning of tonges, and encrease of eloquence, as

1. *Translatio linguarum.*
2. *Paraphrasis.*
3. *Metaphrasis.*
4. *Epitome.*
5. *Imitatio.*
6. *Declamatio.*

All theis be vsed, and commended, but in order, and for respectes: as person, habilitie, place, and tyme shall require. The fiue last, be fitter, for the Master, than the scholer: for men, than for children: for the vniuersities, rather than for Grammer scholes: yet neuerthelesse, which is, fittest in mine opinion, for our schole, and which is, either wholie to be refused, or partlie to be vsed for our purpose, I will, by good authoritie, and some reason, I trust perticularlie of euerie one, and largelie enough of them all, declare orderlie vnto you.

### ¶ *Translatio Linguarum.*

Translation, is easie in the beginning for the scholer, and bringeth all[so]moch learning and great iudgement to the Master. It is most common, and most commendable of all other exercises for youth: most common, for all your constructions in Grammer scholes, be nothing els but translations: but because they be not double translations, as I do require, they bring forth but simple and single commoditie, and bicause also they lacke the daily vse of writing, which is the onely thing that breedeth deepe roote, both in ye witte, for good vnderstanding, and in ye memorie, for fure keep-

ing of all that is learned. Most commendable also, and that by ye iudgement of all authors, which intreate of theis exercifes. *Tullie* in the person of 1. de. Or.

*L. Crassus*, whom he maketh his example of eloquence and trewe iudgement in learning, doth, not onely praise specially, and chose this way of translation for a yong man, but doth also discommend and refuse his owne former wont, in exercising *Paraphrasin et Metaphrasin*.

*Paraphrasis* is, to take some eloquent Oration, or some notable common place in Latin, and expresse it with other wordes: *Metaphrasis* is, to take some notable place out of a good Poete, and turn the same sens into meter, or into other wordes in Prose. *Crassus*, or rather *Tullie*, doth mislike both these wayes, bicause the Author, either Orator or Poete, had chosen out before, the fittest wordes and aptest composition for that matter, and so he, in seeking other, was driuen to vse the worfe.

*Quintilian* also preferreth translation before all other exercifes: yet hauing a lust, to dissent, from *Quint. x.*

*Tullie* (as he doth in very many places, if a man read his Rhetoricke ouer aduisedlie, and that rather of an enuious minde, than of any iust cause) doth greatlie commend *Paraphrasis*, crossing spitefullie *Tullies* iudgement in refusing the same: and so do *Ramus* and *Talæus* euen at this day in *France* to. But such singularitie, in dissenting from the best mens iudgements, in liking onelie their owne opinions, is moch misliked of all them, that ioyned with learning, discretion, and wisedome. For he, that can neither like *Aristotle* in Logicke and Philosophie, nor *Tullie* in Rhetoricke and Eloquence, will, from these steppes, likelie enough presume, by like pride, to mount hier, to the misliking of greater matters: that is either in Religion, to haue a dissentious head, or in the common wealth, to haue a factious hart: as I knew one a student in *Cambrige*, who, for a singularitie, began first to dissent, in the scholes, from *Aristotle*, and sone after became a peruerse *Arian*, against Christ and all true Religion: and

studied diligentlie *Origene*, *Basileus*, and *S. Hierome*, onelie to gleane out of their workes, the pernicious heresies of *Celsus*, *Eunomius*, and *Heluidius*, whereby the Church of Christ, was so poyfoned withall.

But to leaue these hie pointes of diuinitie, surelie, in this quiet and harmeles controuerfie, for the liking, or misliking of *Paraphrasis* for a yong scholer, euen as far, as *Tullie* goeth beyond *Quintilian*, *Ramus* and *Talæus*, in perfite Eloquence, euen so moch, by myne opinion, cum they behinde *Tullie*, for trew iudgement in teaching the fame.

\* *Plinius Secundus*. *Plinius* dedit *Quintiliano* præceptori suo, in matrimonium filizæ, 50000 [60000] numum.

Epist. lib. 7,  
Epist. 9,

\* *Plinius Secundus*, a wise Senator, of great experience, excellentlie learned him selfe, a liberall Patrone of learned men, and the purest writer, in myne opinion, of all his age, I except not *Suctonius*, his two schole-masters *Quintilian* and *Tacitus*, nor yet his most excellent learned Vncle, the Elder *Plinius*, doth expresse in an Epistle to his frende *Fuscus*, many good wayes for order in studie: but he beginneth with translation, and preferreth it to all the rest: and because his wordes be notable, I will recite them.

*Vtile in primis, vt multi præcipiunt, ex Græco in Latinum, et ex Latino vertere in Græcum: Quo genere exercitationis, proprietas splendorque verborum, apta structura sententiarum, figurarum copia et explicandi vis colligitur. Præterea, imitatione optimorum, facultas similia inueniendi paratur: et que legentem, sefellissent, transfferentem fugere non possunt. Intelligentia ex hoc, et iudicium acquiritur.*

Ye perceiue, how *Plinie* teacheth, that by his exercise of double translating, is learned, easely, sensible, by litle and litle, not onelie all the hard congruities of Grammer, the choice of aptest wordes, the right framing of wordes and sentences, cumlines of figures and formes, fitte for euerie matter, and proper for euerie tong, but that which is greater also, in marking dayly,

and folowing diligentlie thus, the steppes of the best Aut[h]ors, like inuention of Argumentes, like order in disposition, like vtterance in Elocution, is easelie gathered vp: whereby your scholer shall be brought not onelie to like eloquence, but also, to all trewe vnderstanding and right iudgement, both for writing and speaking. And where *Dionys. Halicarnassæus* hath written two excellent bookes, the one, *de delethi optimorum verborum*, the which, I feare, is lost, the other, of the right framing of wordes and sentences, which doth remaine yet in Greeke, to the great proffet of all them, that trewlie studie for eloquence, yet this waie of double translating, shall bring the whole proffet of both these bookes to a diligent scholer, and that easelie and pleasantlie, both for fitte choice of wordes, and apt composition of sentences. And by theis authorities and reasons am I moued to thinke, this waie of double translating, either onelie or chieflie, to be fittest, for the spedy and perfit atteyning of any tong. And for spedy atteyning, I durst venture a good wager, if a scholer, in whom is aptnes, loue, diligence, and constancie, would but translate, after this forte, one litle booke in *Tullie*, as *de senectute*, with two Epistles, the first *ad Q. fra*: the other *ad Lentulum*, the last saue one, in the first booke, that scholer, I say, should cum to a better knowledge in the Latin tong, than the most part do, that spend four or fise yeares, in tossing all the rules of Grammer in common scholes. In deede this one booke with these two Epistles, is not sufficient to affourde all Latin wordes (which is not necessarie for a yong scholer to know) but it is able to furnishe him fully, for all pointes of Grammer, with the right placing, ordering, and vse of wordes in all kinde of matter. And why not? for it is read, that *Dion. Prussæus*, that wise Philosopher, and excellent orator of all his tyme, did cum to the great learning and vtterance that was in him, by reading and folowing onelie two bookes, *Phædon Platonis*, and *Demosthenes* most notable oration *περι παραπροβείας*. And a better, and nerer example

herein, may be, our most noble Queene *Elizabeth*, who neuer toke yet, Greeke nor Latin Grammer in her hand, after the first declining of a nowne and a verbe, but onely by this double translating of *Demosthenes* and *Isocrates* dailie without missing euerie forenone, for the space of a yeare or two, hath atteyned to soch a perfite vnderstanding in both the tonges, and to soch a readie vtterance of the latin, and that wyth soch a iudgement. as they be fewe in number in both the vniuersities, or els where in England, that be, in both tonges, comparable with her Maiestie. And to conclude in a short rowme, the commodities of double translation, surelie the mynde by dailie marking, first, the cause and matter: than, the wordes and phrascs: next, the order and composition: after, the reason and argumentes: than the formes and figures of both the tonges: lastelie, the measure and compas of euerie sentence, must nedes, by litle and litle drawe vnto it the like shape of eloquence, as the author doth vse, which is re[a]d.

And thus much for double translation.

### *Paraphrasis.*

Lib. x. *Paraphrasis*, the second point, is not onelie to expresse at large with moe wordes, but to striue and contend (as *Quintilian* faith) to translate the best latin authors, into other latin wordes, as many or thereabouts.

This waie of exercise was vsed first by *C. Crabo*, and taken vp for a while, by *L. Crassus*, but sone after, vpon dewe profe thereof, reiected iustlie by *Crassus* and *Cicero*: yet allowed and made sterling agayne by *M. Quintilian*: neuerthelesse, shortlie after, by better affaye, disallowed of his owne scholer *Plinius Secundus*, who termeth it rightlie thus *Audax contentio*. It is a bold comparison in deede, to thinke to fay better, than that is best. Soch turning of the best into worse, is much like the turning of good wine, out of a faire

fwete flagon of filuer, into a foule muſtie bottell of ledder: or, to turne pure gold and filuer, into foule braſſe and copper.

Soch kinde of *Paraphraſis*, in turning, chopping, and changing, the beſt to worſe, either in the mynte or ſcholes, (though *M. Brokke* and *Quintilian* both ſay the contrary) is moch miſliked of the beſt and wiſeſt men. I can better allow an other kinde of *Paraphraſis*, to turne rude and barbarus, into proper and eloquent: which neuertheleſſe is an exerciſe, not fitte for a ſcholer, but for a perſite maſter, who in plentie hath good choiſe, in copie hath right iudgement, and grounded ſkill, as did appeare to be in *Sebaſtian Caſtalia*, in tranſlating *Kemppes* booke *de Imitando Chriſto*.

But to folow *Quintilianus* aduiſe to *Paraphraſis*, were euen to take paine, to ſeeke the worſe and fowler way, whan the plaine and fairer is occupied before your eyes.

The olde and beſt authors that euer wrote, were content if occaſion required to ſpeake twiſe of one matter, not to change the wordes, but ῥητῶς, that is, worde for worde to expreſſe it againe. For they thought, that a matter, well expreſſed with fitte wordes and apt compoſition, was not to be altered, but liking it well their ſelues, they thought it would alſo be well allowed of others.

A ſcholemaſter (ſoch one as I require) knoweth that I ſay trewe.

He readeth in *Homer*, almoſt in euerie *Homerus*. booke, and ſpeciallie in *Secundo et nono Iliados*, not onelie ſom verſes, but whole leaues, not to be altered with new, but to be vttered with [I]λ {  
2.  
9.  
the old ſelſe ſame wordes.

He knoweth, that *Xenophon*, writing *Xenophon*. twiſe of *Ageſilaus*, once in his life, againe in the hitorie of the Greekes, in one matter, kepeth alwayes the ſelſe ſame wordes. He doth the like, ſpeaking of *Socrates*, both in the beginning of his Apologie and in the laſt ende of ἀπομνημονευμάτων.

*Demosthenes.* *Demosthenes* also in 4. *Philippica*, doth borow his owne wordes vttered before in his oration *de Cherfonefo*. He doth the like, and that more at large, in his orations, against *Andration* and *Timocrates*.

*Cicero.* In latin also, *Cicero* in som places, and *Virgilius.* *Virgil* in mo, do repeate one matter, with the selfe same wordes. Thies excellent authors, did thus, not for lacke of wordes, but by iudgement and skill: whatfoeuer, other, more curious, and lesse skilfull, do thinke, write, and do.

*Paraphrasis* neuerthelesse hath good place in learning, but not, but myne opinion, for any scholer, but is onelie to be left to a perfite Master, eyther to expound openlie a good author withall, or to compare priuatelie, for his owne exercife, how some notable place of an excellent author, may be vttered with other fitte wordes: But if ye alter also, the composition, forme, and order than that is not *Paraphrasis*, but *Imitatio*, as I will fullie declare in fitter place.

The scholer shall winne nothing by *Paraphrasis*, but onelie, if we may beleue *Tullie*, to choose worfe wordes, to place them out of order, to feare ouermoch the iudgement of the master, to mislike ouermoch the hardnes of learning, and by vse, to gather vp faultes, which hardlie will be left of againe.

The master in teaching it, shall rather encrease hys owne labo[u]r, than his scholers proffet: for when the scholer shall bring vnto his master a peece of *Tullie* or *Cæsar* turned into other latin, then must the master cum to *Quintilians* goodlie lesson *de Emendatione*, which, (as he faith) is the most profitable part of teaching, but not in myne opinion, and namelie for youthe in Grammer scholes. For the master nowe taketh double paynes: first, to marke what is amisse: againe, to inuent what may be sayd better. And here perchance, a verie good master may easelie both deceiue himselfe, and lead his schol[er[s]] into error.

It requireth greater learning, and deeper iudgement, than is to be hoped for at any scholemasters

hand: that is, to be able alwaies learnedlie and perfitelie.

- { *Mutare quod ineptum est:*
- { *Transmutare quod peruersum est:*
- { *Replere quod deest;*
- { *Detrahere quod obest:*
- { *Expungere quod inane est.*

And that, which requireth more skill, and deaper consideracion.

- { *Premere tumentia:*
- { *Extollere humilia:*
- { *Astringere luxuriantia:*
- { *Componere diffoluta.*

The mafter may here onelie stumble, and perchance faull in teaching, to the marring and mayning of the Scholer in learning, whan it is a matter, of moch readyng, of great learning, and tried iudgement, to make trewe difference betwixt.

- { *Sublime, et Tumidum:*
- { *Grande, et immodicum:*
- { *Decorum, et ineptum:*
- { *Perfectum, et nimium.*

Some men of our time, counted perfite Maisters of eloquence, in their owne opinion the best, in other mens iudgements very good, as *Omphalius* euerie where, *Sadoletus* in many places, yea also my frende *Oforius*, namelie in his *Epistle* to the Queene and in his whole booke *de Iusticia*, haue so ouer reached them selues, in making trew difference in the poyntes afore rehearsed, as though they had bene brought vp in some schole in *Asia*, to learne to decline rather then in *Athens* with *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and *Demosthenes*, (from whence *Tullie* fetched his eloquence) to vnderstand, what in euerie matter, to be spoken or written on, is, in verie deede, *Nimium*, *Satis*, *Parum*, that is for to say, to all consideracions, *Decorum*, which, as it is the hardest point, in all learning, so is it the fairest and onelie marke, that scholers, in all their studie, must alwayes shote at, if they purpose an other day to be,

either founde in Religion, or wise and discrete in any vocation of the common wealth.

Agayne, in the lowest degree, it is no low point of learning and iudgement for a Scholemaster, to make trewe difference betwixt.

{ *Humile et deprefsum:*  
*Lene et remiffum:*  
*Siccum et aridum:*  
*Exile et macrum:*  
*Inaffectatum et neglectum.*

In these poyntes, some, louing *Melancthon* well, as he was well worthie, but yet not considering well nor wifelie, how he of nature, and all his life and studie by iudgement was wholly spent in *genere Disciplinabili*, that is, in teaching, reading, and expounding plainlie and aptlie schole matters, and therefore employed thereunto a fitte, sensible, and caulme kinde of speaking and writing, some I say, with very well liuyng [likyng?], but not with verie well weying *Melancthones* doinges, do frame them selues a style, cold, leane, and weake, though the matter be neuer so warme and earnest, not moch vnlike vnto one, that had a pleasure, in a roughe, raynie, winter day, to clothe him selfe with nothing els, but a demie bukram cassok, plaine without pl[a]ites, and single without linyng: which will neither beare of winde nor wether, nor yet kepe out the funne, in any hote day.

Some suppose, and that by good reason, that *Melancthon* him selfe came to this low kinde of writing, by vsing ouer moch *Paraphrasis* in reading: For studying therbie to make euerie thing streight and easie, in smothing and playning all things to much, neuer leaueth, whiles the sence it selfe be left, both lowse and lasie. And some of those *Paraphrasis* of *Melancthon* be set out in Printe, as, *Pro Archia Poeta, et Marco Marcello*: But a scholer, by myne opinion, is better occupied in playing or sleping, than in spendyng time, not onelie vainlie but also harmefullie, in foch a kinde of exercife.

