

The metamorphosis of Ajax, a Cloacinean satire: with the Anatomy and Apology ... To which is added Ulysses upon Ajax / [Sir John Harington].

Contributors

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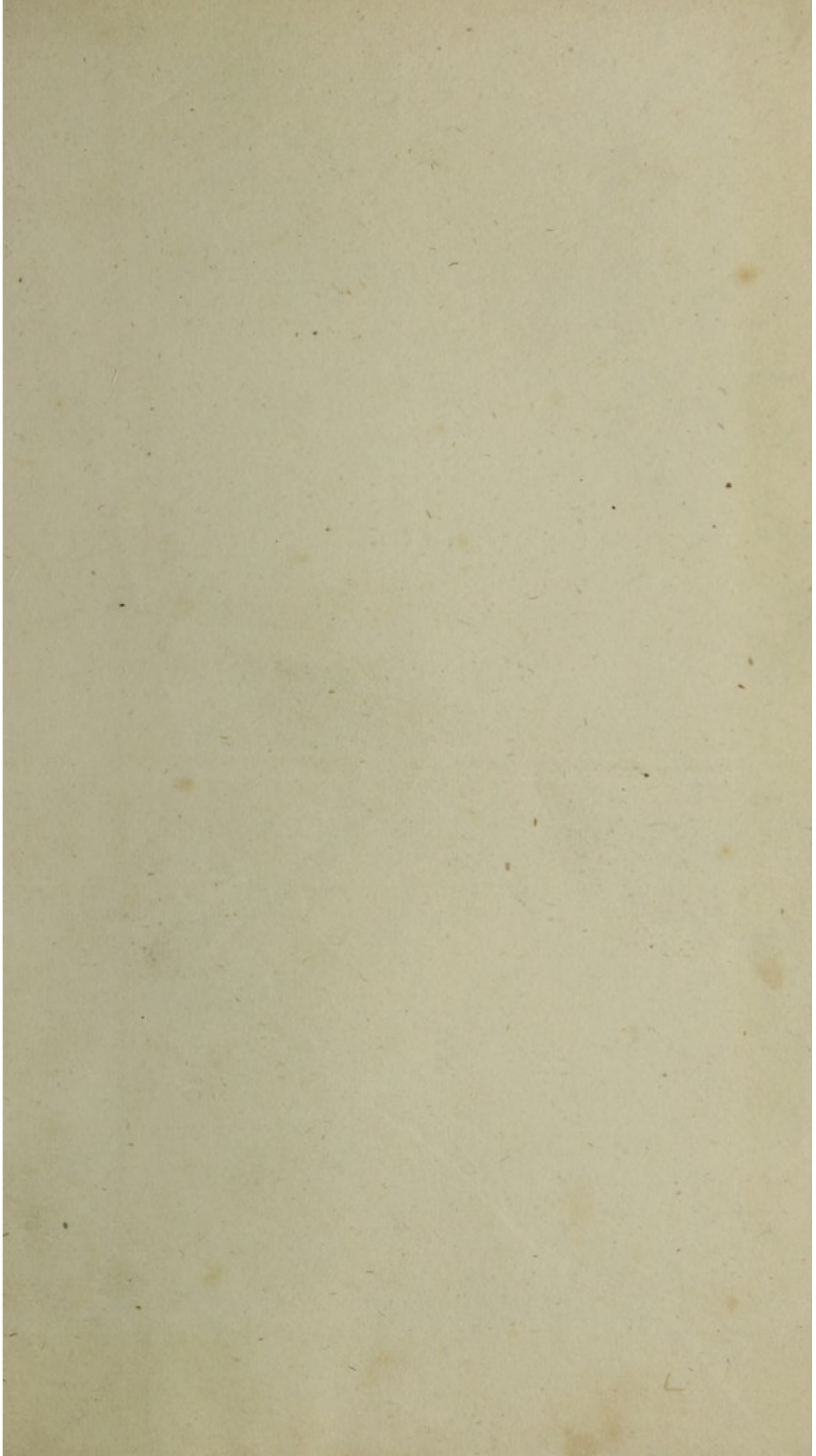
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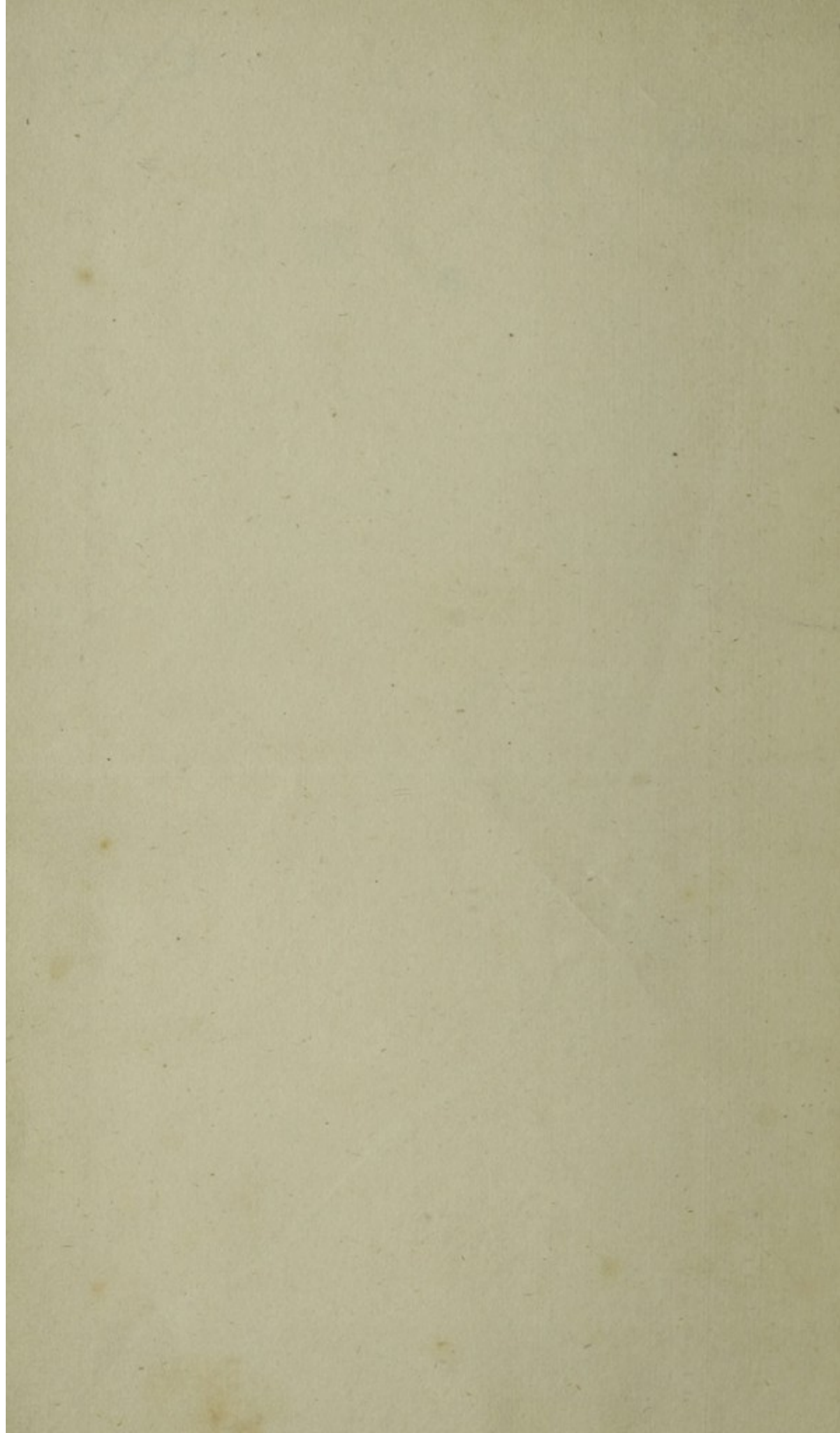


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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

Of this Volume ONE HUNDRED COPIES only are printed.

C. WHITTINGHAM.





Sculpsit Sc.

John Haryngton.

ÆTATIS SUE 30.

THE
Metamorphosis of Ajax ;

A CLOACINEAN SATIRE:

WITH THE
ANATOMY AND APOLOGY.

BY SIR JOHN HARINGTON.



TO WHICH IS ADDED,
ULYSSES UPON AJAX.

CHISWICK:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM.
M DCCC XIV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tracts which constitute the following volume, are perhaps the first specimens of the Rabelesian satire our language has to boast. They are replete with that kind of humour which distinguishes the writings of the French Lucian, and partake of their grossness.

*The extreme rarity of these once popular trifles, renders it doubtful whether Swift or Sterne were acquainted with them; yet there are passages in the writings of both these eccentric writers, so strongly resembling some parts of the present volume, as almost to induce a suspicion that they had seen them: this resemblance, however, may have arisen from the circumstance of their being, like our author, imitators of Rabelais and the other early French writers of *facetiæ*.*

Of the Metamorphosis of Ajax, the avowed purport is the description of a species of water-closet which Sir John Harington had invented and erected at Kelston, his seat near Bath; but he has contrived to make it the vehicle of much diverting matter, evincing his extensive reading: he has also interspersed numerous satiric touches, and allusions to cotemporary persons and events; many of which are now necessarily obscure, and which were no doubt one of the causes of its great popularity at the time of publication.

Elizabeth, however she might be diverted with the humour of this whimsical performance, is said to have conceived much disquiet on being told the author had aimed a shaft at Leicester. Its satiric tendency procured the writer many enemies; and it is supposed that he owed his good fortune in escaping a Star-chamber suit to the favour of the queen, who yet affected to be much displeased, and forbade him the court in consequence.*

* In the first book of Harington's epigrams, he has one addressed "To Master Cooke, the queen's attorney," that was incited to call Misacmos into the Star-chamber, but

The Metamorphosis of Ajax, for which a license was refused, appears to have been twice reprinted within a few months; the first edition bears in the title the name of Richard Field, who also printed the first and second editions of the author's translation of Ariosto: it must have been published previous to the third of August 1596, as the MS. dedication to Markham is then dated. The book was in a subsequent impression put forth without the name of the printer; and this edition, judging from a note on the title of a copy collated on the present occasion, appeared in or before

refused it; saying, he that could give another a venu had a sure ward for himself.

EPIG. XLV. BOOK 1.

*Those that of dainty fare make dear provision,
If some bad Cooks mar it with dressing evil,
Are wont to say in jest, but just derision,
The meat from God, the Cooks came from the devil:
But if this dish, though draff in apparition,
Were made thus sauc'd, a service not uncivil,
Say ye that taste and not digest the book,
The devil go with the meat, God with the Cook.*

Several other epigrams relating to his Metamorphosis of Ajax, alluding to Elizabeth's displeasure, &c. appear in the same collection. They are also printed at the end of this advertisement.

the month of September in the same year, having at the bottom of the title, Printed 1596. A third edition, evidently an attempt at an exact fac-simile of the latter, but differing in several minute particulars, sufficient to demonstrate that the press had been entirely reset, is in possession of the editor.

*The Anatomy seems to have been published at the same time, or very shortly after; a former possessor of the copy above referred to, has noted on the title that he obtained this part of the work by gift, in October 1596: it should be remarked, however, that the signatures are continued through *The Anatomy*, which appears to have been reprinted with the *Metamorphosis*. The two editions have been compared, but the variations are chiefly typographical.*

*The Apology it is probable soon followed; and here a new signature, *A a*, commences: of this part two editions have also been collated; one of which has some marginal references which are wanting in the other; these, in the present reimpression, are distinguished by being printed in the *Italic* character.*

A curious presentation-copy of the book from Sir J. Harington, to his friend Thomas Markham, was formerly in the collection of Mr. Reed, and is now enshrined in the noble library at Hodnet. Some marginal notes in the hand writing of Sir John, and a MS. dedication which enrich this copy, are here, for the first time, printed from an accurate transcript furnished by a friend. The MS. notes occur in the Metamorphosis, and are marked by being in Italics.

Neither of the editions have followed the orthography of the author, as appears by comparison with the MS. papers remaining, written by him; and they differ so materially in this respect, that it should seem the printers of that period used the licence of adopting their own mode, without reference to the author's MS. The incongruity of the same word spelt several ways within a short passage, marks the then unsettled state of orthography; the difficulty of reducing it to what might be presumed to have been that of the writer, amid the discordance of the printed copies, induced the editor to modernize it, except in those

instances where the preservation of the old spelling seemed to afford an elucidation of the text, as in the case of a few double entendres depending upon similarity of sound; but in no instance has a genuine old word been supplied by its modern substitute.

The Ulysses upon Ajax has been generally assigned to a different hand; but the similarity of style, and the same familiar acquaintance with the writings of Rabelais, Bouchet, &c. in the opinion of the present writer establish the identity of Misacmos and Misodiaboles. This latter piece has been considered inferior to the Metamorphosis; but though more exceptionable from its grossness, it is by no means less witty*

** It should not be dissembled, that the Ulysses upon Ajax is treated as the composition of another, by Davies of Hereford, in the following lines to Sir J. Harington :*

*I dare not say your wit was wisdom pointed,
When you in Ajax had your wit anointed;
Sith by no small fools, yet accounted wise,
Such strains of wit are held but fooleries;
But this I say, and say what well I wot
(Ulysses upon Ajax play'd the sot);
For what you put in Ajax was more worth
By odds, than what Ulysses then put forth.*

Wits Bedlam, 1617. Epig. 233.

or amusing. Of the Ulysses, two editions of the same date, both bearing the name of Thomas Gubbins as publisher, but differing in the number of pages, in the typographical arrangement, and a few other trifling particulars, have been collated for the present edition: it is remarkable, that here also a few marginal notes occur in one copy which are not in the other; and these are distinguished in the same manner as in the Metamorphosis, &c. by being printed in Italics.

The extraordinary rarity of copies of the following tracts, may in some degree be accounted for by their popular nature. The admirers of this species of composition will not be displeased to be brought acquainted with a book, of which very few complete copies are known to exist, and which certainly has something more than mere rarity to boast; for although its author every where manifests his propensity to punning, yet it should be considered that it was the most popular species of wit in his time, and it will be acknowledged that there is a fund of genuine humour in the following volume, perhaps not exceeded in any

production of the more recent imitators of Rabelais.

In renewing these facetious trifles, it was at first the intention of the editor to have annexed a few illustrations which had occurred to him in the perusal, and a brief biographical sketch of the author; this part of his plan is at present suspended; for the bulk of the volume, and the small number of copies printed, will render it sufficiently expensive without these additions, which might be held supererogatory by many purchasers of the book. If however a sufficient number to defray the expenses of the impression, should intimate a wish for the completion of his plan, he will still be proud to lay before them the materials he has collected, in a small supplement.

The following Copy of a Letter from Sir J. Harington to Lady Dowager Russell, concerning his "Metamorphosis of Ajax," from the Burghley Papers in Lord Lansdown's MS. Library, Vol. lxxxii. No. 88, may not unaptly be here subjoined.

Right honorable & my speciall good Lady, having written not long since this fantastical treatise, & putting yt to the print under a covert name. The first two leaves of yt, (wherein is almost nothing but all skurrell & toying matter) was show'd my Lo. Treasurer, by my ill happ as I count yt, yf his goodnesse & honourable dispositione doe not the better interpret yt; w^{ch} makes me now thus bould to intreate yo^r honor to send his Lo:^p the rest of it w^{ch} I have before now for the moste part of it, read unto you. humbly praying you, to delyver yo^r favorable censure of it, at least so far that it is pleasant and harmeles.

And for the devyse ytself, I knowe my Lord would not leave yt, yf it weare at Tiballs (as I say merely in the booke, the 118* page.) for

* Page 125 in the present edition.

1000^{li} and to doe his Lordship service, I will ryde thither, and enstruct his workmen to doe yt for lesse then a thousand pence.

And that I may confesse trewly & franckly to you (my best Lady, that have even from my childhood ever so specially favord me) I was the willinger to wryte such a toye as this, because I had layne me thought allmost buried in the country these three or foure yeares, and I thought this would give some occasion to have me thought of and talked of. Not as he that burned the temple of Diana to make him famous; not as Absolon that burned Joab's corne, to make him come to speech with him: But rather as Sophocles to save himself from a writt of dotage, showde the worke he was presently in hand with. I observe this, that in all common wealthes, the gowne and the sword rule all; and that the pen is above the sword, they that wear plumes above their helmetts doe therein (though they know yt not) confesse according to the saying *Cædant arma togæ.*) My education hath bin suche, and I truste my limmes and spirit both are suche, as neither shall be defective to the service of my prince &

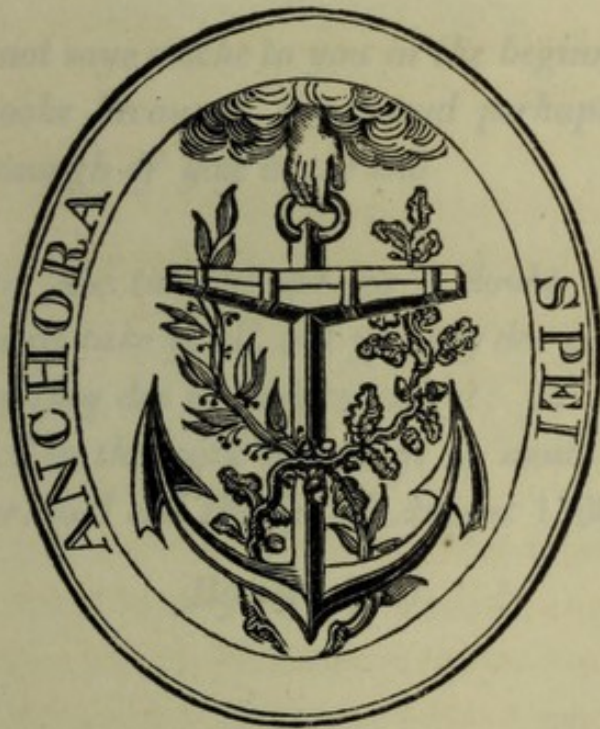
country, whether it be with wryting or weapon; only my desyre is my service may be accepted, and I doubt not, but yt shal be acceptable; to the which his Lo:^{ps} good conceyt of me, I count would be a good stepp, and to that good conceyt your honors commendacion I perswade me would be a good meanes. So I humbly take my leave this xiiijth of August. (1596)

Your honors most bownde

John Haryngton.

A
NEW DISCOURSE
OF A
STALE SUBJECT;
CALLED THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

—
WRITTEN BY MISACMOS,
TO HIS FRIEND AND COUSIN PHILOSTILPNOS.



AT LONDON:
Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blackfriars.

—
1596.

To the Right worshipfull

THOMAS MARKHAM

Esquyre this

bee dd

I wil not saye moche to you in the beginning of my booke becaus I have sayd perhaps more then enough of yow in the end

I pray yow take yt wel for I doubt not but some will take yt ill, but yf they doe yt wil be becaus they doe ill understand yt; yo^r interest is moch in the work becaus yt is moste in the wryter. so I end the iij^a of August 1596

By the Autor.

A LETTER

WRITTEN BY

A GENTLEMAN OF GOOD WORTH,

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK.

SIR,

I have heard much of your house, of your pictures, of your walks, of your ponds, and of your two boats, that came one by land and the other by sea from London-bridge, and met both at Bath-bridge; all which, God willing (if I live another summer), I will come of purpose to see; as also a swimming place, where, if one may believe your brother Francis, Diana did bathe her, and Acteon see her without horns. But to deal plainly with you, there be three special things that I have heard much boasted of, and therefore would willing-

43. Canto.

A shooting
place written
with Pythagoras'
letter.

liest see. The one a fountain standing on pillars, like that in Ariosto, under which you may dine and sup: the second a shooting close, with a twelve score mark to every point of the card, in which I hear you have hit a mark that many shoot at; *viz.* to make a barren stony land fruitful with a little cost: the third is a thing that I cannot name well without save-reverence, and yet it sounds not unlike the shooting place, but it is in plain English a s——g place. Though if it be so sweet and so cleanly as I hear, it is a wrong to it to use save-reverence; for one told me it is as sweet as my parlour; and I would think discourtesy, one should say, save-reverence my parlour. But if I might entreat you (as you partly promised me at your last being here) to set down the manner of it in writing, so plain as our gross wits here may understand it, or to cause your man, M. Combe (who I understand can paint prettily) make a draught or plot thereof to be well conceived, you should make many of your friends much beholding to you; and perhaps you might cause reformation in many houses that you wish well unto, that will think

no scorn to follow your good example. Nay, to tell you my opinion seriously, if you have so easy, so cheap, and so infallible a way for avoiding such annoyances in great houses, you may not only pleasure many great persons, but do her majesty good service in her palace of Greenwich, and other stately houses that are oft annoyed with such savours, as where many mouths be fed can hardly be avoided. Also you might be a great benefactor to the city of London, and all other populous towns, who stand in great need of such conveyances. But all my fear is, that your pen having been inured to so high discourse,

Of dames, of knights, of arms, of loves delight,

will now disdain to take so base a subject,

Of vaults, of sinks, privies, and draughts to write.

But herein let a public benefit expel a private bashfulness; and if you must now and then break the rules *de slovilitate morum*, with some of these homely words, you see I have broken the ice to you; and you know the old saying, pens may blot, but they cannot blush. And as old Tarlton was wont to say, this same

excellent word save-reverence, makes it all mannerly. Once this I dare assure you, if you can but tell a homely tale of this in prose, as cleanly, as you have told in verse a bawdy tale or two in Orlando mannerly, it may pass among the sourest censurers very currently. And I thus expecting your answer hereto, at your convenient leisure, I commit you to God this of 1596.

Your loving cousin,

φιλοστυλπνος.

THE
ANSWER TO THE LETTER.

MY good cousin, if you have heard so well of my poor house with the appurtenances, it were to be wished for preservation of your better conceit thereof, that you would not see them at all, they will seem to you so far short of the report; for I do compare my buildings and my writings together; in which, though the common sort think there is some worth and wit, yet the graver censors do find many faults and follies: and no marvel; for he that builds and hath gathered little, and writes and hath read little, must needs be a bad builder and a worse writer. But whereas you are disposed, either in the way of praise or of play, to extol so much the basest room of my house, as though you preferred it afore the best, your commendation is not much unlike his courtesy, that being invited by a crabbed favoured host to a neat house, did spit in his hosts face, because it was the foulest part of the house.

But such as I have you shall be welcome to; and if I may know when you will begin your progress, I will pray my brother to be your guide; who will direct your jests in such sort, as first, you shall come by a fine house that lacks a mistress; then to a fair house that mourns for a master; from whence, by a straight way called the force-way, you shall come to a town that is more than a town, where be the waters that be more than waters. But from thence you shall pass down a stream that seems to be no stream, by corn fields that seem no fields, down a street no street, in at a gate no gate, over a bridge no bridge, into a court no court, where if I be not at home, you shall find perhaps a fool no fool.

But whereas you praise my husbandry, you make me remember an old schoolfellow of mine in Cambridge, that having lost five shillings abroad at cards, would boast he had saved two candles at home by being out of his chamber; for such be most of my savings. Yet this one point of husbandry, though it may well be called beggarly, yet it is not for all that contemptible, and thus it was: Finding a fair and flat field, though very stony, as all this

country is, I made some vagrant beggars (of which by neighbourhood of the baths here comes great store) to gather all the stones that might break our harrows; and finding an easy mean to water the ground with a fat water, I have bettered my ground (as you say) and quite rid me of my wandering guests; who will rather walk seven mile about, than come where they shall be forced to work one half hour.

Now, sir, to come to the chief point of your desire, which requires a more ample answer, but for a preamble you must be content with this. You tell me, belike to encourage me, that my invention may be beneficial, not only to my private friend, but to towns and cities, yea, even to her majesty's service for some of her houses: trust me, I do believe you write seriously as you term it herein; and for my part I am so wholly addicted to her highness' service, as I would be glad, yea, even proud, if the highest strain of my wit could but reach to any note of true harmony in the full concert of her majesty's service, though it were in the basest key that it could be tuned to. And if I should fortune to effect so good a reformation

in the palace of Richmond or Greenwich (to which palace many of us owe service for the tenure of our land), I doubt not but some pleasant witted courtier of either sex, would grace me so much at least, as to say that I were worthy for my rare invention to be made one of the privy (and after a good long parenthesis, come out with) chamber; or if they be learned and have read Castiglio's courtier they will say, I am a proper scholar, and well seen in Latrina lingua. But let him mock that list; qui moccet moccabitur:

Who strike with sword, the scabbard them may strike;
And sure love craveth love, like asketh like.

If men of judgment think it may breed a public benefit, the conceit thereof shall expel all private bashfulness; and I will herein follow the example of that noble lady, that to save the liberties of Coventry rode naked at noon through the streets thereof, and is now thought to be greatly honoured and nothing shamed thereby.

Camden in his
Britannia.

Further, whereas you embolden my pen not to be abashed at the baseness of the subject, and as it were leading me on the way, you tell me you have broken the ice for me, to enter me

into such broad phrases as you think must be frequent herein; I will follow your steps and your counsel, neither will I disdain to use the poor help of save-reverence, if need be, much like as a good friend of yours and mine, that beginning to dispraise as honest a man as himself to a great nobleman, said, he is the veriest knave, saving your lordship: but the nobleman (ere the words were fully out of his mouth) said, save thyself, knave, and be hanged; save not me. Even so I must write in this discourse; sometime indeed as homely (saving your worship) as you shall lightly see; and yet I will endeavour to keep me within the bounds of modesty, and use no words but such as grave precedents in divinity, law, physic, or good civility, will sufficiently warrant me.

Sure I am that many other countrymen, both Dutch, French, and Italians, with great praise of wit, though small of modesty, have written of worse matters. One writes in praise of folly; another in honour of the pox; a third defends usury; a fourth commends Nero; a fifth extols and instructs bawdery; the sixth displays and describes Puttana Errante, which I hear will come forth shortly

This matter is
discoursed by
Rabelais in his
11th chapter of
his 5th book.

Un moyen de
me torcher le
cul le plus seig-
neurial, le
plus excellent,
le plus expedi-
ent que jamais
fut veu.

This may be
omitted in
reading.

in English; a seventh (whom I would guess by his writing to be groom of the stole to some prince of the blood of France) writes a beastly treatise only to examine what is the fittest thing to wipe withal; alleging that white paper is too smooth, brown paper too rough, woollen cloth too stiff, linen cloth too hollow, satin too slippery, taffeta too thin, velvet too thick, or perhaps too costly; but he concludes, that a goose neck, to be drawn between the legs against the feathers, is the most delicate and cleanly thing that may be. Now it is possible that I may be reckoned after these seven, as sapientum octavus, because I will write of a Jakes; yet I will challenge of right (if the herald should appoint us our places) to go before this filthy fellow; for as, according to Aristotle, a rider is an architectonical science to a saddler, and a saddler to a stirrup-maker, &c. so my discourse must needs be architectonical to his, since I treat of the house itself, and he but of part of that is to be done in the house, and that no essential part of the business: "for they say there be three things that if one neglect to do them they will do themselves; one is for a man to make even his reckonings; for whoso neglects

it will be left even just nothing: another is to marry his daughters; for if the parents bestow them not, they will bestow themselves: the third is that which the foresaid Frenchman writes of; which they that omit, their laundresses shall find it done in their linen. Which mishap a fair lady once having, a serving man of the disposition of Midas Barber, that could not keep counsel, had spied it, and wrote in the grossest terms it could be expressed upon a wall what he had seen; but a certain, pleasant, conceited gentleman corrected the barbarism, adding rhyme to the reason in this sort;

*My lady hath polluted her lineal vesture,
With the superfluity of her corporal disgesture."*

But soft, I fear I give you too great a taste of my slovenly eloquence in this sluttish argument. Wherefore to conclude, I dare undertake, that though my discourse will not be so wise as the first of those seven I spake of, that praises folly; yet it shall be civiler than the second, truer than the third, honestest than the fourth, chaster than the fifth, modester than the sixth, and cleanlier than the seventh. And that you and other my good friends may take the less offence at it, I will clothe it (like an

ape in purple) that it may be admitted into the better company; and if all the art I have cannot make it mannerly enough, the worst punishment it can have, is but to employ it in the house it shall treat off; only craving but that favour, that a nobleman was wont to request of your good father-in-law, to tear out my name before it be so employed; and to him that would deny me that kindness, I would the paper were nettles, and the letters needles for his better ease; or that it were like to the friars book, dedicated as I take it to Pius Quintus; of which one writes merrily, that his holiness finding it was good for nothing else, employed it (instead of the goose neck) to a homely occupation; and forsooth the phrase was so rude, the style so rugged, and the Latin so barbarous, that therewith as he writes

scortigavit sedem apostolicam; He
galled the seat apostolic: and so
I commend me to you, till
I send you the whole discourse.

Your loving cousin
and true friend,

μισακμος.

EPIGRAMS

RELATING TO THE AJAX.

BY SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

BOOK I. EP. 43.

To the Queen's Majesty, when she found fault with some particular matters in Misacmos' Metamorphosis.

*Dread Sov'reign, take this true, though poor excuse
Of all the errors of Misacmos' muse;
A hound that of a whelp myself hath bred,
And at my hand and table taught and fed,
When other curs did fawn and flatter coldly,
Did spring and leap, and play with me too boldly;
For which, although my pages check and rate him,
Yet still myself doth much more love than hate him.*

BOOK I. EP. 44.

To the Ladies of the Queen's Privy Chamber, at the making of their perfumed Privy at Richmond.

The book hanged in chains saith thus:

*Fair dames, if any took in scorn and spite,
Me, that Misacmos' muse in mirth did write,*

*To satisfy the sin, lo, here in chains
 For aye to hang my master he ordains:
 Yet deem the deed to him no derogation,
 But doom to this device new commendation;
 But here you see, feel, smell, that his conveyance
 Hath freed this noisome place from all annoyance:
 Now judge you, that the work mock, envy, taunt,
 Whose service in this place may make most vaunt:
 If us, or you to praise it were most meet,
 You that made sour, or us that made it sweet?*

BOOK I. EP. 46.

Against Lynus, a Writer that found fault with the
 Metamorphosis.

*Lynus, to give me a spiteful frump,
 Said that my writings savour'd of the pump;
 And that my muse, for want of matter, takes
 An argument to write of from the Jakes.
 Well, Lynus, speak each reader as he thinks,
 Though thou of sceptres wrot'st, and I of sinks;
 Yet some will say, comparing both together,
 My wit brings matter thence, thine matter thither.*

BOOK I. EP. 51.

Of Cloacina and Stercutius.

*The Romans, ever counted superstitious,
 Adored with high titles of divinity,
 Dame Cloacina and the lord Stercutius;
 Two persons in their state of great affinity:*

*But we, that scorn opinions so pernicious,
 Are taught by truth well try'd t' adore the Trinity;
 And whoso care of true religion takes,
 Will think such saints well shrined in A JAX.*

BOOK I. EP. 52.

To the Queen, when she was pacified and had sent
 Misacmos thanks for the Invention.

*A poet once of Trajan begg'd a lease
 (Trajan, terror of war, mirror of peace),
 And doubting how his writings were accepted,
 'Gainst which he heard some courtiers had excepted;
 He came to him, and with all due submission,
 Deliver'd this short verse with his petition:
 Dear Sovereign, if you like not of my writings,
 Grant this sweet cordial to a spirit daunted;
 But if you read and like my poor inditings,
 Then for reward let this small suit be granted.
 Of which short verse I find ensu'd such fruit,
 The poet of the prince obtain'd his suit.*

BOOK II. EP. 13.

Against Caius, that scorned his Metamorphosis.

*Last day thy mistress, Caius, being present,
 One happ'd to name, to purpose not unpleasant,
 The title of my misconceived book;
 At which you spit, as though you could not brook*

*So gross a word: but shall I tell the matter
 Why? If one names a Jax, your lips do water.
 There was the place of your first love and meeting;
 There first you gave your mistress such a greeting,
 As bred her scorn, your shame, and others laughter,
 And made her feel it twenty fortnights after:
 Then thank their wit that make the place so sweet,
 That for your Hymen you thought place so meet;
 But meet not maids at madam Cloacina,
 Lest they cry nine months after, help Lucina.*

BOOK III. EP. 29.

To his Friend of his Book Ajax.

*You muse to find in me such alteration,
 That I that maidenly to write was wont,
 Would now set to a book so desperate front,
 As I might scant defend by incitation;
 My muse that time did need a strong purgation,
 Late having ta'en some bruise by lewd reports;
 And when the physic wrought, you know the fashion
 Whereto a man in such a case resorts:
 And so my muse with good decorum spent,
 On that base titled book, her excrement.*

NIUNA CORROTTA MENTE INTESE MAI SANAMENTE PA-
ROLE; ET COSI' COME LE HONESTE A QUELLA NON GIO-
VANO, COSI' QUELLE, CHE TANTO HONESTE NON SONO,
LA BEN DISPOSTA NON POSSON CONTAMINARE, SE NON
COME IL LOTO I SOLARI RAGGI, O LE TERRENE BRUTTURE
LE BELLEZZE DEL CIELO.

Boccaccio, conclusione del Decamerone.

For the following Errata which have occurred by accidents at press, and for all others which may have escaped detection, the reader's indulgence is craved.

METAMORPHOSIS.

- Page 39, side note, bonu, *read* bonum.
— 43, l. 10, Campiano $\mu\alpha\varsigma\iota\xi$, — Campiano $\mu\alpha\varsigma\iota\xi$.
— 58, side note, causidicie, — causidice.
— 114, side note, hasse — asse.

ANATOMY.

Page 6, l. 22, scire, *read* scire.

APOLOGY.

Page 33, l. 12, sfilh, *read* fish.

THE PROLOGUE

ACT AND SCENE

CHARACTER

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter King, Queen, and Nobles

King: O, that I were a peasant as you are,
That I might share your simple joys,
And in your lowly state be blest,
Without the weight of crown and scepter.

Queen: O, that I were a peasant as you are,
That I might share your simple joys,
And in your lowly state be blest,
Without the weight of crown and scepter.

Nobles: O, that I were a peasant as you are,
That I might share your simple joys,
And in your lowly state be blest,
Without the weight of crown and scepter.

THE PROLOGUE

The following pages are intended to give
a general idea of the work, and to
show the scope and extent of the
investigation.

The first part of the work is devoted to
a description of the material, and to
a discussion of the methods used in
the investigation. The second part
contains a description of the results
obtained, and a discussion of their
significance. The third part is
devoted to a comparison of the
results with those obtained by other
workers in the field, and to a
discussion of the general principles
involved in the investigation.

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE READER OF THE

METAMORPHOSIS OF A JAX.

GREAT Captain **AJAX**, as is well known to the learned, and shall here be published for the unlearned, was a warrior of Greece, strong, heady, rash, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow; but neither wise, learned, staid, nor politic. Wherefore falling to debate with Ulysses, and receiving so foul a disgrace of him, to be called fool afore company, and being bound to the peace, that he might not fight with so great a counsellor, he could endure it no longer, but became a perfect malcontent; *viz.* his hat without a band, his hose without garters, his waist without a girdle, his boots

Ovid Metam.
Lib. 12.

without spurs, his purse without coin, his head without wit, and thus swearing he would kill and slay. First he killed all the horned beasts he met, which made Agamemnon and Menelaus now more afraid than Ulysses; whereupon he was banished the towns presently, and then he went to the woods and pastures, and imagining all the fat sheep he met, to be of kin to the coward Ulysses, because they ran away from him, he massacred a whole flock of sheep, not ewes. Last of all, having no body else to kill, poor man killed himself: what became of his body is unknown; some say that wolves and bears did eat it, and that makes them yet such enemies to sheep and cattle. But his blood, as testifieth *P. Ovidius* the excellent historiographer, was turned into a hyacinth, which is a very notable kind of grass or flower.

Liber supra
dicto.

Now there are many miracles to be marked in this Metamorphosis, to confirm the credit of the same: for in the grass itself remains such pride of this noble blood, that as the graziers have assured me of their credits (and some of them may be trusted for one hundred thousand pounds), the ruther beasts that eat too greedily

hereof will swell till they burst. The poor sheep still, for an old grudge, would eat him without salt (as they say); but if they do, they will soon after rot with it.

Salt recovers
banded sheep.

Further, I read that now of late years a French gentleman, son to one Monsieur Gargasier, and a young gentleman of an excellent spirit and towardness, as the reverent Rabbles (*quem honoris causa nomino*; that is, whom I should not name without save-reverence) writes in his first book, xiii. chap. But the story you shall find more at large in the xiv. book of his tenth decad. This young gentleman having taken some three or four score pills to purge melancholy, every one as big as a pome cittern, commanded his man to mow an half acre of grass, to use at the privy: and notwithstanding that the owners (to save their hay perhaps) sware to him it was of that ancient house of AJAX, and therefore reserved of purpose only for horses of the race of Bucephalus, or Rabycano, yet he would not be persuaded: but in further contempt of his name, used a phrase that he had learned at his being in the low countries, and bad *Skite upon Ajax*. But

Rabelais. Liv.
i. chap. 13.
Come Garga-
sier cognoit
l'esprit excel-
lent de Gar-
gantua a l'in-
vention d'un
torche cul.

Lib. Fictitius.

suddenly (whether it were the curse of the people, or the nature of the grass, I know not) he was stricken in his posteriors with St. Anthony's fire; and despairing of other help, he went on pilgrimage in hope of remedy hereof to Japana near China: where he met a French surgeon, in the university of Miaco, that cured him both of that and the verol, that he had before in his priorums, with the momio of a Grecian wench, that Ulysses buried in his travel upon the coast of the further Ethiopia: and so he came back again by *Restinga des ladrones*, through *St. Lazaro*; and crossing both the tropics, *Cancer* and *Capricorn*, he came by *Magellans*, swearing he found no straights there, but came from thence straight home. And so in twenty-four hour's sail, and two or three odd years beside, he accomplished his voyage; not forgetting to take fresh wine and water at *Capon de Bona Speranza*. Yet ere he could recover his health fully, he was fain to make divers vows (for now he was grown very religious with his long travel); among which, one was, that in remembrance of China, of all meats, he would honour the chine of beef most; another was,

that of all offices of the house, he should do honour to that house of office, where he had committed that scorn to AJAX; and that there he should never use any more such fine grass, but rather tear a leaf out of Holingshed's Chronicles, or some of the books that lie in the hall, than to commit such a sin against AJAX. Wherefore, immediately on his coming home, he built a sumptuous privy, and in the most conspicuous place thereof, namely, just over the door, he erected a statue of AJAX, with so grim a countenance, that the aspect of it being full of terror, was half as good as a suppositor: and further, to honour him, he changed the name of the house, and called it after the name of this noble captain of the greasy ones (the Grecians I should say), AJAX: though since, by ill pronounciation, and by a figure called *Cacophonia*, the accent is changed, and it is called a Jakes.

Further, when the funeral oration was ended, to do him all other compliments that appertained to his honour, they searched for his pedigree, and an excellent antiquary and a herald, by great fortune, found it out in an old

Hic desunt
non pauca de
sermone ath.
clerum.

church book, in the Austin Friars at Genoa.
And it was proclaimed on this fashion :

Thus far Ovid.

AJAX, son of Telamon.

Son of Æacus.

Son of Juppiter.

Thus much.
Lib. 6. S. Au.
de civitate
Dei.
Stercutius, the
god of dung.

Juppiter, *alias dictus* Picus.

Son of old Saturn,

Alias dictus Stercutius.

Which when it was made known unto the whole fraternity of the brethren, there was nothing but rejoicing and singing, unto their god *Sarcotheos*, a devout *Shaame*, in honour of this *Stercutius*, the great great grandfather of AJAX. Which sonnet hath a marvellous grace in their country, by means they do greatly affect these same *similiter desinentia*, every friar singing a verse, and a brother answering him in the tune following; amounting just to four and twenty, which is the mystical number of their order.

But, by the way, if any severe *Cato's* take exceptions, and any chaste *Lucretia's* take offence at the matter or music here following, let them pardon me, that sought but to keep

decorum, in speaking of a slovenly matter, and of slovenly men somewhat slovenly.

Vos vero viri eruditi si quæ hic scurriliter nimis dicta videbuntur, ignoscite, æquissimum enim est, ut quam voluptatem scelerati male faciendo capiant, eandem (quod fieri potest) male audiendo amittant. Videtis autem cuiusmodi farinæ homines taxare instituimus: non pios, doctos, sanctos, continentes, sed luxuriosos, hereticos, barbaros, impios. Quibus ego me per omnem vitam acerrimum hostem, ut et verum μισακμον semper profitebor. Nostris proverbium, Cretisandum cum Cretensibus, et certè hoc dignum est patella operculum. Nam similes Such lips, such lettuce.
habere debent labra lactucas.

tu qui dans, O tu qui dans, o-ra-cu-la,
 o-ra-cu--la, scindis cotem no--va-cu-la, cu-
 la, da nos-tra ut ta-ber-na-cu-la, lin-gua
 ca-nant ver-na-cu-la, cu-la, lin-gua ca-nant
 ver-na-cu-la, cu-la.

tu qui dans, O tu qui dans, o-ra-cu-
 la, o-ra-cu-la scin-dis cotem no-va-cu-la, cu-
 la, da nos-tra ut ta-ber-na-cu-la, cu-la, ut ta-
 berna---cu-la, lin-gua ca-nant ver-na-cu-la,
 cu-la, cu-la, lin-gua ca-nant verna-----cu-la.

1. *O tu qui dans oracula.*
2. *Scindis cotem novacula.*
3. *Da nostra ut tabernacula.*
4. *Lingua canant vernacula.*
5. *Opima post jentacula.*
6. *Hujusmodi miracula.*
7. *Sit semper plenum poculum.*
8. *Habentes plenum loculum.*
9. *Tu serva nos ut specula.*
10. *Per longa et læta sæcula.*
11. *Ut clerus et plebecula.*
12. *Nec nocte nec diecula.*
13. *Curent de ulla recula.*
14. *Sed intuentes specula.*
15. *Dura vitemus spicula.*
16. *Jacentes cum amicula.*
17. *Quæ garrit ut cornicula.*
18. *Seu tristis seu ridicula.*
19. *Tum porrigamus oscula.*
20. *Tum colligamus floscula.*
21. *Ornemus ut cænaculum.*
22. *Et totum habitaculum.*
23. *Tum culi post spiraculum.*
24. *Spectemus hoc spectaculum.*

Then, suitable to this hymn, they had a dirge for AJAX, with a prayer to all their chief saints whose names begin with A.

Sauntus Ablabius.

Sauntus Acachius.

Sauntus Arrius.

Sauntus Acrius.

Sauntus Aetius.

Sauntus Alnaricus.

Saunti Adiaphoristæ.

Saunti 11000 Anabaptistæ.

Et tu Sauntiss. Atheos.

Ora. pro
AJAX.

And so ended the black *Sauntus*.

Some of these denied the godhead of Christ with Arrius, some the authority of bishops, as Acrius, which you may see in *Prateolo de vita hæreticorum*. Almaricus denied the resurrection of the body, which is an heresy that mars all, as St. Paul saith, 1 Cor. xv. 14. That then our faith were vain.

By all which you may see, that it is but lack of learning, that makes some fellows seek out

stale English etymologies of this renowned name of A JAX. One imagined it was called so of black jacks, because they look so slovenly, that a mad Frenchman wrote, we did carry our drink in our boots: but that is but a bald etymology, and I will never agree that Jack, though he were never so black, should be thus slandered. But if you stand so much upon your English, and will not admit our Greek and our Roman tongue, you shall see I will cast about, to have one in English for you.

First then, you have heard the old proverb, "age breeds aches;" now you must imagine, that an old man, almost fourscore years old, and come to the psalm of David, *Labour and dolour*, being somewhat costive, at the house groaned so pitifully, that they thought he had been sick: whereupon one ran to him to hold his head, and asked him what he ailed: He told them he ailed nothing, but only according to the proverb, he complained, that age breeds aches; and minding to speak it shorter, by the figure of abbreviation, or perhaps by the rule, *Quod potest fieri per pauciora, non debet fieri per plura* (I pray you pardon me for being

again in my Latin); oh, saith he, masters make much of youth, for I tell you, age akes, age akes. I feel it, age akes. Upon which pathetic speech of his, delivered in that place, the younger men that bare him special reverence, termed the place age akes: which agrees fully in pronunciation, though it may be since, some ill orthographers have miswritten it, and so now it passeth current to be spoken and written A JAX. And because, as the saying is, *loquendum cum vulgo*, we must now take him as we find him, with all his faults.

But yet for reformation of as many as we can, and specially of one fault he is much subject unto, you must remember that this A JAX was always so strong a man, that his strength being an inseparable accident to him, doth now only remain in his breath, and that in diverse extremities, and contrary fashions. Sometime, with the heat of his breath, he will be ready to overcome a strong man; another time, he will take a weak man at the vantage, and strike him behind with such a cold, that he shall be the worse for it a month after. Now many have wrestled with him, to seek to stop his breath,

and never maim him, but he makes them glad to stop their noses; and that indeed is some remedy, for such whose throats have a better swallow, than their heads have capacity. As some men that are forced at sea to drink stinking puddle water, do wink and close their nostrils, that they may not offend three senses at once.

Now again, some arm themselves against A JAX with perfumes, but that methinks doubles the grief, to imagine what a good smell this were, if the other were away: as he that should have had ten thousand pounds with an ugly Mopsa, said, not without a great sigh, Oh, what a match were this were the woman away! But the device that shall be hereafter discovered, will so confound this gentleman with the strong breath, that save we carry about us some traitors, that are ready to take his part, he should never be able so much as to blow upon you. Yet I would have the favourable readers (of what sort soever) thus far satisfied, that I took not this quarrel upon me voluntarily, but rather in mine own defence: and standing upon the *punctilio* of honour, having been challenged, as you may partly see in the letter

precedent, by one, as it seems, of the Captain's own countrymen: for his name is *Philostilpnos*, which I thought at first was a word to conjure a spirit, till at last, a fellow of mine of Cambridge, told me the *Philo* was Greek, and that he would say in English, that he loveth cleanliness. Now I being bound by the duello, having accepted the challenge, to seek no advantage, but even to deal with him at his own weapon, entered the lists with him, and fighting after the old English manner without the stockados (for to foin or strike below the girdle, we counted it base and too cowardly), after half a score downright blows, we grew to be friends, and I was content to subscribe, Yours, &c. And to the end I may answer him in the same language, I am called *Misacmos*, which is cousin and ally to his name, and it signifieth a hater of filthiness; and to all such as are of kin to either of our names or conditions, we commend this discourse ensuing.

Ad Zoilum et Momum.

Cease, masters, any more
 To grudge, chafe, pine, and fret;
 Lo stuff for you good store,
 To gnaw, chew, bite, and eat.

A
SHORT ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE
AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THE discourse ensuing is divided into three parts or sections (as it were breathing places), lest it may seem confused, or too tedious to be read all at once.

1. The first justifies the use of the homeliest words.
 2. The second proves the matter not to be contemptible.
 3. The third shows the form, and how it may be reformed.
-
1. The first begins gravely, and ends lightly.
 2. The second begins pleasantly, and ends soberly.
 3. The third is mixed, both seriously and merrily.

1. I would pray you to weigh the grave authorities reverently; for they are true and authentic.
 2. I would wish you to regard the pleasant histories respectively; for they be honest and commendable.
 3. I would advise you to use the merry matters modestly; for so they may be faultless and harmless.
-
1. If you mean not to read it, then dispraise it not; for that would be counted folly.
 2. Till you have fully read it, censure it not; for that may be deemed rashness.
 3. When you have read it, say both of us have lost more time than this in our days; and that perhaps would be judged the right.

THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

THERE was a very tall and serviceable gentleman, sometime lieutenant of the ordnance, called *M. Jaques Wingfield*; who coming one day, either of business or of kindness, to visit a great lady in the court, the lady bade her gentlewoman ask, which of the *Wingfields* it was; he told her *Jaques Wingfield*: the modest gentlewoman, that was not so well seen in the French, to know that *Jaques* was but *James* in English, was so bashful, that to mend the matter (as she thought), she brought her lady word, not without blushing, that it was *M. Privy Wingfield*; at which, I suppose the lady then, I am sure the gentleman after, as long as he lived, was wont to make great sport.

I fear the homely title prefixed to this treatise

(how warlike a sound soever it hath) may breed a worse offence, in some of the finer sort of readers, who may upon much more just occasion condemn it, as a noisome and unsavory discourse: because without any error of equivocation, I mean indeed to write of the same that the word signifies. But if it might please them a little better to consider, how the place we treat of (how homely soever) is visited by themselves once at least in four and twenty hours, if their digestion be good, and their constitution sound; then I hope they will do me their favour, and themselves that right, not to reject a matter teaching their own ease and cleanliness, for the homeliness of the name; and consequently, they will excuse all broad phrases of speech, incident to such a matter, with the old English proverb that ends thus, *For lords and ladies do the same.* I know that the wiser sort of men will consider, and I wish that the ignorant sort would learn, how it is not the baseness or homeliness, either of words or matters, that make them foul and obscene; but their base minds, filthy conceits, or lewd intents that handle them. He that would scorn

a physician, because for our infirmities sake, he refuseth not sometime the noisome view of our loathsome excrements, were worthy to have no help by physic, and should break his divine precept that saith, honour the physician: for necessities sake God hath ordained him. And he that would honour the makers of *aposticchios*, or *rebatoes*, because creatures much honoured use to wear them, might be thought perhaps full of courtesy, but void of wit.

Surely, if we would enter into a sober and sad consideration of our estates, even of the happiest sort of us, as men of the world esteem us, whether we be noble, or rich, or learned, or beautiful, or healthy, or all these (which seldom happeneth) joined together, we shall observe, that the joys we enjoy in this world consist rather *in indolentia* (as they call it), which is an avoiding of grievances and inconveniences, than in possessing any passing great pleasures; so durable are the harms that our first parents fall hath laid on us, and so poor the helps that we have in ourselves: finally, so short and momentary the contentments that we fish for, in this ocean of miseries, which

either we miss (fishing before the net, as the proverb is), or if we catch them, they prove but like eels, sleight and slippery. The chiefest of all our sensual pleasures, I mean that which some call the sweet sin of lechery, though God knows it hath much sour sauce to it, for which notwithstanding many hazard both their fame, their fortune, their friends, yea their souls, which makes them so oft break the first commandment, that when they hear it read at Church, they leave the words of the Communion book, and say, *Lord have mercy upon us, it grieves our hearts to keep this law.* And when the commination is read on Ash-Wednesday, wherein is read, *Cursed be he that lieth with his neighbour's wife,* and let all the people say, *Amen:* these people either say nothing, or as a neighbour of mine said, *he hem:* I say this surpassing pleasure, that is so much in request, and counted such a principal solace, I have heard confessed before a most honourable person, by a man of middle age, strong constitution, and well practised in this occupation, to have bred no more delectation to him (after the first heat of his youth was past) then to go to a good

Some say
amend; and
so done, were
very well said.

easy close-stool, when he hath had a lust thereto (for that was his very phrase). Which being confessed by him, and confirmed by many, makes me take this advantage thereof in the beginning of this discourse, to prefer this house I mind to speak of, before those which they so much frequent: neither let any disdain the comparison. For I remember, how not long since, a grave and godly lady, and grandmother to all my wife's children, did in their hearings, and for their better instruction, tell them a story, which though I will not swear it was true, yet I did wish the auditory would believe it, namely, how an Hermit being carried in an evening, by the conduct of an Angel, through a great city, to contemplate the great wickedness daily and hourly wrought therein, met in the street a gong-farmer with his cart full laden, no man envying his full measure. The poor Hermit, as other men did, stopped his nostrils, and betook him to the other side of the street, hastening from the sour carriage all he could; but the Angel kept on his way, seeming no whit offended with the savour. At which, while the Hermit marvelled, there came

Ajak's house preferred before a bawdy house.

The Lady Rogers; called, in her young days, the fair nun of Cannington.

not long after by them, a woman gorgeously attired, well perfumed, well attended with coaches and torches, to convey her perhaps to some noblemans chamber. The good Hermit somewhat revived with the fair sight and sweet savour, began to stand at the gaze. On the other side, the good Angel now stopped his nose, and both hastened himself away, and beckoned his companion from the place: at which the Hermit more marvelling than before, he was told by the Angel, that this fine courtesan laden with sin, was a more stinking savour afore God and his holy angels, than that beastly cart, laden with excrements. I will not spend time to allegorize this story, only I will wish all the readers may find as sure a way to cleanse and keep sweet the noblest part of themselves, that is, their souls, as I shall show them a plain and easy way to keep sweet the basest part of their houses, that is, their sinks. But to the intent I may bind myself to some certain method, I will first awhile continue as I have partly begun, to defend by most authentical authorities and examples, the use of these homely words in so necessary matters. Se-

condly, concerning the matter itself, I will show how great an extraordinary care hath been had in all ages, for the good ordering of the same. Lastly, for the form, I will set down the cheapest, perfectest, and most infallible, for avoiding all the inconveniences the matter is subject to, that hitherto (if I and many more be not much deceived) was ever found out.

When I was a truantly scholar in the noble university of Cambridge, though I hope I had as good a conscience as other of my fellows, to take but a little learning for my money, yet I can remember, how a very learned and reverend divine held this question in the schools, *Scripturæ stilus non est barbarus*; The style or phrase of the Scripture is not barbarous. Against whom one replied with this argument:

*That which is obscene, may be called barbarous.
But the Scripture is in many places obscenous:
Therefore the Scripture may be called barbarous.*

To which syllogism was truly answered (as I now remember, denying the *minor*), that though such phrases to us seem obscene, and are so

when they are used to ribaldry, or lasciviousness; yet in the Scripture they are not only void of incivility, but full of sanctity: that the prophets do in no place more effectually, more earnestly, nor more properly beat down our pride and vanity, and open to our eyes the filthiness and horror of our sins, than by such kind of phrases; of which they recited that, where it is said, that the sins of the people were, *quasi pannus menstruatæ universæ justitiæ nostræ*, that a common or strange woman (for so the Scripture covertly termeth a harlot), hath her quiver open for every arrow; that an old lecherous man, is like a horse that neigheth after every mare, &c.: to which I could add many more, if I affected copiousness in this kind; some in broad speeches, some in covert terms, expressing mens shame, mens sins, mens necessities. *Quinque aureos, anos facietis pro quinque satrapis*: which our English of Geneva translates very modestly. Ye shall make five golden emeralds for five noblemen or princes. Which word I am sure, many of the simple hearers and readers, take for a precious stone of the Indians, set in gold; and so

Isaiaë, lxiv. 6.

Regum. Lib. i.
cap. 6. v. 4.

they shall still take it for me; for that ignorance may perhaps do them less hurt in this matter, then further knowledge; but yet what a special Scripture that is to God's glory and their shame, appears by David's prophecy in the 77th Psalm; where he saith, *Percussit inimicos suos in posteriora, opprobrium sempiternum dedit illis*; He smote his enemies in the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual shame. In remembrance whereof, in some solemn liturgies until this day, the same chapter of *Aureos anos* is read.

What should I speak of the great league between God and man, made in circumcision? impressing a painful *stigma* or character in God's peculiar people; though now most happily taken away in the holy Sacrament of baptism. What the word signified, I have known reverent and learned men have been ignorant: and we call it, very well, circumcision and uncircumcision; though the Rhemists (of purpose belike to vary from Geneva) will needs bring in *prepuse*: which word was after admitted into the theatre with great applause, by the mouth of master Tarlton the excellent

comedian; when many of the beholders, that were never circumcised, had as great cause as Tarlton to complain of their prepuse. But to come soberly, and more nearly to our present purpose; in the Old Testament, the phrase is much used of covering the feet; and in the New Testament, he that healeth and helpeth all our infirmities, useth the word *draught*; that that goeth into the man, is digested in the stomach, and cast out into the draught. Lastly, the blessed apostle St. Paul, being rapt in contemplation of divine blissfulness, compares all the chief felicities of the earth, esteeming them (to use his own word) as *stercora*, most filthy dung, in regard of the joys he hoped for. In imitation of which zealous vehemency, some other writers have affected to use such phrase of speech, but with as ill success as the ass that leaped on his master at his coming home, because he saw a little spaniel, that had so done, much made of: for indeed, these be counted but foul-mouthed beasts for their labours.

But to conclude these holy authorities, worthy to be alledged in most reverent and

serious manner, and yet here also I hope without offence: let us come now to the ridiculous rather than religious customs of the pagans, and see, if this contemptible matter I treat of, were despised among them; nay, rather observe, if it were not respected with a reverence, with an honour, with a religion, with a duty, yea with a deity, and no marvel: for they that had gods and goddesses, for all the necessaries of our life, from our cradles to our graves; *viz.* 1. for sucking, 2. for swathing, 3. for eating, 4. for drinking, 5. for sleeping, 6. for husbandry, 7. for venery, 8. for fighting, 9. for physic, 10. for marriage, 11. for childbed, 12. for fire, 13. for water, 14. for the thresholds, 15. for the chimneys: the names of which I do set down by themselves, to satisfy those that are curious; 1. *Lacturtia*, 2. *Cunina*, 3. *Edulcia*, 4. *Potina*, 5. *Morpheus*, 6. *Pan*, 7. *Priapus*, 8. *Bellona*, 9. *Æsculapius*, 10. *Hymen*, 11. *Lucina and Vagitanus*, 12. *Æther*, 13. *Salacia*, 14. *Lares*, 15. *Penates*. I say, you must not think they would commit such an oversight, to omit such a necessary, as almost in all languages hath the name of

necessity, or ease: wherefore they had both a god and a goddess, that had the charge of the whole business: the god was called *Stercutius*, as they write, because he found so good an employment for all manner of dung, as to lay it upon the land: or perhaps it was he that first found the excellent mystery of the kind setting of a parsnip (which I will not here discover, because I heard of a truth, that a great lady that loved parsnips very well, after she had heard how they grew, could never abide them); and I would be loath to cause any to fall out of love with so good a dish. Nevertheless (except they will have better bread than is made of wheat), they must (how fine soever they be) give *M. Stercutius* leave to make the land able to bear wheat. But the goddess was much more especially, and properly assigned for this business, whose name was *Dea Cloacina*; her statue was erected by *Titus Tatius*, he that reigned with *Romulus*, in a goodly large house of office (a fit shrine for such a saint), which *Lodovicus Vives* cites out of *Lactantius*.

But he that will more particularly inform himself of the original of all these petty gods

and goddesses, as also of the greater, which they distinguish by the name of *Dij consentes*, which are, according to old *Ennius'* verse, divided into two ranks of lords and ladies.

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceresque, Diana, Venus.

Mars, Mercurius, Neptunus, Jovis, Vulcanus, Apollo.

These gods were of the privy council to Juppiter. Chap. xxiii. book 4.

Of all which, St. Augustine writes most divinely to overthrow their divinity; and therefore I refer the learned and studious reader to his fourth and sixth books *de Civitate Dei*; where the original and vanity of all these gods and goddesses is more largely discoursed: with a pretty quip to *Seneca* the great philosopher; who being in heart half a Christian, as was thought, yet, because he was a senator of Rome, was fain (as St. Augustine saith) to follow that he found fault with, to do that he disliked, to adore that he detested. But come we to my stately dame *Cloacina*, and her lord *Stercutius*; though these were not of the higher house called *Consentes*, yet I hope for their antiquity, they may make great comparison; for he is said to have been old *Saturn*, father to *Picus* that was called *Juppiter*; and *Cloacina* was long before *Priapus*, and so long before *Felicity*,

St. Augustine. Book vi. chap. 10.

that St. Augustine writes merrily, that he thinks verily, *Felicity* forsook the Romans for disdain that *Cloacina* and *Priapus* were deified so long before her; adding, *Imperium Romanorum propterea grandius, quam felicius fuit*. The Roman empire therefore was rather great than happy. But howsoever lady *Felicity* disdains her, no question but madam *Cloacina* was always a very good fellow: for it is a token of special kindness to this day, among the best men in France, to reduce a syllogism in *Bocardo* together: insomuch, as I have heard it seriously told, that a great magnifico of Venice, being ambassador in France, and hearing a noble person was come to speak with him, made him stay till he had untied his points; and when he was new set on his stool, sent for the nobleman to come to him at that time, as a very special favour. And for other good fellowships, I doubt not but from the beginning it hath often happened, that some of the nymphs of this gentle goddess have met so luckily with some of her devout chaplains, in her chapels of ease, and paid their privy tithes so duly, and done their service together with such

devotion, that for reward she hath preferred them within forty weeks after to *Juno Lucina*, and so to *Vagitana*, *Lacturtia*, and *Cunina*; for even to this day such places continue very fortunate. And, whereas I named devotion, I would not have you think, how homely soever the place is, that all devotion is excluded from it; for I happening to demand of a dear friend of mine, concerning a great companion of his, whether he were religious or no, and namely, if he used to pray: he told me, that to his remembrance he never heard him ask any thing of God, nor thank God for any thing, except it were at a Jakes, he heard him say, he thanked God, he had had a good stool. Thus you see a good stool might move as great devotion in some men, as a bad sermon; and sure it suits very well, that *Quorum Deus est venter, eorum templum sit cloaca*. He that makes his belly his god, I would have him make a Jakes his chapel: but he that would indeed call to mind how *Arrius*, that notable and famous, or rather infamous heretic, came to his miserable end upon a Jakes, might take just occasion even at that homely business to have godly

thoughts, rather than as some have, wanton, or most have, idle. To which purpose, I remember in my rhyming days, I wrote a short elegy upon a homely emblem; which, both verse and emblem, they have set up in *Cloacina's* chapel, at my house, very solemnly. And I am the willinger to impart it to my friends, because I protest to you truly, a sober gentleman protested to me seriously, that the conceit of the picture and the verse was an occasion to put honest and good thoughts into his mind. And Plutarch defends with many reasons, in his book called *Symposeons*, that where the matters themselves often are unpleasant to behold, their counterfeits are seen not without delectation.

Lib. v.
quest. 1.



*A godly father, sitting on a draught,
To do as need and nature hath us taught,*

D

*Mumbled (as was his manner) certain prayers,
 And unto him the devil straight repairs!
 And boldly to revile him he begins,
 Alleging that such prayers are deadly sins;
 And that he show'd he was devoid of grace,
 To speak to God from so unmeet a place.
 The reverent man, though at the first dismay'd,
 Yet strong in faith, to Satan thus he said:
 Thou damned spirit, wicked, false and lying,
 Despairing thine own good, and ours envying;
 Each take his due, and me thou canst not hurt,
 To God my prayer I meant, to thee the dirt.
 Pure prayer ascends to him that high doth sit,
 Down falls the filth, for fiends of hell more fit.*

Wherefore, though I grant many places and times are much fitter for true devotion, yet I dare take it upon me, that if we would give the devil no kinder entertainment in his other suggestions, than this father gave him in his causeless reproof (for he gave it him in his teeth, take it how he would); I say we should not be so easily overthrown with his assaults, as daily we are, for lack of due resistance. But come we now to more particular, and not so serious, matter. Have not many men of right good conceit, served themselves with divers pretty emblems of this excremental matter; as that in Alciat, to shew

For want of
 the good take
 heed.

that base fellows oft-times swim in the stream of good fortune, as well as the worthiest?

Nos quoque poma notamus.

Poma signifies horse-dung, as well as apples.

Or as the old proverb, as well as emblem, that doth admonish men not to contend with base and ignominious persons :

*Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum stercore certo
Vincor ceu vincor, semper ego maculor.*

*I know if I contend with dirty foes,
I must be foil'd, whether I win or lose.*

Which emblem had almost hindered me the writing of this present discourse, save that a good friend of mine told me, that this is a fancy, and not a fight; and that if it should grow to a fight, he assured me I had found so excellent a ward against his chief dart, which is his strong breath, that I were like to quit my hands in the fray as well as any man. But to proceed in these rare emblems: who hath not read or heard of the picture made in Germany, at the first rising of Luther? where to shew, as it were by an emblem, with what dross and draffe the Pope and his partners fed the people, they caused him to be portrayed in his pontificalibus riding on a great sow, and holding before her taster a dirty pudding: which

dirty devise, Sleidan the historian, very justly and gravely, both reports and reproves; yet it served a turn for the time, and made great sport to the people. But when this May-game was done, an hundred thousand of them came home by weeping-cross; so as the poor sow was not only sold by the ears, but sold by a drum, or slain by the sword. Yet the Flanders cow had more wit than the German sow: for she was made after another sort; *viz.* the mirror of princes feeding her, the terror of princes spurring her, the Prince of Orange milking her; or after some such fashion, for I may fail in the particulars; but the conclusion was, that Monsieur d'Allanson (who indeed with most noble endeavour, though not with so happy success, attempted them) would have pulled her back by the tail, and she defiled his fingers. And thus much for emblems. Now for poesy (though emblems also are a kind of poesy), I rather doubt that the often usage of such words will make the poets be condemned, than that the poets authorities will make the words be allowed: but if their example can give any countenance to them, they shall want none.

It is certain, that of all poems the epigram is the wittiest; and of all that write epigrams, Martial is counted the pleasantest. He, in his 38th epigram of his first book, hath a distichon that is very pliable to my purpose: of one that was so stately, that her close-stool was of gold, but her drinking-cup of glass:

Ventris onus puro, nec te pudet excipis auro: Lib. i. ep. 33
Sed bibis in vitro, charius ergo cacas.

And in the same book, to a gentlewoman that had a pleasure to have her dog lick her lips, as many do now a days:

Os et labra, tibi lingit Manneia, Catellus: Lib. i. ep. 84.
Non miror, merdas si libet esse cani.
The dog still licks thy lips, but 'tis no hurt;
I marvel not, to see a dog eat dirt.

Further, in his third book, he mocks one of his fellow poets, that drove away all good company with his verses; every man thought it such a penance to hear them.

Nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores? Lib. iii. ep. 44.
Et stanti legis, et legis sedenti:
Currenti legis, et legis cacanti,
In Thermas fugio: sonas ad aurem, &c.
Alas my head with thy long readings aches,
Standing or sitting, thou readest every where.
If I would walk, if I would go t' AJAX:
If to the bath, thou still art in mine ear.

Where, by the way, you may note that the French courtesy I spake of before, came from the Romans; since, in Martial's time, they shunned not one the others company at Monsieur AJAX. But now it may be, some man will say, that these wanton and ribald phrases were pleasing to those times of licentiousness and paganism that knew not Christ; but now they are abhorred and detested, and quite out of request. I would to God, with all my heart, he lied not that so said; and that indeed religion could root out, as it should do, all such wanton and vain toys (if they be all wanton and vain); yet I am sure, that even in this age, and in this realm, men of worth and wit have used the words and phrases, in as homely sort as Martial; some in light, some in serious matter. Among Sir Thomas More's epigrams, that fly over all Europe for their wit and conceit, the very last (to make a sweet conclusion) is this:

*Sectile ne tetros porrum tibi spiret odores,
 Protinus a porro fac mihi cepe vores.
 Denuo factorem si vis depellere cepe:
 Hoc facile efficient allia mansa tibi;
 Spiritus at si post etiam gravis, allia restat,
 Aut nihil, aut tantum, tollere merda potest.*

Which, for their sakes that love garlic, I have taken some pains with, though it went against my stomach once or twice.

*If leeks you leek, but do their smell disleek,
Eat onions, and you shall not smell the leek:
If you of onions would the scent expel,
Eat garlic, that shall drown the onions smell:
But against garlicks savour, at one word,
I know but one receipt, what's that? go look.*

Nay fie, will you name it, and read it to ladies: thus you make them blame me that meant no less. But to come again to pleasant Sir Thomas; he hath another epigram, that though this was but a sour one, I durst as lieve be his half at this, as at that, and it is about a medicine for the colic.

*Te crepitus perdit nimium, si ventre retentes,
Te propere emissus servat item crepitus:
Si crepitus servare potest, et perdere, nunquid
Terrificis crepitus regibus æqua potest?*

Thus ill-favouredly in English; for I will tell you true, my muse was afraid to translate this epigram, and she brought me out three or four sayings against it, both in Latin and English; and two or three shrewd examples, both of this last poet who died not of the colic, and

*Non est bonu
ludere cum
sanctis.*

*It is good to
play with your
fellows.*

*An nescis lon-
gas regibus
esse manus.
He was be-
headed.*

of one Collingborne that was hanged for a distichon of a cat, a rat, and a dog. Yet I opposed *Murus aheneus esto nil conscire sibi*, and so with much ado she came out with it.

*To break a little wind, sometime one's life doth save,
For want of vent behind, some folk their ruin have.
A power it hath therefore, of life and death express:
A king can cause no more, a crack doth do no less.*

Two apoph-
thegms of Sir
Thomas More.

And when she had made it in this sorry fashion, she bade me wish my friends, that no man should follow Sir Thomas More's humour, to write such epigrams as he wrote, except he had the spirit to speak two such apophthegms as he spake; of which the last seems to fall fit into our text. The first was, when the king sent to him to know if he had changed his mind; he answered, yea: the king sent straight a counsellor to him to take his subscription to the six articles. Oh, said he, I have not changed my mind in that matter, but only in this; I thought to have sent for a barber, to have been shaved ere I had died; but now, if it please the king, he shall cut off head, and beard, and all together. But the other was milder and prettier; for after this, one coming

to him as of good will, to tell him he must prepare him to die, for he could not live: he called for his urinal, and having made water in it, he cast it and viewed it (as physicians do) a pretty while; at last he sware soberly, that he saw nothing in that mans water, but that he might live, if it pleased the king. A pretty saying, both to note his own innocency, and move the prince to mercy. And it is like, if this tale had been as friendly told the king, as the other perhaps was unfriendly enforced against him, sure the king had pardoned him. But alas! what cared he, or (to say the truth) what need he care, that cared not for death? But to step back to my teshe (though every place I step to yields me sweeter discourse); what think you by Haywood, that escaped hanging with his mirth? The king being graciously and (as I think) truly persuaded that a man that wrote so pleasant and harmless verses, could not have any harmful conceit against his proceedings; and so by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chamber, saved him from the jerk of the six stringed whip. This Haywood, for his proverbs and epigrams, is not yet

M. Davies.

put down by any of our country, though one doth indeed come near him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down. But both of them have made sport with as homely words as ours be; one, of a gentlewomans glove, save that without his consent it is no good manners to publish it; but old Haywood saith :

*Except wind stand, as never wind stood,
It is an ill wind blows no man good.*

And another not unpleasant, one that I cannot omit.

*By word without writing one let out a farm,
The lessee most lewdly the rent did retain,
Whereby the lessor wanting writing had harm :
Wherefore he vow'd, while life did remain,
Without writing never to let thing again.
Husband, quoth the wife, that oath again revert,
Else without writing you cannot let a crack.
God thank thee, sweet wife, quoth he, from my heart.
And so on the lips did her lovingly smack.*

Such a thing it was; but not having the book here, and my memory being no better than I would have it, I have stumbled on it as well as I can. But now to strike this matter dead with a sound authority indeed, and in so serious a matter, as under heaven is no weightier, to

such a person, as in the world is no worthier,
 from such a scholar, as in Oxford was no
 learned, mark what a verse here is in an
 eucharistical and parenetical verse. He saith:

Italici Augæi stabulum fædamque cloacam,
A te purgari Romanaque σκυζαλα tolli.

If he had said *stercora*, I could guess well
 enough what it had meant, but that the Greek
 hath in some ears a better emphasis. Thus
 writes their great Campiano *μασιξ* that con-
 founds all the *Puritano Papistas*; and yet to
 say truly, I make no great boast of his authority
 to my text. If I had alleged him in divinity,
 I would have stood lustily to it, and said
αυτος εφα, but for verses in praise of his mistress,
 there be twenty of us may set him to school:
 for be it spoken, without disgrace or dispraise
 to his poetry, such a metaphor had been fitter
 for a plain dame abhorring all princely pomp,
 and not refusing to wear russet coats, than for
 the magnificent majesty of a maiden monarch.
 Believe me, I would fain have made him speak
 good rhyme in English; but (as I am a true
Misacmos) I beat my brains about it, the space
 that one may go with the tide from London

M. Rainolds
 much more
 seemly useth
 the metaphor,
 Lib. i. chap. 8.
 p. 290.
 Jesuitæ fimum
 in ipsius caput
 retorquere.

μισακμος.

Bridge, down where the priest fell in upon the maid, and from thence almost to Wapping, yet I could not couch it into a cleanly distichon. But yet, because I know mistress *Philostilpnos* will have a great mind to know what it means, I will tell her by some handsome circumlocution. His meaning is, that a lady of ladies, did for zeal to the Lord of lords, take the like pains to purge some popish abuses, as the great giantly Hercules did for Augeus. Now what manner of work that was, in the process of this discourse, one way or other, you shall see me bring it in; though yet I know not where will be the fittest place for it: here yet you see by the way I have told, the mans meaning reasonable mannerly; yet still methink I can say of his metaphor,

*That still (methink) he us'd a phrase as pliant,
That said, his mistress was for wit a giant.*

But I pray you let me go back again to merry Martial: for I should have one more of his, if I have not lost it. *Ad Phæbum.* Oh, here I have it.

*Utere lactucis et mollibus utere malvis,
Nam faciem, duram, Phæbe, cacantis habes.*

He advises him to take somewhat to make him soluble; for his face looked as if he were asking, who should be M. Mayor the next year. But I think this jest was borrowed of Vespasian's fool, or else the fool borrowed it of him; but the jest is worthy to be received into this discourse. This fool had jested somewhat at all the board, and Vespasian himself: and belike he thought it was ill playing with edge tools and emperors; but Vespasian commanded him, and promised him frank pardon, to break a good jest upon him. Well, sir (then said the fool), I will but tarry till you have done your business; whereby he quipped the Emperor's ill feature of face, that even when he was merriest, looked as if he had been wringing hard on a close-stool. But let us seek some better authorities than epigrams and jesters: sure I am I shall find in history, which is called *nuncia vetustatis, vita memoriæ*, the reporter of antiquities, the life of memory, many phrases expressing the same action, and not thinking their style any whit abased thereby. He that writes the first book of Samuel, tells that David did cut off the lap of Saul's coat, and

Lib. iii. ep. 68.

1. Sam. 24.
Spelunca quam
ingressus est.
Saul ut purga-
ret ventrem.

Suetonius.

leaves not to tell what Saul was then doing. The writer of Bassianus' life, tells how he was not only privily murdered, but murdered at the privy. Heliogabulus' body was thrown into a Jakes, as writeth Suetonius. Lastly, the best, and the best written part of all our chronicles, in all mens opinions, is that of Richard the Third, written as I have heard by Moorton; but as most suppose, by that worthy and uncorrupt magistrate, Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England; where it is written, how the king was devising with Terril, how to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added he was then sitting on a draught (a fit carpet for such a counsel). But to leave these tragical matters, and come to comical; look into your sports of hawking and hunting: of which noble recreations, the noble Sir Philip Sidney was wont to say, that next hunting, he liked hawking worst: but the falconers and hunters would be even with him, and say, that these bookish fellows, such as he, could judge of no sports but within the verge of the fair fields of *Helicon*, *Pindus*, and *Parnassus*. Now I would ask you, sir, lest you

should think I never read Sir Tristram: Do you not sometime (beside the fine phrase, or rather metaphor, of inewing a woodcock) talk both of putting a heron to the mount, and then of his slicing? tell of springing a pheasant and a partridge, and find them out by their dropping? Do you not further, to judge of your hawks health, look on her casting? If it be black at one end, and the rest yellow, you fear she hath the philanders: if it be all black, you shall see and smell she is not sound. Lastly, you have a special regard to observe, if she make a clean mute. Moreover for hunting, when you have harboured a stag, or lodged a buck, doth not the keeper before he come to rouse him from his lodging (not without some ceremony), shew you his femishing, that thereby you may judge if he be a seasonable deer? And soon after follows the melodious cry of the hounds, which the good lady could not hear because the dogs kept such a barking. And when all this is done, and you are rehearsing at dinner what great sport you have had, in the midst of your sweet meats, in comes Melampus or Ringwood, that sang the base

that morning, and in the return home lighted upon some powdered vermin, and lays a chase under the table that makes all as sweet as any sugar-carrion; and all this you willingly bear with, because it is your pastime. Thus you must needs confess it is more than manifest, that without reproof of ribaldry or scurrility, writings, both holy and profane, emblems, epigrams, histories, and ordinary and familiar communication, admit the use of the words with all their appurtenances: in citing examples whereof I have been the more copious, because of this captious time; so ready to backbite every mans work, and I would forewarn men not to bite here, lest they bite an unsavoury morsel. But here methink it were good to make a pause, and (as it were at a long dinner) to take away the first course, which commonly is of the coarsest meat, as powdered beef and mustard; or rather (to compare it fitter) fresh beef and garlic, for that hath three properties more suiting to this discourse: *viz.* to make a man wink, drink, and stink. Now for your second course, I could wish I had some larks and quails, but you must have such

as the market I come from will afford; always remembered, that our retiring place, or place of *rendezvous* (as is expedient when men have filled their bellies), must be Monsieur AJAX, for I must still keep me to my teshe: wherefore, as I say, here I will make the first stop; and if you mislike not the fare thus far, I will
make the second course
make you some
amends.