If a Master woulde haue a perfite example to folow,

Paraphrasis in vse of teaching hath hurt *Melancthons* stile in writing.

that *Melancthon* him selfe came to this low kinde of writing, by vsing ouer moch *Paraphrasis* in reading: For studying therbie to make euerie thing streight and easie, in

smothing and playning all things to much, neuer leaueth, whiles the sence it selfe be left, both lowse and lasie. And some of those *Paraphrasis* of *Melancthon* be set out in Printe, as, *Pro Archia Poeta, et Marco Marcello*: But a scholer, by myne opinion, is better occupied in playing or sleping, than in spendyng time, not onelie vainlie but also harmefullie, in foch a kinde of exercife.

If a Master woulde haue a perfite example to folow,

how, in *Genere sublimi*, to auoide *Nimium*, or in *Medi-ocri*, to atteyne *Satis*, or in *Humili*, to exchew *Parum*, let him read diligently for the first, *Secundam Cicero*.

*Philippicam*, for the meane, *De Natura Deorum*, and for the lowest, *Partitiones*. Or, if in an other tong, ye looke for like example, in like perfection, for all those three degrees, read *Pro Ctesiphonte*, *Ad Demosthenes*.

*Leptinem*, et *Contra Olympiodorum*, and, what witte, Arte, and diligence is hable to affourde, ye shall plainly see.

For our tyme, the odde man to performe all three perfitlie, whatsoeuer he doth, and to know the way to do them skilfullie, whan so euer he list, is, in my poore opinion, *Iohannes Sturmius*.

*Ioan. Stur.*

He also councelleth all scholers to beware of *Paraphrasis*, except it be, from worse to better, from rude and barbarous, to proper and pure latin, and yet no man to exercife that neyther, except soch one, as is already furnished with plentie of learning, and grounded with stedfast iudgement before.

All theis faultes, that thus manie wise men do finde with the exercife of *Paraphrasis*, in turning the best latin, into other, as good as they can, that is, ye may be sure, into a great deale worse, than it was, both in right choice for proprietie, and trewe placing, for good order is committed also commonlie in all common scholes, by the scholemasters, in tossing and trobling yong wittes (as I sayd in the beginning) with that boocherlie feare in making of Latins.

Therefore, in place of Latines for yong scholers, and *Paraphrasis* for the masters, I wold haue double translation specially vsed. For, in double translating a perfitte peece of *Tullie* or *Cæsar*, neyther the scholer in learning, nor ye Master in teaching can erre. A true tochtstone, a sure metwand lieth before both their eyes. For, all right congruitie : proprietie of wordes : order in sentences : the right imitation, to inuent good matter, to dispose it in good order, to confirme it with good reason, to expresse any purpose fitlie and orderlie,

is learned thus, both easelie and perfittie: Yea, to misse fomtyme in this kinde of translation, bringeth more proffet, than to hit right, either in *Paraphrasi* or making of Latins. For though ye say well, in a latin making, or in a *Paraphrasis*, yet you being but in do[u]bte, and vncertayne whether ye saie well or no, ye gather and lay vp in memorie, no sure frute of learning thereby: But if ye fault in translation, ye ar[e] easelie taught, how perfittie to amende it, and so well warned, how after to exchew, all foch faultes againe.

*Paraphrasis* therefore, by myne opinion, is not meete for Grammer scholes: nor yet verie fitte for yong men in the vniuersitie, vntill studie and tyme, haue bred in them, perfite learning, and stedfast iudgement.

There is a kinde of *Paraphrasis*, which may be vsed, without all hurt, to moch proffet: but it serueth onely the Greke and not the latin, nor no other tong, as to alter *linguam Ionicam aut Doricam* into *meram Atticam*: A notable example there is left vnto vs by a notable learned man *Diony: Halicarn*: who, in his booke, *περὶ συντάξεως*, doth translate the goodlie storie of *Candaulus* and *Gyges* in 1 *Herodoti*, out of *Ionica lingua*, into *Atticam*. Read the place, and ye shall take, both pleasure and proffet, in conference of it. A man, that is exercised in reading, *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Plato*, and *Demosthenes*, in vsing to turne, like places of *Herodotus*, after like sorte, shold shortlie cum to such a knowledge, in vnderstanding, speaking, and writing the Greeke tong, as fewe or none hath yet atteyned in England. The like exercise out of *Dorica lingua* may be also vsed, if a man take that litle booke of *Plato*, *Timæus Locrus*, *de Animo et natura*, which is written *Dorice*, and turne it into foch Greeke, as *Plato* vseth in other workes. The booke, is but two leaues: and the labor wold be, but two weekes: but surelie the proffet, for easie vnderstanding, and trewe writing the Greeke tonge, wold conteraile wyth the toile, that fom men taketh, in otherwise coldlie reading that tonge, two yeares.

And yet, for the latin tonge, and for the exercise of

*Paraphrasis*, in those places of latin, that can not be bettered, if some yong man, excellent of witte, couragious in will, lustie of nature, and desirous to contend euen with the best latin, to better it, if he can, furelie I commend his forwardnesse, and for his better instruction therein, I will set before him, as notable an example of *Paraphrasis*, as is in Record of learning. *Cicero* him selfe, doth contend, in two fondrie places, to expresse one matter, with diuerse wordes: and that is *Paraphrasis*, saith *Quintillian*. The matter I suppose, is taken out of *Panætius*: and therefore being translated out of Greeke at diuers times, is vttered for his purpose, with diuers wordes and formes: which kind of exercife, for perfite learned men, is verie profitable.

## 2. De Finib.

a. *Homo enim Rationem habet à natura menti datam quæ, et causas rerum et consecutiones videt, et similitudines, transfert, et disiuncta coniungit, et cum præsentibus futura copulat, omnemque complectitur vitæ consequentis statum.*

b. *Eademque ratio facit hominem hominum appetendum, cumque his, natura, et sermone in usu congruentem: ut profectus à caritate domesticorum ac suorum, currat longius, et se implicet, primo Ciuium, deinde omnium mortalium societati: utque non sibi soli se natum meminerit, sed patriæ, sed suis, ut exigua pars ipsi relinquatur. c. Et quoniam eadem natura cupiditatem ingenuit homini veri inueniendi, quod facillimè apparet, cum vacui curis, etiam quid in cælo fiat, scire avemus, etc.*

## 1. Officiorum.

a. *Homo autem, qui rationis est particeps, per quam consequentia cernit, et causas rerum videt, earumque progressus, et quasi antecessiones non ignorat, similitudines, comparat, rebusque præsentibus adiungit, atque annectit futuras, facile totius vitæ cursum videt, ad eamque degendam præparat res necessarias. b. Eademque natura vi rationis hominem conciliat homini, et ad Orationis et ad vitæ societatem: ingeneratque imprimis præcipuum*

*quendam amorem in eos, qui procreati sunt, impellitque ut hominum cœtus et celebrari inter se, et sibi obediri [a se obiri] velit, ob easque causas studeat parere ea, quæ suppeditent ad cultum et ad victum, nec sibi soli, sed coniugi, liberis, cæterisque quos charos habeat, tuerique debeat. c. Quæ cura exfuscat etiam animos, et maiores ad rem gerendam facit: imprimisque hominis est propria veri inquisitio atque inuestigatio: ita cum sumus necessarijs negocijs curisque vacui, tum auemus aliquid videre, audire, addiscere, cognitionemque rerum mirabilium, etc.*

The conference of these two places, conteinyng so excellent a peece of learning, as this is, expressed by so worthy a witte, as *Tullies* was, must needes bring great pleasure and proffit to him, that maketh trew counte, of learning and honestie. But if we had the *Greke* Author, the first Patterne of all, and therby to see, how *Tullies* witte did worke at diuerse tymes, how, out of one excellent Image, might be framed two other, one in face and fauor, but fomwhat differing in forme, figure, and color, surelie, such a peece of workmanship compared with the Paterne it selfe, would better please the ease of honest, wise, and learned myndes, than two of the fairest *Venuesses*, that euer *Apelles* made.

And thus moch, for all kinde of *Paraphrasis*, fitte or vnfit, for Scholers or other, as I am led to thinke, not onelie, by mine owne experience, but chiefly by the authoritie and iudgement of those, whom I my selfe would gladliest folow, and do counsell all myne to do the same: not contendyng with any other, that will otherwise either thinke or do.

### *Metaphrasis.*

This kinde of exercife is all one with *Paraphrasis*, saue it is out of verse, either into prose, or into some other kinde of meter: or els, out of prose into verse, which was *Socrates* exercife and pastime (as *Plato* reporteth) when he was in prison,

*Plato* in  
*Phædone.*

to translate *Æsopes Fabules* into verse. *Quintilian* doth greatlie praise also this exercise: but bicause *Tullie* doth disallow it in young men, by myne opinion, it were not well to vse it [in] Grammer Scholes, euen for the selfe same causes, that be recited against *Paraphrasiss*. And therefore, for the vse or misuse of it, the same is to be thought, that is spoken of *Paraphrasiss* before. This was *Sulpitius* exercise: and he gathering vp thereby, a Poeticall kinde of talke, is iustlie named of *Cicero, grandis et Tragicus Orator*: which I think is spoken, not for his praise, but for other mens warning, to exchew the like faulte. Yet neuertheles, if our Scholemaster for his owne instruction, is desirous, to see a perfit example hereof, I will recite one, which I thinke, no man is so bold, will say, that he can amend it: and that is *Chryses* the Priestes Oration to the *Grekes*, in the beginnyng of *Homers Ilias*, *Hom. 1. 11.* turned excellentlie into prose by *Socrates Pla. 3. Rep.* him selfe, and that aduisedlie and purposelie for other to folow: and therefore he calleth this exercise, in the same place, *μίμησις*, that is, *Imitatio*, which is most trew: but, in this booke, for teachyng sake, I will name it *Metaphrasiss*, reteinyng the word, that all teachers, in this case, do vse.

**Homerus I. Iλιαδ.**

ὁ γὰρ ἦλθε θεὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα, φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,  
 στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος,  
 χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκῆπτρῳ· καὶ ἐλίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν.

Ἀτρεΐδαί τε, καὶ ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ,  
 ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες,  
 ἐκπερσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἰκέσθαι·  
 παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λῦσαι τε φίλην, τὰ τ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι,  
 αἰζόμενοι Διὸς υἱὸν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνα.

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 αἰδεῖσθαι θ' ἱερῆα, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδανε θυμῷ,

ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν.  
 μή σε, γέρον, κοίλησιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχέειω,  
 ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ', ἢ ὕστερον αὐτίς ἰόντα,  
 μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμη σκῆπτρον, καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο.  
 τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω, πρὶν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἐπεισιν,  
 ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ, ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τηλόθι πάτρης,  
 ἰστον ἐποικομένην, καὶ ἐμὸν λέγος ἀντιώσασαν·  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, μή μ' ἐρέθιζε· σαώτερος ὡς κε νέηαι.

ὡς ἔφατ'· ἔδδευσε δ' ὁ γέρον, καὶ ἐπέειθετο μύθῳ·  
 βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κίων ἠράθ' ὁ γεραίός  
 Ἀπόλλωνι ἀνακτι, τὸν ἠῦκομος, τέκε Δητῶ·

κλυθί μεν, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρῦσῃν ἀμφιβέβηκας,  
 κίλλαγ τε ζαθέην, Τενέδοιό τε ἴφι ἀνάσσεις,  
 σμινθεῦ· ἔι ποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἑρεψα,  
 ἢ εἰ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πτόνα μηρί' ἔκηα  
 ταύρων ἢδ' αἰγῶν, τόδε μοι κρήνηνον ἔελδωρ·  
 τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσιν.

Socrates in 3 *de Rep* saith thus.

Φράσω γὰρ ἀνευ μέτρον,  
 οὐ γὰρ εἰμι ποιητικός.

ἦλθεν ὁ Χρῦσης τῆς τε θνηγατρὸς λῦτρα φέρων καὶ ἰκέτης  
 τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, μάλιστα δὲ τῶν βασιλείων: καὶ εὔχετο,  
 ἐκείνοις μὲν τοὺς θεοὺς εἶναι ἐλόντας τὴν Τροίαν, αὐτοὺς  
 δὲ σωθῆναι, τὴν δὲ θυγατέρα οἱ αὐτῷ λύσαι, δεξαμένους  
 ἀποινα, καὶ τὸν θεὸν αἰδεσθέντας. Τοιαῦτα δὲ εἰπόντος  
 αὐτοῦ, οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι ἐσέβοντο καὶ συνήνουν, ὁ δὲ Ἀγα-  
 μεμνων ἠγγράεινεν, ἐντελλόμενος νῦν τε ἀπιέναι, καὶ αὐτίς  
 μὴ ἐλθεῖν, μὴ αὐτῷ τό τε σκῆπτρον, καὶ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ  
 στέμματα οὐκ ἐπαρκέσοι. πρὶν δὲ λυθῆναι αὐτοῦ θυγατέρα,  
 ἐν Ἀργεῖ ἐφη γηράσει μετὰ οὐ. ἀπιέναι δὲ ἐκέλευε, καὶ μὴ  
 ἐρεθίζειν, ἵνα σῶς οὐκαδε ἔλθοι· ὁ δὲ πρεσβύτης ἀκούσας  
 ἐδεῖσέ τε καὶ ἀπῆει σιγῇ, ἀποχωρήσας δ' ἐκ τοῦ στρα-  
 τοπέδου πολλὰ τῷ Ἀπόλλωνι εὔχετο, τὰς τε ἐπωνυμίας  
 τοῦ θεοῦ ἀνακαλῶν καὶ ὑπομιμνήσκων καὶ ἀπαιτῶν, εἴ τι  
 πώποτε ἢ ἐν ναῶν οἰκοδομήσεσιν ἢ ἐν ἱερῶν θυσίας κεχα-  
 ρισμένον δωρήσαιο. ὦν δὴ χάριν κατεύχετο τίσαι τοὺς  
 Ἀχαιοὺς τὰ ἄ δάκρυα τοῖς ἐκείνου βέλεσιν.

To compare *Homer* and *Plato* together, two wonders of nature and arte for witte and eloquence, is most pleafant and profitable, for a man of ripe iudgement. *Platos* turning of *Homer* in this place, doth not ride a loft in Poeticall termes, but goeth low and soft on foote, as profe and *Pedestris oratio* should do. If *Sulpitius* had had *Platos* confideration, in right vsing this exercise, he had not deserued the name of *Tragicus Orator*, who should rather haue studied to expresse *vim Demosthenes*, than *furorem Poætæ*, how good so euer he was, whom he did follow.

And therefore would I haue our Scholemaster wey well together *Homer* and *Plato*, and marke diligentlie these foure pointes, what is kept; what is added; what is left out: what is changed, either, in choife of wordes, or forme of sentences; which foure pointes, be the right tooles, to handle like a workeman, this kinde of worke: as our Scholer shall better vnderstand, when he hath be[e]ne a good while in the Vniuersitie: to which tyme and place, I chiefly remitte this kind of exercise.

And bicause I euer thought examples to be the best kinde of teaching, I will recite a golden sentence out of that Poete, which is next vnto *Homer*, not onelie in tyme, but also in worthines: which hath beene a paterne for many worthie wittes to follow, by this kind of *Metaphrasis*, but I will content my selfe, with foure workemen, two in *Greke*, and two in *Latin*, soch, as in both the tonges, wiser and worthier, can not be looked for. Surelie, no stone set in gold by most cunning workemen, is in deed, if right counte be made, more worthie the looking on, than this golden sentence, diuerslie wrought upon, by soch foure excellent Masters.

**Hesiodus. 2.**

1. οὗτος μὲν πανάριστος, ὃς αὐτῷ πάντα νοήσῃ,  
φρασσάμενος τὰ κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἐς τέλος ἦσιν ἀμείνω
2. ἐσθλὸς δ' αὖ κάκεινος, ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται
3. ὃς δέ κε μήτ' αὐτὸς νοέῃ, μήτ' ἄλλου ἀκούων  
ἐν θυμῷ βάλληται, ὃ δ' αὐτ' ἀχρήϊος ἀνήρ.

¶ Thus rudelie turned into bafe English.