(* *)

THE
SECOND SECTION;

Proving the Matter not to be contemptible.

IT hath been in the former part hereof sufficiently proved, that there is no obscenity or barbarism in words concerning our necessities: but now for the place where these necessities are to be done; perhaps some will object, that it was never of that importance, but that it was left to each mans own care to provide for that which concerned his own peculiar necessity. It is not so, for I can bring very authentic proofs out of ancient records and histories, that the greatest magistrates that ever were, have employed their wits, their care, and their cost, about these places; as also have made divers good laws, proclamations, and decrees about the same, and all thereto belonging, as

by this that ensues shall more plainly appear : in the handling whereof, I will use a contrary method to the former ; for I will begin now with prophane stories, and end with divine. First, therefore most certain it is, that mischiefs make us seek remedies, diseases make us find medicines, and evil manners make good laws. And as in all other things, so by all likelihood in this we now treat of, when companies of men began first to increase, and make of families towns, and of towns cities, they quickly found not only offence, but infection, to grow out of great concourse of people, if special care were not had to avoid it. And because they could not remove houses as they do tents, from place to place, they were driven to find the best means that their wits did then serve them, to cover rather than to avoid these annoyances, either by digging pits in the earth, or placing the common houses over rivers ; but as Tully saith of metaphors, that they were like our apparel, first devised to hide nakedness, then applied for comeliness, and lastly abused for pride ; so I may say of these homely places, that first they were provided for bare necessity ;

for indeed till Romulus' time I find little mention of them, then they came to be matters of some more cost, as shall appear in examples following: and I think I might also lay pride to their charge; for I have seen them in cases of figured satin and velvet (which is flat against the statute of apparel); but for sweetness or cleanliness, I never knew yet any of them guilty of it; but that if they had but waited on a lady in her chamber a day or a night, they would have made a man (at his next entrance into the chamber) have said, so good speed ye. Now, as scholars do daily seek out new phrases and metaphors, and tailors do oft invent new fardingales and breeches; so I see no reason but magistrates may, as well now as heretofore, devise new orders for cleanliness and wholesomeness. But now to the stories, I alleged before, as it were at the second hand, out of Lactantius; how *Titus Tacius*, that was king with *Romulus*, erected the statue of the goddess *Cloacina* in a great privy made for that purpose. I find after this, in the story of Livy, how *Tarquinius Priscus*, a man of excellent good spirit, but husband to a wife of

33. Henry 8.
For it is no reason M. AJAX should have a better gown than his mistress.

a more excellent spirit; a man that won a kingdom with making a learned oration, and lost it with hearing a rude one; a king, that was first crowned by an eagle, counselled by an augur, and killed by a traitor: whose reign and his ruin were both most strangely foretold. This worthy prince is reported by that excellent historian, to have made two provisions for his city, one for war, the other for peace; both very commendable: for war, a stone wall about the town, to defend them from outward invasions; and for peace, a goodly Jakes within the town, with a vault to convey all the filth into Tiber, to preserve them from inward infection.

Not long after him reigned Tarquinius, surnamed the proud; a tyrant, I confess, and an usurper, and husband to a dragon rather than a woman; but himself surely, a man valiant in war, provident in peace, and in that young world, a notable politician: of whom Livy takes this special note; that coming to the crown without law, and fearing others might follow his example, to do that to him he had done to another, he was the first that appointed

a guard for his person, the first that drew public matters to private hearing, the first that made private wars, private peace, private confederacies; the first that lessened the number of the senators, the first that when any of them died kept their rooms void, with many excellent Machiavellian lessons; which, whoso would be better instructed of, let him read but his accusing of Turnus, his stratagem against the Gabians, &c. But the matter I would praise him for, is none of all these; but only because he built a stately temple, and a costly Jakes; the words be, *Cloacamque maximum receptaculum omnium purgamentorum urbis*; a mighty great vault to receive all the filth of the city. Of which two works, joining them both together, Livy saith thus: *Quibus duobus operibus vix nova hæc magnificentia quicquam ædequavit*: which two great works, the new magnificence of this our age can hardly match. Now though Brutus after, in a popular and seditious oration to incite the multitude to rebellion, debased this worthy work of his, saying he wasted the treasure of the realm, and tired and toiled out the people, *in exhaustendis cloacis*,

in emptying of Jaxes (for that was his word); yet it appears by the history, that if his son had not deflowered the chaste *Lucrece* (the mirror of her sex), Brutus, with his feigned folly, true value, and great eloquence, could never have disgraced him. For even with all the faults, you see that Brutus his own sons would have had him again; who laying their heads together with many young gallants that thought themselves much wiser than their fathers, concluded among themselves, that a king was better than a consul, a court better than a senate; that to live only by laws was too strict and rigorous a life, and better for peasantry than princely dispositions; that kings could favour, as well as frown; reward, as well as revenge; pardon, as well as punish: whereas, the law was merciless, mute, and immutable: finally, they concluded it was ill living for them where nothing but innocency could protect a man. Lo, Brutus! how eloquently thy sons can plead against their father: but thou hadst a jury of sure freeholders, that gave a verdict against them; and thyself wast both judge and sheriff, and hastenedst execution.

Oh, brave minded Brutus ! I will not call thee *primus Romanorum*, because one was shent for calling one of thy posterity, *ultimus Romanorum* ; but this I must truly say, they were two brutish parts, both of him and you : one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason : and yet you would both make us believe you had reason ; and why so ? forsooth because

Cæsar called Brutus son, and said to him when he stabbed at him,

καὶ σὺ

τεχνοῦν.

Victrix causa placet superis sed victa Catoni.

That is to say, in English, you had great fortune, and your cousin had great friends ; yet neither died in bed, but both in battle ; only his death was his enemies advancement, and thy death was thy enemies destruction ; but to omit these trifles and return to my teshe : whereas thou railest against so great a prince for making of so sumptuous a Jakes, this I cannot endure at thy hands ; and if thou hadst played me such a saucy part here in my country, first of mine own authority, I would have granted the good behaviour against you ; secondly, Tarquinius himself might have *Scandalum magnatum* against you ; and, thirdly, a bill should have been framed against you in the Star-chamber,

It seems the writer hereof would fain be thought a justice of peace.

upon the statute of unlawful assemblies; and then you would have wished you had kept your eloquence to yourself, and not when a man hath done but two good works in all his life, you to stand railing at one of them. For suppose that Tarquin had given me but a fee, thus would I plead for him: M. Brutus, you have made us believe all this while you were but a fool; but I see now, if one had begged you, he should have found you a Bigamus. And whereas you seem to disgrace my honourable client for making of *AJAX*, I dare undertake to prove it, that your own laws, your religions, your customs, yea, your conscience is against you, and shews it is but a mere calumination. For to omit dame *Cloacina*, so lately deified, did not the noble Hercules, whom you Brutus honour as a god, far ancients than *Quirinus* and *Romulus*, among those many labours that eternized his memory, make clean Augeus' dunghills.

Quis non Euristea durum.

Aut illaudati nescit Busiridis aras.

If the work have a baseness, Tarquinius but with his purse, Hercules with his person

affected it; leaving a pattern to posterity, both of labour and wit; for by turning a stream of water on the micksons, he scoured away that in a week, that an hundred could scarce have done in a year. Then would I end with some exclamation, and say, *O tempora, O mores!* Oh times, oh manners! If a man be not popular, you will straight say he is proud; if he keep good hospitality, you will say he doth but fill many Jaxes; if he build goodly vaults for sewers, you will say he spends his treasure *in exhauriendis cloacis*. Or rather I would say, O Hercules! come and bend thy bow against Brutus, that shoots arrows through thy sides to slay Tarquinius. But now let me leave playing the lawyer, and lawyerlike be friends immediately with him, whom even now I talked against so earnestly, I mean with Brutus; because indeed, saving in this one case, I never mean to be of counsel with Tarquin; for such proud clients will speak us passing fair while we serve their turns, and after pick a quarrel against us when we sue for a reward. Now therefore to go forward with the story.

Martial. 505.
Carpere cau-
dicus fertur
mea carmina
qui sit, nescio
si sciero ve tibi
causidicie.

When this valiant Brutus had thus discarded

the kings and queens out of the pack, and showed himself indeed a sworn and avowed enemy to all the coate cards, there crept in many new forms of government, and every one worse than other: namely, *consuls*, *dictators*, *decemviri*, *tribunes*, *triumviri*; till at last, after often interchanges, it came to the government of Emperors. In all which times there were not only laws and special caveats given to the great officers in time of war and danger, *Ne quid respub. detrimenti caperet*, to look to the safety of the main chance (the commonwealth), but also there were officers of good account; as *Ædiles*, *prætores urbis*, that made inquiries *de stillicidijs*, *de aquæ ductibus*, of reparation of houses, of water courses, or common sewers; of which I could recite out of the 43rd book of the *Digest. tit. 23. de cloacis*; where you shall find it was lawful for any man *purgare et reficere cloacam*. What officers were to license him that would *privatam cloacam facere, quæ habeat exitum in publicum*. What special care was to be had of *Tubus* and *Fistula*. Lastly, that *novam cloacam facere is concedit, cui publicarum viarum cura sit*; that is, that

no man might make a new Jakes, but he that had licence of the wardens of highways; with much more, which I would cite if it were not to avoid prolixity. And from them no doubt was derived our commission of sewers, of which the best of us all I hope will take no scorn: which commission, though in our country it is chiefly intended to keep open the channels of rivers in the deep country, that the water may have free passage; yet the very name imports, that therein is comprised the subject of my present discourse; which in populous towns had as much need to be looked to, as the other, infection being fit to be avoided, as well as inundation. But now I hasten to imperial examples; for though I have showed already some authorities for my text out of the practise of the laws, the provident care of magistrates, the magnificent cost of kings, the religion (though false) of pagans: yet until I have added to all these the majesty of emperors, and the verity of Scriptures, I suppose some carping mouths will not be stopped.

The first example I meet with among the emperors, was a matter rather of courtesy

than cost: and if any man will say, that I draw this into my treatise as it were *obtorto collo*, I answer, that in my understanding, the tale falleth so fit and proper unto this discourse, as indeed to have brought it into any discourse saving of A JAX, I would say it were improper and uncivil: the argument holds *a minore ad majus*. Now hearken to my tale. Claudius, Emperor of Rome, and husband to that filthy *Messalina (vilissima quæ fuerunt vel sunt)*, she that was worthy for the commonness of her body (be it spoken with save the reverence of all women that are or were, save herself) to have been metamorphosed into A JAX, rather than poor *Hecuba*, for barking at him that killed her son, into a bitch. This Claudius, I say, though not for cost (as Tarquin), yet for his courtesy was greatly to be commended: for a gentleman one day being talking with him, and falling suddenly into a grievous fit of the colic, the poor gentleman would not for good manners sake break wind, which might presently have eased him; and after the disease increased so sore on him that he died. The Emperor informed of his death, was much

Some of our rude countrymen English this (*obtorto collo*) hanging an arse.

Agrippa saith of her, that she lay with twenty-two several men in twenty-four hours, at the common stews; *et tandem lassata viris non satiata rediit.*

grieved thereat, especially hearing of the cause; and immediately thereupon made it be solemnly proclaimed, that if any man hereafter should be troubled with the colic, it should not be taken for ill manners to break wind, though it were in the Emperor's own company. Now it may be, some man in disgrace of this proclamation will say, that this Claudius was but a cuckold and a fool. I answer, that for the cuckold that was none of his fault; and if it were a fault, God forbid all our faults should be seen on our foreheads. And for the fool, the old proverb may serve us, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*; the world is full of fools, but take heed how you beg him for a fool: for I have heard of one that was begged in the court of wards for a fool, and when it came to trial, he proved a wiser man by much than he that begged him; and though I have small skill in the law, especially in these prerogative cases (for I must confess I studied Littleton but to the title of discontinuance), yet methink I should find out a quirk, to make them that should beg him have a cold suit in the court of wards. For I take it to be a ruled case, that though a man hold

wholly *in Capite*, put the case by a whole knights service, or half a knights service, yet if he be covert baron, as Claudius was (for I am sure his wife wore the breeches), and being at his fool age of thirty-one, the *Custodia* must of course be granted to the wife, although the man be *plus digne de sang*. And thus much we say, saving to ourselves all advantage of exception to the insufficiency of the bill, &c. And without that, the said Claudius did fondly to cause a mans hand to be cut off upon the motion of a stranger; and without that, he had almost marred all the pastime he and his friends should have had at a Naumachia, or sea-game, with re-saluting the slaves that should have fought, in good Latin. And lastly, without that, the said Claudius, at his being in England (though he was counted one of the best freeholders in Middlesex), could forfeit any land that he held by the right of his sword, either in fee-simple or fee-tail, either by the sock or the smock, to any other lady, but the lady his wife. But alas, Claudius! thy friends may say, that I am a bad lawyer; for all this while I have done little better than confess the action;

Two parts why Claudius was esteemed a fool. Looke Sueton.

Claudius was in England.

but I care not, seeing thou art dead, *Mortui non mordent*, and it were fitter now to preach for thee, than to plead for thee: well then for thy gentle proclamations sake, lo! what in sadness (if I were to make thy funeral sermon) I would say for thee, that howsoever some writers have wronged thee with the name of a fool, in one of thy judgments I may liken thy wisdom to Solomon; and in one of thy jests I can compare thy wit with Diogenes. As for example, a woman on a time disclaiming her son, and pretending that for conscience sake she must needs confess a truth, *viz.* how her own child died, and this was a *supposititius*, a substitute in his place, for avoiding of her husbands displeasure; no evidence appearing to the contrary, and the next heir following the matter very hard, by complot with the mother who remained obstinate in the tale. Claudius, then sitting in judgment, seems to believe it; and seeing the man a comely young man, and she no old woman, and oft protesting she maliced him not, he commanded her immediately in his presence to marry him. The malicious mother, driven to that unlooked for

He is called
fool to his face.

But hereby
hangs a tale.

Claudius' judgment like that
of Solomon.

pinch, openly confessed her unnatural malice, to avoid so unnatural a marriage: and thus much for his justice; now let us hear what his jest is. A certain gentleman that had his fingers made of lime twigs, stole a piece of plate from Claudius one day at a banquet; the conveyance was not so cleanly, but one had spied it and told the Emperor, and offered to accuse him of it, whereby his goods might have been all confiscate: but this good prince would neither head him nor hang him, no nor so much as once suffer him to be troubled; only the next time he came he caused him to be served in an earthen dish; the gentleman being abashed at it, for the dish gave him his dinner. Claudius was so far from laying his crime in his dish, that he said, be of good cheer man, and fall to thy meat, and when thou hast dined put up that dish too; for I will spare thee that with a better will than the last, for perhaps thou hast a mind to poke up thy dish when thou likest the meat well. And so farewell, good Claudius, and when any of my friends are troubled with the colic, I hope I shall make them remember thee.

The next emperor that is fit to bring into this discourse, is Vespasian; though his predecessor Vitellius, who is noted to have been a passing great eater, would I think have taken it in good part, to have been offered a cleanly and easy place for egestion after his good digestion. But to the purpose: Vespasian, before he was emperor, had borne some other offices, among the which one was *Ædilis*; and it is written of him, that he incurred great displeasure with Otho, then emperor, because he had not seen better to the keeping sweet of the streets, and caused the filth of them (according to his office) to be carried to the places appointed for the same. But afterward, himself coming to be emperor (though the city of Rome was before his time sufficiently furnished of Jaxes), yet it seemed there wanted other places of near affinity to them (which he found belike when he was *Ædile* by experience), I mean certain pissing conduits; and therefore he caused divers to be erected in the most populous and frequented places of the city, and saved all the urine in cisterns, and sold it for a good sum of money to the dyers. But

though I tell you the tale thus plainly, you must imagine the matter was much more formally and finely handled, and namely, that there was an edict set out in this sort:

By the Emperor

C. FLAVIVS VESPASIANVS PATER PATRIÆ, SEMPER
AVGVSTVS, &c.

FORASMUCH as his Majesty hath been informed by sundry credible men, that great abuse is committed by the irreverent demeanour of divers persons, ill brought up, who without all due respect of civility and reverence, in most unseemly manner shed their urine, not only against the walls of his royal palace, but also against the temples of the Gods and Goddesses: whereby not only ugly and loathsome sights, but filthy and pestiferous savours are daily engendered: his Majesty therefore, as well of a fatherly care of his citizens, as of a filial reverence to the Gods, hath to his great charges, and of his princely bounty and magnificence, erected divers and sundry places of fair polished marble, for this special purpose; requiring, and no less straightly charging all persons, as well citizens as strangers, to refrain

from all other places, saving these specially appointed, as they tender his favour, &c.

Thus could I have penned the edict, if I had been secretary; for it had not been worth a fig, if they had not artificially covered the true intent (which was the profit), and gloriously set forth the goodly and godly pretence (that was least thought on); *viz.* the health of the people, and clean keeping of the temples. But I doubt, notwithstanding this goodly edict, it will be objected, that it was condemned for a base part, by a judge whose sentence is above all appeal; I mean that noble *Titus, deliciae humani generis*; he that thought the day lost in which he had done no man good; to answer which I would but say, as was said to him when the passing money was put into the perfumed purse, *suavis odor lucri*, the smell of gain is sweet. And I dare undertake, this answer will satisfy divers men in London, and many of the worshipful of the city, that make
Oils, oad, tar, &c. sweet gains of stinking wares; and will laugh, and be fat, and say,

*So we get the chinks,
 We will bear with the stinks.*

But I must find out a better answer for courtly wits; and therefore I say to them, that according to the discipline and custom of the Romans (in my opinion under reformation of their better judgments), this was so honourable a part of Vespasian, that he was therefore worthy to have been deified: for if Saturnus was allowed as a god, by the name of *Stercutius*, as is before alleged, for finding a profitable use of all manner of soil, I see a good reason (*a paribus*) that Vespasian should as well be deified for finding a means to make money of urine; and accordingly to be named *Urinatus*, of *Urina*; as the other is, of *Stercus*, *Stercutius*. Further, Vespasian was famous for two true miracles done by him, greater than all their gods beside ever did. Now if any take exception to his face, because the fool told him he looked as if it went hard with him, trust me it shall go hard with me too, but I will find somewhat to say for him; and first, I will get some of the painting that comes from the river of Oroonoke, which will wonderfully mend his complexion. Secondly, I will say this; how bad soever his face was, he

had something so good, that a handsome woman gave him a thousand crowns for putting his seal with his label to her patent; and yet she exhibited the petition (as I take it) *in forma paper*, for she was stark naked. Once this I am sure Suetonius writes; that when his steward asked him how he should set down that thousand crowns on his book, he bade him write it among his other perquisites in some such sort:

*Item. For respite of homage from a
loving tenant to her lovely lord, for
a whole knights fee, recepi* } 1000 crowns.

Now for his wit, though I could tell you two excellent tales, how he deceived a groom of the chamber, of his brother, and how he would needs be half with his horse-keeper, for setting on a shoe on a horse that lacked none; yet I omit them both, because many will be too apt to follow the precedent, and I will keep me very strictly to my teshe; and specially because I hasten to a most royal example, I mean of Trajan. There is no man (I think) that hath either travelled far countries, or read foreign stories, but hath either heard of the

famous exploits and victories that he had, or seen some of the stately and sumptuous monuments that he made. This Trajan was Emperor of Rome; and then emperor when Rome stood at her highest pitch of greatness: a man whose conquests were most glorious, whose buildings were most gorgeous, whose justice was most gracious: he that staid his whole army, to right the cause of one widow; he that created a magistrate, and delivering him the sword for justice, said to him, use this for me as long as I govern justly, but against me when I govern otherwise; he in whose time no learned man was seen to want, no poor man was seen to beg; he that would boast of Nerva his predecessor, of Plotina his wife, of Plutarch his counsellor; finally, this Trajan was so well accomplished a prince in all princely virtues, as no story, no time, no memory, in all points, can match him. This most renowned Emperor, hearing there was a town in Bithynia, far off from Rome, and in a place where he was like never to be troubled with the evil savour, that was much annoyed for lack of a good conveyance of the common

privies, thought himself bound (as a father to all his subjects) to provide a remedy for such an inconvenience; and of his own purse he took order for making a vault, of great cost and charge, in the city. And for full satisfaction of the reader herein, I will set down the two epistles as I find them in the tenth book of the epistles of *Plinius Secundus* to *Trajan*. *Epist. 99.*

Argumentum
quærit an.

Plinius Secundus Trajano Imp. S.

Amastrianorum civitas, Domine, et elegans et ornata, habet, inter præcipua opera pulcherrimam eandemque longissimam plateam, cujus a latere per spatium omne porrigitur, nomine quidem flumen, revera cloaca fædissima. Quæ sicut turpis et immundissima aspectu ita pestilens est odore teterrimo. Quibus ex causis non minus salubritatis quam decoris interest, eam contegi. Quod fiet si permiseris, curantibus nobis ne desit quoque pecunia operi tam magno, quam necessario.—Which is thus in English :

The contents
is, whether he
shall cover the
water that runs
by the town of
Amestris.

Caius Plinius, to Trajan the Emperor, greeting. The city of the Amestrians (my lord) being commodious and beautiful, hath among her principal goodly buildings, a very fair and

long street, on the side whereof runneth through the whole length of it a brook, in name (for it is called so), but indeed a most filthy Jakes; which as it is foul and most uncleanly to behold, so is it infectious with the horrible vile savour; wherefore it were expedient, no less for wholesomeness than for handsomeness, to have it vaulted, which shall be done if it please you to allow it; and I will take care that there shall be no want of money for such a work, no less chargeable than necessary. Thus writes *Plinius Secundus*, a Roman senator, and as it were a deputy lieutenant in the province of Bithynia, to the great Trajan; and I do half marvel he durst write so; for had it been in the time of Domitian, Commodus, or Nero, either Martial should have jested at him with an epigram; or some secretary that had envied his honest reputation, should have been willed to have answered the letter in some scornful sort; and would have written thus:

Master Pliny, my Lord God the Emperor
 not vouchsafing to answer your letter himself,
 hath commanded me to write thus much to you;
 that he marvels you will presume to trouble

Che scrisse
 taccia, et piu
 no'l faccia.

his divine Majesty with matters of so base regard; that your father being held a wise man and a learned, might have taught you better manners; that his Majesty hath matters of great import, concerning the state of the empire, both for war and peace, to employ his treasure in: thus much I was commanded to write. Now for mine own part, let me say thus much to you; that I heard my Lord God the Emperor say, that if the ill savour annoy you, you may send to your mistress for a perfumed handkerchief to stop your nose; and that some physicians say, the smell of a Jakes is good against the plague.—Some such answer as this, had been like to have come from some of those beastly emperors, and their filthy followers. But how did Trajan answer it? I will set you down his own letter, out of the same book, in the same language.

Argumentum.

Permittit confornicari cloacam,

TR. PLINIO. S.

*Rationis est, mi Secunde charissime, contegi
aquam istam, quæ per civitatem Amastrianorum
fluit, si detecta salubritati obest. Pecunia ne*

huic operi desit curaturum te secundum diligentiam, tuam certum habeo. Thus in English:

It is good reason, my dearest Secundus, that the water be covered that runs by the city of the Amestrians, if the want of covering may breed infection: and for money for the work, I make no question, but you according to your accustomed diligence will make provision.

Short and sweet, yea most sweet indeed, because it was of an unsavoury matter. But I had almost forgot to English the argument; and then folks might laugh indeed at me, and think I were *Magister incipiens* with an *s.* and say I could not English these three words, *permittit confornicari cloacam*; what the good yeere, what is this same *confornicari*? Trust me, this is a word I never read in Homer nor Aristotle; marry indeed they wrote but ill Latin: no nor in Tully, in Livy, in Tacitus, nor in all the poets: what a strange word is this! Ho, sirrah, bring hither the dictionary. Which of them, Cooper? No, no, *Thomas Coperus omisit plurima verba.* Which then, that with the French afore the Latin, or *Thomas Thomas*? Yea, bring me them two. What, hast thou brought

A great officer
among the
boys at Eton.
Master of the
rods.

Eliot's Diction-
ary and Coop-
er's, place
these two
words too near
together.

the two dictionaries? I meant but the two
Thomases. Come old friend *Tom, Tom, Qui*
fueras quondam claræ præpositor aulæ, you
have made rods to jerk me withal ere now; I
think I shall give you a jerk, if you do not help
me to some English for this word. Look it,
sirrah, there in the dictionary. *Con, con*. Tush,
what dost thou look in the French? thou wilt
make a sweet piece of looking, to look for *con-*
fornicar in the French: look in the Latin for
fornicor. *F, fa, fe, fi, fo, for, for, foramen,*
forfex, forica, forma, fornicator (now I think
I am near it), *fornix, fornicor, -aris, -are*.
There, what is that? a vault, to vault or arch
any thing with a compass. Well said, carry
away the books again now I have it. Then thus
it is: He alloweth the vaulting or arching over
of the Jakes. Marry, God's blessing on his
heart for his labour, and I love him the better
for it. Wherefore (most noble Trajan) thou
mayest well be called the pattern of all princely
qualities; comely, beautiful, martial, merciful,
a lover of learning, moderate in private ex-
penses, magnificent in public, most goodly of
stature, amiable, not only in thy virtues, but

even in thy vices: for, to say the worst was ever said of thee, these were all thy faults; ambition or desire of glory in wars, love of women, and persecuting of religion. For so they join thee, *Nero, Domitianus, Trajanus, Antonius, Pontifices Romanos laniarunt*. To which, thus I answer without a fee, but with all my heart: that thy ambition was so honourable, and thy warlike humour so well tempered, that thou didst truly witness of thyself, that thou didst never envy any mans honour, for the confidence thou hadst of thine own worth; and all the world can witness, that thou never didst make unjust war, nor refuse any just or indifferent peace. For that same sweet sin of lechery, I would say as the friar said, a young man and a young woman in a green arbour in a May morning; if God do not forgive it, I would. For as Sir *Thomas More* saith of *Edward* the Fourth; he was subject to a sin, from which, health of body in great prosperity of fortune, without a special grace, hardly refraineth. And to speak uprightly of him, his lusts were not furious, but friendly; able with his goodly person, his sweet behaviour,

and his bountiful gifts, to have won *Lucretia*. Besides, no doubt, his sin was the less, in that he ever loved his wife most dearly, and used her most respectfully: for I have ever maintained this paradox, it is better to love two too many, than one too few. Lastly, for the persecution of thy time, though I dare not defend it, yet there is a maxim, *invincibilis ignorantia recusat*, and sure thou didst not know the truth, and thy persecution was very gentle, and half against thy will, as appeareth by the 98th epistle of the tenth book of Pliny's epistles; where thou dost utterly reject all secret promoters, and dost pronounce against the strict inquisition, *Conquirendi non sunt, etc.* Wherefore I doubt not to pronounce, that I hope thy soul is in heaven, both because those thou didst persecute prayed for thee, wishing to thee, as *Tertullian* saith, *Vitam prolixam, imperium securum, domum tutam, exercitus fortes, senatum fidelem, populum probum, orbem quietum*; a long life, a happy reign, a safe dwelling, strong armies, a faithful senate, honest people, and a quiet world. Further, it is written by authors of some credit, that thy soul was

delivered out of hell at the prayer of great St. Gregory; which though I am not bound to believe, yet as in love I had rather love too many than too few, so in charity I had rather believe too much than too little. As for that scripture, *ex inferno nulla redemptio*, I have heard it oft alleged by great clerks; but I think it is in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Laodiceans, or in Nicodemus' Gospel: for I never yet could find it in the Bible. Wherefore, this I will frankly say for Trajan; that wheresoever I find a prince or a peer, with so great virtues and so few vices, I will honour him, love him, extol him, admire him, and pronounce this of him; that the army is happy that hath such a general, the prince happy that hath such a counsellor, the mistress happy that hath such a servant, and thus I end my prophane authorities. And now I come to the divine; wherein I think I shall serve you, in the banquet I have promised you, as myself have been served many times at our commencement feasts, and such like, in Cambridge; that when we have been in the midst of some pleasant argument, suddenly the Bibler hath come, and with a loud and

S. Damascen.
S. Brigid
writes this of
Trajan: be-
lieve them
who list; for
though it seem
popish, yet it
ministers an
argument
against some
popish opini-
ons.

audible voice begun with *Incipit libri Deuteronomium, caput vicesimum tertium*. And then suddenly we have been all *s't tacete*, and hearkened to the Scripture; for even so must I now, after all our pleasant stories bring in, as I promised, some divine authorities; to the which I pray you let us with all due reverence be attentive.

Authorities of
Scripture.

In the aforesaid xxiii. chapter of Deuteronomy, in the 12th verse, I find this text.

12 *Habebis locum extra castra ad quem egrediaris ad requisita naturæ.*

13 *Gerens paxillum in balteo, cumque sederis, fodies per circuitum, et egeste humo operies quo relevatus es.*

14 *Dominus enim Deus tuus ambulat in medio castrorum, ut eruat te, et tradat tibi inimicos tuos, et sint castra tua sancta, et nihil in eis appareat fæditatis, ne derelinquat te.*

That is:

12 Thou shalt have a place without thy tents, to which thou shalt go to do thy necessities of nature.

Or a trowel.

13 Carrying a spade-staff in thy hand, and when thou wilt ease thee, thou shalt cut a

round turf; and thou shalt cover thy excrements therewith, in the place where thou didst ease thyself.

14 For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy tents to deliver thee, and to give thy enemies into thy hands; that thy tents may be holy, and that there appear no filthiness in them, lest he forsake thee.

But methink some may say, upon hearing of this text, what is it possible there should be such a scripture that handleth so homely matters? I can hardly believe it; I have always had a Bible in my parlour these many years, and oftentimes when the weather hath been foul, and that I have had no other book to read on, and have wanted company to play at cards or at tables with me, I have read in those books of the Old Testament, at least half an hour by the clock; and yet I remember not any such matter. Nay, further, I have heard a preacher that hath kept an exercise a year together upon the books of Moses, and hath told us of Genesis and genealogies, of the ark and propitiatory, of pollutions, of washings, of leprosy; but I never heard him talk of such a

homely matter as this. I answer it may be so very well. And therefore now I pray you, sith the text is so strange to you, give me leave to put you in mind of two virtuous and honest observations out of this (how homely soever) yet holy Scripture. One, to be thankful to our Saviour for his mercies; the other, to be faithful to our sovereign for her merits. We may thank God that all these servile ceremonies, which St. Paul calleth the works of the law, as circumcision, new moons, sabbaths, washings, cleansings, with touch not, handle not, eat not, &c. are now taken away and quite abolished by the Gospel; which hath now made *Omnia munda mundis*. And as St. Augustine saith, instead of ceremonies, cumbersome, infinite, intolerable, impossible, hath given sacraments, easy, few, sweet, and gracious; and hath taught us, instead of hearing *Fac hoc et vives*, to say now to him, *Da Domine quod jubes*. Secondly, where as it seems you never heard this text preached on, you may bless in your soul, and pray for her Majesty's so peaceable and prosperous reign; this text being not fit for peace and a pulpit, but only

for war and a camp. And therefore, though I hope we shall never have cause to hear such a scripture preached in England, yet those that serve in other countries, both have and shall hear it thus applied (and that oft not without need); *viz.* that though now to the clean, all things are clean, yet still we must have a special care of cleanliness and wholesomeness, even for the things here spoken of; and if for such things, how much more for rapes, thefts, murders, blasphemies; things (as God knows) too common in all our camps. *Ne Dominus Deus noster, qui ambulat in medio castrorum derelinquat nos*; least the Lord our God, that walketh in the midst of our tents, should forsake us. And even in the time of the sweetest peace, methinks I could also say, here at home, that it is an irreverent thing for churches ordained for prayer, and churchyards appointed for burial, to be polluted and defiled as if they were kennels and dunghills.

And I have thought sometime with myself, that if I were but half so great an officer under our most gracious Empress, who is indeed worthy, and only worthy to be Trajan's mis-

tress, as Plinius Secundus was under that Trajan, I would write for the mending of such a loathsome fault in my neighbour town of Bath (where many noble persons are oft annoyed with it), as Pliny did for Amestris. Yet why may I not by *poetica licentia*, and by an honest and necessary figure (in this age) called *reprehensio*, imagine myself for half an hour to be *Secundus*; and suppose some other, that perhaps at this hour is not far from Trajan's country, to be that worthiest Trajan? For though in the English grammar, the feminine gender is more worthy than the masculine, the which rule I wish long may hold; yet least old Priscian should say I brake his head when I never came near him, I will keep me in this my pleasant imitation within such an honest limitation, as shall be free from all just reprehension, and write instead of *C. Pl. Secundus Trajano. Imp. Salutem.*

There is a Comedy called Priscianus vapulans; where if one should say *ignem hanc*, Priscian would cry, his head were broken.

*Hæc tibi Trajano, terraque marique remoto,
Scribit Misacmos, nulli pietate Secundus.*

“The City of Bath (my lord) being both poor enough and proud enough, hath since her Highness being there, wonderfully beautified

itself in fine houses for victualling and lodging, but decays as fast in their ancient and honest trades of merchandise and clothing: the fair church her Highness gave order should be re-edified, stands at a stay; and their common sewer, which before stood in an ill place, stands now in no place, for they have not any at all; which for a town so plentifully served of water, in a country so well provided of stone, in a place resorted unto so greatly (being at two times of the year, as it were, the pilgrimage of health to all saints), methink seemeth an unworthy and dishonourable thing; wherefore if your lordship would authorize me, or some wiser than me, to take a strict account of the money, by her Majesty's gracious grant gathered and to be gathered, which in the opinion of many cannot be less than ten thousand pounds (though not to wrong them, I think they have bestowed upon the point of ten thousand pounds abating but one cipher), I would not doubt, of a ruinate church to make a reverent church, and of an unsavoury town a most sweet town.

“ This I do the rather write, because your

lordship, and the rest of her Majesty's most honourable counsel, thought me once worthy to be steward of that town, but that the wiser counsel of the town thought it not meet, out of a deeper reach; lest, being already their poor neighbour, this increase might have made my estate too great among them. For indeed the fee belonging to it, and some other commodities annexed, might have been worth to me, *de claro viis et modis, per annum CCCClxxx.d.*

“ Moreover, I am to certify your lordship, that the spring taken out of the hot bath into the private, doth not annoy or prejudice the virtue of the hot bath, as her Majesty hath been lately informed: and it is not unnecessary, for some honourable persons that come thither, sometimes to have such a private bath.” But now I pray you let us hearken to the Scripture, for the biber is not yet come to *Tu autem.*

I find also in the second and third chapter of Nehemias, which some call the second book of Esdras, where he tells how nobody but he and his ass went to survey the city, *Et ingressus sum ad portam vallis nocte, et*

ante fontem draconis, et ad portam stercoris, et considerabam murum Jerusalem dissipatum, et portas ejus consumptas igni. And in the third chapter, shewing who repaired all the ruins, *Et portam vallis ædificavit Hanum, et habitatores Zanoë, ipsi edificaverunt eam, et statuerunt valvas ejus, et seras, et vectes, et mille cubitos in muro usque ad portam sterquilini.* *Et portam sterquilini ædificavit Melchias filius Rhecab princeps, etc.* And the gate of the valley built Hanum and the inhabitants of Zanoë; they built it, and they made the leaves of the gate, and the locks, and the hinges, and a thousand cubits in the wall, even to the dung gate: and Melchias, son of Rhecab, being Prince of Bethacharan, built the dung gate. I would have said, save-reverence the dung gate, but that Nehemias, who was a gentleman well brought up, and a courtier, and had been a sewer and cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, writes it as I have recited it.

There is a noble and learned lady, Dowager to the Lord John Russel, that will not name love without save-reverence.

But now to the purpose; perhaps you will say, that this makes nothing to the present argument, that the gate is called doungeate; for we have a gate in London called Dougate, that

with a little dash with a pen will seem to be the same gate, and yet hath no great affinity with the matter: and on the other side, there is a place with a glorious title of Queen Hithe, and yet it was ordained for my lady *Cloacina*; I grant it might be so, for so there is a parish by London called Hornsey, which is an ungracious crooked name, and yet I verily persuade me, that the most glorious or gracious street in London, hath more horns in it sometime, either visible or invisible, than all the other parish. But concerning the gate in Jerusalem, called *Porta stercoris*, I find it was so called, because it lay on the east side of the city, toward the brook Cedron, whither all the rain-water of the city, and all other conveyances ran, as they do out of the city of London into the Thames: and that being so, and the city so populous, the gate might well be called *Porta stercoris*. Now, without the city, I find mentioned another place ordained for the like purpose, to carry out all such filth as the rain could not wash away, and had no common passage; and that was the valley of Hinnon, which seems by the map to lie south-east and by south to the

temple; and thither, I say, the scavengers carried their loading, as they do at London beyond Golding Lane. And therefore in the New Testament it is called *gehenna*, and taken for hell; and if you have a mind to know how I come by this divinity, trust me if you will: I come by it as true men come by their goods. For so it is, that not long since there dwelt in Bath a schoolmaster, a man whom I favoured much, for his sake that sent him thither. But he had not been there long, but a controversy arose betwixt him and some preachers thereabout, among whom we have too many that study nothing but the controversies; and it came, after many disputes on both sides, at last to writing and publishing of books. And the schoolmaster (though being no preacher) wrote a book with this title, *That Christ descended not into hell*; the very sight of which title being flat contradictory to an article of the Creed, I remember I said of the man, as Haywood saith in his proverbs, that hereafter,

*He might be of my pater noster indeed,
But sure he should never come in my creed.*

And therefore I might repute him as a good

humanist, but I should ever doubt him for a good divine. Now, as I say, hearing in these disputes and sermons, divers names of hell throughly sifted; as *Ades*, *Tartaros*, *Infernum*, *Stagnum ardens*, and last of all, *Gehenna*; which last I was most used to, as having an old verse when I was at Eton, of a peacock;

Angelus in penna, pede latro voce gehenna,

A bird that hath an angel's plume,

A thievish pace, a hellish tune.