1. *That man in wifedome paffeth all,  
to know the beft who hath a head:*
2. *And meetlie wife eeke counted shall,  
who yeildes him felfe to wife mens read.*
3. *Who hath no witte, nor none will heare,  
amongest all fooles the belles may beare.*

*Sophocles in Antigone.*

1. Φήμ' ἔγωγε πρεσβεύειν πολὺ,  
Φῦναι τὸν ἄνδρα πάντ' ἐπιωτήμης πλέων :
2. Εἰ δ' οὖν (φιλεῖ γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ταύτη ῥέπειν),  
Καὶ τῶν λεγόντων εὖ καλὸν τὸ μανθάνειν.

Marke the wifedome of *Sophacles*, in leauyng out the laft fentence, becaufe it was not cumlie for the sonne to vfe it to his father.

¶ *D. Basilens in his Exhortation to youth.*

Μέμνησθε τοῦ Ἡσιόδου, ὃς φησι, ἀριστον μὲν εἶναι τὸν παρ' ἑαυτοῦ τὰ δέοντα ξυνορῶντα. 2. Ἐσθλὸν δὲ κάκεινον, τὸν τοῖς, παρ' ἑτέρων ὑποδειχθεῖσιν ἐπόμενον. 3. τὸν δὲ πρὸς οὐδέτερον ἐπιτήδειον ἀχρεῖον εἶναι πρὸς ἅπαντα.

¶ *M. Cit. Pro. A. Cluentio.*

1. *Sapientissimum esse dicunt eum, cui, quod opus sit, ipsi veniat in mentem: 2. Proxime accedere illum, qui alterius bene inuentis obtemperet. 3. In stulticia contra est: minus enim stultus est is, cui nihil in mentem venit, quam ille, qui, quod stultè alteri venit in mentem comprobatur.*

*Cicero* doth not plainlie expresse the last fentence, but doth inuent it fitlie for his purpose, to taunt the folie and simplicitie in his aduersarie *Actius*, not weying ing wifelie, the subtile doynge of *Chryfogonus* and *Stalenus*.

¶ *Tit. Livius in Orat. Minutij. Lib. 22.*

1. *Sæpe ego audiui milites; eum primum esse virum, qui ipse consulat, quid in rem sit: 2. Secundum eum, qui*

*bene monenti obediāt: 3. Qui, nec ipse consulere, nec alieri parere sci[at], eum extremi esse ingenij.*

Now, which of all these foure, *Sophocles, S. Basil, Cicero, or Liuie*, hath expressed *Hesiodus* best, the iudgement is as hard, as the workmanship of euerie one is most excellent in deede. An other example out of the *Latin* tong also I will recite, for the worthines of the workeman therof, and that is *Horace*, who hath so turned the begynning of *Terence Eunuchus*, as doth worke in me, a pleafant admiration, as oft so euer, as I compare those two places together. And though euerie Master, and euerie good Scholer to, do know the places, both in *Terence* and *Horace*, yet I will fet them heare, in one place together, that with more pleasure, they may be compared together.

¶ *Terentius* in *Eunuchō.*

*Quid igitur faciam? non eam? ne nunc quidem cum accessor ultro? an potius ita me comparem, non perpeti meretricum contumelias? exclusit: reuocat, redeam? non, si me obsecret. PARMENO* a little after. *Here, quæ res in se neque consilium neque modum habet vllum, eam consilio regere non potes. In Amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, iniuriæ, suspiciones, inimicitia, induciæ, bellum, pax rursum. Incerta hæc si tu postules ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, vt cum ratione insanias.*

¶ *Horatius*, lib. Ser. 2. Saty. 3.

*Nec nunc cum me vocet ultro, Accedam? an potius mediter finire dolores? Exclusit: reuocat, redeam? non si obsecret. Ecce Seruus non Paulo sapientior: ò Here, quæ res Nec modum habet, neque consilium, ratione modòque Tractari non vult. In amore, hæc sunt mala, bellum, Pax rursum: hæc si quis tempestatis propè ritu Mobilia, et cæca fluitantia sorte, laboret Reddere certa, sibi nihilo plus explicet, ac si Insanire paret certa natione, modòque.*

This exercise may bring moch profite to ripe heads,

and stayd iudgementes: bicause in traueling in it, the mynde must nedes be verie attentiuē, and bufilie occupied, in turning and tossing it selfe many wayes: and conferryng with great pleasure, the varietie of worthie wittes and iudgementes together: But this harme may fone cum therby, and namelie to yong Scholers, lesse, in seeking other wordes, and new forme of sentences, they chance vpon the worfe: for the which onelie cause, *Cicero* thinketh this exercife not to be fit for yong men.

### *Epitome.*

This is a way of studie, belonging, rather to matter, than to wordes: to memorie, than to vtterance: to those that be learned already, and hath small place at all amonges yong scholers in Grammer scholes. It may proffet priuatly some learned men, but it hath hurt generallie learning it selfe, very moch. For by it haue we lost whole *Trogus*, the best part of *T. Liuius*, the goodlie Dictionarie of *Pompeius festus*, a great deale of the Ciuill lawe, and other many notable bookes, for the which cause, I do the more mislike this exercife, both in old and yong.

*Epitome*, is good priuatelie for himselfe that doth worke it, but ill commonlie for all other that vse other mens labor therein: a filie poore kinde of studie, not vnlike to the doing of those poore folke, which neyther till, nor sowe, nor reape themselues, but gleane by stelth, vpon other mens growndes. Soch haue emptye barnes, for deare yeares.

Grammar scholes haue fewe *Epitomes* to hurt them, except *Epitheta Textoris*, and such beggarlie gatheringes, as *Horman*, *Whittington*, and other like vulgares for making of latines: yea I do wishe, that all rules for yong scholers, were shorter than they be. For without doute, *Grammatica* it selfe, is sooner and furer learned by examples of good authors, than by the naked rewles of *Grammarians*. *Epitome* hurteth more, in the vniuersities and studie of Philosophie: but most of all, in diuinitie it selfe.

In deede bookes of common places be verie necessarie, to induce a man, into an orderlie generall knowledge, how to referre orderlie all that he readeth, *ad certa rerum Capita*, and not wander in studie. And to that end did *P. Lombardus* the master of sentences and *Ph. Melancthon* in our daies, write two notable bookes of common places.

But to dwell in *Epitomes* and bookes of common places, and not to binde himselfe dailie by orderlie studie, to reade with all diligence, principallie the holyest scripture and withall, the best Doctors, and so to learne to make trewe difference betwixt, the authoritie of the one, and the Counsell of the other, maketh so many seeming, and sonburnt ministers as we haue, whose learning is gotten in a fommer heat, and washed away, with a Christmas snow againe: who neuertheless, are lesse to be blamed, than those blind buffardes, who in late yeares, of wilfull maliciousnes, would neyther learne themselues, nor could teach others, any thing at all.

*Paraphrasis* hath done lesse hurt to learning, than *Epitome*: for no *Paraphrasis*, though there be many, shall neuer take away *Dauids* Psalter. *Erasmus Paraphrasis* being neuer so good, shall neuer banishe the New Testament. And in an other schole, the *Paraphrasis* of *Brocardus*, or *Sambucus*, shal neuer take *Aristotles* Rhetoricke, nor *Horace de Arte Poetica*, out of learned mens handes.

But, as concerning a schole *Epitome*, he that wo[u]ld haue an example of it, let him read *Lucian* *περὶ κάλλους* which is the verie *Epitome* of *Ifocrates* oration *de laudibus Helenæ*, whereby he may learne, at the least, this wise lesson, that a man ought to beware, to be ouer bold, in altering an excellent mans worke.

Neuertheless, some kinde of *Epitome* may be vsed, by men of skilful iudgement, to the great proffet also of others. As if a wise man would take *Halles* C[h]ronicle, where moeh good matter is quite marde with Indenture Englishe, and first change, strange and inkhorne

tearmes into proper, and commonlie vsed wordes: next, specially to wede out that, that is superfluous and idle, not onelie where wordes be vainlie heaped one vpon an other, but also where many sentences, of one meaning, be so clowted vp together as though *M. Hall* had bene, not writing the storie of England, but varyyng a sentence in Hitching schole: furelie a wise learned man, by this way of *Epitome*, in cutting away wordes and sentences, and diminishing nothing at all of the matter, shold leaue to mens vse, a storie, halfe as moch as it was in quantitie, but twise as good as it was, both for pleasure and also commoditie.

An other kinde of *Epitome* may be vsed likewise very well, to moch proffet. Som man either by lustines of nature, or brought by ill teaching, to a wrong iudgement, is ouer full of words, [and] sentences, and matter, and yet all his words be proper, apt and well chosen: all his sentences be rownd and trimlie framed: his whole matter grownded vpon good reason, and stuffed with full arguments, for this intent and purpose. Yet when his talke shalbe heard, or his writing be re[a]d, of soch one, as is, either of my two dearest friendes, *M. Haddon* at home, or *John Sturmius* in Germanie, that *Nimium* in him, which fooles and vnlearned will most commend, shall eyther of thies two, bite his lippe, or shake his heade at it.

This fulnes as it is not to be misliked in a yong man, so in farder aige, in greater skill, and weightier affaires, it is to be tempered, or else discretion and iudgement shall seeme to be wanting in him. But if his stile be still ouer rancke and lustie, as some men being neuer so old and spent by yeares, will still be full of youthfull conditions as was Syr *F. Bryan*, and euermorewold haue bene, soch a rancke and full writer, must vse, if he will do wiselie the exercise of a verie good kinde of *Epitome*, and do, as certaine wise men do, that be ouer fat and fleshie: who leauing their owne full and plentifull table, go to soiorne abroad from home for a while, at the temperate diet of some sober man, and so by litle and

litle, cut away the grofneffe that is in them. As for an example: If *Oforius* would leaue of his luftines in ftriuing againft *S. Auflen*, and his ouer rancke rayling againft poore *Luther*, and the troth of Gods doctrine, and giue his whole studie, not to write any thing of his owne for a while, but to tranflate *Demofthenes*, with fo ftraite, faft, and temperate a ftyle in latine, as he is in Greeke, he would become fo perfit and pure a writer, I beleue, as hath be[e]ne fewe or none fince *Ciceroes* dayes: And fo, by doing himfelf and all learned moch good, do others leffe harme, and Chriftes doctrine leffe iniury, than he doth: and with all, wyn vnto himfelfe many worthy frends, who agreing with him gladly, in ye loue and liking of excellent learning, are forie to fee fo worthie a witte, fo rare eloquence, wholie fpend and confumed, in ftriuing with God and good men.

Emonges the reft, no man doth lament him more than I, not onelie for the excellent learning that I fee in him, but alfo bicaufe there hath paffed priuatelie betwixt him and me, fure tokens of moch good will, and frendlie opinion, the one toward the other. And furelie the diftance betwixt London and Lyfbon, fhould not ftoppe, any kinde of frendlie dewtie, that I could, eyther fhew to him, or do to his, if the greateft matter of all did not in certeyne pointes, feparate our myndes.

And yet for my parte, both toward him, and diuerfe others here at home, for like caufe of excellent learning, great wifdome, and gentle humanitie, which I haue feene in them, and felt at their handes my felfe, where the matter of difference is mere confcience in a quiet minde inwardlie, and not contentious malice with fpitefull rayling openlie, I can be content to followe this rewle, in miliking fome one thing, not to hate for anie thing els.

But as for all the bloodie beaftes, as that *Psal* 80. fat Boore of the wood: or thofe brauling Bulles of Bafan: or any lurking *Dorm[o]us*, blinde, not by nature, but by malice, and as may be gathered of their owne teftimonie, giuen ouer to blindnes, for giuing ouer God

and his word; or soch as be so lustie runnegates, as first, runne from God and his trew doctrine, than, from their Lordes, Masters, and all dewtie, next, from them felues and out of their wittes, lastly from their Prince, contrey, and all dew allegiance, whether they ought rather to be pitied of good men, for their miserie, or contemned of wise men, for their malicious folie, let good and wise men determine.

And to returne to *Epitome* agayne, some will iudge moch boldnes in me, thus to iudge of *Oforius* style: but wise men do know, that meane lookers on, may trowelie say, for a well made Picture: This face had bene more cumlie, if that hie redde in the cheeke, were fomwhat more pure sanguin than it is: and yet the slander by, can not amend it himselve by any way.

And this is not written to the dispraise but to the great commendation of *Oforius*, because Tullie himselve had the same fulnes in him: and therefore went to *Rodes* to cut it away: and saith himselve, *recepti me domum prope mutatus, nam quasi referuerat iam oratio.* Which was brought to passe I beleue, not onelie by the teaching of *Molo Appollomius* but also by a good way of *Epitome*, in binding him selve to translate *meros Atticos Oratores*, and so to bring his style, from all lowfe grosnesse, to soch firme fastnes in latin, as is in *Demofthenes* in Greeke. And this to be most trew, may easelie be gathered, not onelie of *L. Crassus* talke in *1. de Or.* but speciallie of *Ciceroes* owne deede in translating *Demofthenes* and *Aeschines* orations *περί στέφ.* to that verie ende and purpose.

And although a man growndlie learned all readie, may take moch proffet him selve in vsing, by *Epitome*, to draw other mens workes for his owne memorie sake, into shorter rowme, as *Conterus* hath done verie well the whole *Metamorphosis* of *Ouid*, and *Dauid Cythræus* a great deale better, the. ix. Muses of *Herodotus*, and *Melancthon* in myne opinion, far best of all, the whole storie of Time, not onelie to his own vse, but to other mens proffet and hys great prayse, yet, *Epitome* is most

necessarie of all in a mans owne writing, as we learne of that noble Poet *Virgill*, who, if *Donatus* say trewe, in writing that perfitte worke of the *Georgickes*, vsed dailie, when he had written 40. or 50. verses, not to cease cutting, paring, and pollishing of them, till he had brought them to the number of x. or xij.

And this exercife, is not more nedefullie done in a great worke, than wiselie done, in your common dailie writing, either of letter, or other thing else, that is to say, to peruse diligentlie, and see and spie wiselie, what is alwaies more then nedeth: For, twenty to one, offend more, in writing to moch, than to litle: euen as twentie to one, fall into sicknesse, rather by ouer mochfulness, than by anie lacke or emptinesse. And therefore is he alwaies the best English Physition, that best can geue a purgation, that is, by way of *Epitome*, to cut all ouer much away. And surelie mens bodies, be not more full of ill humors, than commonlie mens myndes (if they be yong, lustie, proude, like and loue them selues well, as most men do) be full of fan[tas]ies, opinions, errors, and faultes, not onelie in inward inuention, but also in all their vtterance, either by pen or taulke.

And of all other men, euen those that haue ye inuentiuest heades, for all purposes, and roundest tonges in all matters and places (except they learne and vse this good lesson of *Epitome*) commit commonlie greater faultes, than dull, staying silent men do. For, quicke inuentors, and faire readie speakers, being boldned with their present habilitie to say more, and perchance better to, at the soden for that present, than any other can do, vse lesse helpe of diligence and studie than they ought to do: and so haue in them commonlie, lesse learning, and weaker iudgement, for all deepe considerations, than some duller heades, and slower tonges haue.

And therefore, readie speakers, generallie be not the best, playnest, and wisest writers, nor yet the deepest iudgers in weightie affaires, bicause they do not tarry to weye and iudge all thinges, as they should: but hauing

their heades ouer full of matter, be like pennes ouer full of incke, which will foner blotte, than make any faire letter at all. Tyme was, when I had experience of two Ambassadors in one place, the one of a hote head to inuent, and of a hastie hand to write, the other, colde and stayd in both: but what difference of their doinges was made by wise men, is not vnknowne to some persons. The Bishop of Winchester *Steph. Gardiner* had a quicke head, and a readie tong, and yet was not the best writer in England. *Cicero* in *Brutus* doth wiselie note the same in *Serg: Galbo*, and *Q. Hortentius*, who were both, hote, lustie, and plaine speakers, but colde, lowfe, and rough writers: And *Tullie* telleth the cause why, saying, when they spake, their tong was naturally caried with full tyde and wynde of their witte: whan they wrote their head was solitarie, dull, and caulme, and so their style was blonte, and their writing colde: *Quod vitium*, sayth *Cicero*, *peringeniosis hominibus neque satis doctis plerumque accidit.*

And therefore all quick inuentors, and readie faire speakers, must be carefull, that, to their goodnes of nature, they adde also in any wise, studie, labor, leasure, learning, and iudgement, and than they shall in deede, passe all other, as I know some do, in whome all those qualities are fullie planted, or else if they giue ouer moch to their witte, and ouer litle to their labor and learning, they will sonest ouer reach in taulke, and fardest cum behinde in writing whatfoeuer they take in hand. The methode of *Epitome* is most necessarie for foch kinde of men. And thus much concerning the vse or misuse of all kinde of *Epitome* in matters of learning.

### ✻ *Imitatio.*

*Imitation*, is a facultie to expresse liuelie and perfetelie that example: which ye go about to fol[l]ow. And of it selfe, it is large and wide: for all the workes of nature, in a maner be examples for arte to folow.

But to our purpose, all languages, both learned and

mother tonges, be gotten, and gotten onelie by *Imitation*. For as ye vse to heare, so ye learne to speake: if ye heare no other, ye speake not your selfe: and whome ye onelie heare, of them ye onelie learne.

And therefore, if ye would speake as the best and wifest do, ye must be conuerfant, where the best and wifest are: but if yow be borne or brought vp in a rude co[un]trie, ye shall not chose but speake rudelie: the rudest man of all knoweth this to be trewe.

Yet neuerthelesse, the rudenes of common and mother tonges, is no bar for wise speaking. For in the rudest contrie, and most barbarous mother language, many be found [yat] can speake verie wiselie: but in the Greeke and latin tong, the two onelie learned tonges, which be kept, not in common taulke, but in priuate bookes, we finde alwayes, wisdome and eloquence, good matter and good vtterance, neuer or feldom a fonder. For all soch Authors, as be fullest of good matter and right iudgement in doctrine, be likewise alwayes, most proper in wordes, most apte in sentence, most plaine and pure in vttering the same.

And contrariwise, in those two tonges, all writers, either in Religion, or any sect of Philosophie, who so euer be founde fonde in iudgement of matter, be commonlie found as rude in vttering their mynde. For Stoickes, Anabaptistes, and Friars: with Epicures, Libertines and Monkes, 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 mans wordes and vtterance, if his matter and reasons be good. Soch men, say so, not so moch of ignorance, as eyther of some singular pride in themselues, or some speciall malice or other, or for some priuate and parciall matter, either in Religion or other kinde of learning. For good and choice meates, be no more requisite for helthie bodies, than proper and apte wordes be for good matters, and also plaine and sensible vtterance for the best and de[e]pest reasons: in which two pointes

standeth perfite eloquence, one of the fairest and rarest giftes that God doth geue to man.

Ye know not, what hurt ye do to learning, that care not for wordes, but for matter, and so make a deuorfe betwixt the tong and the hart. For marke all aiges : looke vpon the whole course of both the Greeke and Latin tonge, and ye shall surelie finde, that, whan apte and good wordes began to be neglected, and properties of those two tonges to be confounded, than also began, ill deedes to spring : strange maners to oppresse good orders, newe and fond opinions to striue with olde and trewe doctrine, first in Philofophie : and after in Religion : right iudgement of all thinges to be peruerted, and so vertue with learning is contemned, and studie left of : of ill thoughtes cummeth peruerse iudgement : of ill deedes springeth lewde taulke. Which fower misorders, as they mar mans life, so destroy they good learning withall.

But behold the goodnesse of Gods prouidence for learning : all olde authors and sectes of Philofophy, which were fondest in opinion, and rudest in vtterance, as Stoickes and Epicures, first contemned of wise men, and after forgotten of all men, be so consumed by tymes, as they be now, not onelie out of vse, but also out of memorie of man : which thing, I surelie thinke, will shortlie chance, to the whole doctrine and all the bookes of phantasticall Anabaptistes and Friers, and of the beaftlie Libertines and Monkes.

Againe behold on the other side, how Gods wisdome hath wrought, that of *Academici* and *Peripatetici*, those that were wisest in iudgement of matters, and purest in vttering their myndes, the first and chieft, that wrote most and best, in either tong, as *Plato* and *Aristotle* in Greeke, *Tullie* in Latin, be so either wholie, or sufficiently left vnto vs, as I neuer knew yet scholer, that gaue himselfe to like, and loue, and folowe chieflie those three Authors but he proued, both learned, wise, and also an honest man, if he ioyned with all the trewe doctrine of Gods holie Bible, without the which, the

other three, be but fine edge tooles in a fole or mad mans hand.

But to returne to *Imitation* agayne: There be three kindes of it in matters of learning.

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

The second kind of *Imitation*, is to folow for learning of tonges and sciences, the best authors. Here riseth, emonges proude and enuious wittes, a great controuerfie, whether, one or many are to be folowed: and if one, who is that one: *Seneca*, or *Cicero*: *Salust* or *Cæsar*, and so forth in Greeke and Latin.

The third kinde of *Imitation*, belongeth to the second: as when you be determined, whether ye will folow one or mo, to know perfitlie, and which way to folow that one: in what place: by what meane and order: by what tooles and instrumentes ye shall do it, by what skill and iudgement, ye shall trowelie discern, whether ye folow rightlie or no.

This *Imitatio*, is *dissimilis materiei similis tractatio*: and also, *similis materiei dissimilis tractatio*, as *Virgill* folowed *Homer*: but the Argument to the one was *Vlysses*, to the other *Æneas*. *Tullie* perfecuted *Antonie* with the same wepons of eloquence, that *Demosthenes* vsed before against *Philippe*.

*Horace* foloweth *Pindar*, but either of them his owne Argument and Person: as the one, *Hiero* king of *Sicilie*, the other *Augustus* the Emperour: and yet both for like respectes, that is, for their coragious stoutnes in warre, and iust gouernment in peace.

One of the best examples, for right *Imitation* we lacke, and that is *Menander*, whom our *Terence*, (as the matter required) in like argument, in the same Persons, with equall eloquence, foote by foote did folow.

Som peeces remaine, like broken Iewelles, whereby

men may rightlie esteeme, and iustlie lament, the losse of the whole.

*Erasmus*, the ornament of learning, in our tyme, doth wish that som man of learning and diligence, would take the like paines in *Demosthenes* and *Tullie*, that *Macrobius* hath done in *Homer* and *Virgill*, that is, to write out and ioine together, where the one doth imitate the other. *Erasmus* wishe is good, but surelie, it is not good enough: for *Macrobius* gatherings for the *Aeneidos* out of *Homer*, and *Eobanus Hessus* more diligent gatherings for the *Bucolikes* out of *Theocritus*, as they be not fullie taken out of the whole heape, as they should be, but euen as though they had not fought for them of purpose, but fownd them scatered here and there by chance in their way, euen so, onelie to point out, and nakedlie to ioine together their sentences, with no farder declaring the maner and way, how the one doth folow the other, were but a colde helpe, to the encrease of learning.

But if a man would take his paine also, whan he hath layd two places, of *Homer* and *Virgill*, or of *Demosthenes* and *Tullie* together, to teach plainlie withall, after this fort.

1. *Tullie* reteyneth thus moch of the matter, thies sentences, thies wordes :

2. This and that he leaueth out, which he doth wittellie 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 properie of wordes, in forme of sentence, in substance of the matter, or in one, or other conuenient circumstance of the authors present purpose. In thies fewe rude English wordes, are wrapt vp all the necessarrie tooles and instrumentes, where with trewe *Imitation* is rightlie wrought withall in any tonge. Which tooles, I openlie confesse, be not of myne owne forging, but partlie left

vnto me by the cunni[n]gest Master, and one of the worthiest Ientlemen that euer England bred, Syr *John Cheke*: partie borowed by me out of the shoppe of the dearest frende I haue out of England, *Io. St.* And therefore I am the bolder to borow of him, and here to leaue them to other, and namelie to my Children: which tooles, if it please God, that an other day, they may be able to vse rightlie, as I do wish and daylie pray, they may do, I shal be more glad, than if I were able to leaue them a great quantitie of land.

This forefaide order and doctrine of *Imitation*, would bring forth more learning, and breed vp trewer iudgement, than any other exercife that can be vsed, but not for yong beginners, bicaufe they shall not be able to consider dulie therof. And trelie, it may be a shame to good stndentes who hauing so faire examples to follow, as *Plato* and *Tullie*, do not vse so wise wayes in folowing them for the obteyning of wifdome and learning, as rude ignorant Artificers do, for gayning a small commoditie. For surelie the meaneft painter vseth more witte, better arte, greater diligence, in hys shoppe, in folowing the Picture of any meane mans face, than commonlie the best stndentes do, euen in the vniuersitie, for the atteining of learning it selfe.

Some ignorant, vnlearned, and idle student: or some busie looker vpon this litle poore booke, that hath neither will to do good him selfe, nor skill to iudge right of others, but can lustelie contemne, by pride and ignorance, all painfull diligence and right order in study, will perchance say, that I am to precise, to curious, in marking and piteling [pidling] thus about the imitation of others: and that the olde worthie Authors did neuer busie their heades and wittes, in folowyng so preciselie, either the matter what other men wrote, or els the maner how other men wrote. They will say, it were a plaine flauerie, and iniurie to, to shackle and tye a good witte, and hinder the course of a mans good nature with such bondes of seruitude, in folowyng other.

Except soch men thinke them selues wifer then

*Cicero* for teaching of eloquence, they must be content to turne a new leafe.

The best booke that euer *Tullie* wrote, by all mens iudgement, and by his owne testimonie to, in wrytyng wherof, he employed most care, studie, learnyng and iudgement, is his booke *de Orat. ad Q. F.* Now let vs see, what he did for the matter, and also for the maner of writing therof. For the whole booke consisteth in these two pointes onelie: In good matter, and good handling of the matter. And first, for the matter, it is whole *Aristotles*, what so euer *Antonie* in the second, and *Crassus* in the third doth teach. Trust not me, but beleue *Tullie* him selfe, who writeth so, first, in that goodlie long Epistle *ad P. Lentulum*, and after in diuerse places *ad Atticum*. And in the verie booke it selfe, *Tullie* will not haue it hidden, but both *Catulus* and *Crassus* do oft and pleasantly lay that steth to *Antonius* charge. Now, for the handling of the matter, was *Tullie* so precise and curious rather to follow an other mans Paterne, than to inuent some newe shape him selfe, namelie in that booke, wherein he purposed, to leaue to posteritie, the glorie of his witte? yea forsoth, that he did. And this is not my geffing and gathering, nor onelie performed by *Tullie* in verie deed, but vttered also by *Tullie* in plaine wordes: to teach other men thereby, what they should do, in taking like matter in hand.

And that which is especially to be marked, *Tullie* doth vtter plainlie his conceit and purpose therein, by the mouth of the wisest man in all that companie: for sayth *Scauola* him selfe, *Cur non imitamur, Crasse, Socratem illum, qui est in Phædro Platonis etc.*

And furder to vnderstand, that *Tullie* did not obiter and bichance, but purposedlie and mindfullie bend him selfe to a precise and curious Imitation of *Plato*, concerning the shape and forme of those bookes, marke I pray you, how curious *Tullie* is to vtter his purpose and doying therein, writing thus to *Atticus*.

*Quod in his Oratorijs libris, quos tantopere laudas,*

*personam desideras Scaeuolæ, non eam temerè dimoui: Sed feci idem, quod in πολυτελείῳ. Deus ille noster Plato, cum in Piræeum Socrates venisset ad Cephalum locupletem et festiuum Senem, quoad primus ille sermo haberetur, adest in disputando senex: Deinde, cum ipse quoque commodissimè locutus esset, ad rem diuinam dicit se velle discedere, neque postea reuertitur. Credo Platonem vix putasse satis consonum fore, si hominem id ætatis in tam longo sermone diutius retinuisset: Multo ego satius hoc mihi cauendum putauit in Scaeuola, qui et ætate et valetudine erat ea qua meministi, et his honoribus, ut vix satis decorum videretur eum plures dies esse in Crassi Tusculano. Et erat primi libri sermo non alienus à Scaeuolæ studijs: reliqui libri τεχνολοσίαν habent, ut scis. Huic ioculatoriæ disputationi senem illum ut noras, interesse sanè nolui.*

If Cicero had not opened him selfe, and declared hys owne thought and doynge herein, men that be idle, and ignorant, and enuious of other mens diligence and well doinges, would haue sworne that *Tullie* had neuer mynded any soch thing, but that of a precise curiositie, we sayne and forge and father soch thinges of *Tullie*, as he neuer ment in deed. I write this, not for nought: for I haue heard some both well learned, and otherwayes verie wise, that by their lustie misliking of soch diligence, haue drawen back the forwardnes of verie good wittes. But euen as such men them selues, do fometymes stumble vpon doying well by chance and benefite of good witte, so would I haue our scholer alwayes able to do well by order of learnyng and right skill of iudgement.

Concernyng Imitation, many learned men haue written, with moch diuerfitie for the matter, and therefore with great contrarietie and some stomacke amongst them selues. I haue read as many as I could get diligentlie, and what I thinke of euerie one of them, I will freelie say my mynde. With which freedome I trust good men will beare, bicause it shall tend to neither spiefull nor harmefull controuerfie.

*Cicero.* In *Tullie*, it is well touched, shortly taught, not fullie declared by *Ant. in 2. de Orat*: and afterward in *Orat. ad Brutum*, for the liking and misliking of *Ifocrates*: and the contrarie iudgement of *Tullie* agaynst *Caluus*, *Brutus*, and *Calidius*, *de genere dicendi Attico et Asiatico*.

*Dio Halicar.* *Dionis. Halic.* *περι μμησσεως*. I feare is lost: which Author next *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Tullie*, of all other, that write of eloquence, by the iudgement of them that be best learned, deserueth the next prayse and place.

*Quintil.* *Quintilian* writeth of it, shortly and coldlie for the matter, yet hotelie and spitefullie enough, agaynst the Imitation of *Tullie*.

*Erasmus.* *Erasmus*, beyng more occupied in spyng other mens faultes, than declaryng his owne aduise, is mistaken of many, to the great hurt of studie, for his authoritie sake. For he writeth rightlie, rightlie vnderstanded: he and *Longolius* onelie differing in this, that the one seemeth to giue ouermuch, the other ouer litle, to him, whom they both, best loued, and chiefly allowed of all other.

*Budæus.* *Budæus* in his Commentaries roughlie and obscurelie, after his kinde of writyng: and for the matter, caryed somewhat out of the way in ouermuch misliking the Imitation of *Tullie*.

*Ph. Melanch.* *Phil. Melancthon*, learnedlie and trewlie.  
*Ioan. Camer.* *Camerarius* largely with a learned iudgement, but somewhat confusedly, and with ouer rough a stile.

*Sambucus.* *Sambucus*, largely, with a right iudgement but somewhat a crooked stile.

*Cortesi.* Other haue written also, as *Cortesi* to *P. Bembus*. *Politian*, and that verie well: *Bembus ad Ioan. Sturmium*. *Picum* a great deale better, but *Ioan. Sturmium de Nobilitate literata, et de Amissa dicendi ratione*, farre best of all, in myne opinion, that euer tooke this matter in hand. For all the rest, declare chiefly this point, whether one, or many, or all, are to

be followed: but *Sturmius* onelie hath most learnedlie declared, who is to be followed, what is to be followed, and the best point of all, by what way and order, trew Imitation is rightlie to be exercifed. And although *Sturmius* herein doth farre paffe all other, yet hath he not so fullie and perfitelie done it, as I do wishe he had, and as I know he could. For though he hath done it perfitelie for precept, yet hath he not done it perfitelie enough for example: which he did, neither for lacke of skill, nor by negligence, but of purpose, contented with one or two examples, bicaufe he was mynded in those two bookes, to write of it both shortlie, and also had to touch other matters.