Consequently, I observed, that our honest and learned preacher of Bath, M. R. M. first proved hell to be a local place (if not *circumscription*, yet at least *definitive*): then he shewed the etymology of the word *gehenna* to be derived in Greek of *γη και ιννον*, that is, the earth or valley of Hinnon; then he told, that this place was as it were the common dunghill or mikson of the whole town; that the Jews had used in this valley to make their children pass through the fire, as a sacrifice to the devil, according to the psalm of David; *They offered their sons and daughters unto devils*. Finally, that our Saviour, to make a more fearful impression in their hearts of the pains of hell indeed, which

they knew not, used the name of this hellish place, which they knew that had in it these hateful hellish properties, smoke, stink, horrible cries, and torment. But lest you should think I speak as a parrot, nothing but what I have heard another say, let me add somewhat of mine own poor reading, and that shall be this; that this valley of Hinnon was once for the sweet air, fine groves, fair walks, and green and pleasant fields, comparable with any place about Jerusalem; but when the abominable idol of Moloch was erected in it, whose portraiture was like a king, having the head of a calf, all of brass, and hollow within; unto which (most inhumanly) they sacrificed human flesh, yea their own children; and to the end that the wicked parents might not feel remorse of the woful cries of the wretched children, they danced a strange medley about the fire, having music suitable to such mirth, of drums and Jew's-harps (for I think hornpipes and bagpipes were not then found out): I say, these abominations being there committed, the good Josias driven to use an extreme medicine to so extreme a malady, first burned and brake all to

pieces the horrible idol; and then, in detestation of the abuses there committed, cut down the fine groves, tore up the sweet pastures, defaced the pleasant walks; and to the end that all passengers should fly from it, that were wont to frequent it, he caused all filthy carrion, dead dogs and horses, all the filth of the streets, and whatsoever hateful and ugly things could be imagined, to be carried thither. And this, O Josias, was thy zealous reformation: but, alas! how little do some that pretend thy name, participate thy nature. They pull down Moloch, but set up Baal-peor and Beelzebub; their lean devotion thinks the hill of the Lord is too fat; their envious eye serves them, like Aretino's spectacles, to make all seem bigger than it should be: they learn the Babylonian's song in the Psalms;

A reverend bishop told me, that the Brownists have written a book called Josias' reformation, to this zealous purpose.

*Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all things plain, let nothing stand.*

They care neither for good letters nor good lives; but only out of the spoils to get good livings, our good lord bishops must be made poor superintendants, that they might superintend the goodly lordships of rich bishopricks;

and then we that be simple fellows, must believe that they offer us Josias' reformation: whereas indeed it savours not of that in any thing but the ill savour; for as Josias defaced a fair field, and made it *spurcitiarum latrinam*, so they would ruinate our cathedral churches, and make them *spelunca latronam*, as my good friend Hary-Osto, or mine Host Hary saith of the pagan Rodomont, after his host had ended his knavish tale.

He makes the church (oh, horrible abuse)

Serve him for his prophane ungodly use.

Wherefore let them call themselves what they list; but if they learn no better lessons of Josias, but to turn sweet fields to stinking dunghills, they shall make no new Jaxes in England by my consent; and I hope my device shall serve to mend many that be now amiss with an honest and easier reformation; and I doubt not but the magistrate that hath charge to see *ne quid respub. detrimenti capiat*, will provide, least our receipts prove deceipts, our auditors frauditors, and our reformation deformation, and so all run headlong to gehenna; where the sport will be torment, the music

Isaiæ C. 3. 24.
Et erit pro
suavi odores
fector.

clamours, the prospect smoke, and the perfume stink. Which two last, I mean smoke and stink, I have verily persuaded me, are two of those pains of hell, which they call *pæna sensus*: which pain St. Augustine affirms may also torment aerial or spiritual bodies; as partly appears in the story of Tobias, where a wicked spirit was driven away with the smoke of a broiled liver; and therefore I have endeavoured in my poor buildings to avoid those two inconveniences as much as I may. As for the two other annoyances, that the old proverb joineth to one of these, saying, there are three things that make a man weary of his house; a smoking chimney, a dropping eaves, and a brawling woman, I would no less willingly avoid them. But when storms come, I must, as my neighbours do, bear that with patience which I cannot reform with choler, and learn of the good Socrates, who when Xantippe had crowned him with a chamber-pot he bare it off single with his head and shoulders, and said to such as laughed at him for it,

*It never yet was deem'd a wonder,
To see that rain should follow thunder.*

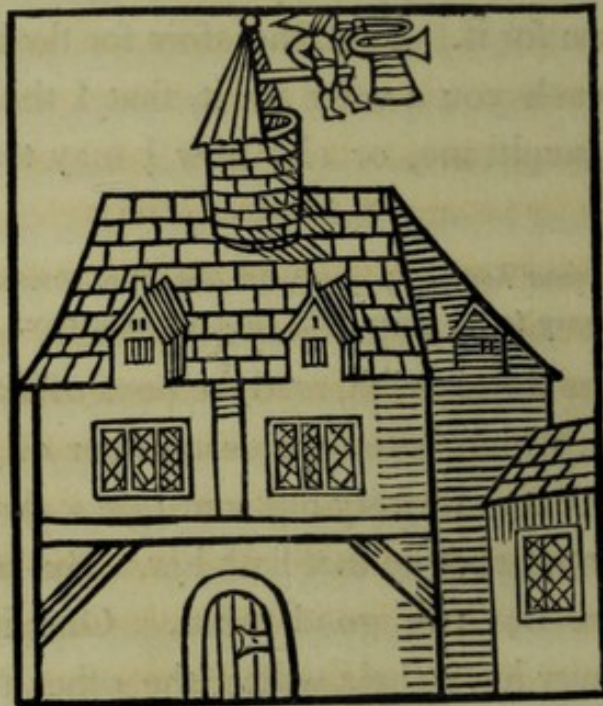
And to the intent you may see, that I am not only groundedly studied in the reformation of AJAX, which I have chosen for the project of this discourse, but that I am also superficially seen in these three other matters of shrewd importance to all good house-keepers; I will not be dangerous of my cunning, but I will venture my pen and my pains, if you will lend but your eyes or your ears, though I perhaps shall have more fists about my ears than mine own for it. First, therefore for the house, I will teach you a verse for it, that I think M. Tusser taught me, or else now I may teach it his son.

*To keep your house dry, you must always in summer,
Give money to the mason, the tiler, and plumber.*

For the shrewd wife, read the book of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her. But indeed there are but two good rules. One is, let them never have their wills; the other differs but a letter, let them ever have their wills; the first is the wiser, but the second is more in request, and therefore I make choice of it.

One taught an excellent rule to keep a chimney from smoking, and a privy from stinking; *viz.* to make your fire in your privy, and to set the close-stool in the chimney.

Lastly, for smoking chimneys, many remedies have been studied; but one excellent and infallible way is found out among some of the great architects of this age, namely to make no fire in them; and by the same rule they may have very sweet Jaxes too. But the best way I have found, is out of Cardan partly, but as I think mended by practice of some of my neighbours of Bath; who make things like



half a cloak about the tops of the chimneys, with a fane to turn round with the wind; which

because they make of wood, is dangerous for fire; but being made of thin copper plates, or of old kettles, will be as light and without danger: but this is supererogation, and more than I promised you. But now to come home again, though home be never so homely, the fourth annoyance, though it be left out of the proverb, may compare with two of the other three, which is a stinking privy; which makes a man wish sometimes, save for an ornament of the face (as Heywood saith), to have no nose:

Most of our savours be more sour than sweet:

A nose then or no nose, which is most meet?

And for the reformation of this, many I doubt not have ere this beaten their brains, and strained very hard, to have found out some remedy; but yet still I find all my good friends houses greatly annoyed with it.

But yet, ere I come to discover this exact and exquisite form that I have promised, let me add a word or two out of the good and wholesome rules of physic, both for authorising the homely words so oft used, as for proving that the matter in their faculty is specially

regarded; for divers that are otherwise very dainty and curious, yet for their health sake, will endure both to hear homely language, to see sluttish sights, to taste dirty drugs, and to shew secret sores, according to the Italian proverb;

*Al confessore, medico, et avvocato,
Non deve tener cosa celato.*

*From your confessor, lawyer, and physician,
Hide not your case on no condition.*

No man therefore is either so ignorant or so impudent, as either not to know, or not to confess, that the honourable science of physic embaseth itself oft-times about the care of this business: for whereto serveth, I pray you, *fiant clisteria, fiant pillulæ, fiant potiones, fiant pessi*. But fie on it, it makes me almost sick to talk of them; sure I am, the house I treat of, is as it were the centre to which they must all fall, first or last; and many times, I think, first were wholesomer of the two. But to enforce my proofs, though shortly yet soundly, I will not bring any peculiar prescripts out of Galen and Hippocrates, lest you should oppose against them Asclepiades or Paracel-

sus; nor stand long to dilate of the empirical physic, or the dogmatical and the methodical; of all which, if I should say all I could, I fear me not so much that physicians would take me for a fool, as that fools will take me for a physician. I will therefore set down as it were certain authentical rules, out of a general council of physicians, and that sent by common consent to a great king of England; against which, if any doctor should except, he must *ipso facto* be counted an heretic. This therefore I find of my text in that book that begins,

Anglorum regi, scribit schola tota salerni.

For when he hath been advised to make choice of three physicians,

Hæc tria: mens læta, requies, moderata dieta.

Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman. Then they admonish him of many particulars for his health, for his food, for his house, &c. Which if they might with good manners write to a king, then I may without incivility recite to a kinsman.

*Si vis incolumen, si vis te vivere sanum,
Curas tolle graves irasci crede profanum,*

*Parce mero, cænato parum nec sit tibi vanum,
Surgere post epulas, somnum fuge meridianum.
Nec mictum retine, nec comprime fortiter anum, etc.*

*The Salern school doth by these lines impart
Health to the British king, and doth advise,
From cares thy head to free, from wrath thy heart;
Drink not much wine, sup light, and soon arise.
After thy meat, 'twixt meals keep wake thine eyes.
And when to nature's needs provok'd thou art,
Do not forbear the same in any wise:
So shalt thou live long time with little smart.*

Lo! what a special lesson for health they teach, to take your opportunity so oft as it is offered of going to those businesses. Then soon after, to let you know how wholesome it is to break wind, they tell four diseases that come by forbearing it;

*Quatuor ex vento veniunt in ventre retento,
Spasmus, hydrops, colica, vertigo, quatuor ista.*

But most specially making for my purpose, both for word and matter,

*Aer sit mundus, habitabilis ac luminosus,
Infectus neque sit, nec olens, fœtore cloaca.*

Which as a principal lesson, to be learned by builders, I will set down in verse.

*A builder that will follow wise direction,
Must first foresee before his house he makes,
That the air be clear, and free from all infection,
And not annoy'd with stench of any Jakes.*

For indeed, let your house be never so well apparelled, never so well plaistered and painted, if she have a stinking breath I shall never like of my lodging. Lastly, there be two other verses, with which I will end these school authorities.

Multiplicant mictum, ventrem dant mespila strictum.

Post pyra da potum, post pomum vade cacatum.

And thus I take it, I end this part of my discourse with a well chosen verse to the purpose: yet ere you go, take this with you in prose; that many physicians do hold, that the plague, the measles, the hemorrhoids, the small-pox, and perhaps the great ones too, with the *fistula in ano*, and many of those inward diseases, are no way sooner gotten, than by the savour of other excrements upon unwholesome privies. Wherefore I will now draw to the conclusion of this same tedious discourse, for it is high time now to take away the board; and I see you are almost full of our homely fare, and perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of *caveare*, *eringoes*, *plums of Genoa*; all which may well increase your appetite to several evacuations: we will there-

fore now (according to the physic we learned
 even now) rise and stretch our legs a little, and
 anon I will put on my boots and go a piece of
 the way with you, and discourse of the rest:
 in the mean time myself will go perhaps to the
 house we talk of, though manners would,
 I offer'd you the French courtesy,
 to go with me to the place
 where a man might very
 kindly finish this
 discourse.

(* *)

THE
THIRD SECTION;

Shewing the form, and how it may be reformed.

Now therefore to come where we left last, for I know you would fain have your instructions ere you go home, as soon as I have given my horse some breath up this hill, I will ride along with you, so you will ride a sober pace; for I love not to ride with these goose-chasing youths, that post still to their journeys end, and when they come thither they cannot remember what business they have there, but that they had even as much in the place they came from.

These inconveniences being so great, and the greater because so general, if there be a way with little cost, with much cleanliness, with great felicity, and some pleasure to avoid them, were it not rather a sin to conceal it,

than a shame to utter it? Wherefore shame to them that shame think; for I will confess frankly to you, both how much I was troubled with the annoyance, and what I have found for the remedy. For when I have found not only in mine own poor confused cottage, but even in the goodliest and stateliest palaces of this realm, notwithstanding all our provisions of vaults, of sluices, of grates, of pains of poor folks in sweeping and scouring, yet still this same whoreson saucy stink, though he were commanded on pain of death not to come within the gates, yet would spite of our noses, even when we would gladliest have spared his company, prease to the fair ladies chambers; I began to conceive such a malice against all the race of him, that I vowed to be at deadly feud with them, till I had brought some of the chiefest of them to utter confusion; and conferring some principles of philosophy I had read, and some conveyances of architecture I had seen, with some devices of others I had heard, and some practises of mine own I had paid for, I found out at last this way that is after described, and a marvellous easy and

cheap way it is; and I dare speak it upon my credit, not without good experience, that though it be neither far-fetched nor dear-bought, yet it is good for ladies; and there be few houses that may not have the benefit of it: for there be few great and well contrived houses, but have vaults and secret passages made underground to convey away both the ordure and other noisome things, as also the rain-water that falls into the courts; which being cleanly in respect of the eye, yet because they must of force have many vents, they are oft noisome in regard of the smell; especially in houses of office that stand high from the ground; the tuns of them drawing up the air as a chimney doth smoke: by which it comes to pass many times (especially if the wind stand at the mouth of the vaults), that what with fish water coming from the kitchens, blood and garbage of fowls, washing of dishes, and the excrements of other houses joined together, and all these in moist weather, stirred a little with some small stream of rain water; for as the proverb is,

The principles are these, Aer non penetrat aquam, Natura non patitur vacuum.

'Tis noted as the nature of a sink,

Ever the more it is stirred, the more to stink.

I say these, thus meeting together, make such a quintessence of a stink, that if Paracelsus were alive, his art could not devise to extract a stronger. Now because the most unavoidable of all these things that keep such a stinking stir, or such a stink when they be stirred, is urine and ordure, that which we all carry about us (a good speculation to make us remember what we are, and whither we must); therefore, as I said before, many have devised remedies for this in times past, some not many years since, and I this last year; of all which, I will make choice only of two beside mine own to speak off; because men of good judgment have allowed them for good: but yet (as the ape doth his young ones) I think mine the properest of them all.

The first and the ancientest is, to make a close vault in the ground, widest in the bottom, and narrower upward; and to floor the same with hot lime and tarris, or some such dry paving as may keep out all water, and air also; for if it be so close as no air can come in, it doth as it were smother the savour, like to the snuffers or extinguishers wherewith we put out

a candle; and this stands with good reason, that seeing it is his nature to make the worse savour the more he is stirred, and nothing makes him keep a more stinking stir than a little wind and water: surely there can be little or no annoyance of him in this kind of house, where he shall lie so quietly. But against this is to be objected, that if there be a little cranny in the wall as big as a straw, or if the ground stand upon winter springs, or be subject as most places under ground are, to give with moist weather, then at such times it must needs offend.

Besides, in a prince's house, where so many mouths be fed, a close vault will fill quickly; and that objection did my Lord of Leicester make to Sir John Young, at his last being at Bristow; who commended to my Lord that fashion, and shewed him his own of a worse fashion, and told him that at a friends house of his at Peter-hill in London, there was a very sweet privy of that making.

Another way is, either upon close or open vaults, so to place the sieges or seats, as behind them may rise tuns of chimneys, to draw all

the ill airs upwards : of which kind I may be bold to say, that our house of Lincoln's Inn putteth down all that have been made afore it, and is indeed, both in reason and experience, a means to avoid much of the annoyance that is wont to come off them, and keepeth the place all about much the sweeter. But yet, to speak truly, this is not safe from all infection or annoyance while one is there, as my sense hath told me; for

Sensus non fallitur in proprio objecto.

Or perhaps, by the strict words of the statute, it ought to be so; and that but two parts may be devised away, and a third must remain to the heir; for I dare undertake, go thither when you will, your next heir at the common house, whatsoever charge he is at in the suit, I am sure he may be made a savour, at least for the *tertiam partem* above all reprises, if the fault be not his own. And further, when the weather is not calm, the wind is so unruly that it will force the ill airs down the chimneys; and not draw them up, as we see it doth in chimneys where fire is made, force down the smoke, notwithstanding that the very nature of fire

helpeth to enforce it upward; whereas these moist vapours are apt (even of their own nature) to spread abroad, and hang like a dew about every thing. Wherefore, though I am but a punie of Lincoln's Inn, and the builder hereof was a bencher, yet I will under reformation, prefer my device afore his; either because it is better, or else, out of the common fault of young men in this age, that we think our devices wiser than our elders. Yet with this respective modesty, that because my device is with water, where that cannot be had, or where houses stand on an exceeding flat, there I will leave the work to his oversight; but where any convenient current is, and no want of water, there I would be surveyor: and so to divide the regiment, that if for the dry land service he be general, for the water service I will be admiral. Yet, by the way, I hope all the inns of court will gratulate the present flourishing estate of Lincoln's Inn: not so much for furnishing the realm with most honourable, upright, and well learned magistrates, great sergeants, grave counsellors, towardly barristers, young gallants of worth and spirit *sans*

Puisne.

A true praise
of Lincoln's
Inn.

M. Plat set
forth a book
of engines.

nombre; but also (that I may now deal with my equals, and not with my ancients) with two such rare engineers, me for this one device, and Master Plat for very many. Or if envy will not suffer them to give us due honour, let us two, M. Plat, at least grace one another: and I am the willinger to offer this kindness to you, because I was advised by some to have recommended this device to your illustrations, which I was very like to have done, save that we are of no great acquaintance; and beside I have a little ambitious humour of mine own to be counted a deviser; though to clear me of pride, you see my first practice is upon so base a subject, as I hope nobody will envy me, or seek to take it from me: as the sweet Zerbino said to Marfysa, of the ugly Gabrina;

Ariost. Cant.
29.

*You have so sweet a piece to carry by you,
As you are sure that no man will envy you.*

And after he had played a word or two with them, he concluded,

*Ben siate accoppiati Io jurerei,
Se come essa e bella tu gagliardo sei.*

*No doubt you are a fitly matched pair,
If you as lusty be, as she is fair.*

But when they had done breaking of jests one on another, and that it came to breaking of staves, the peerless Prince (for his oath sake) was fain to take that most hateful hag into his protection. And so I suppose, that some may play in like sort upon me and my writing, and say,

*The writer and the matter well may meet,
Were he as eloquent as it is sweet.*

But if they do, let them take heed that in one place or other of this pamphlet they do not pull themselves by the nose, as the proverb is. But that you may see, M. Plat, I have studied your book with some observation, if you would teach me your secret of making artificial coal, and multiplying barley (though I fear me both the means will smell a little of kin to M. A JAX), I assure you I would take it very kindly: and we two might have a suit together for a monopoly; you of your coal as you mention in your book, and I of M. reformed A JAX: and if you will trust me to draw the petitions, you shall see I will get some of the precedents of the starch and the vinegar, and make it carry as good a shew of reason and good to the com-

Some conjecture, that stale and cow dung must effect both these multiplications.

monwealth as theirs doth. As, first, for yours I would frame these reasons; I would shew the excellent commodity of iron-mills (for if you speak against them your suit will be dasht straight): I would prove how they reduce wild and savage woods, to civil and fruitful pastures: I would allege they are good for maintenance of navigation, in respect that every ship, what with his cast pieces, anchors, bolts, and nails, hath half as many tons of iron as timber to it: I would say, it is a commodity to the subject; considering they sell it for twelve or fourteen pound the ton, and when it came out of Spain or Holland, it was sold but for eight pound. The like also I would say for glass; and so concluding, that the woods must needs be spent upon these two (as doubtless they will in a short time), then your device for artificial coal, of how homely stuff soever you make it, will be both regarded and rewarded. And thus perhaps making some great man your half, you may have an imposition of a tenth or a fifth of every chaldron of your fuel. And though it should poison all the town with the ill savour (as the brewhouse by Whitehall doth

her Highness' own house and all Cannon-row), yet what for necessity, and what for favour, it should be suffered. And never fear that the price of your coal will fall by cherishing of woods; for now Sir Walter Mildmay is dead, you shall have few men will busy themselves about any of these public inconveniences; or if his honest successor would attempt it, he should, I fear me, have small hope to prevail, in that which so honest a predecessor could not.

The author could have said honourable of both; but he takes honesty in this place for the higher title.

Now, for my monopoly, I would ask but this trifling suit, and I would make these goodly pretences. First, because I have proved by good authors, that M. A J A X is lineally descended of the ancient house of *Stercutius*, and to have lived long under protection of *Dea Cloacina*, and to have been prayed for by so many holy saints, I would procure (if the traffic were as open with Rome as it hath been), that as his progenitor *Stercutius* was allowed for a god, by one of the first Roman *Pontifices Maximi*, so M. A J A X might be allowed for a saint by Pope Sisesinke, *Sixtus quintus* (I would have said), or one of his successors

Boccaccio
writes, that
S. Ciappelletto
was canonized.

(which if it be so easy a matter, as Boccaccio and other Italian authors write, will not be very chargeable); and then with some of the money that you gain with the perfumed coal (if you will lend it me, and I will mortgage my bull to you when I have it, for payment), I will erect in London and elsewhere, divers shrines to this new saint; and all the fat offerings shall be distributed to such poor hungry fellows as sue for monopolies; which being joined to the ashes of your coal, will be perhaps not uncommodious for land: and you and I will beg nothing for our reward; but you, as I said afore, a fifth part of every chaldron; and I, but the sixth part of an assize a month, of all that will not be recusants, to do their daily service at these holy shrines. Now, if any do object it is too great a suit (for I think it would be the richest office in England), and say that it would amount to more than Peter pence, and Poll pence too; I would first, to stop their mouths quickly, promise them a good share in it; then I would amplify the service, that in this devise do in some respects to the state of Christianity, in a matter that St. Peter nor

If I had such
a grant, he
that were my
(*heres ex hasse*)
would be the
richest 'squire
in England.

Paul neither never thought of. For it is a common obloquy, that the Turks (who still keep the order of Deuteronomy for their ordure) do object to Christians, that they are poisoned with their own dung; which objection cannot be answered (be it spoken with due reverence to the two most excellent apostles) with any sentence in both their epistles so fully to satisfy the miscreant wretches, as the plain demonstration and practise of my device must needs answer them.

What think you, M. Plat? is not here a good plat laid, that you and I may be made by for ever? only, I fear one let, and that is this: I hear by report there is a worthy gentleman, sometime of our house, that hath now the keeping of the great seal, and these suits cannot pass but by his privity; and they say (see our ill hap) he hath ever been a great enemy to all these paltry concealments and monopolies; and further, they say of him, that to beguile him with goodly shews is very difficult, but to corrupt him with gifts is impossible: well, if it be so, all our fat is in the fire, and let the lean go after. You may make a great

I protest Misacmos and all his friends love him the better for it. If you call this flattery, I would you would all deserve to be so flattered.

fire of your gains, and be never the warmer; and may throw all mine into A JAX, and be never the poorer. Let us then make a virtue of necessity; and sith we cannot get these monopolies, let us say we care not for them, and a vengeance on them that beg them; and so we may have millions say Amen to us, and we shall be thought the honestest men; and seeing I have had so ill luck in this, I would nobody might ever have any more of them, till I make such another suit. And if M. Plat will follow my advice, he shall impart his rare devices gratis, as I do this; and so we may one day be put into the Chronicles, as good members of our country; more worthily than the great bear that carried eight dogs on him, when Monsieur was here.

A worthy matter to be put into a Chronicle, and fit for such worthy historiographers.

But to leave M. Plat's coal, which kindled this fantasy in me, and to turn to my teshe; though I called myself by metaphor an admiral for the water-works, yet I assure you this device of mine requires not a sea of water, but a cistern; not a whole Thames full, but half a tun full, to keep all sweet and savoury: for I will undertake, from the peasants cottage

to the princes pallace, twice so much quantity of water as is spent in drink in the house will serve the turn: which if it were at Shaftsbury, where water is dearest of any town, I know that is no great portion. And the device is so little cumbersome, as it is rather a pleasure than a pain; a matter so slight, that it will seem at the first incredible; so sure, that you shall find it at all times infallible: for it doth avoid at once all the annoyances that can be imagined; the sight, the savour, the cold: which last, to weak bodies, is oft more hurtful than both the other, where the houses stand over brooks or vaults daily cleansed with water. And not to hold you too long in suspense, the device is this: You shall make a false bottom to that privy that you are annoyed with, either of lead, or stone; the which bottom shall have a sluice of brass to let out all the filth; which if it be close plastered all about it, and rinsed with water as oft as occasion serves, but especially at noon and at night, will keep your privy as sweet as your parlour; and perhaps sweeter too, if Quail and Quando be not kept out. But my servant Thomas (whose pencil

can perform more in this matter than my pen) will set down the form of this by itself in the end hereof, that you may impart it to such friends of yours as you shall think worthy of it, though you put them not to so great penance, as to read this whole discourse.

And that I may now also end your penance, that have taken all this pains to read this, that for your pleasure you would needs persuade me to write, I will not end abruptly here, but as friends that are upon parting in a journey, choose a cleanly place in the high-way to take their leaves one of another, and not in the dirt and mire: so I, ere we part, will first for the enobling of this rare invention, tell you somewhat of the place, of the company, of the means, and of the circumstances, that first put so necessary a conceit in my head. For I remember I have read that Archimedes, the excellent engineer (a man in his time fully as famous at Syracuse, as our M. Plat is here in England), was said to have disgraced himself by an intemperate, or rather intempestive joy that he took of a very worthy and memorable invention of his. The story is thus: Archi-

medes having long beaten his brains to find some way by art how to discover what quantity of counterfeit mixture was put into a crown of massy gold, not dissolving the metals, and finding no means in long study, at last washing himself naked in a bathing-tub, he observed still that the deeper he sunk, the higher the water rose; and forthwith he conceived (which after he performed indeed), that by such a means the true quantity of each metal might be found, and the fraud discovered: with joy whereof he was so ravished, that stark naked as he was, he ran out into the streets, crying, *ευρηκα, ευρηκα*; I have found it, I have found it. At which, for the time, all the people were amazed and thought him mad, till his invention after proved him, not only sober, but also subtle.

What, if some pleasant conceited fellow should give out, by way of supposition, that possibly the deviser of this rare conveyance, was at the time of devising thereof, sitting on some such place, as the godly father sat on at his devout prayers, or the godless king sat on at his devilish practices? as put the case on the

stately stinking privy in the Inner Temple (where many grave apprentices of the law put their long debated cases to homely uses), and that with joy of so excellent invention, he ran out with his hose about his heels, and cried, *ευρηκα, ευρηκα*: so might I be likened to Archimedes, and there be some perhaps would be so very fools to believe it. But lest that any idle-headed fellow should devise, or any shallow-brained people believe such a tale, I do beforehand give the word of disgrace to any that shall so say; and will make it good on their persons with all weapons from the pin to the pike, that whether it were by my good guiding, or my good fortune, in the invention hereof, nor in the execution, I never received such a disgrace as that of Archimedes. For I assure you, the device was both first thought of, and discoursed of, with as broad terms as any belongs to it, in presence of six persons, who were (all save one) interlocutors in the dialogue; of which, I was so much the meanest, that the other five, for beauty, for birth, for value, for wit, and for wealth, are not in many places of the realm to be matched. Neither was the place

inferior to the persons; being a castle, that I call the wonder of the west; so seated without, as England in few places affords more pleasures; so furnished within, as China nor the West Indies scarce allows more plenty. Briefly, at the very coming in you would think you were come to the *Eldorado* in *Guiana*: and by this I hope both the invention and execution hereof may be sufficiently freed from baseness.

Yet there remains one easy objection against the merit of my good service herein; I mean easy to make, but it will not seem so easy to answer; and that is, that some may say, this may fortune to do well in many places, but yet there is no depth in the invention: for it is nothing but to keep down the air with a stopple, and let out the filth with a screw; which some will mislike, and will not endure to have such a business every time they come to that house: to which I answer, that for depth in the invention, I affect it not (for I would not have it in all above two foot deep). And though the proverb is, the deeper the sweeter, that is to be intended in some sweeter matters; for the deeper you wade in this, you shall find it the

sourer. And if it seem too busy, he that hath so great haste of his business, may take it as he finds it; which cannot be very ill at any time. But the old saying was, *Look ere you leap*; and the old custom was, that if a man had no light to look, yet he would feel, to seek that he would not find, for fear lest they should find that they did not seek. Further, the pains being so little as it is, I should think him a sloven that would not by himself or his man leave it as cleanly as he found it; especially considering, that in Deuteronomy you are told, God misliketh sluttishness: and every cat gives us an example (as housewives tell us) to cover all our filthiness: and if you will not disdain to use that which cometh from the musk cat, to make yourself, your gloves, and your clothes, the more sweet, refuse not to follow the example of the cat of the house, to make your entries, your stairs, your chambers, and your whole house the less sour. Indeed, for the device, I grant it is as plain as Dunstable highway, and perhaps it will be as common too; but neither of them shall be any disgrace to it. For I heard an Italian tell, that in Venice after

they had had the great loss by fire in Maximilian's time, when their arsenal was burnt with gunpowder, they had long consultation how to keep their store powder from danger of fire, for fear of like mischances; at last a plain fellow (like myself) came and told that he had devised a way, and prayed to have audience.

Then he told them a long tale, but all to this short purpose; that gunpowder was made of three simples, *viz.* saltpetre, brimstone, and coal: but each of these several, would be easy kept from fire, and be quenched if they were kindled; but being compound, it blew up all in a moment, if the least spark did but meet with it: then he shewed that the causes could not be so sudden of using powder, but that the simples being ready, it might soon be made: lastly, that saltpetre did grow, rather than waste, with lying; whereas, being made into powder, it doth consume, &c. All which, though every man there knew before, yet because they had not offered to put it in practice, they gave him a reward for his device, and followed therein his advice; placing these

simples in several houses, which are so dangerous when they are compounded; and since that time they have been more annoyed with water than with fire. Wherefore, I assure me, the magnifico's of Venice would allow of the device, and I had some idle money, I might hap to be so idly disposed, to put out more than I will speak of upon this return, when one of the sons and daughters of St. Mark had put my device in execution; especially if that *Molto Magnificentissimo* were yet alive, that when his wife was sick, and the physician was to see her water, he knew not how to bid her make water, in words seemly for his high state and her fine ears, that had never heard so foul a word as that in her life, till his man took on him the matter, and found a phrase by circumlocution to signify pissing, and never once to name it, in this sort; *Cara signora vi prego fare quello che fate dinanzi al cacare*. But see, see, I would fain have bid you farewell; and now we are again in our dirty common place, we will go with you yet a quoits cast further, and then upon the next green we will bid farewell, and turn tail as they say: where-

The Magnifico's of Venice are called *Figliuoli di S. Marco*.

fore, now I will make you only a brief repetition of that I have said. You see, first, how I have justified the homely words and phrases with authorities above all exception; I have proved the care ever had of the matter, with examples above all comparison: lastly, I have expressed to you a cleanly form of it, above all expectation. Neither do I praise it, as merchants do their wares, to rid their hands of them; for I promise you, how high soever I praise it, I mean not to part with it: for were I to praise it upon mine oath as we do household stuff in an inventory, I would praise it in my house, to be worth a hundred pounds; in yours, three hundred pounds; in Wollerton, five hundred pounds; in Tibals, Burley, and Holmbie, a thousand pounds; in Greenwich, Richmond, and Hampton-court, ten thousand pounds. Theobalds.
Burleigh.
Holmbie. And by my good sooth, so I would think myself well paid for it: not that I am so base-minded to think that wit and art can be rated at any price, but that I would accept it as a gratuity fit for such houses and their owners.

For I tell you, though I will not take it upon me that I am in *dialecticorum dumetis doctus*,

or *in rhetoricorum pompa potens*, or *cæteris scientiis saginatus*, as doth our *Pedantius* of Cambridge; yet I take it, that in this invention I shall shew a great practice upon the grammar, and upon this point I will challenge all the grammarians; *viz.* I say, and I will make it good, that by my rare device I shall make *Stercutius* a noun adjective. Now I know you will set your son William to answer me; and he shall say, no, no, and come upon me with his grammar rule, *ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum, etc.* and hereby conclude, that he is both a substantive, and that a substantial one too, and a masculine.

But all this will not serve, for I have learned the grammar too; and therefore,

Come grammar rules, come now your power shew,
as saith the noble *Astrophell*. First, therefore I say, his no, no, is an affirmative;

For in one speech two negatives affirm.

Secondly, tell me pretty Will, what is a noun substantive? That that may be seen, felt, heard, or understood. Very well; now I will join issue with you on this point, where shall we try it? Not in Cambridge, you will say; for I think

they will be partial on my side. Well then, in Oxford be it, and no better judge than *M. Poeta*, who was chief captain of all the nouns in that excellent comedy of *Bellum gramaticale*. For, without all peradventure, when he shall hear that one of his band and so near about him, is brought to that state, that he is neither to be seen, smelt, heard, nor understood, he will swear gogs nouns, he will thrust him out of his selected band of the most substantial substantives, and sort him with the rascal rabblement of the most abject adjectives. But now, sir, that I have brought you to so fair a town as Oxford, and so sweet a companion as your son William, I will leave you to him that made you.

This comedy was played at her Majesty's last being at Oxford.

Now (gentle reader) you have taken much pain, and perhaps some pleasure, in reading our *Metamorphosis of AJAX*, and you supposed by this time to have done with me: but now, with your favour, I have not done with you. For I found by your countenance, in the reading and hearing hereof, that your conceit oft-times had censured me hardly, and that somewhat diversely; and namely, in these three kinds:

The epilogue, or conclusion.

Three reproofs
of this pam-
phlet.

First, you thought me fantastical; secondly, you blamed my scurrility; and, thirdly, you found me satirical: to which three reproofs, being neither causeless nor unjust, do me but the justice to hear my three answers.

Answer to the
first objection
of fantastical-
ness.

I must needs acknowledge it fantastical for me, whom I suppose you deem (by many circumstances) not to be of the basest, either birth or breeding, to have chosen, or of another mans choice to have taken so strange a subject. But though I confess thus much, yet I would not have you lay it to my charge; for if you so do, I shall straight retort all the blame, or the greatest part of it, upon yourself: and namely, I would but ask you this question, and even truly between God and your conscience, do but answer it. If I had entituled the book, *A Sermon shewing a sovereign salve for the sores of the soul*; or *A wholesome Haven of Health to harbour the heart in*; or *A marvellous medicine for the maladies of the mind*, would you ever have asked after such a book? would these grave and sober titles have won you to the view of three or four tittles? much less three or four score periods. But when you heard

there was one that had written of A JAX, straight you had a great mind to see what strange discourse it would prove; you made inquiry who wrote it, where it might be had, when it would come forth. You prayed your friend to buy it, beg it, borrow it, that you might see what good stuff was in it. And why had you such a mind to it? I can tell you. You hoped for some merriments, some toys, some scurrility; or, to speak plain English, some knavery: and if you did so, I hope now your expectation is not altogether frustrate. Yet, give me leave briefly to shew you what petty pills you have swallowed in your pleasant quadlings, and what wholesome wormwood was inclosed in these raisins of the sun.

Against malcontents, epicures, atheists, heretics, and careless and dissolute Christians, and especially against pride and sensuality, the prologue and the first part are chiefly intended. The second gives a due praise, without flattery, to one that is worthy of it; and a just check, without gall, to some that deserve it. The third part, as it teacheth indeed a reformation of the matter in question, so it toucheth in

A brief sum of
the true intent
of the book.

sport, a reprehension of some practises too much in custom: all which the reader, that is honourable, wise, virtuous, and a true lover of his country, must needs take in good part. Now, gentle reader, if you will still say this is fantastical, then I will say again, you would not have read it except it had been fantastical; and if you will confess the one, sure I will never deny the other.

Answer to the second objection of scurrility.

This cannot be denied.

The second fault you object, is scurrility; to which I answer, that I confess the objection, but I deny the fault; and if I might know whether he were Papist or Protestant that maketh this objection, I would soon answer them, namely, thus; I would cite a principal writer on either side, and I would prove that either of them hath used more obscene, foul, and scurrilous phrases (not in defence of their matter, but in defacing of their adversary) in one leaf of their books, than is in all this. Yet they profess to write of the highest, the holiest, the weightiest matters that can be imagined; that I write of the basest, the barrenest, and most witless subject that may be described.

Quod decuit tantos cur mihi turpe putem?

I forbear to shew examples of it, lest I should be thought to disgrace men of holy and worthy memory.