*Barthol. Riccius Ferrariensis* also hath written learnedlie, diligentlie and verie largelie of this matter euen as hee did before verie well *de Apparatu lingue Lat.* He writeth the better in myne opinion, bicaufe his whole doctrine, iudgement, and order, semeth to be borrowed out of *Io. Stur.* bookes. He addeth also examples, the best kinde of teaching: wherein he doth well, but not well enough: in deede, he committeth no faulte, but yet, deserueth small praise. He is content with the meane, and followeth not the best: as a man, that would feede vpon Acornes, whan he may eate, as good cheape, the finest wheat bread. He teacheth for example, where and how, two or three late *Italian* Poetes do follow *Virgil*: and how *Virgil* him selfe in the storie of *Dido*, doth wholie Imitate *Catullus* in the like matter of *Ariadna*: Wherein I like better his diligence and order of teaching, than his iudgement in choice of examples for *Imitation*. But, if he had done thus: if he had declared where and how, how oft and how many wayes *Virgil* doth folow *Homer*, as for example the comming of *Vlyffes* to *Alcynous* and *Calypso*, with the comming of *Æneas* to *Cart[h]age* and *Dido*: Likewise the games running, wrestling, and shoting, that *Achilles* maketh in *Homer*, with the selfe same games, that *Æneas* maketh in *Virgil*: The harnesse of *Achilles*, with the harnesse of

*Aeneas*, and the maner of making of them both by *Vulcane*: The notable combate betwixt *Achilles* and *Heclor*, with as notable a combate betwixt *Aeneas* and *Turmis*. The going downe to hell of *Vlyffes* in *Homer*, with the going downe to hell of *Aeneas* in *Virgil*: and other places infinite mo, as similitudes, narrations, messages, discriptions of persons, places, battels, tempestes, shipwrackes, and common places for diuerse purposes, which be as precisely taken out of *Homer*, as euer did Painter in London follow the picture of any faire personage. And when thies places had bene gathered together by this way of diligence than to haue conferred them together by this order of teaching, as, diligently to marke what is kept and vsed in either author, in wordes, in sentences, in matter: what is added: what is left out: what ordered otherwise, either *præponendo*, *interponendo*, or *postponendo*: And what is altered for any respect, in word, phraze, sentence, figure, reason, argument, or by any way of circumstance: If *Riccus* had done this, he had not onely bene well liked, for his diligence in teaching, but also iustlie commended for his right iudgement in right choice of examples for the best *Imitation*.

*Riccus* also for *Imitation* of prose declareth where and how *Longolius* doth folow *Tullie*, but as for *Longolius*, I would not haue him the patern of our *Imitation*. In deede: in *Longolius* shoppe, be proper and faire shewing colers, but as for shape, figure, and naturall cumlines, by the iudgement of best iudging artificers, he is rather allowed as one to be borne withall, than especially commended, as one chieffie to be folowed.

If *Riccus* had taken for his examples, where *Tullie* him selfe soloweth either *Plato* or *Demosthenes*, he had shot than at the right marke. But to excuse *Riccus*, somewhat, though I can not fullie defend him, it may be sayd, his purpose was, to teach onelie the Latin tong, when thys way that I do wish, to ioyn *Virgii* with *Homer*, to read *Tullie* with *Demosthenes* and *Plato*,

requireth a cunning and perfite Master in both the tonges. It is my wish in deede, and that by good reason: For who so euer will write well of any matter, must labor to expresse that, that is perfite, and not to stay and content himselfe with the meane: yea, I say farder, though it not be vnpossible, yet it is verie rare, and maruelous hard, to proue excellent in the Latin tong, for him that is not also well feene in the Greeke tong. *Tullie* him selfe, most excellent of nature, most diligent in labor, brought vp from his cradle, in that place, and in that tyme, where and whan the Latin tong most florished naturallie in euery mans mouth, yet was not his owne tong able it selfe to make him so cunning in his owne tong, as he was in deede: but the knowledge and *Imitation* of the Greeke tong withall.

This he confesseth himselfe: this he vttereth in many places, as those can tell best, that vse to read him most.

Therefore thou, that shotest at perfection in the Latin tong, think not thy selfe wiser than *Tullie* was, in choice of the way, that leadeth rightlie to the same: thinke not thy witte better than *Tullies* was, as though that may serue thee that was not sufficient for him. For euen as a hauke flieth not hie with one wing: euen so a man reacheth not to excellency with one tong.

I haue bene a looker on in the Cokpit of learning thies many yeares: And one Cock onelie haue I knowne, which with one wing, euen at this day, doth passe all other, in myne opinion, that euer I saw in any pitte in England, though they had two winges. Yet neuerthelesse, to flie well with one wing, to runne fast with one leg, be rather, rare Maistreis moch to be merueled at, than sure examples safelie to be solowed. A Bushop that now liueth, a good man, whose iudgement in Religion I better like, than his opinion in perfities in other learning, said once vnto me: we haue no nede now of the Greeke tong, when all thinges be translated into Latin. But the good man vnderstood not, that euen the best translation, is, for mere necessitie, but an euill imped wing to flie withall, or a heuie stompe l:g

of wood to go withall: soch, the hier they flie, the sooner they falter and fail: the faster they runne, the offer they stumble, and forer they fall. Soch as will nedes so flie, may flie at a Pye, and catch a Dawe: And soch runners, as commonlie, they shoue and sholder to stand formost, yet in the end they cum behind others and deserue but the hopshakles, if the Masters of the game be right iudgers.

Therefore in perusing thus, so many diuerse bookes  
 Optima ratio for *Imitation*, it came into my head that a  
 Imitationis. verie profitable booke might be made *de*  
*Imitatione*, after an other sort, than euer yet was attempted of that matter, conteyning a certaine fewe fitte preceptes, vnto the which shoulde be gathered and applied plentie of examples, out of the choifest authors of both the tonges. This worke would stand rather in good diligence, for the gathering, and right iudgement for the apte applying of those examples: than any great learning or vtterance at all.

The doing thereof, would be more pleasant, than painfull, and would bring also moch proffet to all that should read it, and great praise to him would take it in hand, with iust desert of thankes.

*Erasmus* order *Erasmus*, giuyng him selfe to read ouer  
 in his studie. all Authors *Greke* and *Latin*, seemeth to haue prescribed to him selfe this order of readyng: that is, to note out by the way, three speciall pointes: All Adagies, all similitudes, and all wittie sayinges of most notable personages: And so, by one labour, he left to posteritie, three notable bookes, and namelie two his *Chiliades*, *Apophthegmata*, and *Similia*. Likewise, if a good student would bend him selfe to read diligently ouer *Tullie*, and with him also at the same tyme,  
 Cicero { *Plato.* as diligently *Plato*, and *Xenophon*, with  
           *Xenophon.* his bookes of Philosophie, *Isocrates*,  
           *Isocrates.* and *Demosthenes* with his orations, and  
           *Demosth.*  
           *Aristotles.* *Aristotle* with his Rhetorickes: which  
 fue of all other, be those, whom *Tullie* best loued, and specially followed: and would marke diligently in *Tullie*, where he doth *exprimere* or *effingere* (which be the verie

proper wordes of Imitation) either, *Copiam Platonis* or *venustatem Xenophontis*, *suauitatem Isocratis*, or *vim Demosthenes*, *propriam et puram subtilitatem Aristotelis*, and not onelie write out the places diligently, and lay them together orderly, but also to conferre them with skilfull iudgement by those few rules, which I haue expressed now twise before: if that diligence were taken, if that order were vsed, what perfite knowledge of both the tonges, what readie and pithie vtterance in all matters, what right and deepe iudgement in all kinde of learnyng would follow, is scarce credible to be beleued.

These bookes, be not many, nor long, nor rude in speach, nor meane in matter, but next the Maiestie of Gods holie word, most worthie for a man, the louer of learning and honestie, to spend his life in. Yea, I haue heard worthie *M. Cheke* many tymes say: I would haue a good student passe and iorney through all Authors both *Greke* and *Latin*: but he that will dwell in these few bookes onelie: first, in Gods holie Bible, and than ioyne with it, *Tullie* in *Latin*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*: *Xenophon*: *Isocrates*: and *Demosthenes* in *Greke*: must nedes proue an excellent man.

Some men alreadye in our dayes, haue put to their helping handes, to this worke of Imitation. *Perionus*.  
As *Perionius*, *Henr. Stephanus* in *dictionario* *H. Steph.*  
*Ciceroniano*, and *P. Victorius* most praise- *P. Victorius*.  
worthelie of all, in that his learned worke conteynyng xxv. bookes *de varia lectione*: in which bookes be ioyned diligently together the best Authors of both the tonges where one doth seeme to imitate an other.

But all these, with *Macrobius*, *Hessus*, and other, be no more but common porters, caryers, and bringers of matter and stuffe together. They order nothing: They laye before you, what is done: they do not teach you, how it is done: They busie not them selues with forme of buildyng: They do not declare, this stuffe is thus framed by *Demosthenes*, and thus and thus by *Tullie*, and so likewise in *Xenophon*, *Plato* and *Isocrates* and

*Aristotle.* For ioyning *Virgil* with *Homer* I haue sufficientlie declared before.

*Pindarus.* The like diligence I would wish to be taken in *Pindar* and *Horace* an equall match for all respectes.

In Tragedies, (the goodliest Argument of all, and for the vse, either of a learned preacher, or a Ciuill Ientleman, more profitable than *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Virgill*, and *Horace*: yea comparable in myne opinion, with the doctrine of *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Xenophon*;) the *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Grecians*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* far ouer match our *Seneca* in Latin, namely in *οἰκονομίῃ et Decoro*, although *Senacaes* elocution and verse be verie commendable for his tyme. And for the matters of *Hercules*, *Thebes*, *Hippolytus*, and *Troie*, his Imitation is to be gathered into the same booke, and to be tryed by the same touchstone, as is spoken before.

In histories, and namelie in *Liuius*, the like diligence of Imitation, could bring excellent learning, and breede stayde iudgement, in taking any like matter in hand.

*Tit. Liuius.* Onely *Liuius* were a sufficient taske for one mans studie, to compare him, first with his fellow for all respectes, *Dion. Halicarnassæus*: who both, liued in one tyme: toke both one historie in hande to write: deserued both like prayse of learnynge and eloquence. Than with

*Polibius* that wise writer, whom *Liuius* professeth to follow: and if he would denie it, yet it is plaine, that the best part of the thyrd *Decade* in *Liuius*, is in a maner translated out of the thyrd and rest of *Polibius*:

*Thucydides.* Lastlie with *Thucydides*, to whose Imitation *Liuius* is curiouly bent, as may well appeare by

that one Oration of those of *Campania*, asking aide of the *Romanes* agaynst the

*Samnites*, which is wholie taken, Sentence, Reason, Argument, and order, out of the Oration of *Corcyra*,

*Thucid. 10.* asking like aide of the *Athenienses* against them of *Corinth*. If some diligent student would take paynes to compare them together, he should easelie

perceiue, that I do say trew. A booke, thus wholie filled with examples of Imitation, first out of *Tullie*, compared with *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Isocrates*, *Demosthenes* and *Aristotle*: than out of *Virgil* and *Horace*, with *Homer* and *Pindar*: next out of *Seneca* with *Sophocles* and *Euripides*: Lastlie out of *Liuius*, with *Thucydides*, *Polibius* and *Halicarnassæus*, gathered with good diligence, and compared with right order, as I haue expressed before, were an other maner of worke for all kinde of learning, and namely for eloquence, than be those cold gatheringes of *Macrobius*, *Heffus*, *Perionius*, *Stephanus*, and *Victorius*, which may be vsed, as I sayd before, in this case, as porters and caryers, deseruing like prayse, as foch men do wages; but onely *Sturmius* is he, out of whom, the trew suruey and whole worke-manship is speciallie to be learned.

I trust, this my writyng shall giue some good student occasion, to take some peece in hand of this worke of Imitation. And as I had rather haue any do it, than my selfe, yet furelie my selfe rather than none at all. And by Gods grace, if God do lend me life, with health, free layfure and libertie, with good likyng and a merie heart, I will turne the best part of my studie and tyme, to toyle in one or other peece of this worke of Imitation.

This diligence to gather examples, to giue light and vnderstandyng to good preceptes, is no new inuention, but speciallie vsed of the best Authors and oldest writers. For *Aristotle* him selfe, (as *Diog. Aristoteles. Laertius* declareth) when he had written that goodlie booke of the *Topickes*, did gather out of stories and Orators, so many examples as filled xv. bookes, onelie to expresse the rules of his *Topickes*. These were the Commentaries, that *Aristotle* thought fit for hys *Topickes*: And therefore to speake as I thinke, I neuer saw yet any Commentarie vpon *Aristotles* Logicke, either in *Greke* or *Latin*, that euer I lyked, bicause they be rather spent in declaryng scholepoynt rules, than in gather-

Opus de  
recta imitandi  
ratione.

Commentarij  
Græci et Latini  
in Dialect.  
Aristotelis.

ing fit examples for vse and vtterance, either by pen or talke. For preceptes in all Authors, and namelie in *Aristotle*, without applying vnto them, the Imitation of examples, be hard, drie, and cold, and therefore barrayn, vnfruitfull and vnpleasant. But *Aristotle*, namelie in his *Topickes* and *Elenches*, should be, not onelie fruitfull, but also pleasant to, if examples out of *Plato*, and other good Authors, were diligentlie gathered, and aptlie applied vnto his most perfit preceptes there. And it is notable, that my frende *Sturmius* writeth herein, that there is no precept in *Aristotles Topickes*, wherof plentie of examples be not manifest in *Platos* workes. And I heare say, that an excellent learned man, *Tomitanus* in *Italie*, hath expressed euerie fallacion in *Aristotle*, with diuerse examples out of *Plato*. Would to God, I might once see, some worthie student of *Aristotle* and *Plato* in Cambridge, that would ioyn in one booke the preceptes of the one, with the examples of the other. For such a labor, were one speciall peece of that worke of Imitation, which I do wishe were gathered together in one Volume.

Cambridge, at my first comming thither, but not at my going away, committed this fault in reading the preceptes of *Aristotle* without the examples of other Authors: But herein, in my time thies men of worthie memorie, *M. Redman*, *M. Cheke*, *M. Smith*, *M. Had-don*, *M. Watson*, put so to their helping handes, as that vniuersitie, and all students there, as long as learning shall last, shall be bounde vnto them, if that trade in studie be trewlie folowed, which those men left behinde them there.

By this small mention of Cambridge, I am caryed into three imaginations: first, into a fweete remembrance of my tyme spent there: than, into som carefull thoughts, for the greuous alteration that folowed sone after: lastlie, into much ioy to heare tell, of the good recouerie and earnest forwardnes in all good learning there agayne.

To vtter theis my thoughts fomwhat more largelie, were fomwhat befide my matter, yet not very farre out of the way, bycaufe it fhall wholly tend to the good encorage ment and right confideration of learning, which is my full purpose in writing this litle booke: whereby alfo fhall well appeare this fentence to be moft trewe, that onelie good men, by their gouernment and example, make happie times, in euery degree and ftate.

Doctor *Nico. Medcalfe*, that honorable *D. Nic. Medcalfe*: father, was Mafter of *S. Iohnes* Colledge, when I came thether: A man meanelie learned himfelfe, but not meanelie affectioned to fet forward learning in others. He found that Colledge fpend ing two hundred markes by [the] yeare: he left it fpend ing a thoufand markes and more. Which he procured, not with his mony, but by his wifdome; not chargeable bought by him, but liberallie geuen by others by his meane, for the zeale and honor they bare to learning. And that which is worthy of memorie, all thies giuers were almoft Northrenmen: who being liberallie rewarded in the feruice of their Prince, beftowed it as liberallie for the good of their Contrie. Som men thought therefore, that *D. Medcalfe* was parciall to Northrenmen, but fure I am of this, that Northrenmen were parciall, in doing more good, and geuing more landes to ye forderance of learning, than any other contrie men, in thofe dayes, did: which deede fhould haue beene, rather an example of goodnes, for other to folowe, than matter of malice, for any to enuie, as fome there were that did. Trewly, *D. Medcalfe* was parciall to none: but indifferent to all: a mafter for the whole, a father to euery one, in that Colledge. There was none fo poore, if he had, either wil in goodnes, or wit to learning, that could lacke being there, or fhould depart from thence, for any need. I am witnes my felfe, that mony many times was brought into yong mens ftudies by ftrangers whom

they knew not. In which doing, this worthy *Nicolaus* folowed the steppes of good olde *S. Nicolaus*, that learned Bishop. He was a Papist in deede, but would to God, amonges all vs Protestants I might once see but one, that would winne like praise, in doing like good, for the aduancement of learning and vertue. And yet, though he were a Papist, if any yong man, geuen to new learning (as they termed it) went beyond his fellowes, in witte, labor, and towardnes, euen the same, neyther lacked, open praise to encourage him, nor priuate exhibition to mainteyne hym, as worthy Syr *J. Cheke*, if he were alieue would beare good witness and so can many mo. I my selfe one of the meaneft of a great number, in that Colledge, because there appeared in me som small shew of towardnes and diligence, lacked not his fauor to forder me in learning.

And being a boy, newe Bachelor of arte, I chanced amonges my companions to speake against the Pope: which matter was than in euey mans mouth, bycause *D. Haines* and *D. Skippe* were cum from the Court, to debate the same matter, by preaching and disputation in the vniuersitie. This hapned the same tyme, when I stode to be felow there: my taulke came to *D. Medcalfes* eare: I was called before him and the Seniores: and after greuous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was geuen to all the felowes, none to be so hardie to geue me his voice at that election. And yet for all those open threates, the good father himselfe priuillie procured, that I should euen than be chofen felow. But, the election being done, he made countinace of great discontentation thereat. This good mans goodnes, and fatherlie discretion, vsed towardes me that one day, shall neuer out of my remembrance all the dayes of my life. And for the same cause, haue I put it here, in this small record of learning. For next Gods prouidence, surely that day, was by that good fathers meanes, *Dies natalis*, to me, for the whole foundation of the poore learning I haue, and of all the furdurance, that hetherto else where I haue obteyned.

This his goodnes flood not still in one or two, but flowed abundantlie ouer all that Colledge, and brake out also to norishe good wittes in euery part of that vniuersitie: whereby, at this departing thence, he left soch a companie of fellowes and scholers in *S. Iohnes* Colledge, as can scarce be found now in some whole vniuersitie: which, either for diuinitie, on the one side or other, or for Ciuill seruice to their Prince and contrie, haue bene, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realme: Yea *S. Iohnes* did then fo flourish, as Trinitie college, that Princelie houfe now, at the first erection, was but *Colonia deducta* out of *S. Iohnes*, not onelie for their Master, fellowes, and scholers, but also, which is more, for their whole, both order of learning, and discipline of maners: and yet to this day, it neuer tooke Master but such as was bred vp before in *S. Iohnes*: doing the dewtie of a good *Colonia* to her *Metropolis*, as the auncient Cities of Grece and some yet in Italie, at this day, are accustomed to do.

*S. Iohnes* stooode in this state, vntill those heuie tymes, and that greuous change that chanced. An. 1553. whan mo perfite scholers were disperfed from thence in one moneth, than many yeares can reare vp againe. For, whan *Aper de Sylua* had Psal. 80. passed the seas, and fastned his foote againe in England, not onely the two faire groues of learning in England were eyther cut vp, by the roote, or troden downe to the ground and wholie went to wracke, but the yong spring there, and euerie where else, was pitifullie nipt and ouertroden by very beastes, and also the fairest standers of all, were rooted vp, and cast into the fire, to the great weakening euen at this day of Christes Chirch in England, both for Religion and learning.

And what good could chance than to the vniuersities, whan som of the greateft, though not of the wisest nor best learned, nor best men neither of that side, did labor to perswade, that ignorance was better than knowledge, which they ment, nor for the laitie onelie, but also for the greateft rable of their

spiritualitie, what other pretense openlie fo euer they made: and therefore did fom of them at Cambrige (whom I will not name openlie,) cause hedge priestes fette oute of the contrie, to be made fellowes in the vniuersitie: saying, in their talke priuillie, and declaring by their deedes openlie, that he was, fellow good enough for their tyme, if he could were a gowne and a tipet cumlie, and haue hys crowne shorne faire and roundlie, and could turne his Portresse and pie readilie: whiche I speake not to reprove any order either of apparell, or other dewtie, that may be well and indifferentlie vsed, but to note the miserie of that time, whan the benefites prouided for learning were so fowlie misused. And what was the frute of this seade? Verely, iudgement in doctrine was wholly altered: order in discipline very fore changed: the loue of good learning, began sodenly to wax cold: the knowledge of the tonges (in spite of some that therein had florished) was manifestly contemned: and so, ye way of right studie purposely peruerted: the choice of good authors of mallice confownded. Olde sophistrie (I say not well) not olde, but that new rotten sophistrie began to beard and sholder logicke in her owne tong: yea, I know, that heades were cast together, and counsell deuised, that *Duns*, with all the rable of barbarous questionistes, should haue dispossessed of their place and rowmes, *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Tullie*, and *Demosthenes*, when good *M. Redman*, and those two worthy starres of that vniuersitie, *M. Cheke*, and *M. Smith*, with their scholers, had brought to florish as notable in Cambridge, as euer they did in Grece and in Italie: and for the doctrine of those fowre, the fowre pillers of learning, Cambridge than geuing place to no vniuersitie, neither in France, Spaine, Germanie, nor Italie. Also in outward behaiour, than began simplicitie in apparell, to be layd aside. Courtlie galantnes to be taken vp: frugalitie in diet was priuately misliked: Towne going to good cheare openly vsed: honest pas-

*Aristoteles.*

*Plato.*

*Cicero.*

*Demost.*

Shoting.

times, ioyned with labor, left of in the fieldes: vnthrifty and idle games haunted corners, and occupied the nightes: contention in youth, no where for learning: factions in the elders euery where for trifles: All which miseries at length, by Gods prouidence, had their end 16. *Nouemb.* 1558. Since which tyme, the yong spring hath shot vp so faire, as now there be in Cambrige againe, many goodly plantes (as did well appeare at the Queenes Maiesties late being there) which are like to grow to mightie great timber, to the honor of learning, and great good of their contrie, if they may stand their tyme, as the best plantes there were wont to do: and if som old dotterell trees, with standing ouer nie them, and dropping vpon them, do not either hinder, or crooke their growing, wherein my feare is ye lesse, feing so worthie a Iustice of an Oyre hath the present ouersight of that whole chace, who was himselfe fomtym, in the fairest spring that euer was there of learning, one of the forwardest yong plantes, in all that worthy College of *S. Iohnes*: who now by grace is growne to soch greatnesse, as, in the temperate and quiet shade of his wisdome, next the prouidence of God, and goodnes of one, in theis our daies, *Religio* for sinceritie, *literæ* for order and aduancement, *Respub.* for happie and quiet gouernment, haue to great rejoyfing of all good men, speciallie reposed them selues.

Now to returne to that Question, whether one, a few, many or all, are to be followed, my aunswere shalbe short: All, for him that is desirous to know all: yea, the worst of all, as Questionistes, and all the barbarous nation of scholemen, helpe for one or other consideration: But in euerie separate kinde of learning and studie, by it selfe, ye must follow, chofelie a few, and chieflie some one, and that namelie in our schole of eloquence, either for penne or talke. And as in portrature and paintyng wife men chofe not that workman, that can onelie make a faire hand, or a well facioned legge, but soch [a] one, as can furnish vp fullie,

all the fetures of the whole body, of a man, woman and child: and with all is able to, by good skill, to giue to euerie one of these three, in their proper kinde, the right forme, the trew figure, the naturall color, that is fit and dew, to the dignitie of a man, to the bewtie of a woman, to the sweetnes of a yong babe: euen likewise, do we seeke foch one in our schole to folow, who is able alwayes, in all matters, to teach plainlie, to delite pleafantlie, and to cary away by force of wise talke, all that shall heare or reade him: and is fo excellent in deed, as witte is able, or wishe can hope, to attaine vnto: And this not onelie to serue in the *Latin* or *Greke* tong, but also in our own English language. But yet, bicause the prouidence of God hath left vnto vs in no other tong, faue onelie in the *Greke* and *Latin* tong, the trew preceptes, and perfite examples of eloquence, therefore must we seeke in the Authors onelie of those two tonges, the trewe Paterne of Eloquence, if in any other mother tongue we looke to attaine, either to perfite vtterance of it our selues, or skilfull iudgement of it in others.

And now to know, what Author doth medle onelie with some one peece and member of eloquence, and who doth perfitelie make vp the whole bodie, I will declare, as I can call to remembrance the goodlie talke, that I haue had ostentymes, of the trew difference of Authors, with that Ientleman of worthie memorie, my dearest frend, and teacher of all the litle poore learning I haue, Syr *John Cheke*.

The trew difference of Authors is best knowne, *per diuersa genera dicendi*, that euerie one vsed. And therefore here I will deuide *genus dicendi*, not into these three, *Tenuè, mediocrè, et grande*, but as the matter of euerie Author requireth, as

<i>in Genus</i>	}	<i>Poeticum.</i>
		<i>Historicum.</i>
		<i>Philosophicum.</i>
		<i>Oratorium.</i>

These differre one from an other, in choice of wordes, in framynge of Sentences, in handling of Argumentes, and vse of right forme, figure, and number, proper and fitte for euerie matter, and euerie one of these is diuerse also in it selfe, as the first.

Poeticum, in {  
*Comicum.*  
*Tragicum.*  
*Epicum.*  
*Melicum.*

And here, who foeuer hath bene diligent to read aduisedlie ouer, *Terence, Seneca, Virgil, Horace*, or els *Aristophanus, Sophocles, Homer, and Pindar*, and shall diligently marke the difference they vse, in proprietie of wordes, in forme of sentence, in handlyng of their matter, he shall easelie perceiue, what is fitte and *decorum* in euerie one, to the trew vse of perfitte Imitation. Whan *M. Watson* in S. Iohns College at Cambridge wrote his excellent Tragedie of *Abfalon, M. Cheke*, he and I, for that part of trew Imitation, had many pleasant talkes together, in comparing the preceptes of *Aristotle* and *Horace de Arte Poetica*, with the examples of *Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca*. Few men, in wrytynge of Tragedies in our dayes, haue shot at this marke. Some in *England*, moe in *France, Germanie, and Italie*, also haue written Tragedies in our tyme: of the which, not one I am sure is able to abyde the trew touch of *Aristotles* preceptes, and *Euripides* examples, saue onely two, that euer I saw, *M. Watsons Abfalon*, and *Georgius Buckananus Iephthe*. One man in Cambridge, well liked of many, but best liked of him selfe, was many tymes bold and busie, to bryng matters vpon stages, which he called Tragedies. In one, wherby he looked to wynne his spurres, and wherent many ignorant felowes fast clapped their handes, he began the *Protasis* with *Trochæijs Orlonarijs*: which kinde of verse, as it is but seldome and rare in Tragedies, so is it neuer vsed, saue onelie in *Epitafi*: whan the Tragedie is hieft and hotest, and full of greateft

troubles. I remember ful well what *M. Watson* merelie sayd vnto me of his blindnesse and boldnes in that behalfe although otherwise, there passed much frendship betwene them. *M. Watson* had an other maner [of] care of perfection, with a feare and reuerence of the iudgement of the best learned: Who to this day would neuer suffer, yet his *Abfalon* to go abroad, and that onelie, bicause, in *locis paribus*, *Anapestus* is twife or thrife vsed in stede of *Iambus*. A smal faulte, and such [a] one, as perchance would neuer be marked, no neither in *Italie* nor *France*. This I write, not so much, to note the first, or praise the last, as to leaue in memorie of writing, for good example to posteritie, what perfection, in any tyme, was, most diligentlie sought for in like maner, in all kinde of learnyng, in that most worthie College of S. Iohns in Cambrige.

*Historicum in* { *Diaria.*  
*Annales.*  
*Commentarios.*  
*Iustam Historiam.*

For what proprietie in wordes, simplicitie in sentences, plainnesse and light, is cumelie for these kindes, *Cæsar* and *Liuië*, for the two last, are perfite examples of Imitation: And for the two first, the old paternes be lost, and as for some that be present and of late tyme, they be fitter to be read once for some pleasure, than oft to be perused, for any good Imitation of them.

*Philosophicum in* { *in Sermonem, as officia*  
*Cic. et Eth. Arist.*  
*Contentionem.*

As, the Dialoges of *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and *Cicero*: of which kinde of learnyng, and right Imitation therof, *Carolus Sigonius* hath written of late, both learnedlie and eloquentlie: but best of all my frende *Ioan. Sturmius* in hys Commentaries vpon *Gorgias Platonis*, which booke I haue in writyng, and is not yet set out in Print.

Oratorium in { *Humile.*  
*Mediocre.*  
*Sublime.*

Examples of these three, in the *Greke* tong, be plentiful and perfite, as *Lycias*, *Ifocrates*, and *Demosthenes*: and all three, in onelic *Demosthenes*, in diuerse orations as *contra Olimpiodorum*, *in Leptinem*, *et pro Ctesiphonte*. And trew it is, that *Hermogenes* writeth of *Demosthenes*, that all formes of Eloquence be perfite in him. In *Ciceroes* Orations, *Medium et sublime* be most excellentlie handled, but *Humile* in his Orations is feldome sene. Yet neuerthelesse in other bookes, as in some part of his offices, and specially in *Partitionibus*, he is comparable *in hoc humili et disciplinabili genere*, euen with the best that euer wrote in *Greke*. But of *Cicero* more fullie in fitter place. And thus, the trew difference of stiles, in euerie Author, and euerie kinde of learnyng may easelie be knowne by this diuision.

in Genus { *Poeticum.*  
*Historicum.*  
*Philosophicum.*  
*Oratorium.*

Which I thought in this place to touch onelie, not to profecute at large, bicause, God willyng, in the *Latin* tong, I will fullie handle it, in my booke *de Imitatione*.

Now, to touch more particularlie, which of those Authors, that be now most commonlie in mens handes, will sone affourd you some peece of Eloquence, and what maner a peece of eloquence, and what is to be liked and folowed, and what to be misliked and eschewed in them: and how some agayne will furnish you fully withall, rightly, and wisely considered, somewhat I will write as I haue heard Syr *John Cheke* many tymes say.

The *Latin* tong, concerning any part of purenesse of it, from the spring, to the decay of the same, did not endure moch longer, than is the life of a well aged man,

scarfe one hundred yeares from the tyme of the last *Scipio Africanus* and *Lælius*, to the Empire of *Augustus*. And it is notable, that *Vellius Paterculus* writeth of *Tullie*, how that the perfection of eloquence did so remayne onelie in him and in his time, as before him, were few, which might moch delight a man, or after him any, worthy admiration, but soch as *Tullie* might haue seene, and such as might haue seene *Tullie*. And good cause why: for no perfection is durable. Encrease hath a time, and decay likewise, but all perfit ripenesse remaineth but a moment: as is plainly seen in fruits, plummess and cherries: but more sensibly in flowers, as *Roses* and such like, and yet as trewlie in all greater matters. For what naturallie, can go no hier, must naturallie yeld and stoupe againe.

Of this short tyme of any purenesse of the Latin tong, for the first fortie yeare of it, and all the tyme before, we haue no peece of learning left, saue *Plautus* and *Terence*, with a litle rude vnperfit pamphlet of the elder *Cato*. And as for *Plautus*, except the scholemaster be able to make wise and ware choice, first in proprietie of wordes, than in framing of Phrases and sentences, and chieffie in choice of honestie of matter, your scholer were better to play, then learne all that is in him. But surelie, if iudgement for the tong, and direction for the maners, be wisely ioyned with the diligent reading of *Plautus*, than trewlie *Plautus*, for that purenesse of the Latin tong in Rome, whan Rome did most flourish in wel doing, and so thereby, in well speaking also, is soch a plentiful storeho[u]se, for common eloquence, in meane matters, and all priuate mens affaires, as the Latin tong, for that respect, hath not the like agayne. Whan I remember the worthy tyme of Rome, wherein *Plautus* did liue, I must nedes honor the talke of that tyme, which we see *Plautus* doth vse.

*Terence* is also a storehouse of the same tong, for another tyme, following soone after, and although he be not so full and plentiful as *Plautus* is, for multitude of matters, and diuersitie of wordes, yet his wordes, be

chosen so purelie, placed so orderly, and all his stuffe so neetlie packed vp, and wittely compassed in euerie place, as, by all wise mens iudgement, he is counted the cunninger workeman, and to haue his shop, for the rowme that is in it, more finely appointed, and trimlier ordered, than *Plautus* is.