For such as shall find fault that it is too satirical, surely, I suppose their judgment shall sooner be condemned by the wiser sort, than my writings. For when all the learned writers, godly preachers, and honest livers over all England (yea, over all Europe), renew that old complaint, *Regnare nequitiam et in deterius res humanas labi.* Seneca.

Answer to the third objection, that it is too satirical or sharp against the faults of the time.

When we hear them say daily, that there was never under so gracious a head, so graceless members; after so sincere teaching, so sinful living; in so shining light, such works of darkness: when they cry out upon us, yea, cry indeed, for I have seen them speak it with tears, that lust and hatred were never so hot, love and charity were never so cold; that there was never less devotion, never more division; that all impiety hath all impunity; finally, that the places that were wont to be the samples of all virtue and honour, are now become the sinks of all sin and shame. These phrases (I say) being written and recorded, sounded and

Allusion to the
former words.

resounded in so many books and sermons, in Cambridge, in Oxford, in the court, in the country, at Paul's Cross, in Paul's Church-yard; may not I, as a sorry writer among the rest, in a merry matter, and in a harmless manner, professing purposely, *Of vaults and privies, sinks and draughts, to write*, prove according to my poor strength, to draw the readers by some pretty draught, to sink into a deep and necessary consideration, how to amend some of their privy faults? Believe it (worthy readers, for I write not to the unworthy), AJAX, when he is at his worst, yields not a more offensive savour to the finest nostrils, than some of the faults I have noted do to God and the world. Be not offended with me for saying it, more than I am with some of you for seeing it. But this I say, if we would amend our privy faults first, we should afterward much the better reform the open offences, according to the old proverb, *Every man mend one, and all would be amended*. Trust me, they do wrong me, that count me satirical: alas! I do but (as the phrase is) pull a hair from their beards whose heads perhaps by the old laws

and canons should be shorn. If you will say there is salt in it, I will acknowledge it; but if you will suspect there is gall in it, I renounce it: I name not many, and in those I do name, I swerve not far from the rule.

Play with me, and hurt me not:

Jest with me, and shame me not.

A fit rule to be kept, and breeds all misrule when it is broken; especially by honourable persons.

For some that may seem secretly touched, and be not openly named, if they will say nothing, I will say nothing. But, as my good friend M. Davies said of his epigrams, that they were made like doublets in Birchin-lane, for every one whom they will serve: so if any man find in these my lines any raiment that suits him so fit, as if it were made for him, let him wear it and spare not: and for my part, I would he could wear it out. But if he will be angry at it, then (as the old saying is) I beshrew his angry heart; and I would warn him thus much (as his poor friend), that the workman that could with a glance only, and a light view of his person, make a garment so fit for him, if the same workman come and take a precise measure of him, may make him another garment of the same stuff (for there need go but

a pair of shears between them), that in what shire soever he dwelleth, he may be known by such a coat as long as he liveth. Well, to conclude, let both the writer and the readers endeavour to mend ourselves, and so we shall the easier amend others; and then I shall think my labour well bestowed in writing, and you shall think yours not altogether lost in reading. And with this honest exhortation I would make an end; imitating herein the wisest lawyers, who, when they have before the simplest jurors, long disputed their cases to little purpose, are ever most earnest and eager at the parting, to beat into the jury's head some special point or other, for the behoof of their client. For, so would I, howsoever you do with the rest of the matter. I would, I say, fain beat still into your memory this necessary admonition (which my new taken name admonisheth me of); to cleanse, amend, and wipe away all filthiness. To the which purpose, I could methink allegorize this homely subject that I have so dilated, and make almost as good a sermon as the friar did before the Pope; saying nothing but *Matto San Pietro* three times, and so came down from

Misacmos.

That is to say,
what a fool
was St. Peter.

the pulpit again; and being afterward examined, what he meant to make a sermon of three words, but three times repeated before the triple crowned prelate and so many cardinals, he told them they might find a good sermon in *Matto San Pietro*; as namely, if heaven might be gotten, notwithstanding all the pride, pleasures, and pomp of the world, with ease, sensuality, and epicurism, then what a fool was St. Peter to live so strict, so poor, so painful a life? With which it is possible his auditory was more edified, or at least more terrified, than they would have been at a longer sermon: but I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. () players, who when they have ended a bawdy comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneel down solemnly, and pray all the company to pray with them for their good Lord and master. Yet I will end with this good counsel, not unsuited to the text I have thus long talked of;

To keep your houses sweet, cleanse privy vaults:

To keep your souls as sweet, mend privy faults.

FINIS.

the puritans; and being afterwards examined
 what amount to make a sermon of three
 weeks; but these times repeated before the
 tapestried partitions and so many cardinals
 besides them they might find a good sermon
 in all the way; as usually, if heaven
 might be gotten notwithstanding all the pride
 pleasures and pomp of the world with ease
 somewhat, and sometimes then what a fool was
 St. Peter to live so quiet, so poor, so painful
 a life; With which it is possible his auditors
 was more edified, or at least more terrified,
 than they would have been at a longer sermon;
 but I will neither end with sermon nor prayer
 least some ways like me to my I. (which was to
 players, who when they have ended a play
 comedy, as though that were a preparative to
 devotion, kneel down solemnly, and pray all
 the company to pray with them for their good
 Lord and master. Yet I will end with this
 good counsel, not unanalogous to the text I have
 thus long talked of; *Be ye as trees that bear fruit*
To keep your leaves green, let your fruit fall.
 To keep your souls in grace, and holy duties
 the Popes will not let you fall.

*The first of these
 is the most
 and the best*

AN
ANATOMY
OF THE
METAMORPHO-SED AJAX.

WHEREIN BY A

*Tripartite Method, is plainly, openly, and demon-
stratively declared, explained, and elucidated,
by Pen, Plot, and Precept, how unsavoury
Places may be made sweet, noisome
Places made wholesome, filthy
Places made cleanly.*

PUBLISHED FOR
THE COMMON BENEFIT OF BUILDERS, HOUSEKEEPERS,
AND HOUSE-OWNERS.

BY T. C.

*TRAVELLER, APPRENTICE IN POETRY, PRACTISER IN MUSIC,
PROFESSOR OF PAINTING;
THE MOTHER, DAUGHTER, AND HANDMAID OF ALL MUSES,
ARTS, AND SCIENCES.*

*Invidie quid mordes? Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

At London:
IMPRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD,
DWELLING IN THE BLACKFRIARS.

1596.

ANATOMY

OF THE

METAMORPHOSED ALAX

WRITTEN BY A

Exquisite Dishes, is plain, agreeable, and simple
greatly relieves, explains, and elucidates
the Diet, and Exercise, and the
Dishes may be made more, and
Dishes made delicious, and
Dishes made clean.

PRINTED FOR

THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, HOUSE OF COMMONS
AND HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY T. C.

APPELLANT, APPELLATE IN POINT, FURTHER IN VIEW
PROFESSOR OF PHYSIC,
THE ROYAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL OF THE ROYAL
ARTS AND MANNERS

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RESIDING IN THE DISTRICT.

1808

TO M. E. S. ESQUIRE.

SIR,

MY master having expressly commanded me to finish a strange discourse that he had written to you, called the *Metamorphosis* of *AJAX*, by setting certain pictures thereto; there came unto my mind a tale I had heard, perhaps more merry than mannerly, how a plain or rather pleasant serving-man, waiting on his master at the Pope's court, happened to be present one day when the gentleman, after long attendance and great means, had obtained the favour to kiss his Holiness' foot. The man seeing what his master did, first stole out of the chamber, and then ran out of the house,

hiding himself for a pretty space: the gentleman hearing of it, pitied his mans simplicity (who perhaps was crafty knave enough for all that), and asked why he went away? Alas! sir, said he, when I saw that a man of your worth and worship, in so public a place, might kiss but his toe, I doubted they would have made me have kissed him in some homelier place; and so I might have been shamed for ever.

If that serving-man had cause to run out of the house, methinks I may seem to have more reason to run out of my wits, to have so strange a task appointed me: for when the very face and head, or title of the book, seemed so foul and unsavoury, what might I think the feet or tail thereof were like to prove? Wherefore, I would gladly have shunned so base an office; but having my masters example, joined to his commandment, I took heart to me: and first, I read over the discourse, to see what was promised therein on my behalf (viz. certain pictures). But I assure you, in the reading of it, whether it were the well-handling of the

matter, or my partial opinion (a fault that I am seldom charged withal), my mind was altered; and I compared the homely title of it unto an ill-favoured vizer, such as I have seen in stage plays, when they dance *Machachinas*, which covers as sweet a face sometimes as any is in the company. And even presently therewithal, as if I had been inspired with the spirit of *AJAX*, methought I durst have adventured with my pen and pencil upon any thing. For as the saying is,

Or to a toad,
or a snake
made in sugar,
that looks un-
sightly, but
tastes sweetly.

*Painters and poets, claim by old enrolment,
A charter, to dare all, without controlment.*

Wherefore, by the privilege of this charter (as also by a patent I have of serving two apprenticeships), I will go somewhat beyond the bare words of my commission, and yet not swerve much from the charge that is laid upon me. For, sir, I would you knew it, though I never troubled the schools at Oxford with any disputes or degrees, yet I carried there a good scholars books after him; and I trust I got some quaint phrases among them; as namely, instead of praying the cobbler to set two patches

on my shoes, I could have said, Set me two semicircles upon my suppeditals: *with much other eloquence beyond the common intelligence. And yet, notwithstanding all these great vaunts, I will not take upon me, that I am able to say so much of the Metamorphosis, the etymology, and the reformation of Don A JAX house, as my master hath said; or to defend the words, illustrate the matter, and dilate of the form, as he hath done; for who can stand against such an army of emperors, kings, magistrates, prophets, poets, all-hallows, and all prophanes, even from the Bible to the Bable, as are by him brought for enobling of his arguments? Yet for anatomizing as it were of the shape and body thereof, because he hath handled that point (in M. Plat's opinion) somewhat too briefly for common understandings, I must here a little better open it: for, as the old saying is (bonum quo communius eo melius), and the old verse is,*

M. Plat in his book against famine, fol. ultimo penultimo.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat aller.

Goodness is best, when it is common shown:

Knowledge were vain, if knowledge were not known.

Wherefore now, seriously and in good sadness, to instruct you and all gentlemen of worship, how to reform all unsavoury places of your houses, whether they be caused by privies or sinks, or such like (for the annoyance coming all of like causes, the remedies need not be much unlike), this shall you do.

If that which follows offend the reader, he may turn over a leaf or two, or but smell to his sweet gloves, and then the savour will never offend him.

“ In the privy that annoys you, first cause a cistern, containing a barrel or upward, to be placed either behind the seat, or in any place either in the room or above it, from whence the water may, by a small pipe of lead of an inch, be conveyed under the seat in the hinder part thereof (but quite out of sight); to which pipe you must have a cock or a washer, to yield water with some pretty strength when you would let it in.

This cistern in the first plot is figured at the letter A; and so likewise in the second plot. The small pipe in the first plot at D, in the second E; but it ought to lie out of sight.

“ Next make a vessel of an oval form, as broad at the bottom as at the top; two feet deep, one foot broad, sixteen inches long; place this very close to your seat, like the pot of a close-stool; let the oval incline to the right hand.

This vessel is expressed in the first plot H, M, N; in the second H, K.

“ This vessel may be brick, stone, or lead; but whatsoever it is, it should have a current of three inches to the back part of it (where a

The current is expressed in the second plot K.

sluice of brass must stand); the bottom and sides all smooth, and drest with pitch, rosin, and wax; which will keep it from tainting with the urine.

In the second plot I, L.

“ In the lowest part of this vessel, which will be on the right hand, you must fasten the sluice or washer of brass, with solder or cement; the concavity or hollow thereof, must be two inches and a half.

In the first plot G, F; in the second F and I.

“ To the washers stopple must be a stem of iron, as big as a curtain rod; strong, and even, and perpendicular, with a strong screw at the top of it; to which you must have a hollow key with a worm fit to that screw.

In the first plot between G, I.

“ This screw must, when the sluice is down, appear through the plank not above a straws breadth on the right hand; and being duly placed, it will stand about three or four inches wide of the midst of the back of your seat.

This shows in the first plot K, L; in the second G; such are in the backside of watches.

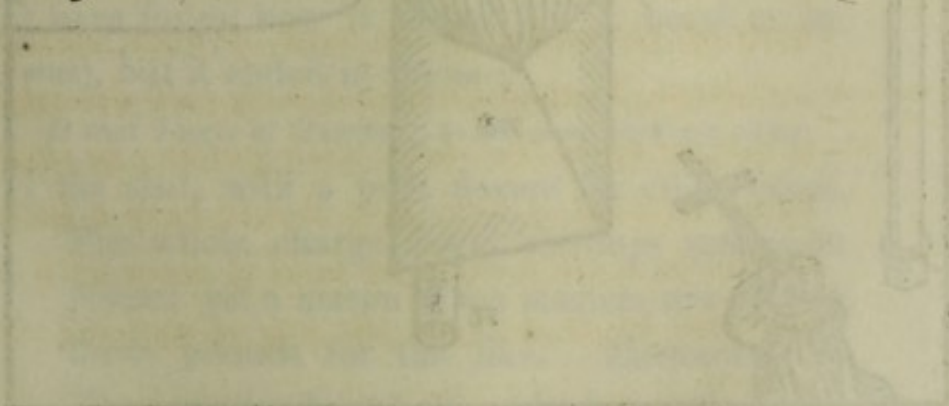
“ Item, That children and busy folk disorder it not, or open the sluice with putting in their hands without a key, you should have a little button or scallop shell, to bind it down with a vice pin, so as without the key it will not be opened.

“ These things thus placed, all about your vessel and elsewhere, must be passing close plastered with good lime and hair, that no air come up from the vault, but only at your sluice, which stands close stopped; and ever it must be left, after it is voided, half a foot deep in clean water. Else all is vain.

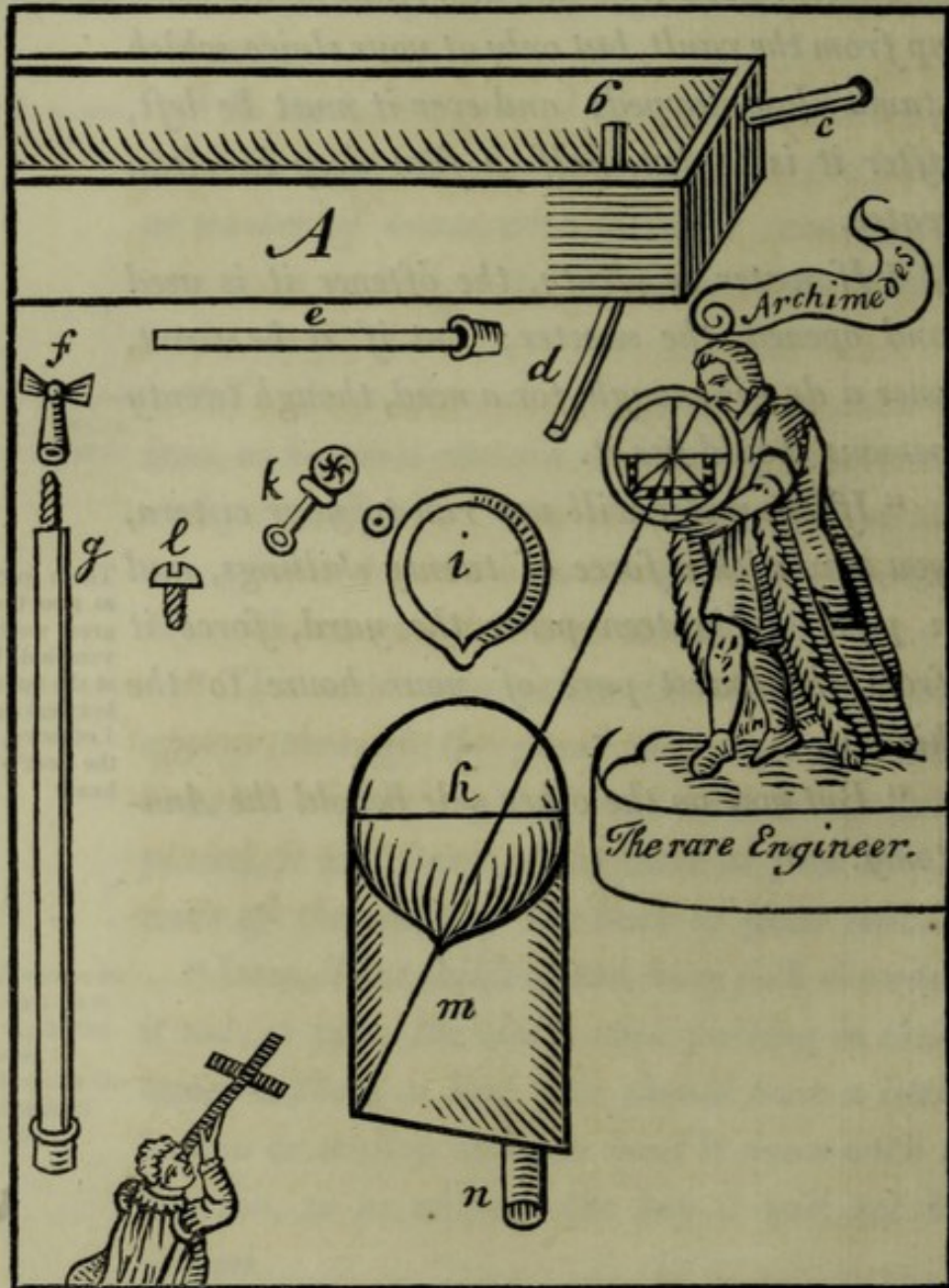
“ If water be plenty, the oftener it is used and opened, the sweeter; but if it be scant, once a day is enough, for a need, though twenty persons should use it.

“ If the water will not run to your cistern, you may with a force of twenty shillings, and a pipe of eighteen pence the yard, force it from the lowest part of your house to the highest. These forces, as also the great washer, you shall buy at the queen's braziers in Lothbury, at the boar's-head.

“ But now on the other side behold the Anatomy.”



*This is Don AJAX house of the new fashion, all in sunder ;
that a workman may see what he hath to do.*



Here are the parts set down, with a rate of the prices; that a builder may guess what he hath to pay.

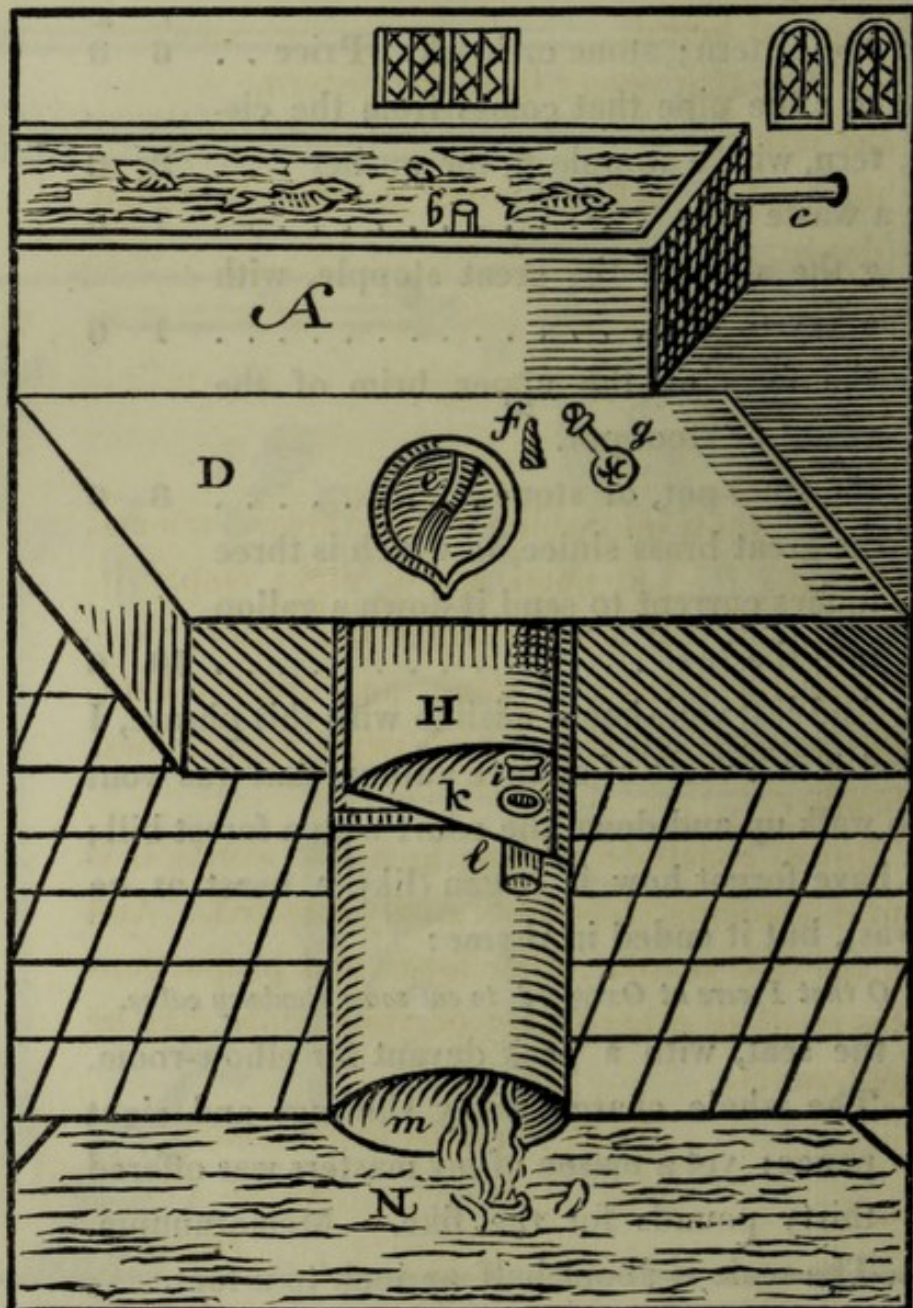
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>A</i> the cistern; stone or brick. Price . .	6	8
<i>b, d, e</i> the pipe that comes from the cistern, with a stopple to the washer . . .	3	6
<i>c</i> a waste pipe	1	0
<i>f, g</i> the stem of the great stopple, with a key to it	1	6
<i>h</i> the form of the upper brim of the vessel or stool-pot.		
<i>m</i> the stool-pot, of stone	8	0
<i>n</i> the great brass sluice, to which is three inches current to send it down a gallop into the Jax	10	0

And lest you should mislike with this phrase, I had it in a verse of a grave author, that was wont to walk up and down the court with a forest bill; I have forgot how it began (like a beast as he was), but it ended in rhyme:

O that I were at Oxenford, to eat some Banbury cakes.

i the seat, with a peak devant for elbow-room. The whole charge thirty shillings and eight pence: yet a mason of my masters was offered thirty pounds for the like. Memorandum. The scale is about half an inch to a foot.

*Here is the same, all put together; that the work-
man may see if it be well.*



- A the cistern.
b the little washer.
c the waste pipe.
D the seat board.
e the pipe that comes from the cistern.
f the screw.
g the scallop shell, to cover it when it is shut down.
H the stool pot.
i the stopple.
k the current.
l the sluice.
m, N the vault into which it falls: always remember that () at noon and at night empty it, and leave it half a foot deep in fair water.

And this being well done, and orderly kept, your worst privy may be as sweet as your best chamber.

But to conclude all this in a few words, it is but a standing close-stool easily emptied. And by the like reason (other forms and proportions observed) all other places of your house may be kept sweet.

Your worships to command.

T. C.

Traveller.

AN APOLOGY.

All this is sweetened with this one sentence; *Humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Or, *Dulcia non meruit qui dedignatur amara.*

Fidelis servus, perpetuus asinus.

Quæ mala sint Domini, quæ servi commoda nescis. Condile, qui servum, te genus esse diu. *By your leaves, masters.*

BUT pah! what have I talked of all this while? of A JAX? Pa-pe, what an unsavoury argument is this! Nay, fie, I marvel you would read it. I have lost all my credit with our wenches, if they hear that my pen has thus polluted my paper. But alas! it is but my fortune and not my fault; I am forced thereto: when the master is in the imperative mood, the man must obey in the present tense, though he should be thought for his labour, *As in præsentî, perfectum format in avi, ut no nas knavi, etc.* Well, yet you see, I have not forgot all my grammar. I wis it were better for us serving-men, if you masters would do more in the dative case, and speak less in the imperative mood. If you will be lecherous, we must be bawds; if you will be quarrellous, we must be ruffians: and now my master plays the physician, I must be the apothecary. If

he cast the water, I must minister the clyster.
What is the remedy?

Delirant domini, famuli plectuntur: iniquum est.

*The men still bear their masters sin;
But little justice is therein.*

But a great many of my masters betters,
may say for themselves:

Mæ (contendere noli) stultitiam patiuntur opes. Horace.

*To strive with us it is but vain,
Our wealth our follies will sustain.*

Wherefore, now to say somewhat for myself,
and as it were to play one bout in mine own
defence (for if *Zoilus* have already bitten at
my masters banquet, it may be some *Momes*
will mock me for my short pittance). First,
therefore, to answer some *Ciceronians*, that
maintain that such a word as *Stercutius* should
not be named in civility (to omit, that where he
condemns it, there he useth it, and in one place
besides). But I would ask some rhetoric
reader (for sometimes *eloquence hath thought*
it good to give the sword and buckler place),
whether it be not as civil a phrase to say,
Stercutius is made a noun adjective, as these

Nolo stercus
curiæ dici
glauciam, *De*
Orat. 157.
Supra stercus
injectum. *De*
Divinat. 92.

few that I will here recite; which, if I should English, they would make some perhaps cast up their gorges. Against Piso, a great nobleman, his better in birth, his equal in office;

Oratio in Pisonem.

Cum hac me peste et labe confero? Meministi cœnum; nescio quo egurgustio te prodire obvoluto capite soleatum? fœtidam nobis popinam exhalasti. Unde tu nos partim turpissime respondendo, partim fœdissime eructando ejecisti.

Pauci tua lutilenta vitæ noveramus. Epicure ex hara producta.

And against the worthy *Anthony* (whom so noble pens have celebrated), mark what he saith, and where; even in the senate. But first, you must imagine that *Anthony* had had a little mischance while he sat in judgment on the bench (perhaps some foolish orator, that could not tell a slovenly tale cleanly, had been arguing of *purgare* and *reficere cloacam*); whereby, the nobleman being queasy, laid open his stomach; and Tully, owing him a grudge, a year after lays it in his dish, in these sweet words;

O matter, slovenly to be seen; to be heard, hateful, &c.

Orat. in M. Ant. II.

O rem non modo visu fœdam; sed etiam auditu, etc. In cœtu Populi Romani negotium publicum gerens, cui ructare turpe esset, is

frustis esculentis, vinum redolentibus gremium suum et totum tribunal implevit.

Thus, you see, your M. T. C. when it pleased him to displease others, would use words as bad as the best of us.

But to argue succinctly (as they call it), I say, that that some call scurrility, in this book is indeed but a check to scurrility: I will prove it. Teachers of all sorts, when they will teach one to mend his fault, will shew the fault in themselves first. Also the incomparable poet of our age, to give a most artificial reproof of following the letter too much, commits the same fault of purpose.

Grammarians,
Musicians,
Dancers,
Fencers.

*You that do dictionary method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows.*

Sir P. Sydney.

Further, this book where it seems most loose, mark if it do not stop rather than open all gaps of lasciviousness.

A good trial of
what spirit a
book is writ-
ten in.

But lest some bad disputers, confessing the premises to be true, should deny the conclusion, let me deal *sillogistice* in mood and figure. And that the syllogism may be suitable to the

This is to you
that be scho-
lars.

A syllogism in Bocardo. proposition, let it be in the third figure, the fifth mood, called *Bocardo*.

Major. *Some homely words in necessary matters are not to be condemned.*

Minor. *But all ages, all writers, all states, have used these words in these matters.*

Conclusion. *Ergo, the title of the book should not be condemned.*

Now if any be in so fierce a figure, and in so angry a mood, that he will reduce all to *Barbara*, I think we should chop logic best with such a one in *ferio*.

A syllogism in the first mood of the second figure. But if an argument be brought against us in the second figure, in a sober mood, and in the sacred name of *Cesare*; in this wise:

1. *No words obscene, scurrilous, and sordid, should come to modest, chaste, and virtuous ears;*

2. *But all words concerning the subject of the book, are obscene, scurrilous, and sordid:*

3. *Ergo, no part of the book is approvable.*

Faith, then we are all *non plus*. I would our *festino* had been *cœlarent*; for there is no denying nor replying to that mood; but only

say, God save the queen, and pray for the psalm of mercy.

Well, yet I trust, however my master speeds, I shall do well enough. *Aquila non capit muscas.* Wherefore, to conclude, and to grace myself a little with you and your friends, let me tell you some of my adventures. A servants boast, you know, is to be like his master. Lo! then how many ways I can liken me to him.

Eagles stoop
not at flies.

First, we are near of an age; past our fool^{1.} age, neither young nor old.

This I learn
of my cousin
M. Thomas
Cicero to,
praise myself.

Both of a complexion; inclining to the oriental colour of a Croydon sanguine.

2.

Like in disposition; not idle, nor well^{3.} occupied.

One of my kin did teach him at Eaton, and^{4.} one of his kin taught me at Oxford.

We have been beyond sea, but never out of^{5.} the queen's dominions. In England, beyond

Milford.

Wales; in Ireland, on this side England: where we saw young children mothers at eleven, young women old at twenty-three: we saw some fair with little dressing, fat with scant feeding, and warm with thin clothing.

Waterford;
because it is on
this side the
English pale.

The first, they call God's service: the second, they call the Queen's service: the third, some think the devil's service.

Excellent religion; mass in the morning, common prayer at noon, common dancing at night; we went as undertakers thither, we came back overtaken; as for those that mocked us so, God and our Lady, and one more go with them.

6. Since this travel we have been both poetical, and I musical and pictorical; and though we may lie and steal by authority, yet we are taken for true men, and have help to hang thieves.

7. At this hour some of our friends think us worthy of better fortunes than we have; but none is our friend so much to help us to them.

8. We have played, and been played with, for our writings: *Si quis quod fecit, patiatur jus erit equum.* If you do take but such as you give, it is one for another; but if they that play so, would give us but a piece of gold for every good verse we think we have made, we should leave some of them but poor fellows.

Now if the man such praise will have, Then what must he that keeps the knave.

Dametas in Arcadia.

But soft, if I should tell all, he would say, I am of kin to *Sauntus Ablabius*. It is no matter, since he made me write of *Sauntus Accachius*.

But now, that you may know I have been a

dealer in emblems, I will conclude with a device not sharp in conceit, but of venerable antiquity; and yet by my masters own computation, it is not so ancient as dame *Cloacina*, by eighteen hundred years and more. Now riddle me what name is this.

It is good to set a name to the book: For a book without name may be called a libel.



*The (grace of God) guides well both age and youth;
Fly sin with fear, as harmless (hare) doth hound;
Like precious (ring) embrace more precious truth;
As (tun) full of good juice, not empty sound;
In these right scann'd, Misacmos' name is found.*

order in evidence, I will conclude with a
desire not sharp in concept, but of variable
intensity, and yet by its manner, un-
pleasant is not so much as that of a
righteous husband and more. How the
the the right name is this.



The text in this section is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a continuation of the handwritten or printed text from the reverse side of the page. Some faint words and phrases are visible, but they do not form a readable narrative.

AN APOLOGY;

1. Or rather a Retraction;
2. Or rather a Recantation;
3. Or rather a Recapitulation;
4. Or rather a Replication;
5. Or rather an Examination;
6. Or rather an Accusation;
7. Or rather an Explication;
8. Or rather an Exhortation;
9. Or rather a Consideration;
10. Or rather a Confirmation;
11. Or rather all of them;
12. Or rather none of them.

WHEN I had finished the precedent pamphlet, and in mine own fantasy very sufficiently evacuated my head of such homely stuff, of which it might seem it was very full charged, and shewed how little conceit or opinion I had of mine own ability to handle stately matters, by choosing so mean a subject to discharge myself upon: I thought now to rest me awhile, and to gather some strength, by feeding on

Canaries were so called, of the dogs that were found in them.

The saying is, Thrice an under sheriff, and ever a knave.

some finer meats, and making some cullisses and restoratives, for myself out of some other mens kitchens, and not open this vein any more. But I laboured all in vain to stop such a vein: for certain people, of the nature of those that first dwelt in the Canaries, have forced me to a further labour. For, whether it were over-watching myself at primero, or eating too much venison, which they say is a very melancholy meat, I know not how: but betimes one morning, when we use commonly to take our sweetest sleep, namely, between eight and half hour past ten, I was either in so strange a dream, or in so strange a melancholy, that methought there came to me a nimble dapper fellow (I cannot hit on his name); one that hath pretty pettifogging skill in the law, and hath been an under sheriff (but not thrice), and is now in the nature of an attorney; this honest friend told me this solemn tale: I was (saith he) yesternight at supper at (*at the*) ordinary, and there met M. Zoilus, M. Momus, and three or four good natured gentlemen more of the same crew; and toward the end of supper they fell to talking (as their manner is)

of certain books lately come forth. And one of them told how Lipsius the great politicke (that learned to speak so good English but awhile since) had written a book *de Cruce*, protesting that though he understood not the language, yet it offended his conscience to see so many crosses in one book, and he have so few in his purse: then they spake of M. Raynold's book against Bellarmine, but they could find no fault with it; for they said it was of a matter they used not to trouble themselves withal: thirdly, they descanted of the new Faerie Queene, and the old both; and the greatest fault they could find in it, was that the last verse disordered their mouths, and was like a trick of seventeen in a sinkapace: finally, they ran over many mens writing, saying, some wanted rhyme, some wanted reason, and some both. One, they said, was so young that he had not yet learned to write; another, so old he had forgotten to write, and was fit now to be *donatus rude*, as Horace saith. But to make short, at last one of them pulled out of his bosom a book that was not to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, but only that he

had borrowed it of his friend; and it was entitled, *The Metamorphosis of A JAX*; at which they began to make marvellous sport: and because it was a rainy night they agreed to read over the whole discourse to pass the time with. First, they read the authors name, and though they understood it not, yet that it might not pass without a jest, they swore that it signified, *Mise in a sack of moss*. They read the letters, and stumbling once or twice on a figure called *Prolepsis*, or prevention, they were angry their scoffs were so prevented. But when they found *Rabbles* named, then they were at home; they looked for pure stuff where he was cited for an author.

And they both
be honest
occupations
than Zoilus
and Momus.

The letters being ended, they perused the pictures; they swore they were fit for a gong-farmer and a chimney-sweeper. Then they fell to the *Metamorphosis*; it pleased them well: they said it was scurrill, base, shallow, sordid; the ditty, the dirge, the etymology, the pictures, gave matter of jest, of scorn, of derision, of contempt.

At last they came to the intent (as they thought) of the whole discourse of reforming

master AJAX ill breath; why, they were so pleased with it, they were ready to untruss, and thought to have gone to it presently: but when they came to the exposition of the name *Misacmos*, and found it was a hater of filth, it was such a jerk, that they were half out of countenance with it. Zounds! saith one of them, this fellow is an enemy to us; for we are counted but filthy fellows among the grave grey-beards. But at last, when they were come to the double distichon directly entitled to them by name, they had no sooner read it but there was such spitting and spalling, as though they had been half choked; they thought they should never get the taste out of their mouths, yet they took immediately fifty pipes of tobacco between five of them, and an ounce or two of kissing comfits. And soon after swearing over a paternoster or two, and cursing two or three *credos* (I mean the pox and three or four small curses), they vowed a solemn revenge; and taking pen and ink, they fall to quoting of it, meeting with some matter almost in every page, either to deride or to carp at; and when they had done (for it would make a

Martial saith,
quincuncies
puto post de-
cem peractos.

book to tell all that passed among them), at last one of them who had some judgment, but not less malice than the rest, said in great choler, doth this idle-headed writer, because he can tell a tale of old *Stercutius* out of St. Augustine, think that his wit will serve him to find means to amend the ill savours in Richmond and Greenwich? No, if Hercules that served *Augeus*, if *Atlas* that sustained the world, if *St. Christopher* that is painted at Richmond with his carriage, *qui tollit peccata mundi*; if all these should join with him, I doubt if it could be done. Yet, said another of them (in scoff), we may thank him for his good meaning. Nay rather, said a third man in earnest, let us plague him for his malapertness. In conclusion, they all laid their heads together, as near as they could for their brow antlers, and devised to indict you at a privy sessions. Some said, you could not be indicted, except you were put out of the peace first: but straight, one alleged a precedent in Wiltshire, of a justice indicted for a barreter. Now therefore (said my little attorney), advise you how to answer it; for the session will be a

That they
found in the
56th page.

purchased session, sooner than you look for it. He had but new ended his speech, and I had scarce leisure to thank him, when methought there rushed into my chamber a thick well trussed fellow, with a badge just over his heart, and commands me in the name that I love above all names, to go immediately with him. I must say truly, that though I blessed the name he used, and the badge he wore, yet I beshrewed his heart for bringing me no better news next my heart: but with him I went (for needs must he go whom the devil drives), and yet why should I belie the devil? I think, for forty shillings more than his fee, he would have been seeking me a month in every place, save where I was. But to proceed, methought this gentle pursuivant brought me before an austere and grave magistrate, whom I greatly loved and honoured, to answer to divers objections and articles that I never expected to be charged with. I comforted myself as well as I could with an old adage or two, *qui vadit plane vadit sane*, the plain way hath the surest footing; and *magna est veritas et prævalet*,

great is the truth and prevaieth; and then answered my accusers as I could.

The manner of the accusation was not much unlike the assault of a town: For first, they skirmished as it were with small shot, which I bare off with the armour and shield of plain-dealing and honest supplicity; but finding their forces increase, I was glad to retire me into the castle of innocency; where they made a sore battery with rabinets, minions, sakers, and demicanons; for, as God would have it, they had no canons: but thus they objected, and thus I answered.