Three things chiefly, both in *Plautus* and *Terence*, are to be specially considered. The matter, the vtterance, the words, the meter. The matter in both, is altogether within the compasse of the meanest mens manners, and doth not stretch to any thing of any great weight at all, but standeth chiefly in vtterying the thoughtes and conditions of hard fathers, foolish mothers, vnthrifty yong men, craftie seruantes, sottle bawdes, and wilie harlots, and so, is moch spent, in finding out fine fetches, and packing vp pelting matters, such as in London commonlie cum to the hearing of the Masters of Bridewell. Here is bate stuffe for that scholer, that should be cum hereafter, either a good minister in Religion, or a Ciuill Gentleman in seruice of his Prince and contrie: except the preacher do know such matters to confute them, whan ignorance surelie in all such thinges were better for a Ciuill Gentleman, than knowledge. And thus, for matter, both *Plautus* and *Terence*, be like meane painters, that worke by halfes, and be cunning onelie, in making the worst part of the picture, as if one were skilfull in painting the bodie of a naked person, from the nauell downward, but nothing else.

For word and speach, *Plautus* is more plentifull, and *Terence* more pure and proper: And for one respect, *Terence* is to be embraced aboue all that euer wrote in hys kinde of argument: Bicause it is well known, by good recorde of learning, and that by *Ciceroes* owne witnes that some Comedies bearyng *Terence* name, were written by worthy *Scipio*, and wise *Laelius*, and namely *Heauton*: and *Adelphi*. And therefore as oft as I reade those Comedies, so oft doth found in myne eare, the pure fine talke of Rome, which was vsed by

the floure of the worthiest nobilitie that euer Rome bred. Let the wisest man, and best learned that liueth, read aduisedlie ouer, the first scene of *Heauton*, and the first scene of *Adelphi*, and let him consideratlie iudge, whether it is the talke of a seruile stranger borne, or rather euen that milde eloquent wise speach, which *Cicero* in *Brutus* doth so liuely expresse in *Laelius*. And yet neuerthelesse, in all this good proprietie of wordes, and purenesse of phrases which be in *Terence*, ye must not follow him alwayes in placing of them, bicause for the meter sake, some wordes in him, somtyme, be driuen awrie, which require a straighter placing in plaine prose, if ye will forme, as I would ye should do, your speach and writing, to that excellent perfitnesse, which was onely in *Tullie*, or onelie in *Tullies* tyme.

The meter and verse of *Plautus* and *Terence* be verie meane, and not to be followed: which is not their reproch, but the fault of the tyme, wherein they wrote, whan no kinde of Poetrie, in the Latin tong, was brought to perfection, as doth well appeare in the fragmentes of *Ennius*, *Cerilius*, and others, and euiden[t]lie in *Plautus* and *Terence*, if thies in Latin be compared with right skil, with *Homer*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, and other in Greeke of like fort. *Cicero* him selfe doth complaine of this vnperfitnes, but more plainly *Quintilian*, saying, in *Comœdia maximè claudicamus, et vix leuem consequimur vmbra*: and most earnestly of all *Horace* in *Arte Poetica*, which he doth namely *propter carmen Iambicum*, and referreth all good studentes herein to the Imitation of the Greeke tong, saying.

*Exemplaria Græca  
nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

• This matter maketh me gladly remember, my sweete tyme spent at Cambrige, and the pleasant talke which I had oft with *M. Cheke*, and *M. Watson*, of this fault, not onely in the olde Latin Poets, but also in our new English Rymers at this day. They wished as *Virgii* and *Horace* were not wedded to follow the faultes of

former fathers (a shrewd mariage in greater matters) but by right *Imitation* of the perfit Grecians, had brought Poetrie to perfitnesse also in the Latin tong, that we Englishmen likewise would acknowledge and vnderstand rightfully our rude beggerly ryming, brought first into Italie by *Gothes* and *Hunnes*, whan all good verses and all good learning to, were destroyed by them: and after caryed into France and Germanie: and at last receyued into England by men of excellent wit in deede, but of small learning, and lesse iudgement in that behalfe.

But now, when men know the difference, and haue the examples, both of the best, and of the worst, surelie, to follow rather the *Gothes* in Ryming, than the Greekes in trew versifying, were euen to eate ackornes with swyne, when we may freely eate wheate bread emonges men. In deede, *Chauser*, *Th. Norton*, of Bristow, my L. of Surrey, *M. Wiat*, *Th. Phaer*, and other Ientleman, in translating *Ouide*, *Palingenius* and *Seneca*, haue gonne as farre to their great praise, as the copie they followed could cary them, but, if soch good wittes, and forward diligence, had bene directed to follow the best examples, and not haue bene caryed by tyme and custome, to content themselues with that barbarous and rude Ryming, emonges their other worthy praises, which they haue iustly deserued, this had not bene the least, to be counted emonges men of learning and skill, more like vnto the Grecians, than vnto the Gothians, in handling of their verse.

In deed, our English tong, hauing in vse chiefly, wordes of one syllable which commonly be long, doth not well receiue the nature of *Carmen Heroicum*, bicause *dactylus*, the aptest foote for that verse, containing one long and two short, is seldom therefore found in English: and doth also rather stumble than stand vpon *Monosyllabis*. *Quintilian* in hys learned Chapter *de Compositione*, geueth this lesson  *de Monosyllabis*, before me: and in the same place doth iustlie inuey against all Ryming, if there be any,

who be angrie with me, for misliking of Ryming, may be angry for company to, with *Quintilian* also, for the same thing: And yet *Quintilian* had not so iust cause to mislike of it than, as men haue at this day.

And although *Carmen Exametrum* doth rather trotte and hoble, than runne smothly in our English tong, yet I am sure, our English tong will receiue *carmen Iambicum* as naturallie, as either *Greke* or *Latin*. But for ignorance, men can not like, and for idlenes, men will not labor, to cum to any perfitnes at all. For, as the worthie Poetes in *Athens* and *Rome*, were more carefull to fatiffie the iudgement of one learned, than rashe in pleasing the humor of a rude multitude, euen so if men in England now, had the like reuerend regard to learning skill and iudgement, and durst not presume to write, except they came with the like learnyng, and also did vse like diligence, in searchyng out, not onelie iust measure in euerie meter, as euerie ignorant person may easely do, but also trew quantitie in euery foote and fillable, as onelie the learned shalbe able to do, and as the *Grekes* and *Romanes* were wont to do, surelie than rash ignorant heads, which now can easely reckon vp fourteen fillabes, and easelie stumble on euery Ryme, either durst not, for lacke of such learnyng: or els would not, in auoyding such labor, be so busie, as euerie where they be: and shoppes in London should not be so full of lewd and rude rymes, as commonlie they are. But now, the ripest of tonge, be readiest to write: And many dayly in setting out bookes and bal[l]ettes make great shew of blossomes and buddes, in whom is neither, roote of learning, nor frute of wisdome at all. Some that make *Chaucer* in English and *Petrarch* in *Italian*, their Gods in verses, and yet be not able to make trew difference, what is a fault, and what is a iust prayse, in those two worthie wittes, will moch mislike this my writyng. But such men be euen like followers of *Chaucer* and *Petrarke*, as one here in England did folow Syr *Tho. More*: who, being most vnlike vnto him, in wit and learnyng, neuertheles in wearing his gowne awrye vpon the one

shoulder, as Syr *Tho. More* was wont to do, would nedes be counted lyke vnto him.

This mislikyng of Ryming, beginneth not now of any newfangle singularity, but hath bene long misliked of many, and that of men, of greateft learnyng, and deepest iudgement. And soch, that defend it, do so, either for lacke of knowledge what is best, or els of verie enuie, that any should performe that in learnyng, whereunto they, as I sayd before, either for ignorance, can not, or for idlenes will not, labor to attaine vnto.

And you that prayse this Ryming, bicause ye neither haue reason, why to like it, nor can shew learning to defend it, yet I will helpe you, with the authoritie of the oldest and learnedst tyme. In *Grece*, whan Poetrie was euen as the hiest pitch of perfines, one *Simmius Rhodius* of a certaine singularity wrote a booke in ryming *Greke* verses, naming it  $\omega\delta\nu$ , conteyning the fable, how *Iupiter* in likenes of a swan, gat that egge vpon *Leda*, whereof came *Castor*, *Pollux* and faire [*H*]elena. This booke was so liked, that it had few to read it, but none to folow it: But was presentlie contemned: and sone after, both Author and booke, so forgotten by men, and consumed by tyme, as scarce the name of either is kept in memorie of learnyng: And the like folie was neuer folowed of any, many hondred yeares after vntill ye *Hunnes* and *Gothians*, and other barbarous nations, of ignorance and rude singularity, did reuiue the same folie agayne.

The noble Lord *Th. Earle of Surrey*, The Earle of Surrey. first of all English men, in translating the fourth booke of *Virgill*: and *Gonsaluo* Gonsaluo Periz. *Periz* that excellent learned man, and Secretarie to kyng *Philip* of *Spaine*, in translating the *Vlisses* of *Homer* out of *Greke* into *Spanish*, haue both, by good iudgement, auoyded the fault of Ryming, yet neither of them hath fullie hit[t]e perfite and trew verifying. In deed, they obserue iust number, and euen feete: but here is the fault, that their feete: be feete without ioyntes, that is to say, not distinct by trew quantitie of

fillabes: And so, foch feete, be but numme [benumbed] feete: and be, euen as vnfitte for a verse to turne and runne roundly withall, as feete of brasse or wood be vnweeldie to go well withall. And as a foote of wood, is a plaine shew of a manifest maime, euen so feete, in our English versifying, without quantitie and ioyntes, be sure signes, that the verse is either, borne deformed, vnnaturall and lame, and so verie vnseemlie to looke vpon, except to men that be gogle eyed them selues.

The spying of this fault now is not the curiositie of English eyes, but euen the good iudgement also of the best that write in these dayes in *Italie*: and namelie of that worthie *Senese Felice Figlincci*, who, *Senese Felice Figlincci.* writyng vpon *Aristotles Ethickes* so excellentlie in *Italian*, as neuer did yet any one in myne opinion either in *Greke* or *Latin*, amongest other thynges doth most earnestlie inuey agaynst the rude ryming of verses in that tong: And whan soeuer he expressed *Aristotles* preceptes, with any example, out of *Homer* or *Euripides*, he translateth them, not after the Rymes of *Petrarke*, but into soch kinde of perfite verse, with like feete and quantitie of fillabes, as he found them before in the *Greke* tonge: exhortyng earnestlie all the *Italian* nation, to leaue of their rude barbariounesse in ryming, and folow diligently the excellent *Greke* and *Latin* examples, in trew versifying.

And you, that be able to vnderstand no more, then ye finde in the *Italian* tong: and neuer went farder than the schole of *Petrarke* and *Ariostus* abroad, or els of *Chaucer* at home, though you haue pleasure to wander blindlie still in your foule wrong way, enuie not others, that seeke, as wise men haue done before them, the fairest and rightest way: or els, beside the iust reproch of malice, wisemen shall trewlie iudge, that you do so, as I haue sayd and say yet agayne vnto you, bicause, either, for idlenes ye will not, or for ignorance ye can not, cum by no better your selfe.

And therefore euen as *Virgill* and *Horace* deserue most worthie prayse, that they spying the vnperfites in

*Ennius* and *Plautus*, by trew Imitation of *Homer* and *Euripides*, brought Poetrie to the same perfitnes in *Latin*, as it was in *Greke*, euen so those, that by the same way would benefite their tong and contrey, deserue rather thanks than disprayse in that behalfe.

And I reioyce, that euen poore England preuented *Italie*, first in spying out, than in seeking to amend this fault in learnyng.

And here, for my pleasure I purpose a litle, by the way, to play and sporte with my Master *Tully*: from whom commonlie I am neuer wont to dissent. He him selfe, for this point of learnyng, in his verses doth halt a litle by his leaue. He could not denie it, if he were aliuie, nor those defend hym now that loue him best. This fault I lay to his charge: bicause once it pleased him, though somewhat merelie, yet oueruncurtellie, to rayle vpon poore England, obiecing both, extreme beggerie, and mere barbariounes vnto it, wrytyng thus vnto his frend *Atticus*: There is not one scruple of siluer in that whole Isle, or any one that knoweth either learnyng or letter.

Tullies saying  
against Eng-  
land.

Ad Att. Lib.  
iv. Ep. 16.

But now master *Cicero*, blessed be God, and his sonne Iesus Christ, whom you neuer knew, except it were as it pleased him to lighten you, by some shadow, as couertlie in one place ye confesse saying: *Veritatis tantum vmbra confectamur*, as your Master *Plato* did before you: blessed be God, I say, that fixten hundred yeare after you were dead and gone, it may trewly be sayd, that for siluer, there is more cumlie plate, in one Citie of England, than is in foure of the proudest Cities in all *Italie*, and take *Rome* for one of them. And for learnyng, beside the knowledge of all learned tongs and liberall sciences, euen your owne bookes *Cicero*, be as well read, and your excellent eloquence is as well liked and loued, and as trewlie folowed in England at this day, as it is now, or euer was, sence your owne tyme, in any place of *Italie* either at *Arpinum*, where ye were borne, or els at *Rome* where ye were

✓ brought vp. And a litle to brag with you *Cicero*, where you your selfe, by your leaue, halted in some point of learnyng in your owne tong, many in England at this day go streight vp, both in trewe skill, and right doing therein.

This I write, not to reprehend *Tullie*, whom, aboue all other, I like and loue best, but to excufe *Terence*, because in his tyme, and a good while after, Poetrie was neuer perfited in *Latin*, vntill by trew *Imitation* of the Grecians, it was at length brought to perfection: And also thereby to exhorte the goodlie wittes of England, which apte by nature, and willing by desire, geue them selues to Poetrie, that they, rightly vnderstanding the barbarous bringing in of Rymes, would labor, as *Virgil* and *Horace* did in *Latin*, to make perfit also this point of learning, in our English tong.

And thus much for *Plautus* and *Terence*, for matter, tong, and meter, what is to be followed, and what to be exchewed in them.

After *Plautus* and *Terence*, no writing remayneth vntill *Tullies* tyme, except a fewe short fragmentes of *L. Craffus* excellent wit, here and there recited of *Cicero* for example sake, whereby the louers of learnyng may the more lament the losse of soch a worthie witte.

And although the *Latin* tong did faire blome and blossome in *L. Craffus*, and *M. Antonius*, yet in *Tullies* tyme onely, and in *Tullie* himselfe chieffie, was the *Latin* tong fullie ripe, and growne to the hiest pitch of all perfection.

And yet in the same tyme, it began to fade and stoupe, *Tullie* him selfe, in *Brutus de Claris Oratoribus*, with weeping wordes doth witnesse.

And bicause, emong[e]st them of that tyme, there was some difference, good reason is, that of them of that tyme, should be made right choice also. And yet let the best *Ciceronian* in *Italie* read *Tullies* familiar epistles aduisedly ouer, and I beleue he shall finde small difference, for the *Latin* tong, either in propriety of wordes or framing of the stile, betwixt *Tullie*, and those that write vnto him. As *Ser. Sulpitius*, *A. Cecinna*,

*M. Calis, M. et D. Bruti, A. Pollia, L. Plancus*, and diuerse other: read the epistles of *L. Plancus* Epi. Planci x. lib. Epist. 8. in *x. Lib.* and for an assay, that Epistle namely to the *Co[n]ff.* and whole *Senate*, the eight Epistle in number, and what could be, eyther more eloquentlie, or more wiselie written, yea by *Tullie* himselve, a man may iustly doubt. Thies men and *Tullie*, liued all in one tyme, were like in authoritie, not vnlike in learning and studie, which might be iust causes of this their equalitie in writing: And yet surely, they neyther were in deed, nor yet were counted in mens opinions, equall with *Tullie* in that facultie. And how is the difference hid in his Epistles? verelie, as the cunning of an expert Seaman, in a faire calme fresh Ryuer, doth litle differ from the doing of a meaner workman therein, euen so, in the short cut of a priuate letter, where, matter is common, wordes easie, and order not moch diuerse, small shew of difference can appeare. But where *Tullie* doth set vp his faile of eloquence, in some broad deep Argument, caried with full tyde and winde, of his witte and learnyng, all other may rather stand and looke after him, than hope to ouertake him, what course so euer he hold, either in faire or foule. Foure men onely whan the Latin tong was full ripe, be left vnto vs, who in that tyme did flourish, and did leaue to posteritie, the fruite of their witte and learning: *Varro, Salust, Cæsar,* and *Cicero*. Whan I say, these foure onely, I am not ignorant, that euen in the same tyme, most excellent Poetes, deseruing well of the Latin tong, as *Lucretius, Catullus, Virgill,* and *Horace*, did write: But, bicause, in this litle booke, I purpose to teach a yong scholer, to go, not to daunce: to speake, not to sing, (whan Poetes in deed, namelie *Epici* and *Lyrici*, as these be, are fine dauncers, and trime fingers,) but *Oratores* and *Historici*, be those cumlie goers, and faire and wise speakers, of whom I wishe my scholer to wayte vpon first, and after in good order, and dew tyme, to be brought forth, to the singing and dauncing schole: And for this consideration, do I name these foure, to be the onelie writers of that tyme.