Canons signify nine rules of law. Now they are not right canons, but bastard canons, that batter innocency.

Some laid to my charge, I was an idle fellow, and shewed by my writings I had little to do. Alas! said I, it is too true; and therefore, if you know any man that hath an office to spare, you may do well to prefer me to it: for it were a bad office that I would not change for this I have taken upon me; and if I had another, I would be content this were divided among you.

2. Some said I was such a fool, to think seriously the device worthy to be published,

and put in practice as a common benefit; trust me that is true too.

Some supposed that because my writings^{3.} now lay dead, and had not been thought of this good while, I thought (as Alcibades cut off his dogs tail to make the people talk of his curtail), so I would send my muse abroad masking naked in a net, that I might say,

Nunc iterum volito viva per ora virum.

Of my honour that is not true. Will you deny it on your oath? Nay, by our Lady, not for a thousand pounds.

Some said plainly, because my last work was^{4.} another mans invention, and that some fine phrase-making fellows had found a distinction between a versifier and a poet, I wrote this to shew I could be both when I listed, though I mean to be neither: as Thales Milesius, by making himself rich in one year, shewed his contempt of riches. The devil of the lie that is.

Some surmised against me, that because the^{5.} time is so toying, that wholesome meats cannot be digested without wanton sauce; and that

even at wise mens tables, fools have most of the talk, therefore I came in with a bable to have my tale heard: I must needs confess it.

6. Some said, that in emulation of outlandish wits, and to be one of the first English that had given the venture to make the title of his work the worst part of it, I was persuaded to write of such an argument: I will never deny that while I live.

7. Some affirmed, that I had taken this laughing liberty to grace some that have favoured me, and grate against some that had galled me: *guilty, my lord.*

Alas! poor gentleman (say the standers by), he will be condemned certainly for this that he hath confessed already, if he be not saved by his book: let us hear what he will answer to the rest of the indictment.

8. You did mean some disgrace in the letter afore the book, and in many passages of the book itself, to ladies and gentlewomen. Who, I? G— damn me if I love them not; I fear more to be damned for loving them too well.

9. You did think to scoff at some gentlemen that have served in some honourable services,

though with no great good success. As I am a gentleman, not guilty; neither do I mean any; but such as will needs be called M. Captains, having neither carried out with them, nor brought home with them, worth, wealth, or wit.

You did seek to discredit the honest meaning¹⁰ and laudable endeavours of some zealous and honest men, that seek for reformation, and labour faithfully and fruitfully in the world. To this, in all and every not guilty; provided they rail not against bishops, nor against the communion book.

You did intend some scorn to great magis-¹¹trates and men in authority, either alive or deceased, under covert names to cover some knavery. Knavery? no, as God judge me, my lord, not guilty: the good yere of all the knavery and knaves for me. By whom will you be tried? By the queen and the ladies, by the counsel and the lords. What, saucy younker, will not meaner trial serve you? No, good faith, my lord; I loved alway to be the worst of the company.

Well, sirrah, this is the judgment of the

court: that because there is hope that you may prove a wiser man hereafter, and that you have some better friends than you are worthy of, you shall have this favour; if the indictment happen to be found, you shall traverse it, and you shall choose twelve freeholders *bonos et legales homines*, that shall inquire of the quality of your discourse, and bring in their verdict *quindena pascha*; and if they find you guilty, you shall have a hole bored in your ear. What to do; to wear my mistress favour at? Now, God save your mistress life, my lord. Clerk of the peace, draw his indictment upon the four last articles that he denied, and upon the statute of *Scandala*; for I tell you we must teach you to learn the laws of the realm, as well as your rules of poetry. Laws? I trow I have the law at my fingers ends:

Ano. 1. 2.
Phil. and Mar.
cap. 3.
Ano. 23. Elis.
cap. 2.

*Aures per dentes super et sint pillory stantes,
Scanda rumantes in regis consiliantes;
Aut in magnates nova sediciosa loquentes,
Non producentes autores verba serentes.*

*Their ears must on the pillory be nail'd,
That have against her Highness' counsel rail'd;
Or such as of the peers foul brutes do scatter,
And cannot bring their author for the matter.*

Wherefore, you shall find I will keep me safe enough from scandalizing. And if you do, it is the better for you.

What is your name? *Misacmos*. What? it is a Welsh name, I think: Of whence do you write yourself? *Misacmos*, of Caernarvon, gentleman. Who made you of Caernarvon? She that made you of England. Well, you shall fare never the worse for that; but look to the answering of your indictment, I advise you.

What must I have no counsel? Straight a big fellow, with a biggin on his head, and his gown off of one shoulder, cries no, the Queen is a party. But I had rather your gown were off the other shoulder, and your head after, then you should make her a party against me; and yet, as ill as I love you, I would my second son had changed possibilities with your eldest, for a thing that I know. And thus after a few wrangling words, methought the court rose for that time; and suddenly my man came bustling into my chamber, and told me that all the gentlemen that had been riding on the heath were come back again, and that it was near eleven of the clock; and straight I called for

I mean no lawyer of our time, but one that Martial speaks of.

my suit of Abrizetta, and made all the haste I could to make me ready, not so much as tarrying to say my prayers, lest I might not come time enough to the peace of God at the closet, and so I might be in danger to lose my dinner.

But having somewhat better pondered with myself this foresaid fancy, I was somewhat troubled with it, not so much for those hanging metaphors, for as a good knight of our country said, gogs soul sirs, the best gentleman of us all, need not forswear hanging, but that I thought that my genius hereby presaged to me some peril to my reputation, of the sundry censures I should incur, by letting such a pamphlet fly abroad at such a time, when every thing is taken at the voley; and therefore I held it not unnecessary, as much as in me lay, to keep it from the view and censure of all such as were like to deride it, despise it, or disgrace it; and to recommend it only to all such as I thought would allow it and approve it. For to confess the truth frankly to you, my good cousins, *ο καί η φιλοστιλπνος*, I desire not altogether to have it concealed, lest some

hungry promoting fellows should beg it as a concealment, and beg the author also, for writing a thing that he were ashamed to shew; but if I might govern the matter as I would, I would generally recommend it only to such as have houses and families of their own. For I remember I have read of a certain king of the Lacedemonians, that being one day private in his garden, was teaching one of his sons of five years old to ride on a stick, and unawares a great ambassador came to speak with him, and found him in the manner: at which, both the king and the ambassador in the kings behalf began to blush at first; but soon after, the king put away the blush and the hobby-horse together, and with a pretty smile asked the ambassador if he had any little children of his own; he answered, no: then, said he, I pray you tell not what you found me doing, till you have some little ones of your own, and then tell it, and spare not: for even so, I would request men to forbear reading of this discourse, or at least reproving of it till they had of their own that, that would make them know the commodity and cleanliness of it; and for

those that will not, I would but wish them (as Martial wishes to Charinus),

*Quid imprecabor O severe Liventi,
Opto Mulos habeat et suburbanum.*

So I would they could ride on their foot-cloth, and had a house, and A JAX of their own. Yet, surely it may be, it were the wisest way to shew it to none at all; and so I half wish sometimes: but because every general rule must have his exception, you shall see whom I would be content both the discourse and the device may be shewed unto.

1. First, to a good and judicious scholar; for he will read it, ere he will judge of it, and say, *omnia probate*; and then perhaps, after he hath read it, he will smile, and say it is some young scholars work, that would have shewed more wit if he had had it; but it is well, *ridentem dicere verum quis vetat, etc.* And then he will say, it were good some of his friends would advise him to spend his talent and his time on some better subject. But some supercilious fellow, or some stale scribe, that think men will not judge them to be learned except they

Directions for
shewing the
book.

find faults, they will swear a man would have written as well, that had read but *Marcus Aurelius*.

Secondly, I would have it shewed to a house-² keeper that hath much resort to him; for it were not only a deed of charity to help such a one, but a sin to hide it from him; for else he may pick a quarrel, and say, that this same company hath so stench'd up his house, that he must be forced to lie at London till his house be made sweeter. A common excuse of such as break up houso.

Thirdly, if one be a builder and no house-³ keeper, let him see it too, for he loves to have all fine for his heir; and perhaps I would be content for the love I have had to that humour, that my master his son, were married to his mistress my daughter, as Heywood saith of a lusty old widower, that wooed a young woman, and boasting how well he would provide for his son:

*In a short tale, when his long tale was done,
She pray'd him go home, and send her his son.*

But if one be a builder and a housekeeper both, then I will come home to his house to him; I will read him a lecture of it, I will

instruct his workman, I will give him plots and models, and do him all the service I can; for that is a man of my own humour, and a good commonwealths-man; but yet I will give him a caveat in his ear that I learned of Sir Thomas More, if his purse be not well furnished:

*Ædificare domos multas, et pascere multos,
Est ad pauperiem, semita laxa nimis.*

*The way from wealth and store, to want and need,
Is much to build, and many mouths to feed.*

4. Fourthly, if you would know whether you should shew it to ladies. Yea, in any wise to all manner of ladies; of the court, of the country, of the city; great ladies, lesser ladies, learned, ignorant, wise, simple, foul, well-favoured, painted, unpainted, so they be ladies, you may boldly prefer it to them: for your milkmaids and country housewives may walk to the woods to gather strawberries, &c.

But greater states cannot do so; and therefore for them it is a commodity more than I will speak of; yet upon a touch of this point, make me but a good rhyme to this line afore dinner:

Within yon tower there is a flower that holds my heart.

Howbeit, you must not shew it after one fashion to all; but to the wise and sober, after a plain fashion; to the wanton and waggish, after another fashion; as namely, if they cry (fie for shame) when they hear the title read or such like, do but you say (for company) that it is a mad fantastical book indeed; and when you have done, hide it away, but where they may find it, and by the next day they will be as cunning in it as you; for this is not the first time that I have said of such a kind of book,

*In Brutus' presence, Lucrece will refuse it;
Let him but turn his back, and she'll peruse it.*

Fifthly, you may shew it to all amorous young youths, that will scratch their head but with one finger at once (as Cato noted of *Cæsar*), and had rather be noted of three disorders in their lives than of one in their locks; and especially if they be so cleanly that they will not eat pottage (no not alone), but that they will wipe their spoon between every spoonful, for fear lest their upper lip should infect the nether: for I would think certainly, that such a one, if he be so cleanly as he would seem to be, would make great account

of A JAX so well reformed. But yet the world is so full of dissimulation and hypocrisy, that we of the plainer sort may be easily deceived: for I heard of one the last day, in a town a hundred mile from London, that had engrossed all the fine fashions into his hands, of the curling, perfuming, wiping the spoon, &c.; and yet after all this cleanliness went to as common and as deformed A JAX of the feminine gender as any was in the town; and then, alas! what will such a one care for my device.

Praise of fat
men.

Lastly, I would have it shewed to all good, fat, corpulent men, that carry with them a writ of *Corpus cum causa*, for they are commonly the best natured men that be; without fraud, without treachery, as *Cæsar* said of *Anthony* and *Dolabella*, that he never mistrusted them for any practise because he saw they were fat; but rather *Casca* and *Cassius*, that were lean hollow fellows, and cared not for a good dinner: and therefore I would be censured by those good fellows that have less gall; and the rather, because I look every day for press money from

Lubberland.

the captain, to be employed in the conquest of

that country, and this engine of mine is like to be in great request for those services.

But methinks you may say, that here is a marvellous restraint made of shewing this discourse of mine, not much unlike to our stage-keepers in Cambridge, that for fear lest they should want company to see their comedies, go up and down with vizors and lights, puffing and thrusting, and keeping out all men so precisely, till all the town is drawn by this revel to the place; and at last, tag and rag, fresh men and sub-sizers, and all be packed in together so thick, as now is scant left room for the prologue to come upon the stage: for so you may suppose that I would bar all from this pamphlet of mine, save those that can write, or read, or understand. But if you take it thus, you do much mistake it; for there be divers from whom I would keep it as I would from fire and water, as for example:

First, from a passing proud fellow, such a one as Naaman the Syrian, that would disdain to wash in Jordan though it would cure him of the leprosy or the pox; and to such, for my part, I would wish they might lay all in their

1.
Four sorts of men that will mislike of the book.

gold breeches, rather than to abase their high conceits so much, as to think upon poor master A JAX.

2. Secondly, from all manner of fools and jesters, whether they be artificial or natural; for those be so dull, they cannot taste the salt in a piece of well powdered writing; and those be so tart, they will rather lose a friend than a jest: yet if their railing were allayed a little, with the two excellent virtues of flattering and begging, one might hope for some kindness at their hands.
3. Thirdly, if you spy a fellow with a bay leaf in his mouth, avoid him; for he carrieth a thing about him worse than master A JAX, that all the devices we have cannot reform.
4. Fourthly, if you see a stale, lean, hungry, poor, beggarly, threadbare cavaliero, like to Lazarillo's master, that when he dined at his own house, came forth with more crumbs of bread on his beard than in his belly, and that being descended of divers nobilities, will do a mean gentleman the honour to borrow ten shillings of him, shew it not him; for though he can say nothing against it, yet he will leer

under his hat as though he could speak more than he thinks. For such a one that makes not a good meal at home once in a month, hath not a good stool above once in a week, and then he will never say us gramercy for it: and this I may say to you is a consideration of no small importance; for though I must acknowledge that is not one of the meritorious works I look to be saved by, yet to have a prayer or two from some, that perhaps never say a prayer any where else, would do me no hurt, nor them neither. And methink I might much better deserve a knave mary to be said for me where my stately A J A X is admitted, and stands men instead, than he for whose soul the young gentleman, the first time he consummated his marriage with his wife, said a *paternoster*; and being asked for whom he prayed, he told his wife it was for his soul that had taken the pains to make his way so easy for him. Oh! sir, said she, it is a sign you have travelled such ways more than an honest man should have done, that you are so cunning; and so they became good friends. But ware riot, ho! whither am I running? I said, I would

Proud.
Fools.
Beggars.

keep me from scandalizing; but if I stop not betime, some will think to have their action in the case against me; yet it is good to cast the worst. Suppose, that for my bad inditing, I should be indicted, as it is twenty to one but if the grand jury were pricked by a bad sheriff, out of those four last mentioned suits (and of three of them you shall have a full appearance in most courts of Christendom), they will sure say, *billa vera*, though they should say of right nothing but *ignoramus*. But see, see, even with thinking of it I fall again into my former melancholy; methink the indictment is found, I am arraigned, I plead not guilty, I would still be tried by the nobility, by such as build stately palaces and keep great courts, but it will not be granted me; I must have none but freeholders, I chafe at it and would appeal: they cry it is not the course of the common law; I praise the civil law; for there a man may hold play with appealing, if he have a little idle money to spend, three or four years. At last comes the little dapper fellow, my honest attorney, that knew better the course of these matters than I did; and he rounds me in the

ear, and tells me, that for forty shillings to master high-sheriff's man that wears the russet satin doublet and the yellow silk stockings, he will undertake I shall have a jury of good freeholders, but for the nobility, it is out of their commission: and, sir (saith he), what need you to stand so much on the nobility, considering you desire to have none but great housekeepers and builders? For suppose you could get three or four to appear, one at Petworth, another hard by there at Coudrey (where, in the old viscounts time, *Jupiter hospitalis*, is said to have dwelt); and the young lord I hear doth *patrisare*, or rather I should say *avisare* (and that is a good word if he will mark it). Say also another dwelt at Ragland in Monmouthshire, where I heard a good knight of Gloucestershire affirm, the most honourable house of that realm was kept; and a fourth at Nonesuch, where the housekeeper for true English noblesse and honour, deserves the name better than the house. But when you shall think to make up the *tales*, where will you have them? some will be *non est inventus in baliva*, some that you love best will not be perhaps

intra quatuor maria: wherefore the judge was your friend more than you were aware, that gives you choice of freeholders.

Wooden stocks were fitter for them than silk stockings.

Believe me (said I), I think it is so indeed; hold thee, my little dapper knave, there is forty shillings for master sheriff's man to buy him another pair of silk stockings, and there is forty pence for thy good counsel; and see you find me a jury of substantial freeholders, that are good housekeepers, to try my honesty by.

He goeth, and ere an ape can crack a nut (as they say) he brings the names; and master crier he comes, twenty shillings in his shoes, and calls them, though he be sure they cannot hear him, as followeth:

1. John Harington, of Exton in the county of Rutland, knight; *alias* John Har: of Burleigh in the county aforesaid, *alias* of Combe in the county of Warwick, *alias* of Ooston in the county of Leicester, come into the court, or else, &c. Hath he freehold? Yea, he is a pretty freeholder in all these shires: Moreover, saith a third man, though he be a freeholder, yet he hath married his daughter to one, that for a grandfather, for a father, for two uncles,

and three or four aunts, may compare with most men in England. Lastly, a fourth said, and four hundred confirm it, that he relieves many poor and sets them to work; he builds not only his own houses, but colleges and hospitals. Marry, sir, then shall he be foreman of my jury with all my very heart: a builder and an housekeeper both? you cannot devise to please me better. I would there were a *decem tales* in every shire in England, and on that condition I would be glad to be one of them. Well, what have you to say to Sir John Harington? Marry, this. Here is one *Misacmos*, that is an accused servant of the state, to be a writer of fantastical pamphlets to corrupt manners; the same suspected of divers untruths and treasons, not sparing the majesty of kings and great emperors (saying one was a cuckold and a fool, another had an ill face, as in the pamphlet itself more plainly appeareth): now because it seems he is a gentleman, and of reasonable good breeding, he craves to be tried by a substantial jury; of which, for many respects, he will have you to be the foreman: he pleads to all the prin-

cial matters, not guilty; and justifies, that those things they call untruth and treason, are truth and reason. He is to be tried by God and country, which country you are; wherefore, your charge is (if it please you) to read the whole treatise at your leisure, and then to say how you like it. He saith further, he cares not to have you sworn, because your word will be taken for a greater matter than this by ten thousand pounds without oath. Jury Harington.

2. Who is next? Sir John Peter, of Stonden in the county of Essex, knight, a good house-keeper, and a builder both. Hath he freehold? Yea, so, so, I think he may wear velvet and satin (by the statute of 4 and 5 *Phil. Ma.*), for he may dispend twenty marks a year, *ultra reprisas*.

Well, because he is a builder and a house-keeper, I hope he will not deny me to be of my jury. The same charge, &c. that Sir John Harington took, you &c.; and so long may you keep a good house. Jury Peter.

3. Sir John Spenser, knight, a good substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, and a good

housekeeper, and so was the father afore him: Oh! I remember him; he had a poor neighbour once dwelt at Holmeby, that made four verses, if I have not forgot them, were forty shillings out of his way:

Erupuit sors dura mihi, sors altera reddit.

Hæc loca quæ veteri, rudere structa vides:

Aeternos vivat, magna Elisabetha per annos,

Quæ me tam grato, læto favore beat.

By St. Mary he had good cause to say, well fare a good mistress, or else Holmeby had been joined to your freehold. How say you, worthy knight (and the best man of your name that is, but not that hath been), will you be of our jury? You will say, you know not this same *Misacmos*. It may be so very well; for I think the fellow doth scarce know himself at this instant, and yet he learned *γνοθι σεαυτον* twenty years ago. Well, I presume you will not refuse it; for though you never heard of him, it seems he hath heard of you: I will tell you two or three good tokens; you have three or four sisters, good, well-favoured, well-featured, well-statured, well-natured women, for plain country wenches; and they were married

There were
earls of the
Spensers.

to men a step or two, or three or four, above the best yeomen of Kent (well fare all good tokens); and one of them is a widow; I beshrew their hearts, and I would their wives were widows that made her so: I trow it was Sir James Harington and your father, that went a begging to make a purse to marry their daughters: but you will make a hundred of us go a begging, if we should follow you: will you have any more tokens yet? you had a brother of Lincoln's Inn, and another they say keeps a good house, for I ween the best housekeeper in England was at his house: yet one token more: you have a learned writer of your name, make much of him, for it is not the least honour of your honourable family. Jury Spenser.

4. Thomas Stanop, knight, of Shelford in the county of Nottingham, a housekeeper, a builder, a substantial freeholder, come into the court. Alas! sir, he is lame, he cannot come. Is he so indeed? I am sorry for it: I have heard that he hath borne some sway in his country, yet bid him not forget the old proverb, a good friend in the court is worth a penny in the purse

at all times. Well, if he cannot come, let us have another. Oh, sir (saith one), stay but a *paternoster* while, and you may have his son in his place. What, master John Stanop, my old schoolfellow, an honest and valiant gentleman? I will tarry for him with all my heart. To the next.

Matthew Arundell, knight, of Warder in the ^{5.} county of Wiltshire, a good freeholder and a builder. Tush! he is no housekeeper, so said one that dwells threescore miles to Trent northward. Is it so? I will know within this month if it be so or no; in the mean season I will venture to take him, if I can meet with him. For, first, I doubt if he himself that said so; have spent so much in honourable services as this freeholders son hath done.

Secondly, I have seen both lords and ladies as well entertained in his poor house, and served in as fine plate and porcelain as any is in the north. And admit he were no housekeeper, yet I would have him, because I hear he is a good horsekeeper, a red deer keeper, a Horsekeeper. fallow deer keeper, and other such base things as may enable him for my jury. Come on, old

father Peleus; he looks like Prester John in his furred nightcap; but he hath more wit under that cap than two or three of his neighbours. Will it please you, sir, to be of our jury? It shall cost the life of one of the bald-faced bucks else. What, are you angry I call you *Peleus*? If I were but another *Prometheus*, I would swear your fortune should be, to be like *Peleus*: for the time was, that one wrote of your *Thetis*, when she waited on Diana at Hatfield;

*Who marketh well her grace, thereby may plainly see
A Laura in her face, and not a Willoughby.*

Whist! peace (saith my little attorney in mine ear)! you that are so full of your poetry; we shall have a new indictment framed against you, upon the statute of *rogues*, for telling of fortunes. Have you a verse for that too? Yes, marry, have I, sir:

*Fati narrator, Ægyptus prestigiator,
Aure perurantur, simul atque flagella sequantur.*

*All fortune-tellers, jugglers, and Egyptians,
Are burn'd in th' ear, or whipp'd by laws prescriptions.*

Notwithstanding, I trust a man may by *poetica licentia*, and by example of *Virgil*, tell

fortunes that be past, yet little said is soon amended; howbeit, I will not forget to be thankful to this good knight for one special favour he did me; and that was, he made me go when I was with him at Wardour to as stately A JAX house (for a summer house), and as sweet as any can be, in a standing made in an oak, that hangs over a pond; and marvel not I call it stately: for this master A JAX, if you bring but an angle-rod and a cross-bow with you, will afford choice of three royal sports, to kill deer, fowl, and sfih. Now this, I take it, was more than common kindness; and so much for jury Arundell.

Francis Willoughby, knight, of Wollerton⁶. in the county of Nottingham, a good freeholder, a housekeeper, and a great builder. Oh! my neighbour that dwells a hundred miles from me, and yet but a hedge parts our land: good morrow, neighbour, with the fair house, the fair wife, and the fair living: *Tout beau*, I pray you let us have a fair verdict from you in our matter, or else I will promise you I will rather lie in the worst inn in Nottingham, than in the fairest bedchamber in your house: and

if you will be of our side I will pray that all your fairs may be the fairer one for another.
Jury Willoughby.

7. John Berin, knight, of the same county, a great good housekeeper; marry, God's blessing on his heart for it. Indeed, I remember they would say, that Sir John Berin for Nottinghamshire, was as great a housekeeper as Sir Edward Baynton in Wiltshire; and then I will be sworn he was a good one. Well, let us make much of him, for there is but a few of them left; I trust he will not refuse me for my jury. Jury Berin.

8. George Sampoole, knight, a Lincolnshire man, and a Lincoln's Inn man, a good freeholder, and keeps a good house in his country (as I hear); but I know my neighbours of Bath will affirm that he kept good hospitality there; and that he and his fair lady both, are a worthy, virtuous, and a godly couple.

Well, let them be as godly as they may, and as perfect in the Scripture as *Priscilla* and *Aquila*, I hope they will not deny but I have good authorities for my teshe, and give a friendly verdict. Jury Sampoole.

Ralph Horsey, knight, the best housekeeper ^{9.} in Dorsetshire, a good freeholder, a deputy lieutenant. Oh, sir, you keep hawks, and hounds, and hunting horses; it may be some mad fellow will say, you must stand in the bath up to the chin, for spending five hundred pounds to catch hares and partridges, that might be taken for five pounds.

According to the tale in the Hundred merry Tales.

But if you do come to Bath (so you will be one of my jury), I will stand as deep in the bath as you; and it is odds but at the spring and fall we shall meet good company there. I pray you give a friendly verdict, for old acquaintance between King's College and Trinity College. Jury Horsey.

Sir Hugh Portman, of Orchard in the ^{10.} county of Somerset, knight, a good housekeeper, a builder, and a substantial freeholder. Marry, sir, I might ill have spared him. Come, my good knight, I have kept you in store for a dead lift; I hope you will stick close to us for the law; for you have as much if you list to shew it as some that wear coifs. Besides, you have that same sovereign medicine against the consumption, called *aurum potable*: and I

know your neighbours of Taunton say you are liberal of it; and for your good hospitality, your neighbours of the court will say, you are no niggard of your meat. Yet I remember one day when I told a good friend of yours that I was sure you never took usury, well (saith he) though I grant he doth many men kind pleasures, yet he doth them not all *gratis*. I promised him I would tell you so, and to pick a further thank, I will tell you what I answered him (for I guessed at his meaning by means I had once some smattering of the Latin tongue): if your *gratis* (quoth I) be an adjective, the fault is theirs, and the praise is his.

Gratis signifieth to thankful persons. But gratis, the adverb, signifies freely.

Well, Sir Hugo, I will come shortly and see your new builded orchard (I think there is not two better orchards in England, and put Kent to it); and when we have conferred for reforming one fault there (you can smell my meaning I am sure), then would I ask your opinion, which makes a man happier, *to be wise or rich*: I asked a philosopher once, and he said he could not tell, because he saw still the wise men wait at the rich mens doors.

Well, happy are you if you can decide this question, and happier if you cannot decide it. A rich man, a wise man, a builder, and especially a bachelor. *Franco, sciolto, slegato, O che felice stato?* Wherefore keep you so still, and believe me it is the happiest state; yet tell not my wife that I say so, for (of my honesty) she will make me unsay it again with all my heart. Jury Portman. Crier count them.

Sir John Harington, one; Sir John Peter, two; Sir John Spenser, three; Sir Thomas Stanop, four; Sir Matthew Arundell, five; Sir Francis Willoughby, six; Sir John Berin, seven; Sir George Sampool, eight; Sir Ralph Horsey, nine; Sir Hugh Portman, ten. Whoop! why how now, master K. sheriff's man? Here is but ten, give me a noble of my forty shillings back again. Oh, speak soft, sir, you shall have a *tales* for two more, the best we can get, but we can find no more knights. There is two names more for you. Who have we here? Ralph Sheldon, of Beeley in the county of Worcester, esquire; Thomas Markham, gentleman.

First, let us see what this Sheldon is. Hath

What is a
knave's war-
rant worth?
A by-word in
Somersetshire.

Aud let him
pray for Tra-
jan's soul with
St. Gregory.

he freeholds? Yea, sir, he is a good freeholder, a great housekeeper, a builder, an excellent commonwealths man as any is in all his country; I will warrant you he will be for you. Not too much of your warrants. What said Henry Tuttle to his grandfather? Give me leave I pray you a little, I have heard he is an unthrift; I have forgotten at what game it was, but I am sure it was said, if he had not fair play played him, he was in danger within these two years to have lost his land by one play or other. By the mass, it is true there was such a matter. Well, let him thank a guiltless conscience and a gracious princess that he sped no worse. Oh, these same *oves et boves, et pecora, campi*, a flock of white sheep in a green field, and a new house on a high hill; I tell you they be perilous tempting marks to shoot at.

It is strange to see the world; not half a year before, I heard one that was a great courtier say, that he thought him one of the sufficientest wise men of England, and fittest to have been made of the council but for one matter; and indeed, by *Cornelius Agrippa's* rule, that is

a right courtiers commendation: For after they had roved three or four idle words to praise a man, straight they marr all at the buts: I would to God, for their own sakes and mine too, they could leave it. Well, master Sheldon, I pray you be of our jury, for you have made a fine house at Weston (but I know one fault in it). Now, though I praise your house like a courtier with a but, you must bring in your verdict like a plain countryman without the but.

Thomas Markham, gentleman, come to the court: which Markham is this? black Markham, keeper of Bescowd: why he is an esquire, I trow I have a verse for it made by a most honourable poet;

*Thomas Markham, the gentle 'squire,
Whom Sir Fulke Greville call'd a grimsire.*

Yea, it is true; but the case is altered since: for that same good knight is lame, or else I dare answer he would have appeared on this jury himself (and his son is an honourable gentleman, and a great statesman may do a man displeasure about the queen, it is not good troubling of him). If he be that Markham I

will none of him, for I heard a noble philosopher of the same coat that the poet was, say that he is a stoic, and I will no stoics of my jury; of the two extremes, I would rather have epicures. Besides that, I would have no such black fellows; for we shall have some of these poetry men say, as one said of Sir Harry Goodyeare, when he wrote *Candida sint comitum Goodyeery nil nisi nigrum*, he wrote underneath it, *Hic niger est, hunc tu regina caveto*; a good yeere on him for his good caveat, for he hath had since some young scholars that have learned to put in the like caveats. *Cave credas*, take heed you trust him not: but *Tully* saith in his oration *pro Ligario*, *nonne omnem humanitatem exuerunt?* Have they not cast away all sense of humanity? And a little after saith the same *Tully* of *Cave ignoscas; hæc nec hominis, nec ad hominem vox: qua qui apud te C. Cæsar utetur, suam ipsi citius abiicient humanitatem, quam extorquebunt tuam.* Thus in England: take heed you pardon not. O, lewd speech, not fit to be spoken of a man nor to a man; which speech, whosoever shall use to thee (O more

than *Cæsar*), shall sooner discover their own cruel inclination, than extort from thee thy natural clemency. O, divine *Tully*, is not this Christianly spoken of a heathen? were not that heathenishly spoken of a Christian? Well, he that should put in such a *caveat* for me, I would follow presently a *quare impedit*, why I might not present him for a *cnave* at little Brainford and less honesty.

Thomas Markham, gentleman, come to the court. Yet again? I tell thee I will none of him, one said he looked black on him: yea, but he that found such fault with his complexion, I heard one tell him was dead, and he answered very charitably, young he was, and poor he was, and knave he was; and so God have mercy on his knaves soul. Faith, that is like enough to be his answer. Then it may be he is clear otherwise, though he look black. Clear, yea on my word. *Candido piu nel cuor che di fuor cigno*: What is that? *Rara avis in terris nigroque similimo cigno*; Just as Jermin's lips; now you have compared him well, as white as a black swan. Well, I have no mind to have him of my jury, he is but a

In memoria
aeterna erit jus-
tus.

Accused and
said, *Lopus*
had bid him
say he was a
dangerous
man with
Cave credas
Tanquam ster-
cus, memoria
impiorum.

poor freeholder, he hath no credit. No credit? why his bond hath been taken for twenty thousand pounds. Hath it? more fool he, I will never trust him for half so much; I pray thee look me some better freeholder. Why, sir? I advise you do not scorn him; though he be no knight, he had a knight to his father, and hath a knight to his son, you may well admit him of your jury. I tell thee, my little knave, thou dost press me beyond good manners; I will not have him. Hark in your ear, they say he is malcontent. Who saith so? Nay, who saith not so? *Unton is undone; Markham is malcontent.* Who hath not heard that? wherefore make no more ado, but send me for his nephew Robert, that came of the elder house and of the blood of Lancaster; he that master secretary Walsingham gave the Arabian horse; I would have him, he is a fairer complexioned man by half, and in sadness I wish him well. Heigh ho: what, dost thou sigh? Alas! sir, he would come with all his heart, but he is busy sitting on a commission (I have forgotten in what bench it is), and when he hath done there, he must go they say to another bench at

A lewd libel
made at the
death of the
Lord Chancellor
Hatton.

King's Bench.
Pennyless
Bench.

Oxford. What, Robert Markham of Cottam? so honest a gentleman, so good a housekeeper, so well descended, so well affected in religion, and become such a bencher, that when he is called is forthcoming, but not coming forth? I am sorry I can do him no pleasure; I would his best cousin did know it. The time hath been, that if he could have walked with a little stick like a ragged staff on his sleeve, or if he had had but a walking hind, or a ramping stag, or the white bird that is such a beauty to the Thames, he should not have lain so long after his resting: well, then I perceive the world goeth hard on all the Markham's sides; I think they be all malcontents, they shall none of them be of my jury: I pray God they do not say that I am of kin to them, for indeed my name *Misacmos* begins with an M. What, if one should write *Misacmos* is *malcontent*; I would leap upon the letter and reply, By your leave you lie like a lout, lewd master libeller. But *Markham* is *malcontent*; how prove you it? *Scriptum est enim*, for it is written, but is in *libro fictitio*. I would you could name me your author; yet let us examine this *ignoto*, if

Agrippa. he say true. Let us do him the favour that men do to astronomers, if they tell but one true tale, believe him in a hundred lies; sure you lied in all the rest, good M. Libeller; for first, he that you said was undone, lived to do more service for his country than ever you will do; and many things are left undone by his death, that might perhaps have been much better done; and he that you said fadeth, doth now flourish with a gilt axe in his hand in a much more honourable service; and he that you said wailed, is well and merry (he thanks you not); and he you said was bankrupt, pays the queen more subsidy than you and I both, I dare lay a wager; and the other two, the one need not go barehead for want either of hat or hair, and the other will neither dodge nor doubt to shew his face as you do. Wherefore, M. Libeller, though in this matter you are cited and believed better than Saint Austin, yet I believe you not in saying Markham's be *malcontents*: and yet, at a venture, I would you had the causes of discontent that they have, so they had none of them: but this I will distinguish upon the authority alleged, that

The libel is thus:
Unton is undone; Markham is malcontent.

Floure fadeth.

Swaile wailed.

Bancroft is bankrout.

Hatton is hat off.

taking *malcontent* as an honest man might take it, namely, a man sorrowful for the grievous loss of his greatest friend, the ungrateful requitals of most kind and friendly offices, the unadvised revolt of his dear son, the unaccustomed frown of his dread sovereign; if a man felt no discontent in these, I would say he were a stock and not a stoic; but understanding it, as I know you would be understood, that they be *malcontent* as ill affected to their prince, I dare say you lie in plain English; but there is one will come home shortly, I trow, that will tell you, if you be so full of the French as I take you to be, *Tu ments par la gorge*. But, good M. Libeller, and your fellows, I know your meanings; you would fain make *malcontents*, and it grieves you you cannot; the water is so clear for your fishing, you catch nothing but gudgeons; the great fishes be too wary, and now you are fain to lessen your meshes contrary to statute, being willing to play any game rather than sit out: or I think you have read the policy of Richard the Third, who to give his wife a preparative to her death, gave out first she was dead, hoping

that this corsive (cordial I would have said) might break her heart, as it did indeed.

So you worthy members of your country (God amend you, for I was saying the plague take you all), when you would make malcontents, then your policy gives out first that they be so. Oh, take heed of such a one, he is a dangerous man. A puritan, why so? He will not swear nor ride on a Sunday; then he wishes too well to the Scottish church; note him in your tables. Another is a Papist. How know you? He said he hoped his grandfathers soul was saved. Tush! but he goes to church. Marry, they be the most perilous men of all. And why so, I pray you? If they will venture their souls to pleasure their prince, what do you suspect them of? Oh, if they be Catholic they are Spanish in their hearts, for he is their Catholic king. By my fay, that is somewhat you say; but I pray you, you that are not Spanish but all for the French, what religion is the French king of? Oh, no more of that; you will answer that when Calais is French again. Fare you well, sir.

Thomas Markham, gentleman, come into

the court, and pluck up thy old spirits. Is not this he that should have been comptroller, and now he is afraid rather to be controlled? What evil hath he done? His second son grew so great he could not find room enough in England. Alas! poor boy, God punisheth oft the sin of the father on the children, but never but once that I have read of the sons offence on the father. Is there nobody hath a son so far off? I trow there is; and yet he a true and worthy gentleman.