¶ *Varro.*

*Varro.* *Varro*, in his bookes *de lingua Latina, et Analogia* as these be left mangled and patched vnto vs, doth not enter there in to any great depth of eloquence, but as one caried in a small low vessell him selfe verie nie the common shore, not much vnlike the fisher men of Rye, and Hering men of Yarmouth. Who deserue by common mens opinion, small commendacion, for any cunning sa[y]ling at all, yet neuertheles in those bookes of *Varro* good and necessarie stuffe, for that meane kinde of Argument, be verie well and learnedlie gathered together.

*De Rep. Rustica.* His bookes of Husbandrie, are moch to be regarded, and diligentlie to be read, not onelie for the proprietie, but also for the plentie of good wordes, in all contrey and husbandmens affaires: which can not be had, by so good authoritie, out of any other Author, either of so good a tyme, or of so great learnyng, as out of *Varro*. And yet bicause, he was fourscore yeare old, whan he wrote those bookes, the forme of his style there compared with *Tullies* writyng, is but euen the talke of a spent old man: whose wordes commonlie fall out of his mouth, though verie wifelie, yet hardly and coldie, and more heauelie also, than some eares can well beare, except onelie for age, and authorities sake. And perchance, in a rude contrey argument, of purpose and iudgement, he rather vsed, the speach of the contrey, than talke of the Citie.

And so, for matter sake, his wordes sometyme, be somewhat rude: and by the imitation of the elder *Cato*, old and out of vse: And beyng depe stept in age, by negligence some wordes do so [e]scape and fall from him in those bookes, as be not worth the taking vp, by him, that is carefull to speak or write trew Latin, as that *Lib. 3. Cap. 1.* sentence in him, *Romani, in pace à rusticis alebantur, et in bello ab his tuebantur.* A good student must be therefore carefull and diligent, to read with

iudgement ouer euen those Authors, which did write in the most perfite tyme: and let him not be affrayd to trie them, both in proprietie of wordes, and forme of style, by the touch stone of *Cæsar* and *Cicero*, whose puritie was neuer foiled, no not by the sentence of those, that loued them worst.

All louers of learnyng may fore lament the losse of those bookes of *Varro*, which he wrote in his yong and lustie yeares, with good leysure, and great learnyng of all partes of Philosophie: of the goodliest argumentes, perteyning both to the common wealth, and priuate life of man, as, *de Ratione studij, et educandis liberis*, which booke, is oft recited, and moch praysed, in the fragmentes of *Nonius*, euen for authoritie sake. He wrote most diligentlie and largelie, also the whole historie of the state of *Rome*: the mysteries of their whole Religion: their lawes, customes, and gouernement in peace: their maners, and whole discipline in warre: And this is not my gessing, as one in deed that neuer saw those bookes, but euen, the verie iudgement, and playne testimonie of *Tullie* him selfe, who knew and read those bookes, in these wordes: *Tu ætatem Patriæ: Tu descriptiones temporum: Tu sacrorum, tu sacerdotum Iura: Tu domesticam, tu bellicam disciplinam: Tu sedem Regionum, locorum, tu omnium diuinarum humanarumque rerum nomina, genera, officia, causas aperuisti. etc.*

The loue of  
Warros  
bookes.

In Acad.  
Quest.

But this great losse of *Varro*, is a litle recompensed by the happy comming of *Dionysius Halicarnassæus* to *Rome* in *Augustus* dayes: who getting the possession of *Varros* librarie, out of that treasure house of learning, did leaue vnto vs some frute of *Varros* witte and diligence, I meane, his goodlie bookes *de Antiquitatibus Romanorum*. *Varro* was so esteemed for his excellent learnyng, as *Tullie* him selfe had a reuerence to his iudgement in all dou[b]tes of learnyng. And *Antonius Triumuir*, his enemye, and of a contrarie faction, who had power to kill and bannish whom he listed, whan *Varros* name amongst others was brought

in a schedule vnto him, to be noted to death, he tooke his penne and wrote his warrant of sauegard with these most goodlie wordes, *Viuat Varro vir doctissimus*. In later tyme, no man knew better: nor liked and loued more *Varros* learnyng, than did *S. Augustine*, as they do well vnderstand, that haue diligentlie read ouer his learned bookes *de Ciuitate Dei*: Where he hath this most notable sentence: Whan I see, how much *Varro* wrote, I meruell much, that euer he had any leasure to read: and whan I perceiue how many thinges he read, I meruell more, that euer he had any leasure to write. etc.

And surelie, if *Varros* bookes had remained to posteritie, as by Gods prouidence, the most part of *Tullies* did, than trewlie the *Latin* tong might haue made good comparifon with the *Greke*.

### *Saluste.*

*Salust.*

*Salust*, is a wise and worthy writer: but he requireth a learned Reader, and a right considerer of him. My dearest friend, and best master that euer I had or heard in learning, *Syr I. Cheke*, foch a man, as if I should liue to see England breed the like againe, I feare, I should liue ouer long, did once giue me a lesson for *Salust*, which, as I shall neuer forget my selfe, so is it worthy to be remembred of all those, that would cum to perfite iudgement of the *Latin* tong. He said, that *Salust* was not verie fitte for yong men, to learne out of him, the puritie of the *Latin* tong: because, he was not the purest in proprietie of wordes, nor choifest in aptnes of phrascs, nor the best in framing of sentences: and therefore is his writing, sayd he neyther plaine for the matter, nor sensible for mens vnderstanding. And what is the cause thereof, *Syr*, quoth *I*. Verilie said he, bicause in *Salust* writing, is more *Arte* than nature, and more labor than *Arte*: and in his labor also, to moch toyle, as it were, with

*Syr Iohn  
Chokes iudgement  
and counsell  
for readyng  
of Saluste.*

an vncontented care to write better than he could, a fault common to very many men. And therefore he doth not expresse the matter liuely and naturally with common speach as ye see *Xenophon* doth in Greeke, but it is caried and driuen forth artificiallie, after to learned a forte, as *Thucydides*, doth in his orations. And how cummeth it to passe, sayd I, that *Cæsar* and *Ciceroes* talke, is so naturall and plaine, and *Salust* writing so artificiall and darke, whan all they three liued in one tyme? I will freelie tell you my fanisie herein, said he: surely, *Cæsar* and *Cicero*, beside a singular prerogatiue of naturall eloquence geuen vnto them by God, both two, by vse of life, were daylie orators emonges the common people, and greatest counsellors in the Senate house: and therefore gaue themselues to vse soch speach as the meanest should well vnderstand, and the wisest best allow: folowing carefullie that good counsell of *Aristotle*, *loquendum vt multi, sapiendum vt pauci*. *Salust* was no soch man, neyther for will to goodnes, nor skill by learning: but ill geuen by nature, and made worfe by bringing vp, spent the most part of his youth very misorderly in ryot and lechery. In the company of soch, who, neuer geuing theyr mynde to honest doying, could neuer inure their tong to wise speaking. But at [ye] last cummyng to better yeares, and b[u]ying witte at the dearest hand, that is, by long experience of the hurt and shame that commeth of mischeif, moued, by the counsell of them that were wise, and caried by the example of soch as were good, first fell to honestie of life, and after to the loue to studie and learning: and so became so new a man, that *Cæsar* being dictator, made him Pretor in *Numidia* where he absent from his contrie, and not inured with the common talke of Rome, but shut vp in his studie, and bent wholly to reading, did write the storie of the Romanes. And for the better accomplishing of the same, he re[a]d *Cato* and *Piso* in Latin for gathering of matter and troth: and *Thucydides* in Greeke for the order of his storie, and furnishing of his

style. *Cato* (as his tyme required) had more troth for the matter, than eloquence for the style. And so *Salust*, by gathering troth out of *Cato*, smelleth moch of the roughnes of his style: euen as a man that eateth garlike for helth, shall cary away with him the fauor of it also, whether he will or not. And yet the vse of old wordes is not the greatest cause of *Salustes* [his] roughnes and darknesse: There be in *Salust* some old wordes in Lib. 8. Cap. 3. deed as *patrare bellum, ductare exercitum, De Ornata.* well noted by *Quintilian*, and verie much misliked of him: and *supplicium* for *supplicatio*, a word smellyng of an older flore, than the other two so misliked by *Quint*: And yet is that word also in *Varro*, speaking of Oxen thus, *boues ad victimas faciunt, atque ad Deorum supplicia*: and a few old wordes mo. Read *Saluste* and *Tullie*: aduisedly together: and in wordes ye shall finde small difference: yea *Salust* is more geuen to new wordes, than to olde, though som olde writers say the contrarie: as *Claritudo* for *Gloria*: *exactè* for *perfectè*: *Facundia* for *eloquentia*. Thies two last wordes *exactè* and *facundia* now in euery mans mouth, be neuer (as I do remember) vsed of *Tullie*, and therefore I thinke they be not good: For surely *Tullie* speaking euery where so moch of the matter of eloquence, would not so precisely haue absteyned from the word *Facundia*, if it had bene good: that is proper for the tong, and common for mens vse. I could be long, in reciting many such like, both olde and new wordes in *Salust*: but in very dede neyther oldnes nor newnesse of wordes maketh the greatest difference betwixt *Salust* and *Tullie*, but first strange phrases made of good Latin wordes, but framed after the Greeke tonge, which be neyther choisly borrowed of them, nor properly vsed by him: than, a hard composition and crooked framing of his wordes and sentences, as a man would say, English talke placed and framed outlandish like. As for example first in phrases, *nimius et animus* be two vsed wordes, yet *homo nimius animi*, is an vnused phrase.

The cause why  
Salust is not  
like Tully.

*Vulgus, et amat, et fieri*, be as common and well known wordes as may be in the Latin tong, yet *id quod vulgè amat fieri*, for *folet fieri*, is but a strange and grekysh kind of writing. *Ingens et vires* be proper wordes, yet *vir ingens virium* is an vnproper kinde of speaking and so be likewise,

{ *æger consilij.*  
*promptissimus belli.*  
*territus animi.*

and many souch like phraes in *Salust*, borrowed as I sayd not choisly out of Greeke, and vsed therefore vnproperly in Latin. Againe, in whole sentences, where the matter is good, the wordes proper and plaine, yet the sense is hard and darke, and namely in his prefaces and oration[s], wherein he vsed most labor, which fault is likewise in *Thucydides* in Greeke, of whom *Salust* hath taken the greatest part of his darkeness. For *Thucydides* likewise wrote his storie, not at home in Gre[e]ce, but abrode in Italie, and therefore smelleth of a certaine outlandish kinde of talke, strange to them of *Athens*, and diuerse from their writing, that liued in Athens and Gre[e]ce, and wrote the same tyme that *Thucydides* did, as *Lysias*, *Xenophon*, *Plato*, and *Isocrates*, the purest and playnest writers, that euer wrote in any tong, and best examples for any man to follow whether he write, Latin, Italian, French, or English. *Thucydides* also semeth in his writing, not so much benefited by nature, as holpen by Arte, and caried forth by desire, studie, labor, toyle and ouer great curiositie: who spent xxvii. yeares in writing his eight bookes of his history. *Salust* likewise wrote out of his contrie, and followed the faultes of *Thuc.* to moch: and boroweth of him som kinde of writing, which the Latin tong can not well beare, as *Casus nominatiuus* in diuerse places *absolutè positus*, as in that place of *Iugurth*, speaking *de Leptitanis, itaque ab imperatore faciliè quæ petebant adepti, misæ sunt ed cohortes Ligurum quatuor.* This thing in

Dionys. Halycar. ad Q. Tub. de Hist. Thuc.

participles, vsed so oft in *Thucyd[ides]* and other Greeke authors to, may better be borne with all, but *Salust* vseth the same more stranglie and boldlie, as in thies wordes, *Multis sibi quisque imperium petentibus*. I beleue, the best Grammerien in England can scarce giue a good reule, why *quisque* the nominatiue case, without any verbe, is so thrust vp amongst so many oblique cases. Some man perchance will smile, and laugh to scorne this my writyng, and call it idle curiositie, thus to busie my selfe in pickling about these small pointes of Grammer, not fitte for my age, place and calling, to trifle in: I trust that man, be he neuer so great in authoritie, neuer so wise and learned, either, by other mens iudgement, or his owne opinion, will yet thinke, that he is not greater in England, than *Tullie* was at *Rome*, not yet wiser, nor better learned than *Tullie* was him selfe, who, at the pitch of three score yeares, in the middes[t] of the broyle betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompeie*, whan he knew not, whether to fend wife and children, which way to go, where to hide him selfe, yet, in an earnest letter, amongst his

Ad. Att. Lib. 7.  
Epistola. 3.

earnest councelles for those heuie tymes concerning both the common state of his contrey, and his owne priuate great affaires he was neither vnmyndfull nor ashamed to reason at large, and learne gladlie of *Atticus*, a lesse point of Grammer than these be, noted of me in *Salust*, as, whether he would write, *ad Piræea*, *in Piræea*, or *in Piræcum*, or *Piræcum sine præpositione*: And in those heuie tymes, he was so carefull to know this small point of Grammer, that he addeth these wordes *Si hoc mihi ζήτημα persolueris, magna me molestia liberaris*. If *Tullie*, at that age, in that authoritie, in that care for his contrey, in that ieopardie for him selfe, and extreme necessitie of hys dearest frendes, beyng also the Prince of Eloquence hym selfe, was not ashamed to descend to these low pointes of Grammer, in his owne naturall tong, what should scholers do, yea what should any man do, if he do thinke well doyng, better than ill doyng: And

had rather be, perfite than meane, fure than doubtfull, to be what he should be, in deed, not seeme what he is not, in opinion. He that maketh perfitness in the *Latin* tong his marke, must come to it by choice and certaine knowledge, not stumble vpon it by chance and doubtfull ignorance. And the right steppes to reach vnto it, be these, linked thus orderlie together, aptnes of nature, loue of learnyng, diligence in right order, constancie with pleasant moderation, and alwayes to learne of them that be best, and so shall you iudge as they that be wisest. And these be those reules, which worthie Master *Cheke* dyd impart vnto me concernyng *Salust*, and the right iudgement of the *Latin* tong.

### ¶ *Cæsar.*

*Cæsar* for that tittle of him, that is left vnto vs, is like the halfe face of a *Venus*, the other part of the head beyng hidden, the bodie and the rest of the members vnbezon, yet so excellentlie done by *Apelles*, as all men may stand still to mase and muse vpon it, and no man step forth with any hope to performe the like.

His feuen bookes *de bello Gallico*, and three *de bello Ciuili* be written, so wiselie for the matter, so eloquentlie for the tong, that neither his greatest enemies could euer finde the least note of parcialitie in him (a meruelous wisdome of a man, namely writyng of his owne doynge) nor yet the best iudgers of the *Latin* tong, nor the most enuious lookers vpon other mens writynges, can say any other, but all things be most perfitelie done by him.

*Brutus*, *Caluus*, and *Calidius*, who found fault with *Tullies* fulnes in woordes and matter, and that rightlie, for *Tullie* did both, confesse it, and mend it, yet in *Cæsar*, they neither did, nor could finde the like, or any other fault.

And therefore thus iustlie I may conclude of *Cæsar*,

160 *The ready way to the Latin tong.*

that where, in all other, the best that euer wrote, in any tyme, or in any tong, in *Greke* and *Latin*, I except neither *Plato*, *Demosthenes*, nor *Tullie*, some fault is iustlie noted, in *Cæsar* onelie, could neuer yet fault be found.

Yet neuertheles, for all this perfite excellencie in him, yet it is but in one member of eloquence, and that but of one side neither, whan we must looke for that example to fol[l]ow, which hath a perfite head, a whole bodie, forward and backward, armes and legges and all.

*FINIS.*



*Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh.*