Thomas Markham, gentleman, her majesty's servant extraordinary, come to the court. Why, was he once ordinary? Yea, that he was: ask old Hatfield men, and ask them quickly too, for they be almost all gone. Why, man, he was standard-bearer to the worthy band of Gentlemen Pensioners. What! did he leave such a place *gratis*? yea, *gratis* the adverb. Why would he leave it? Because it asked such perpetual attendance. Oh, now you have answered me; he shall be none of my jury for that: had he so little wit? Well, sir, saith my attorney, I pray you dally no more but take him, for you may have a worse else: I say

unto you he is a right Englishman; a faithful, plain, true, stout gentleman, and a man of honesty and virtue. Out, ass! What dost thou tell me of these stale fashions of the sword and buckler time? I tell thee they are out of request now; honest and virtuous, I durst as leave you had told me a tale of an old Jakes. Of a JAX? Marry, that I can do too: I assure you he loves an easy cleanly Jaxe, marvellous well; and he is a very good fellow at the Jaxe; for if one be his dear friend, he will let him tarry with him while he is at his business: I think he saith his prayers there, for I will be sworn I heard him say oft-times, I thank God I have had a good stool, &c. May I believe this of your word? Yea, be bold of it, I can prove both this and all the rest by very good witness. Why didst thou not say thus much at the first? I would have had him, though I had gone to Berwick on foot for him: What! a good freeholder, a builder, and a housekeeper, and loves a sweet Jaxe too? though he cannot be *Alpha* of my jury, yet he shall be *Omega*. Come on, M. Markham, I must crave less acquaintance of you as grim as you look;

did not a lady say once that I should fare the better for that good face of yours, and God thank her for it, so I did indeed; yet now some will make me believe I fare the worse for it. Be of good cheer, man: What makes you so sad? I have commendations for you from your old friend; Thomas of Ormond hath sent you a hawk will make you live one year the longer. I cannot make him look merrily on me for all this; he sees he cannot live long, he must think of his grave. Tush, man! though you cannot live long, you may linger (an please God) as others have done, some three or four-and-twenty years yet. What say you? no life? M. Richard Drake hath you commended, and would have you get the queen another gelding, for grey Markham will have his old M. fault and fortune both; he will be old, and then they will not care for him. Not a word yet? I will make him speak anon. You shall have your son joined patent with you for Bescood, if he will come home and be a true knight to the crown: what say you to that? Marry, gospel in your mouth, and if he can be proved other I renounce him for my son. Oh, have you

A most honourable Earl,
and true
friend.

found your tongue now? Well, sir, I have a suit to you; I pray you appear on my jury, and give a good verdict of our book called M. AJAX: you know the book well enough; I read you asleep in it once or twice as we went from Greenwich to Westminster. Out upon it, have you put it in print? did not I tell you then, Charles Chester and two or three such scoffing fellows would laugh at you for it? Yes: and did not I tell you again that I would laugh too, and so we might all be merry? Well, grim sire, let me have a friendly verdict, if it be but for teaching you to amend a fault at Bescodd, that I felt there twenty-four winters ago; and if you do not say well of it, I will cause one or other that hath been at M. AJAX with you, report it in court to your disgrace; and your Joan shall be disgraced too for tying your points and sitting by you so homely (yet I would I had given a hundred pounds she never had had worse nor untruer tale told of her); and so fare you well, good master Markham, and God send you many a good stool. And thus with much ado the jury was empaneled. Now began I to have a good hope,

nay, rather a firm assurance of my acquittal, having got a jury of so good sufficiency, so great integrity, so sound ability: but it is commonly seen, that in matters depending in controversy, the greatest danger is bred by too much security; for the accusation was so hard followed, that some of the jury began to be doubtful of their verdict, the witnesses were so many, their allegations so shrewd, and the evidence so pregnant. And not only the faults of this present pamphlet, but my former offences, which were before the pardon (contrary to the due course of all courts), were enforced against me. As first, to prove I had wronged not only ladies of the court, but all womens sex, they had quoted a stanza in *Hary Osto*, beginning thus;

*Ye courtly dames that are both kind and true,
Unto your lords, if kind and true be any;
As sure I am in all your lovely crew,
Of so chaste minds there are not over many.*

And after, in the hosts tale, worse, if worse may be:

*Now he began to hold his wife excused;
His anger now a little is relented;
And though that she her body had abused,
And to a servant had so soon consented;*

*Not her for this, but he the sex accused,
That never can with one man be content ;
If all (quoth he) with one like stain are spotted,
Yet on a monster mine was not besotted.*

And after, in the person of *Rodomont*,

*Ungrateful, false, crafty you are, and cruel ;
Born of our burning hell to be the fuel.*

And lastly, in this pamphlet to compare, or rather to confound bawdy houses and Jakes houses, courtezans and carters, with angels and hermits, there were three or four of the jury that said, the time had been, they would have thought it no good manners. But *Alpha* and *Omega*, that have ever thought chastity a virtue, acquitted me at last; saying, to scorn vice shewed a love of virtue. And for the rest, I pleaded not only a general but a special pardon. Yet, lest the standers by should think I had been guilty, or that I had been burnt in the hand for the like fact before, I answered, that in the verse I did but follow my author, the whole work being enjoined me as a penance by that saint, nay, rather goddess, whose service I am only devoted unto. And as for the verses before alleged, they were so flat against my conscience, that I inserted

somewhat more than once, to qualify the rigour of those hard speeches. For example, against railing *Rodomont*, I said thus:

*I tremble to set down in my poor verse,
The blasphemies that he to speak presumes:
And writing this, I do know this, that I
Oft in my heart do give my pen the lie.*

And in another place, to free me from all suspicion of pretended malice, and to shew a manifest evidence of intended love, where my author very sparingly had praised some wives, I added of mine own () so much as more I think was never said for them; which I will here set down *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*, and that all posterity may know how good a husband I would be thought:

Mine own sub-
auditor, verse,
or wife, which
you will.

*Lo, here a verse in laud of loving wives,
Extolling still our happy married state;
I say they are the comfort of our lives,
Drawing a happy yoke, without debate.
A playfellow, that far off all grief drives;
A steward, early that provides and late;
Faithful and kind, sober and sweet, and trusty;
Nurse to weak age, and pleasure to the lusty.*

Further, for the faults escaped in this fore-

alleged pamphlet, I protested I was ready to make a retractation for their better satisfaction; as namely, first, for that homely comparison that I made between my lady Cloacina's house and my lady Flora's nymphs, I take it not to hold in general, but within this exception; except it be a very foul and deformed harlot, or a very clean and reformed AJAX.

Aristotle ruled
by his wife.

Secondly, for the rules of taming a shrew, that I commended for the wiser, I here protest against that rule: for if it have not been followed within the first year or a day, it is too late to prove a new rule afterwards: and therefore I hold it as a rule or maxim, proved by natural philosophy, confirmed by ancient history, and therefore may here be concluded in our poor poetry in this sort:

Semiramis
asked leave to
rule but a
week, but you
know what
followed.

*Concerning wives, take this a certain rule,
That if at first you let them have the rule,
Yourself at last with them shall have no rule,
Except you let them evermore to rule.*

At this the whole jury were merry, and agreed all to quit me. And as for those that articulated against me, some of them are so

tickled with this answer, as I am sure they will never accuse me for an enemy to ladies any more.

The next article was for abusing the name of a great soldier, both in that being a *Grecian* I make him speak in *Latrina lingua*, and that having been so renowned for his valour in wars, I would say his picture was set in so homely a place, that it might also thereby seem to have been called after his name in English. Now this matter was followed very hotly by half a dozen gallant soldiers, that never saw naked sword out of Fleet-street; and these came in swearing that I had touched them in honour, and they would therefore fight with me about it. The jury seemed to make but light of the matter; but yet to satisfy the gentlemen, especially two of them that had been likened to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and called *ultimi Ruffianorum*, they wished me to answer them, which I did in this sort: I said I was loath to fight for the justification of my wit: and further, I could name them two honest gentlemen that had offered M. AJAX as great abuse as this, and he had put it up at their

hands. They asked who they were? I told them they were two of his countrymen; one they called M. Plato, the other M. Plutarch; of whom the one in his tenth book *de Repub.* saith, that the soul of AJAX went into a lion, and the other saith, it had been as good for it to have gone into an ass; and both agree that it went into hell. And if reading of this will satisfy you, I will turn you to the place, and lend you the book in Latin or in French; for that I think is your better language; and I protest to you it is an excellent chapter, wherein the same Plutarch very divinely sheweth how predestination, and free-will, and chance, may all stand together. The pox on Plutarch and you too (saith one of these fighting fellows), read him who list, for I will never read him: but why should he or you either abuse a soldiers name? Oh, sir, said I, good words I pray you, though I dare say you wish me no worse than you have yourself, for I know you are a gentleman of three descents; but if that be beyond your reading, let me come within compass of your study: I know you have read old Scoggin's jests. Did not he when the

French king said he had set our kings picture in the place where his close-stool stands. Sir, saith he, you do the better, for every time you look on him you are so afraid, that you have need of a close-stool. Now, I hope I offer AJAX no greater scorn than that was, yet thanks be to God their successors remain good friends. This did somewhat better answer them, but not fully. Nay, masters (quoth I), if you stand on the punctilios with me, whomsoever this answer will not serve, let him send me the breadth of his buckler (I should say the length of his rapier), and draw himself as lineally, from Captain Medon's grandfather, as I have derived AJAX from *Stercutius*, and I will presently make a recantation of all I have said. At last, to take up the quarrel, Sir M.A. and M.R.S. set down their order, that he should not be called any more Captain AJAX, nor Monsieur AJAX, but Don AJAX; and then to this second article they all agreed, not guilty.

Recantare, is to sing the same song again.

These swearing fellows being thus discharged, there comes a couple of formal fellows, in black cloaks faced with velvet, and

hats suitable to the same; and under their hats little night-caps, that covered their Epimetheus, but not their Prometheus, having special care to keep their brain warm; yet one of them was said to be a hot-brained fellow; the other had no great fault that I know, save that he would say too long a grace afore dinner; insomuch that one of his own coat told him one day, that if he had thought to have heard a collation, he would have sung a psalm before it. These whispered two or three of the jury in the ear, and after having made a ducking courtesy or two, bade the Lord to guide their worships, and so went back to their chambers at the sign of the Bible; leaving a mad fellow their attorney, to urge the accusation they had brought; which was in shew very sharp and heinous, to this effect: That they supposed me to be in heart a Papist. Straight I searched every corner of my heart, and finding no such thought in it, I asked why any man should say so? I know (say I) some of you would see my heart out, by your wills; but for that you shall pardon me: But this ye know, *ex abundantia cordis, os loquitur*; out of the abundance of

All that defend
the queen's
proceedings
are counted no
better than Pa-
pists with these
hot fellows;
and they call
my Lord of
Canterbury
our Pope.

the heart the mouth speaketh. And here I protest to you all, I never defended any opinion of religion, either by way of argument or writing, that in any point gainsayeth the Communion book: let my accusers say so if they can. Yes, sir, saith their zealous attorney, I heard one testified *viva voce* in a pulpit, that you had defended a popish opinion, of a second coming of Elias. And if I mistake him not much, I trow, his good living grows not so fast with his new benefice, as his good name withers with his ill behaviour. But if he use no better behaviour, than to tell me my faults at Bath when I am at London, I may, fortune, play the bad horseman, and spur him at London for stumbling so ill favouredly at Bath: or if I would ride like a hotspur, he might happen like a dull jade (ass he is) be wrung on the withers, as one of his coat was for such a matter in the same place. It may be he thinks he hath advantage of me, because he can prate in a pulpit *cum licentia*; but he shall see by this little, that I have liberty if I list to reply in print *cum privilegio*; and my

replication may, fortune, be as forcible as his answer.

For some of
them I hope
are but Protes-
tants of anno
primo Eliz.

More I would have said (for I was in choler), but some of the jury wished me (for satisfying the company) to tell what religion I was of. It was a strange question to be asked me afore such a jury (considering I came not thither to be catechised), and therefore I determined to make them as strange an answer, such as should please them all, or displease them all ere I had done. First, I said, neither *Papist*, *Protestant*, nor *Puritan*. Then all said they would condemn me as a neuter, or *nulli fidian*, except I gave a better answer.

Then I said, I am a *Protesting Catholic Puritan*. Tush, say they, how can that be? Forsooth, even thus; to believe well, to do well, and say well; to have good faith, good works, and good words; is not that a good religion? Yes, indeed, so done, were very well said. But said they, directly we expect your answer, what you count to be true religion? Why then directly thus I answer, out of St. Justus' epistle, the two last verses, you shall

see who be of a wrong religion, and who be of the right. Justus? Oh, saith one, by-and-by, I think he means James; and straight he pulls a little book out of his sleeve that looked like *Janus'* picture, with two faces standing east and west (but it was a testament bound to the backside of David's psalms), and turning to the place, he read as followeth:

If a man think himself religious, not refraining his tongue, but seducing his heart, this mans religion is vain.

To have a bad tongue is bad religion.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this; to visit orphans and widows in their afflictions, and to keep yourself undefiled from the world.

James, C. i. v. 26, 27.

Why then, saith one, if you profess so pure a religion, it seems you are a Puritan. Even so.

More time would have been spent in this matter, but that Sir H. P. told them these things belonged to the high commissioners, and therefore wished them to proceed to the next.

Now for the last article, because it was concerning only the pamphlet itself, the whole jury referred the censuring thereof to Sir H. P.

to say if any thing therein were against the law, because he was well seen in the law.

He told them, that indeed he had read it more than once, and that for ought he could observe in it, it did not in any point offend either common or statute law. But (said he) there is a law (as I take it) more common than civil, that saith, things must be as they be taken.

Judge Markham would have been of that opinion in the time of Edward the Third; and judge Portman, your grandfather, in Edward the Sixts.

Yet, for my part, in my verdict I would not say any mans ears are horns; what the rest said, I could not tell, for that I was sent away; yet I overheard one of them say, he would talk with a counsellor to inform him better of the law.

Sapientis est nihil præstare præter culpam.

But I finding that to grow so doubtful, that I thought to have been so clear, began now to think it my safest course to sue for a pardon. And with that I awaked, vowing I would never write any more such idle toys if this were well taken; praying the readers to regard it but as the first line of Æsop's Fables:

Gallus gallinaceus dum vertit stercorarium, invenit gemmam.

FINIS.





Ulysses

LONDON

1830

1830

AJAX

WRITTEN BY HENRIETTA TO HER FRIEND
FOLLOWERS



At London

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

1830

1875

1875

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Ulysses

UPON

A J A X.

WRITTEN BY *MISODIABOLES* TO HIS FRIEND
PHILARETES.



At London :

PRINTED FOR THOMAS GUBBINS.

1596.

WILSON

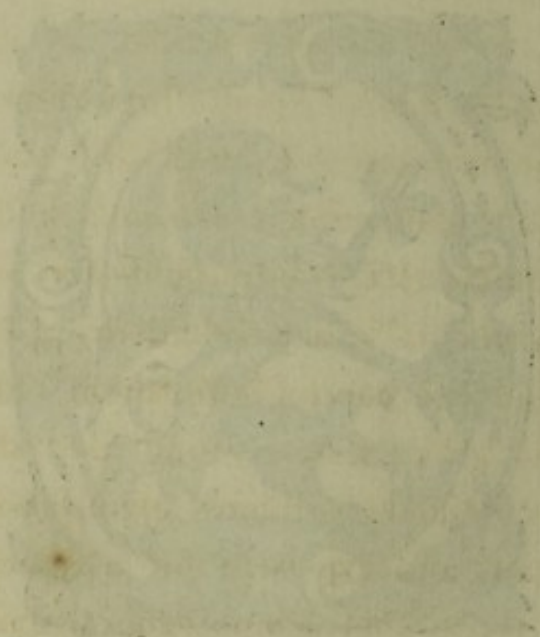
1851

ALL

1851

1851

PRINTED BY WILSON & SONS
PHILADELPHIA



PRINTED FOR THE
WILSON & SONS

MISODIABOLES *THE WORSHIPFUL,*

TO

MISACMOS *THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL.*

MISACMOS, I have spent three days in idle hours, to examine the months of your meditations on a loathsome AJAX; and I find them so unsavoury, as it is impossible for you to be a saver by them: your pen hath dropped excrements, and you cannot wipe them clean with your wit. Alas! that so long filed should so filthily be defiled: you have spent labour without reason, and are seen for a spectacle of folly to those that cannot see without their spectacles. Because the world laughs, you think it applauds: but the most part that outwardly smile, do inwardly pity. A good wit and a gross subject, so much I allow you: but

if your ambition must needs climb, it is more comely in a courtiers habit than in a fools antique. That I see your imperfections, I make yourself judge; that I pity your errors, my sparing reproof may assure you; that I am ambitious as yourself, I protest it with discretion; yet it grieves me that two good wits should wrestle for a dunghill. Come, come, witty *Misacmos*, overlook how I have looked over you. If this April shower cleanse you, I will forbear the tempest. For as I am German in nature (who hate detractions), so can I be both a *Molossean* and *Melitean* dog, as occasions are offered me. Would *Misacmos* be famous? why I yield him the means: he is a courtier in regard, I a courtier in hope; he rich in ancient demesne, I in good demesne; he sprightly and witty, I diligent and pleasant; a lady blest his children, and God and our Lady my lady mothers sons; he a *Lincoln's Inn* man, I belonging to *Lincoln*: if any odds be, he hath the interest in money, I of reading.

Now, sir, if from the means of a privy, he will become a public gentleman, after this assault, let him bury his *AJAX* in a dunghill.

Then perusing his books walking in his suit of *Abrizetta*, eating fat capons and venison, and drinking pure Ipocras, let him make election of his readings, and choose out a probable subject. Have with him, from a f—t, to all arts, I refuse no encounter. Let us jest like gentlemen, argue like scholars, be pleasant without railing; that good wits may gather treasures from our travels, and ourselves eternity by well-deserving: If you rise by my fall, I think my fall happy to make you rise; and if it be your destiny to sink in the encounter, though the desert be wholly mine, I give you the half of the glory. If AJAX were the froth of your wit, let it die as too weak for my forces; and if one cullis of conceit be left, yet play not the gormand, let the world have part with you.

Take the choice of the weapon, I offer every advantage: if you will strive in wit, I am merry without detraction: but if you play the scold instead of a scholar, I protest it will grieve me; for I know the echo of my wrongs will make double report in your ears: for

renewing my disgrace you may live in your dishonours.

Come, let us walk through Virtue's temple, and so sacrifice to Honour: and if *Romans* observed that custom, let Christians use it. Otherwise, both of us may say, as the Duke of Northumberland did to the Lord Gray as they rid through Shoreditch, the people press to see us, but none say, God speed us: *Pauca sapienti*. I leave you to your sops and Muscadine, protesting, that if any offence come, it shall be by your seeking.

MISODIABOLES.

MISODIABOLES,

AND

HIS OPINION OF MISACMOS AND HIS METAMORPHOSED AJAX.

WRITTEN TO HIS DEAR AND LEARNED FRIEND

MASTER PHILARETES.

PHILARETES, upon your entreaty and in satisfaction of my promise, I have perused *Misacmos* and his metamorphosed AJAX; and not only pleasantly overlooked it, and laughed at it myself, but also communicated and commended the work to the censure of many learned and discreet gentlemen; who (to be plain with you), after they had read and conceited it, thought it worthy no better usage than the brides have among the *Nasamones*; a people of *Africa*, who, the first day of their marriage, are both used, abused, and defiled

Auban, Lib. i.
cap. 6. de omni
gent. rit. et
morib.

by all the guests and strangers that accompany the festival. One said (as *Apollodorus* did of *Crhisippus*' works), that if other mens sentences were taken out of his book, the rest would be fit for nothing but waste paper. Another, that he had played as mad a prank as the malcontented fishwife in Bouchet, who under pretence to shame others that had shrewdly angered her, turned up her naked tail in the market-place to shew the dominical letter B in her buttocks. Another said, that as (according to *Aubanus*) *Æthiopia* was mountainous toward the west, sandy in the midst, and desert in the east; so this book was full of ostentation and protestation in the end, barren in the midst, and dull in the beginning. Another compared it to Horace' crow decked with many feathers. Another, to the herb *ferula*, which is only a pleasant food for asses, but a poison to all other beasts. There were some that said that *Misacmos*' wit was lighter than *Archestratus* body; yet both *Ælian* and *Athenæus* say this of him: That being taken by his enemies and weighed in a balance, he

Bouchet. au
3. Serec.

Auban, Lib. i.
cap. 4.

Horace. Mo-
vit cornicula
risum nudata
furtivis colori-
bus.

Plin. Cap. 21.
lib. i.

Mercurial,
Lib. de deco-
rat. cap. 8.

and his prophesying spirit were lighter than a halfpenny. All which judgments as I commend them not for true, so I condemn them not for false, but only leave them to his defying and defining, who would have sweetened A JAX by his wit and authority. Touching mine own opinion (because you expect it, and the world may thoroughly know it), I will observe *Plato's* law in it, and so apply my words to the subject, that I may rather seem an apt and modest pleasant, in writing truth, than a foul-mouth critic in reproving bitterly (not being untaught by *Gregory*, discreetly to spare, and aptly to reprehend offences): yet would *Philaretus* should know (because these times expect it), that as I will forbear *Κακολογια* and detraction as a fault; so (inasmuch as the obscenity of the subject will suffer me) will I observe *ευτραπελια* (pleasant and scholarlike urbanity), which was admitted among the Grecians, and commended in *Cicero*: Thus therefore, in short, touching this mouldy Metamorphosis, it is an affectation of singularity, a fruit of discontent, a superfluity of wanton

Gregor. in
Ezechiel, lib.
i. homel. 21.
Ecce hoc est
magisterium
disciplinæ, ut
culpæ, et dis-
crete noverit
parcere, et pie
resecare.

wit, a madding with reason, a diligence without judgment, a work fit for *Volumnius* the jester, not *Misacmos* the courtier: in form, contrary to all rules of science; in matter, indecent, filthy, and immodest; and touching the authorities, they are so weak and so wrested, as no chaste nor Christian ear may in reason endure them: which if I prove not by reason as I profess in words, let *Philaretus* disclaim me for his friend, and *Misacmos* shake hands with me for a fool; this is fair play, my masters, when I use friends with this equality. Touching the form, *Perseus'* scar sits in *Misacmos'* forehead; *obstenstat obstrusam eruditionem*; he labours to shew much reading and profound learning: and beside, that is too formal, which is no less grace in him than it was in the nun, who to cover her naked top from two friars (whom she let into her monastery), hastily discovered her tail, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. Shall I rip up obscenity, in words as filthy as ever *Juvenal* used? shall I say that in detracting and taxing sins, he instructeth them? alas! no, the world sees

Scal. Lib. poet
3. cap. 98.

it, and as the Welshman said of the comedy before the queen, I laugh, my cousin *Peter* laugh, *Davy ap Powel* laugh, and the queen laugh: what a Hysteron Proteron is here to shew the laughing of a forced folly, a dull jest, and his idleness. Well, on afore (quoth the procession), hold up your torches for dropping, we shall have more mirth at our next meeting. Where left I? at the stool? No; let *Misacmos* see to it, it was in the form; so, so, now let us descend to the subject: *Subjunctum circa quod, subauditur AJAX*. Then *AJAX* is the subject: In good time, sir: but which *AJAX*, pray you? was it that *AJAX Telamonius*, who won honour by his courage, and madness by his discontent; whose mind too great for his fortune, made his passion too strong for his reason? *Toto erras celo*, he hath no need to be so mannerly. Oh, I conceive him, I conceive him, he abhors *equivocations*; it is a jakes indeed that he meaneth, without all saving your reverence: Who persuades him to this paradox? *Tarlton's* authority, and his cousins encouragement.

Go to, the first died a fool for his labour, the next may smell of it while he lives; and howsoever *Misacmos* stir him in the service, it will be but a stinking stir though he stir whilst he stifle. I, but many have writ of worse subject, and why not he of this? a good reason; learnt he that conclusion in Cambridge? Faith, it shall never do him credit, no more than did the curates argument, who applied the authority of his horse against those that denied purgatory.

Fie, fie, who knows not this; that an evil custom is no instance for another to follow it? and that it is too weak an answer in a wanton, to excuse herself by saying, forsooth, my mistress taught it me? Men are richest in infirmity, and weakest in foresight; apt to entertain privy pleasures, ignorant to reform them; who therefore limiteth his studies by others industries, and rather observeth what other men do than what he ought to do, rolleth *Sisyphus'* stone to his own misery, and is foolishly diligent to register his own infirmities.

Alas, alas, hath the good gentleman no

friends to tell him this; that it is better to suffer a few to surfeit in their own sins, than for him to communicate with them in their courses, causes, and shame? I will talk with his friend and mine (the chaplain of Lincoln's Inn) about this point, and he shall inform him.

Now, sir, what is next? the pedigree of AJAX, prevented with the authority of Rabbelais (a condemned Atheist by the last council of Trent), and some coarse fictions (as filthy as Jyllyan of *Braindford's* f—ts); wherein (as the vomit of a corrupt and envious mind), *Holinshed's* Chronicle hath a quip, and *Hale* the old counsellor hath a lie for his labour. Well, well, it were good *Misacmos* considered this of *Plautus*:

Eia Lyde, leniter qui sæviunt, sapiunt magis.

Plaut. in Bacchides.

The bush that lent him a thorn to prick them, will afford a thousand to gall him; except he be as fat as *Nichomachus* of *Smyrna*, who could not feel a pin thrust into his buttocks, or stir nor touch his back parts, he was so gross in the belly. To the pedigree, the pedigree, for there is the mystery (the misery I

Mercurial,
Lib. de decorat. cap. 8.

Il a trouve la
febve au ga-
teau.

should say, and the fruit of much idleness):
Stercutius or *Saturn*, the great grandfather,
 how prove you this? he first brought up in
Italy the dunging and manuring of earth;
ergo, he is grandfather to *AJAX*. I deny the
 argument. By whom shall it be tried? by the
 old *Tuscan* husbandmen at this day, and those
 in *Romagna* and about *Rome*, who being
 taught by *Saturn* the trimming of their vines,
 have likewise learned to fatten their mould by
 burning them after the time of their vintage:
 Would not this puzzle *Misacmos'* invention,
Philaretus, if it were well followed? He is a
 Lincoln's Inn man, a toward fellow; *Ralph*
Wilbram, the pleasant witted barrister, knows
 him, and for his sake, *in perpetuam hominis*
imbecillitatem (*memoriam* I should have said),
 I remit it. On a gods name, *Quid novarum*
rerum, what new matter followeth? Lies worse
 than *Lucian's*, which being affected are more
 ill-favoured; and howsoever he understand
 them, he shall not be able to stand under
 them: *Verba otiosa*, idle words, which (if the
 apostle fail not) must be soundly answered
 for; not *spirando ambitionem* in a Latin style,

Omne verbum
otiosum quod
loquuti fuerint
homines, etc.

sed lamentando incuriam before a severe judge. Songs worse than the *Priapies* of *Virgil*, forbidden by *Plato* in his fourth book of laws, and by the law of the twelve tables condemned among the Ethnique Romans; a song not less filthy than that which the Pagans used in the primitive Church, or more prodigious than that for which *Ciril's* kinsman was condemned to hell fire; a song wherein words are idle, wanting both *rationem justæ necessitatis, et intentionem piæ utilitatis*; the reason of just necessity, and intention of godly profit.

Tertulian in Apologia. Eusebius, Nicephorus, Lib. 1. Ciril. Epi. 20. 6. inter epistolas Augustini. Gregory's limitation of the defence of song.

What is the hymn? suitable absurdity to the song; a preposterous shew of reading, where notwithstanding there appeareth some error (in dividing *Ætius* the heretic from *Atheos*;) if ancient and ecclesiastical histories may be believed. Touching the etymologies of *AJAX*, what think you of them? Faith, they are trivial, the froth of witty Tom Watson's jests, I heard them in Paris fourteen years ago: besides what balductum play is not full of them? *Nose quasi*, no hose; *capon quasi*, cap on (I would *Misacmos* would be covered): who lives not, could not add more if he made pro-

fession to be idle? *Rumsey*, my lord of *Pembroke's* jester, is full of them: if *Misacmos* want copy, he will instruct him. For his friend *Philostilpnos* (with whose name he endeth this unsavoured induction), I would fain know his godfathers, to chide them for his bringing up; for he hath raised up a scent (by his encouragement) far worse than the Pope's legate, who brought the last jubilee into France; who fearing the pages (who by custom bustled about him to divide his canipie), and suspecting treason among them, suddenly laid that you wot of in his breeches; enough I warrant you to feast *AJAX* for one meal, if he were a hungry. I am thus pleasant, contrary to my custom, to let *Misacmos* know his own counterfeit in my glass; using therein the customs of the Spartans, who (to bring their children in hatred of drunkenness) caused their slaves to drink great store of wine, and in their presence to sing illiberal and lascivious songs, and use antic and filthy actions; knowing that example as it breedeth encouragement, so it yieldeth and enforceth shame. Thus much for this, *Philaretus*; now descend we to the rest.

Hisodiaboles' Examination

OF

MISACMOS' AUTHORITIES AND ARGUMENTS.

1. Wherein he findeth Scriptures abused prophanely;
2. Learned men approved unjustly;
3. And observations employed wickedly.

Sic tres sequuntur tria.

NICK *Beamond* (a witty and pleasant gallant) being one day invited to a rich gentlemans table, who took delight to hear himself speak, perceiving many matters begun by him, and no man suffered to answer, at last (with a knock or a hem, to make the thing mannerly) he let me a round crack that was heard throughout the company; which the host stomachaching, and the rest merrily laughed at; tut, tut, said he (to the gentleman), you must not be angered, for if you will not hear us at one end, you shall not choose but both hear and smell us at the other.

Aut tussi, aut crepitu; a man may f—t by authority of Erasmus.

In like sort (if not less cleanly) doth *Misacmos* handle the world, who perceiving some, his precedent works, either by wisdom obscured, or reason contemned; his *Ariosto* bawdy, condemned by a council; his translation barren and servile (such as *Horace* disdaineth), seeing the world so full of good wits, generally read and applauded, and himself so unworthy as he cannot be heard; in a malcontented humour, instead of a witty treatise, hath turned me out to light his unsavour'd AJAX; which, howsoever clothed like an ape in purple (as he himself confesseth), and perfumed with his jests (which would make a man smell though he were of *Alexander's* complexion), is worse and more stinking than *Beaumont's* f—t (by three ounces of *troy* weight), though himself hold the balance and poise them. For which cause, how happy had he been if instead of *Cloacina*, he had honoured and sacrificed to *Numa's* goddess *Tacita*; since in his silence he had proved wise, where in his discourse he is condemned for inconsiderate: and in him rightly appeareth the misery of the curious (and the mark of folly, whereby men were

Horat. Lib. de
art. poet. Nec
verbum verbo
curabis red-
dere fidus in-
terpres; mark
this, Misac-
mos.

Plutarch To. 1.
in vita Numæ.

signed after *Adam's* fall), who biting his fingers, beating his brains, losing his repose, and scantling his repast, to attain an opinion of desert in the world, hath condemned himself in censuring others, gathered a handful of evil wind, to lose it in a breath of short life; being sure to leave nothing eternal after him, but his ambition without measure, his envy without reason, and his labour without fruit: which, that your judgment may apprehend, as my words do express it, consider wisely what I write, whilst I set down faithfully that which I have considered.

It is *Gregory's* opinion that a good work must have discreet eyes: and *Scaliger* thinks it is the better half of the felicity in a poem to have a good subject: for whoso employeth his wit to invent, and his pen to set down a frivolous matter in good words, fareth like young children, that score out their castle in the sand, which are defaced with every breath of wind. Wit and folly drawing in a yoke, reasons chariot is overturned; and a curious workman carving a knotty timber, shall have toil without end, for his election without judg-

Grego. in
Ezech. Lib. i.
hom. 7. ε107.

ment; a crooped shoulder is a blemish, howsoever it be bolstered; and who paints an old face, shall hardly hide the wrinkles.

Such a subject is only fit for a learned and virtuous *Misacmos*, as in his own naked perfection (like *Architas* the musicians lute) can speak for his own master. Doth not he want election, that in a whole field of corn picks out one cockle to labour on? and wants he not discretion, that having a whole field of virtue before him, philosophies of either kind, sciences of great observation, worldly casualties to increase judgment, alteration, and disposition of policy (an excellent subject), had rather with *Daphydas* be held a railer with *Menedemus*, a seller of trifles, with the fools of the world, a loser of time, than with the learned of his coat, an honour of his country? Alas! for this man, who taketh glory to boast of that filthiness which brute beasts (by natural instinct) after they have purged themselves do cover! What judgment hath this man, that strives to find a law of reason against the law of reverence? Children disabled to help themselves, are notwithstanding taught by their

Timon de Mened. Ille supercilium tollens et vendere nugas, etc.

nurses to give modest warning; and those of discreet years (though never so unnurtured) find many necessities of nature to be done, that are not plainly to be talked of. A circumlocution and a blush is sufficient to interpret a filthy necessity; whereas, he that taketh pleasure in speaking that which infirmity forceth, or lust draweth him to do, shall have a tongue worse than his tail, though the worse of the tail be the T, with his complements. Shall I be pleasant awhile and trifle like *Misacmos*, and wax as impudent as he was that shewed his tail to the senate, consuls, and prætors in judgment? Not, no neighbours, not so; but as cleanly as we can (quoth the maid, when she wiped her dishes with the dogs tail). What think you of this jest, my masters? give your opinion of their cleanliness: A certain grocers wife walking through the streets (and holding up her gown behind her, because the weather was dirty), met with a merry companion, who desirous to laugh and be fat, spurred her after his merry manner this homely question; Mistress, said he, I pray you sell me some of your spices whilst your hand is in the box: to whom

she answered (trussing up her gown more higher), Sir, if you have a months mind to them, put your hand into the box and boldly take them. Was not this more seemly for her to answer, than with *Misacmos* flatly to have told all to her utter discredit? What think you of this likewise? Did not the husband talk more seemly that said, an old ship is always leaky, than if he had said (in *Misacmos*' broad language), his wife had bep—d the bed? I could tell you more as he hath done (out of that most learned author, the book of Merry Tales, from whence his best jests are derived), but that as the old *Manciple* of *Brazen-nose College* in *Oxford* was wont to say; There are more fools to meet with.

Valerius, Max.
Lib. ix. cap. 2.

Lucius Catiline, accused by *Marcus Cicero* for raising a flame in the city; I believe it, said he, and if I cannot extinguish it with water, I will with urine. Into the like intemperance is *Misacmos* fallen; who having kindled a fire of folly by publishing his filthy *AJAX*, since he cannot colour it with modesty, will countenance it with wrested or wicked authorities (whereby religion is soonest ruinate). But as

the bee loseth his life by employing his sting to wound others, so shall the world easily perceive, that the sword whereby he defendeth himself shall be his own death; and those authorities and arguments (whereby he seeketh to entangle others) are the very nets, toils, and traps to ensnare himself.

To beat out therefore a plain path, in tracting whereof we may easily discover his treachery, consider awhile in *Misacmos* his reason and authorities. How approveth he the praising or writing upon AJAX? Marry, thus; men once in twenty-four hours visit him, if they be in health; *ergo*, the homeliness of the name and praise of the same may be borne withal; temples to be raised, genealogies to be reckoned up, etymologies to be sought, hymns and dirges to be devised, filthy and immodest jests to be used, &c. *Non sequitur, non sequitur*, you may be ashamed of it: *Corrumpunt bonos mores colloquia prava*; evil words corrupt good manners (saith both *Paul* and *Menander*): how brooks *Misacmos* that counterbuff? very easily. The intent of the speaker maketh them bad. Pardon me, pardon me; *Paul*

Paul. 1. ad
Corin. cap. 8.

saith the word, not the intent. Intent is the corruption of the heart, but words the poison of the tongue. Go to, go to; let us grant that out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh; and that men form their bad words according to their depraved thoughts. Now tell me this; whether a child, young in years, toward in apprehension, dearly beloved by his parents, cockered by his mother, learneth his swearing, idle speaking, cursings, and blasphemies, by the evil intent, base mind, or filthy conceit of his father (perhaps breaking out into such impiety in his choler); or by the words spoken, undoubtedly no ways intended by him to deprave his child?

Indeed, that's somewhat more than his host told him: But let it be, let it be (said the maid when the young man kissed her); we must have matters of more weight to work upon *Misacmos*. Now therefore consider his groundwork and positions. The use of homely words, saith he, is to be borne with in necessary matters: How proves he that? *Isaiah* compareth our justice, *panno menstruatæ*; the Scripture useth, *Anos aureos*; the psalm, *percussit eos in*

posteriora; Exodus of Stigma or Prepuce;
Paul of Stercora; Saul went into a cave, ut
purgaret ventrem. Therefore *Misacmos* may
 write of AJAXES, because a necessary matter;
 write of sh—g, because a necessary matter;
 let him be—the canvas that concludes so,
 though he stood to be proctor: for the words
 precedent and afore alleged, as they be in the
 Scriptures, are (as *Misacmos* implyeth and
 confesseth) properly to beat down sin and
 sensuality; but not rudely to be inverted by
 him, in maintenance of his scurrility and
 ribaldry.

For if he consider the Scriptures as he
 ought, and deeply weigh with the fathers, that
 the most words have their mysteries, he shall
 find this dragging of verbal Scriptures (un-
 christianlike into his cause) is a very prank of
Arius; Qui verba scripturarum simplicia sicuti
in eis expressa reperiuntur, itidem ut diabolus
assimulavit. Who, like the devil, sinfully
 wrested the simple words of the Scripture, as
 they are expressed in the same (if *Eusebius* lie
 not); whoever of all the fathers hath taken on

him this custom? whoever this looseness of liberty? whoever this lightness of vanities?

S. August. Lib.
iii. de doct.
Christ. cap. 5.
et 1.

Isidore de
Summo Bono,
Lib. i. cap. 9.
Nich. de Blo.
Ser. 38. D.

Augustine he saith, that when any thing is found in the history of the sacred Scriptures, that seemeth absurd or contrary to good manners, the historical sense is to be left, and the metaphorical and mixed is to be embraced; and the reason is, because the sacred history containeth nothing which is not true, and consonant and agreeable with good manners: and another (agreeing therein with *Isidorus*) saith, *oportet sic historiam tenere*; so ought we to keep the history, as that we interpret it morally and understand it spiritually: who therefore dealeth otherwise, by the general consent of the fathers, may be termed a rash man in applying Scripture in that manner, which perverteth the nature, order, and meaning of the same.

Alas! for *Misacmos* (I mean not a lass for his bed, but alas for his folly), let him leave his building gay privies and get him good masters: for it is more necessary to fill the head with true knowledge and Christian learn-

ing, than to empty the belly of loathsome excrements. Out of this wresting, it drives all wit out of the harmony. Then pray *Misacmos* to leave it, for I swear to him he shall never get three bishoprics in one year, as *Wolsey* did for this doctrine: why this is worse than Welsh instead of Hebrew, in Doctor *Propriums* sermon.

Nemo contra unanimum consensum patrum ipsam scripturam sacram allegare audeat (saith the council of Trent); let no man dare allege the Scriptures contrary to the general consent of the fathers.

Tut, *Misacmos* cares not for them, they are too precise for his purpose. Let *Gregory* (in his seventh homily on *Ezechiel*) say the Scripture in words containeth mysteries: let *Pale-*
ologus vow that the whole body of historical Scripture is a school of moral discipline and hidden doctrine; but he is a dunce: let *Jerome* talk of *anagogia*, *tropologia*, and *allegoria*, which united (with history) contain the whole matter of the Bible: let him say of *Deuteronomy*, that it is, *Evangelicæ legis prefiguratio*; of *Isaiah* and *Jeremiah*, *Quis*

Pal. de figur.
Sacrae Bib.

Jerome ad
Paul.

Jerome super
Gal.

potest intelligere vel exprimere? it matters not for the words, *Misacmos* will abuse them, he will dignify his AJAX by disgracing your Scripture. But hark, I pray you, *Philaretus*, what *Jerome* concludeth; *Hæresis dicitur Græce ab electione eo quod sibi eam eligat disciplinam quam putat esse meliorem. Quicumque igitur scripturam vel scripturæ verba intelligit aliter, quam spiritus sanctus efflagitat a quo scriptura est licet ab ecclesia non recessit, tamen Hæreticus appellari potest.* Heresy, the Greek word (saith he), is so called of election; because he that is infected therewith, chooseth unto himself that kind of doctrine, which in his own opinion he supposeth to be the best.

Whosoever therefore shall otherwise understand either the Scripture, or the words thereof, than the Holy Ghost requireth (from whom the Scripture is derived), although he hath not departed from the church, yet may he be called an heretic. Let *Misacmos* gather how he list upon this; he shall find the *punctilio* of his honour blunted; which, trust me of set purpose, I handle thus in clouds, without grating him to the quick; because, as *Socrates*

did in *Alcibiades*, *Effulgentem et magnum video testimonium eruditionis et egregiæ indolis*; Let him construe this if he list, lest the world should suspect what I mean not.

Now, sir, if we descend to *Cloacina* (first deified or defied by *Tatius*), what shall we say? but that in his readings he hath curiously observed matters of less respect, and forgotten things of most *decorum*. For when *Romulus* and this (draught deify), the one captain of the *Romans*, the other of the *Sabines*, were ready to wage battle, and by the entreaty of *Hersitia* and other ladies, the accord and league of peace was then concluded.

A law was made in honour of them, as *Plutarch* witnesseth. *Ne iis præsentibus quicquam obsceni deceritur*; That no filthy or immodest speech should be used in their presence.

Now, sir, had he marked and noted this privilege, as he was diligent in observing the other, he had been more sparing in his loose speech, being taught modesty by the very *Ethniques* themselves.

And surely, I think in my conscience, it was

a chief cause why *Romulus* left *Tatius*' death unrevenged, because he was so superstitious in deifying a draught house.

But perhaps he hath read all this, and would observe none of it. Then may I say with *Valerius*, *Quod rectum sit scit, sed id facere negligit*; He knoweth that which is right, but he neglecteth to do it: his emblem and elegy are pretty, and I have read far wittier and better penned without the picture of a fellow in a square cap, scumming at a privy.

And touching his observation of pictures, what should I say in his commendation but this: he hath prettily observed absurdities.

Tiree a quatre
chevaux.

But should he pay for them as soundly as Captain *Cheville*'s soldier did in *Bourbonnois*, he would beware of writing of sh—n figures whilst he lived. Which is his next descent? Forsooth, to poets: and who marcheth foremost to fight the battle for him? *Martial*. Oh, ho: I know wherefore he preferreth him so much; it is because he read a chapter *de cunilinguis* to him: he is very much beholding I promise you.

But what is this *Martial*? Faith, a good

wit ill employed, like himself. This is he (I speak it in his commendations) that writ epigrams of *Æthon's* f—t—g in the capital; of his boys kiss: This is the encourager of lechery, in Victor; *Misacmos* need not fear to allege him about *Caca canit*, that gloried to fill emperors ears with flattery, bawdery, and sodomy, *vaugh spurcitiem nugas*. It is pity that as in Catalogna there is a law, that every cuckold should pay a fine or tribute, so among us there is not a statute that such as teach such filthiness should be publicly punished. I will not examine the epigrams, for they are too obscene to be looked upon; and whoso rubbeth stinking weeds shall have filthy fingers. (*More*) ingenious, though too resolute, whose learning deserved a better death, and whose death was accompanied with heroic constancy. (Look how this toad sucketh poison from the pleasant wit.) But he that found the *Merda*, let him take it; and he that wresteth *Crepitus* so crookedly, let him use it for a gale of his good fortune, till it blow him to *Cloacina's* temple. For master *Davies'* epigram, I hold it for prettily impure, yet two bows and a half

Lib. ii.
epig. 78.

Lib. ii.
epig. 11.

short of the clout. *Heywood* stuck in: and (by the way for yourself) a *Young* that will be old (saith thus) in behalf of old *Young*; that except you presently put on a habit of more conformity, if some his enemies may promote you, you shall be the next dog that shall be sacrificed in the *Lupercalia*, and therefore provide yourself for it (except you get a better tongue into your head, or a modester pen in your hand). Whither now, *Misacmos*? Cannot he who for piety is matchless, in learning peerless, whose judgment his friends admire, and enemies wonder at; cannot a spirit so heavenly, a father so reverend, a muse so sacred, escape your censure? Stoop and shroud, you night bird, when this sun shineth. He that clotheth religion with simplicity and truth, climbeth highest by his humility, groweth learned in his zeal, and waxeth famous by his diligence, may laugh at you (whilst like the wolf you bark against the moon), but you cannot bite him.

Come, come, a poor spring fed by the ocean of his wit: a little sparkle gathered from his divine flame; a very worm of wit, a

puny of Oxford shall make you more hateful than *Battalus* the hungry fiddler, for his presumption.

*Italici Augæi stabulum fædumque, cloacam
A te purgari Romanaque σκυζαλα tolli.*

Discit eum citius minimisque libentius illud quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.

What fault is here? Forsooth, an unapt metaphor. O gross, peevish, and blind absurdity! I challenge thee from the French to the Spanish, the Italian to the Latin, the Greek to the Hebrew. Run me over the whole library of bawdery, thy legends of *Atheism*, and prove me one metaphor better applied, and thou shalt be privy to me in my next necessities.

What fitter metaphor for so corrupt traditions as our church at this day acknowledgeth (the church of Rome to yield)? which if it be glorious in so sacred and matchless a maiden princess to exhaust and overthrow, it shall be no indignity in her to admit the metaphor (especially), since with such decorum and art he hath couched it, as had *More*, *Heywood*, and the rest observed, *Misacmos* might be ashamed to allege them. And what is that,

Scaliger Poet.
Lib. iii. cap.
98.

think you? He hath used *Juvenal's* modest moderation, including that in a Greek garment, which otherwise in his own tongue would seem uncomely.

Lege the Booke
of Mery Tales,
Tale 130.
Fie, learn to
quote your
places.

But in this you fare like him I have read of in an author of yours, who beginning to read a certain work of *Erasmus*, entitled *Moria*, and having such a shallow wit as *Misacmos* hath, cast away the book, fearing he should fall into some heresy because the style was so high: I mean not that great stile in *Marybone* Park, near which the two heroical and manly knights fought their *duellum*; but *Erasmus's* style, which *Misacmos* hath prettily met with if he had some of his pith and matter.

Lib. Cronicar.
cum figuris.

How proceedeth he now? forsooth, he heapeth on history. To what purpose? to prove certain emperors murdered privily, or at a privy, or in a Jakes, or at a Jakes; yet can I tell him this, that the Jakes *Heliogabalus* (the last of the *Antonini*) was dragged through *per scurras*, was *per cloacas* by the sinks of *Rome*, and through the streets of *Rome*, without all paraquestions, quoth *Tarlton*;

neither hath his knowledge attained all the secret of history on this subject beside *Bassianus*, but that some of as serious observation are left for me; as that *Trajan*, the last of so famous memory, and *Henry* the Seventh, king of the Romans, both died of the *dysentery*, *alias dictus*, the laxative flux. *Nebuchadnezzar* likewise gave *Zedekiah* (after he had made him dance and play before him a long while) a laxative drink, so that like a beastly old fellow (as there are many such betwixt York and London), *totus deturpatus fuit*, he smelt as ill as your AJAX.

According to
an old ballad;
And all to b—
—n was he,
was he.

Thus may *Misacmos* see that other men have examples of scent (I would say sense) as well as he; yet will I subscribe to him the dignity in all things.

First, I acknowledge him as deep a philosopher as *Metrocles*, who could never argue without f—g. I will set to my hand that he is well seen in a hawks muting. Lastly, I beseech master *Dalton* to set up his name in Lincoln's Inn privy, and register him there among the dirty writers of his time, instead of

a bastard *Chronicle*; because in his book modesty is as hard to be found as *adulteries* in *Sparta*; and this done,

*O vos de Croidon, O vos de rustico Roidon:
Bibite blackjackos, per gaudio solvite sackos.*

Nay, we will have verses to which a dog shall not interpret. Here let the people laugh, for here make I my breathing point.

Misodiaboles' Perfume for filthy Smells;

CONTAINING A

MAD PURGE FOR MISACMOS' LUNACY OF WIT.

LIKE as a good soldier in the beginning of a fight first sendeth out his light armed wings to begin the skirmish, and after bringeth on the battle wherein consisteth the force of his good fortune, so *Misacmos* (having distasted us at first with certain homely fictions and uncivil epigrams) now marcheth forth mainly with his *Tatius, Tarquin, Claudius, Vespasian, Trajan, Priscus, and Hercules*; by whose laws, proclamations, letters, and decrees, he laboureth to approve how carefully they provided, and diligently employed both their time and treasures, for the building with great state, and the ordering without annoyances, of vaults, common sewers, and sinks; but without all

contradiction privies. Touching which, as I consent with him in the three first, so with the old dunce (*Johannes de Portu Hibernico*), *Credo quod haud*, concerning the last. For though (besides *Dolabella's* caution, the office of *trium hominum*, and many of that kind) I find care and diligent provision made for the common sewers, yet in particular name I am sure (except *Misacmos* himself be interpreter) his foul-breath'd AJAX was never provided for. But I see now it fareth with him as with subtle sophisters, who wanting matter to work upon, do cavil upon words: for what signifieth this *Cloaca*, on which he so much worketh? fetch him *Cooper* (that learned father of famous memory), his *Thomas Thomasius* (a diligent furtherer of good studies); not with, fie, fa, fough, a smells, but in plain dealing. What say they of *Cloaca*? a channel, a gutter, a sink of a town, *Cloacale flumen*; besides (as *Ulpian* testifieth) there was *Cloacarium*, a certain fee or scot paid to these *tres homines*, the surveyors of the common sewers, unless therefore (as in talking of all kinds of grain) we set down rye. For all military and soldier-

like furniture, we nominate a dagger; so for all sinks, sewers, and vaults, *Misacmos* use a privy, he shall get no more fame for this than *Erostratus* for burning *Diana's* temple. Well, Erasmus. Apoptheg. God's blessing on his heart; he is a toward young man, and hath great cause to thank God for his knowledge (like the old dunce in Brazen-nose College in Doctor *Colmer's* time); who coming from a school among certain sophisters, from a certain *quodlibet*, with a great sigh thanked God that now at last after seven years study in the *Predicabiles* he could define *proprium*. Now, fie upon it, fie upon it, what is this to AJAX? you trifle, you are fond; marry, that's true. Well, if this please him not, let him stay till a second digestion and he shall have, *Assets inter mains*, as A term among the lawyers. assurance to prove how well I mean him.

Alas! alas! how much I wrong him. Believe me, *Philaretus*, I am sorry for my negligence; shall I forget his succinct collection of history, his compendious and apt observations in the emperors lives? God forbid! nay, you shall have right Roman courage in me; praise for

desert, though otherwise his professed reprov-
er in folly. What note? what note? Why thus
much touching his succinct observations out
of the emperors lives; I say (as *Tully* did of
Demosthenes' oration), I like that best which
is longest. Yet for all this the world appre-
hendeth his indiscretion; who trapping an ass
in golden furniture, suiting a coarse subject in
rich ornaments of learning, hath approved his
great wit and little wisdom.

How more happy had it been for himself,
and more honourable for his profession, to
have observed the custom of the *Venetians*
and *Germans*: the first of which banish bas-
tards from their councils; and the next vouch-
safe no degree of learning to any of them in
their most famous universities.

Now if in example of these, if his sentences
of condign merit had been answered with an
apt, appropriate, and fit matter, *nulla publica*
laudatione indigeret (as *Valerius* saith of
Romulus), his praise had been general; but
in that cleaving to rashness (the enemy of
endeavour), and forsaking discretion, which as

Anthony the father said, *omnia laudabili fine concludit*, endeth all things laudably, he hath betrayed his own fame to infamy :

Henry de Urmar. Lib. 4. de perfect. int. hom. cap. 1.

—————*Quæ*

Etiam tum vivit cum esse credas mortuam.

Plant. in Pers. Act iii. sc. 1.

Which then survives when thou believest her dead.

Who liveth, of any reading (were he content to surfeit in his folly), that with *Aretine* could not talk of *Nanna*, with another of a red nose, with *Perieres* of a pye and *Piaux*? I have seen an oration made in praise of a college custard, and very much written in commendation of an ass. Who in commending a goose could not bring in *Plutarch*, to prove she was sacrificed to *Juno*? or in talking of an ox, could not say it was the stamp the *Athenians* put on their money? say a man were so foolish to make a book of lousiness, were it not possible for him (that had read history) to bring in *Sylla*, lousy; *Acastus*, the son of *Pelius*, dying lousy; *Mutius* the lawyer, *Ennus* the fugitive, lousy; *Arnolphus* the emperor, lousy; *Phærecides* and *Calisthenes*, lousy? Or if this subject seemed too

Plutarch.

nitty, what say you to *Joubert* and his book of laughter? the common place of f—s (handled in *Bouchet*), in helping a gentlewoman of the colic?

Tut, and I were set on a merry pin, I could write in praise of spindleshanks, because *Germanicus* had such; and in commendation of p—g, bringing out of *Valerius* the story of the *Cretans*, who besieged by *Metellus* drunk their own p—s.

How vain a vein is this. Nay, how vain is *Misacmos* in his vein. Trust me, the very fear to hear of this folly were sufficient to make the dumb son of *Crassus* to cry out mainly.

How indecent is it for a man, in years stayed, in birth noble, in fortunes rich, in friends mighty, to be so poor only in his discretion.

Better had it been and more worthy *Misacmos'* learning to have digested custom into a volume, and made a treatise of observations, wherein as especial and with more decorum (than he conceited) he might write how the privy that *Arrius* died on, was hanged up ever after for a perpetual monument, till those of his heresy (to extinguish the indignity thereof) raised and built a sumptuous house in the place.

He might gather out of *Sigonius*, how capital it is amongst the Turks to dispute on the laws of *Mahomet*, where amongst us here in England it is too common a custom to break ours.

Besides, if he would be pleasant, and set down *Ethnic's* heresies, what lets him to remember, that among the Turks it is an heresy to p—s standing; and here in England, in *Cæsar's* time, it was a prophane thing to taste a hen; where now a days, it is good fellowship both to steal and to roast it.

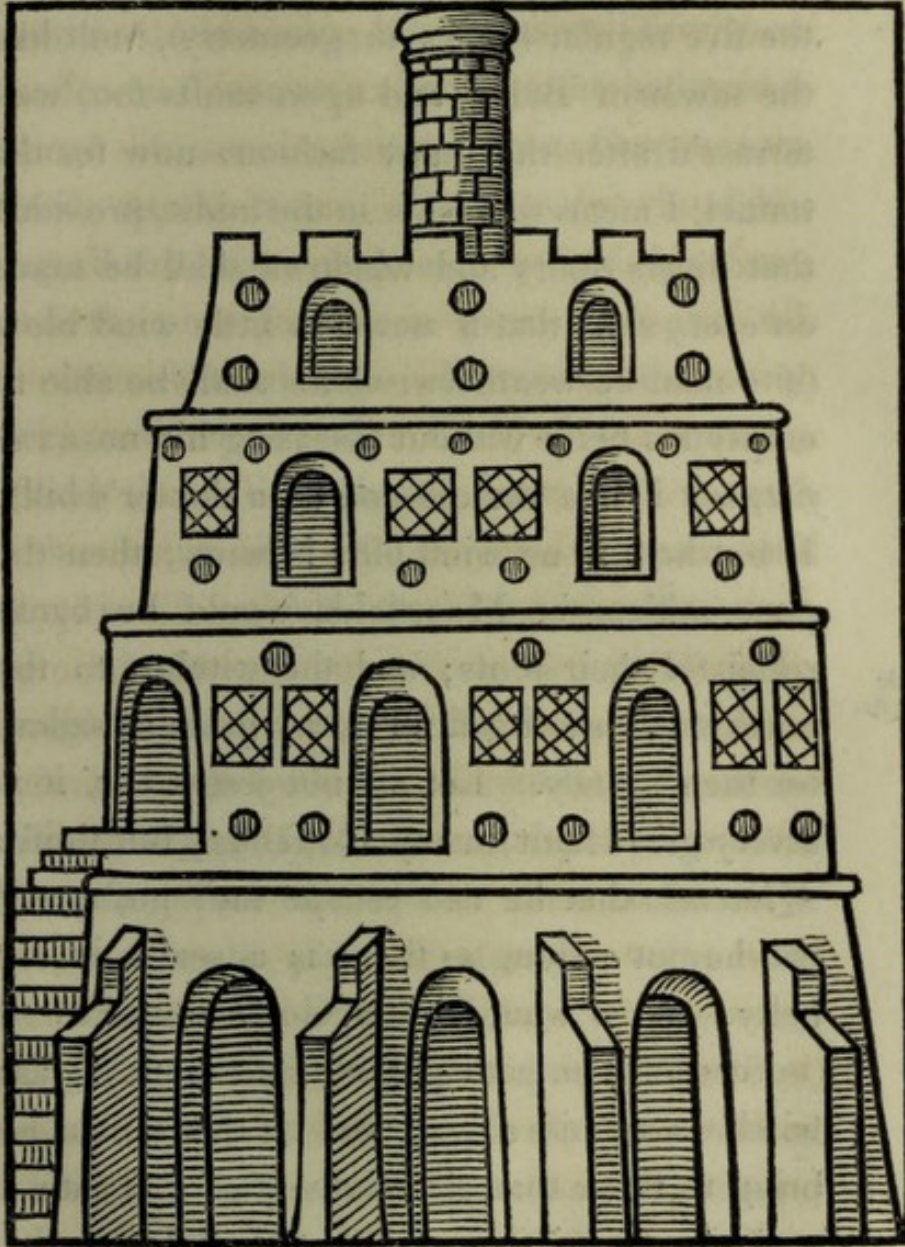
He might likewise seriously observe *Diago-*
ras' banishment (who more modester than *Misacmos*), only wrote that he knew not the Gods; where he both knowing and reading the laws of God and (which is most to be abhorred) a Christian, taketh a felicity to pervert them.

Valerius, Lib.
ii. cap. 2.

But such is the custom of the world, and so blind the elections of men, that the most part seek out the poisons of wit to corrupt the same; and the world, like the maid (of whom *Aristotle's* commenter speaketh) being accustomed to feed on serpents, takes it now for a natural refection, to nourish itself with poison.

But return we to *Misacmos'* teshe, I long to hear his conclusion: Forsooth, and please you, the last part of his learned treatise is the manner and means how to build clean, handsome, and necessary privies; not altogether of *M. Dalton's* built, whom he handles (as *Horace* did *Mæcenas*) scarce cleanly for his courtesies, but with *hydraulic engines* as it seems (the manner whereof he hath borrowed from *Vitruvius*, or else taken some pattern from a travellers mouth who hath seen the Cardinal of *Ferrara's* buildings at *Tivoli*); and truly of all his book I hold this the cleanliest; since having devised and deified a goddess so filthy, he hath at leastwise found a cleanly conveyance to wash her face when she is too slovenly.

But if with his patience I may speak, and by your courtesies be heard, *Philaretes*, I dare promise a form, and prefer an invention, where (by the help of wind, as he by water) I will build you a privy, without *Houlden's* wifes privy fault, that shall neither f—t, foist, nor stink, as she doth in her sleep; and how say you by that, sir?



Marry, sir, my privy shall be a round (one of the five regular bodies in geometry), built like the tower of Babel, and upon vaults too, well tarrass'd after the finest fashion: now for the tunnel, I mean to raise it in the midst, provided that divers doors and windows shall be made on every side, that if never so little wind blow (if a man be weatherwise) he shall be able to empty his belly without diseasing his nose: *et fiet*, say I (like the old end of a doctor's bill): I, but how if no wind blow? marry, then the poor millers in Moorfields would be bankrupts for their rents; and the witches to the northwards shall sell no merry gales to sailors for their money. Let me not jest it out, it is a very great fault in my Colfabus; but thinks *Misacmos* that he can escape me? no, marry can he not as long as there is a scape in my belly. Now what fault, a God's name?

Wierus de
prestigiis de-
monum.
Cardan.

Forsooth, he hath provided no seemly glass windows to his AJAX; and by that means he bringeth those that shall have use of it into a great inconvenience, and that shall I shew by an example (and the rather), because *exempla illustrant non probant*. A certain gentleman

of England going to *Bocardo* to do save reverence, and having his quiver well furnished to offer on *Cloacina's* altar, after he had read a lecture of untruss, claps me a *Corpus cum causa*, on the face of *Don AJAX*; who darkning all the house with a frown of his fury, made the poor gentleman groan and grin till he were disburdened. Now, sir, the privy dark, and he in the heat of his service, behold (hold B, I should have said) a maid of his being sick of *Trajan's* disease, and somewhat laxative, not staying the *Qui veux la*, or the word, but having her piece ready charged, lets fly into her masters lap at both ends, and set both her windmill and water-mill a working. Out whore (quoth the master)! Alas, fie upon me (quoth the maid)! new clothes, cries he with a vengeance; away runs she bare-a——d without wiping.

By this example, it were good *Misacmos* would bespeak masons and glaziers; lest sitting at his *AJAX* in great meditation on his elegy, a maid of his should serve a lattitat on him and the label in his bosom. How say you? is not this worthy deep consideration, *Philaretus*;

Continuatio.
That is, as neat
as Licon in his
apparel, and
as mannerly as
the country
wench (whom
the Abbot
feasted), who,
instead of re-
questing leave
to dip her cap-
pons rump in
the abbots
dish, desired
his lordship
that she might
thrust her a—e
into his sauce.
*Nota quod hæc
nota nihil va-
let.*

especially in so cleanly a gentleman as *Misacmos*? What, like you my advertisement? then have at it for another bout: and what is that? Marry, it standeth very much with the judgment of *Misacmos* to alter this element of water (and if it were possible); and the reason is, lest some of *Flora's* handmaids (having *Lot's* wifes sickness) look back on that she let fall in the water. Why, what of this? marry, a dangerous thing; for since *Ea quæ per medium aquæ apparent, grossiora videntur*; such things as are seen in the water seem greater; it is to be feared lest the poor soul should take a strong imagination, and commit more trust to her belly than she can digest by her back parts. Yet another, it must be ordered (or taken order by *Misacmos*) that his *AJAX* have a door with a spring lock, lest some gentlewoman going to speak with her maid in privity, have as ill fortune as a pretty wench in my country. Would you know how it was, and what it was? under promise you will shew (*Misacmos*, my good friend) how it happened, I will instruct you. A certain nobleman of England having two necessary

delights that accompany great fortunes, *viz.* a fair house to dwell in and a fool to laugh at; thinking it a decenter thing in him to chase his jester, than for *Socrates* to play with *Lamprocles*, *Agesilaus* to ride on a reed with his son, and *Architas* to play with his servants, one day in a merry and pleasant vein, drove him up and down from chamber to chamber (making him smart with a rod he carried in his hand), till he forced him into a necessary place where the close-stool stood; where the poor ass finding a wench at the privy, and very willing to defend himself, because he was shrewdly pursued, he took her boldly in his arms (her clothes about her ears) and bare it single on her buttocks. Now, sir, here grows a *quære* and a *caution* in this place; the *quæritur* is, whether if the poor wench had called on *Cloacina* for help, her goddess-ship could have delivered her? the *caution*, that henceforth both *Misacmos* (and whatsoever builders) provide them locks and doors to their AJAX; lest some coy dame, that fears to walk abroad without a mask, be suddenly scratched and jerked over her face that hath no nose.

Mexia sel. 1.
Prel. cap. 5.

Is not this gay geer, *Philaretos*? have I not matched *Misacmos* at his own game? Believe me, believe me, I blush as I write, yet I write to make men blush. For from my soul I protest, and to the world I publish it, that as the compounders of *Mithridate* (before the whole body of the *Venetian* senate) shew their simple poisons to make them known, and as the quacksalvers in *Germany* swallow spiders in open assemblies to shew the virtue of their confections, so to let the world know the poison of lewd language, to bring that in hate which is now swallowed with too secure delight, I have swallowed these morsels, which religion should not digest, and rather opened the cave to discover a serpent, than to suffer men headlong to post to hell on the back of uncivil pleasures:

Ovid, 1. Eleg.
Impia sub dulci
melle venena
latent.

*Helleborum frustra cum jam cutis ægra tumebit,
Poscentes videas, venienti occurrere morbo.*

*Prevent thy grief in desperate estate:
Too many seek for remedy too late.*

Thus far, *Philaretos*, hath thy friendship and *Misacmos*' errors enforced me; yet this

stile, and one field more, and thou hast brought me home where I would be. Come, come, though the highways are dirty, the fields are delightful; and a little close, of compass, may have many trees of pleasure.

Methinks, I see thee wonder what story I have to tell thee, and smile to thyself like lean *Cicero* at the just reproof of this *Cotta*: Hark in thine ear; *Misacmos* is a *Satire*, a quipping fellow. But, sirrah, what if with the merry lord in *Homer*, I should play the mad fellow, and aim at his *Ulysses'* head and politic pate with a neats foot? Dost thou request me to do so? why mine honest friend I will dispatch it quickly. But how? marry, I shall talk to him thorough thy letter; and teach him plainly which I have observed out of that French secretary; *Que le trop cuider ronger les os de l'esprit, jusques aux moelles de l'ignorance*; that too much presumption gnaweth the bones of the spirit even to the marrow of ignorance: and that when as malice and envy coupled with presumption and ignorance, bark against the modesty of the virtuous, the fire reflecteth to burn those that kindle it; lighting

Du Tranchio,
Ep. ii. 31.

those that are detracted from the ruins of the malicious, till they have attained both the path and possession of honour. Believe me (ill christened as thou art by thy Greek godfather), as to reprehend justly, requireth a due discretion, so to detract injuriously, in a great man, is a stain of honour; in a learned, a note of irreligion; in all sorts, a plague of nature, rising from the thought of a corrupt, unbridled, and sinful heart. How much better matter hadst thou to remember, if thou hadst read much? and what a thing oughtest thou sooner forget, if thou regard society?

But thou wilt say I have taxed none but such as deserve it: and yet I tell thee (and therein tax thine indiscretion) that except thou hast corrected privately, before thou hast disgraced publicly, thou art a good *Aristarchus*, but an ill Christian. I prithee look back into the ages, and let my pen help thy memory; and in the face of other mens faults read thine own infirmities. Whom hath glory raised so high, that envy could not aim at? or virtue made so temperate, that misfortunes could not torture? Whoever had felicity

to counsel, without weakness to fall? or his reason so strong, that his passion could not alter it? Alas, *Misacmos*, it is a misery of wit thou art fallen into; wherein the more thou art fouled, the more thou art filed. *Emilius Paulus*, the admired for constancy, yet was he contemned in poverty: *Alexander*, the worlds wonder, though praiseworthy for his clemency in overcoming *Darius*, yet hated in his drunken fury when he murdered *Clitus*; so that his fortitude, liberality, magnanimity, and continence, grace him not so much, but that his unseasonable banqueting, inordinate excess, his ambition in suffering the applause of his flatterers, his injuries to *Calisthenes*, make him subject to detraction: *Alcibiades*, a flutterer and inconstant, but that his magnificence and bounty redeemed those disgraces: *Agesilaus*, a lover of his citizens, yet suspected of *Pedrastria* with *Megabates*; neither was his honour so great in contemning vain things, as his infamy deserved in using all impiety in obtaining kingdoms.

*Nodos virtute
resolvo.* The
Marshal of St.
Andrew's de-
vicc.

Crassus, covetous in fortune; yet constant in misery. *Demetrius*, constant and liberal;

yet pompous, prophane, and lecherous. *Cato*, the censor of men (for all his severity), had not so strong a shield of his continence, gravity, fortitude, and perseverance, but that being studious to accuse others, he was accused himself of contempt of philosophy, hate of physicians, praise of himself, and inhumanity in his behaviour; nay, they wrote this epigram of him which followeth,

*Rufus mordaces solitusque illidere dentes,
Omnibus et glaucus Porcius ut periit;
Ipsa timens sævæ rabiem Proserpina linguæ.
Ullum ei apud manes noluit esse locum.*

Why press I further where these few may suffice me? and what may not *Misacmos* observe, if he digest this considerately? If all these in the brightness of their honour had some blemish and infirmity, what privilege hath he far inferior to the worst of them? if he be not exempt from error (as I know he is not), but that either passion devoureth him, ambition overhaleth him, intemperance seduceth him, and a thousand other imperfections attaint him: why is he so ready to breath out other

mens reproaches, where the satchel behind his back hath sins enough in it to blast him with? hath he a lock for all mens tongues? a bridle for all mens pens? or impudency to outface all disgraces? *Cicero* was more eloquent than he, but counted a babbler; *Demosthenes* more wise than he, yet known for a coward; *Socrates* a just man, but accused of impiety; *Cities dies mihi deficeret quam oratio*; there were no end if I should prosecute this.

Non videmus
mantice quod
in tergo est.

All life whatsoever is but a *chaos* of infirmities; and whoso will reprehend, must either be a god amongst men without fault, or a by-word to men for his foul tongue. Fie upon me, whither am I grown? *Misacmos* is pleasant; why then in a pleasant and a merry mood let us have liberty to talk with him.

Nay, first let us shake hands, as fencers do ere they play their prizes; for I am sure to give the *Venie*, I feel my fist so nimble. But what weapons? what weapons? faith, with a pen in one hand and a paper book in another: none better; have at you, sir; I would wish you keep your footing. Why, how will you use me? Faith, as the milkmaid of Hackney

used that most witty and learned master *Fleetwood*, Recorder of London (and that was scarce mannerly); and how it was (without any further interrogatives) I shall presently tell you.

This honest gentleman walking for his pleasure from London towards Hackney, by chance (at the very towns end) heard a bird of May sing; I think you call it a cuckoo. Hereupon, looking round about him to spy out some one to break his bitter jest upon, he encountered by good hap with this maid; whom suddenly and pleasantly he bounded with this question; Maid, quoth he, who is this that sings so merrily; is it the Vicar of Hackney? no, forsooth, said she, you mistake yourself, it is the Recorder of London (a foul on her for a lying quean, how unmannerly she was). Well he digested the matter like a wise gentleman. Now in like manner must I try your patience: was it you that translated *Ariosto*? I, marry was it, sir. In faith, you had been better to have set your legs before it than your arms; for the lines are very gouty, and too untoward to climb Helicon. What, are you angry at this jest?

For shame, be patient; you have used a doctor far worse, and therefore look for ill chieving.

I, but you set your arms before it, lest after you were dead, cities and countries should strive for you as they did about *Homer*: fear not that man; for what between *Cloacina's* temple, the stationers pasteboards, the grocers and chandlers spices and mustard pots, your books shall be outworn in your age, I warrant you: only if some survive by the mercy of a friends library, the after world shall rather pity your lost time, than commend your diligence. That is for master *Dalton's* sake, and I pray you so take it.

Juvenal, Lib.
iii. sat. 9. O
Coridon, Cori-
don secretum
divitis ullum
esse putas?

Now for master *Plat*, mine old and honest friend; Why, what of him? His life in all mens eyes so upright, his birth not to be contemned, his study for the commodity of his country, you have lewdly gibed against him being a gentleman of your own society, and so jested at his coals, that you deserve to be burnt with them for your labour. *Bona verba quæso*: nay, you shall not so scape it. Should a man (because the fishmongers boy saw you in a goodly gay velvet cloak, and on your

footcloth, and jestingly said as you passed by him through old Fish-street, that you sat on your horse like a sloven on a close-stool) that therefore your writing in praise of AJAX was fore-prophecied? or (to use *Charles Chester's* jest, because you are faced like *Platina*) would it not anger your heart-strings, if a man should say that you look like a sturdy hostler that could gird a mare till she f—t again?

Truly, it were unseemly to use a gentleman of worth so grossly: now if injuries to yourself, disgraces to your own person, gibing at your own writings, so mightily move you, imagine that in others which you feel in yourself; and if you take felicity to hear well, remember carefully hereafter to speak well.

But I forget myself, I forget myself; there is a pad in the straw, there is matter in it, said the hostler when he felt his horse's back; there are reasons of discontent which have moved this disaster betwixt master *Plat* and you; I, marry be there, sir; he is a seducer; his coals are like the *alchemists elixir*, much talked of, but never brought to pass: You deceive yourself, *Misacmos*, and I dare swear it by as much

Cornelius
Agrippa de
vanit. Scient.

honesty as you can pledge me, that the coals master *Plat* maketh profession of to devise, are possible to nature, not contrary to the rules of philosophy; even now this term ready to be proved by a demonstration; so that as *Fierovanti* said to the *Galenists* of Italy, and other chemical fellows, master *Plat* may boldly urge against you; mine is the effect, dispute you on the cause. I, but your judgment (say you) apprehendeth not any such thing; and for that cause you will jest at a truth, in that you suspect it a falsehood. Here is fair play, *Misacmos*, and I offer you the challenge.

Fierovant,
Lib. i. capri-
chio medici-
nal, et alibi.

Draw the quintessence of your wit, capitulate all your readings, make an abstract of your experiments, and set me down what arguments you can against these coals, and you shall see me make you carry coals till you fall *tout plat* for your labour. For your conjecture of stale and cow-dung, it stands not with reason you are misinformed, and it were good you were reformed; learn a truer *credo*, and we will sing a kinder *salve* to you.

If you still brave it till your conceit be

blunt, I will steel it with reason; and though master *Plat's* maid hath colted your intelligencer, that would have wrought the secret of these coals out of her, under pretence of a wooing dance (for which cause you are waxed so tetchy), I will use you more honestly; and not only instruct you like a probable disputer, but with as good pillars as all sciences do consist on, I mean demonstrations (as sound matter as *Aristotle's Posteriora*, I warrant you); I could use *Tarlton's* jest upon you touching the secret of Barley; who (attending one day at a great dinner on *Sir Christopher Hatton*, Lord Chancellor, deceased) by chance (among other pretty jests) gave him unadvisedly the lie; for which the honourable person merrily reproving him, instead of submitting himself, he thus wittily justified: My lord (said he), is it not a custom when a prince hath spoken any thing note worthy, to say he hath delivered it majestically? Again, when you that are *monsieurs*, my *lords*, *excellencies*, *altesses*, and such like, speak any thing; say not the assistants straightways, he concluded honourably? Nay, in every estate, if either noble,

right worshipful, worshipful, gentle, common, honest, dishonest, poor or rich, sick or whole (*et sic ad infinitum*), speak any thing; doth not the world conclude straight, that they have spoken nobly, right worshipfully, worshipfully, gently, commonly, honestly, dishonestly, poorly, richly, sickly, wholly? Nought without a lie, my lord (quoth Dick *Tarlton*), nought without a lie: he that therefore pays it with a frown or a stab, forgetteth himself. But thus will I not use *Misacmos*, lest he that stands so much on his points, should point me out with his poniard; only this will I say (and that modestly too), as *Tully* did of *Viconius* and his children, and (E) only deducted:

Phæbo haud sinente hic seminavit libros.

Plutarch in vita Cice. To. iii. fo. 52.

Which is as much as to say, as the man had been happy if his book had lain stinking in his study. But here, methinks, I spy a worse than *Enthimian* misery fallen upon you (who abusing the *Corinthians* in jest, was plagued in earnest); for in discoursing your monopoly, wherein you angle for nothing but *carps* to feed other men with, you not only wax too bitter a curser of your betters (a fault worse

Your own words. A vengeance on them that beg these monopolies. 17.Ed.iv. Stow.

I observe not
Agesilaus' law
here, *Dificile
est misereri et
sapere* ; but
coldly pass
that over
which might
be wrought
like wax.

Plutarch.

than *Burdet's*, and it were pity it should be expiated with his destiny), but you privily gird likewise at patents (I mean not the father and the son, both witty and learned gentlemen) who (as I am inspired) are the very *genii* and good angels in furthering your best studies; but those patents which being privileges granted by a prince, fruits of her royal prerogative, rewards of her trusty and honourable servants, acts for humble subjects to receive with thanks, not to examine according to their own shallow judgments, private laws in being privileges, (as both the legists and schoolmen determine) are not grossly to be jested at, carelessly to be disgraced, or fondly to be dealt withal. Beware of this, good *Misacmos*, I wish you as a friend; and if hereafter you mean to jest publicly, and force your wit to stem the stream of the worlds judgments, use *Pericles'* custom, who determining to speak any thing publicly desired the immortal gods that no improvident word should pass his mouth.

Away with this serious talk, let us turkish this text into a merrier colour. One turn from *Leadenhall-corner* into *Gracious-street*,

and so have with you to Westminster. Why into Gracious-street? Because of all streets in London you have thought this the best market to make proclamation of cuckoldry. Now, sir, what *John* of himself, or *John* by constraint know you there, that hath inheritance in Cornhill, whom you so prettily entitle to Hornden? Mum budget, not a word. In an inventory of such household stuff it is ill falling to particulars, such universal propositions or prepositions require no instance. If a gentle wench have invited you to a banquet of turnups, be not too talkative; lest suiting yourself in pure rash your love repent her lying abroad, and you your speaking too broadly. In handling your common places, shut up your tongue; lest being *Plenus rimarum* (as *Parmeno*. said of himself), you be narrowly looked into. O *Misacmos*, since all men may be cuckolds, *actu vel potentia*, it is dangerous to talk of them; but if you will needs bite on this morsel, beware to be offensive; for to general terms none but the guilty take exception. Should I play at this weapon, what should let me to hit home, and yet observe

Teren.
Eunucho.

the laws of humanity? Shew wit without proferring wrong.

As thus in a pleasant *irony*, to disfigure a householder in a figure: *The man hath a great charge, and therefore this dear year it is good having cornucopiæ in his household.*

Amaltheas' horn; the horn of plenty, or otherwise plenty of horn.

This is a jest without gall, and this no less pleasant than the former. *If it be true that physicians say, that the perfume of horn is a sovereign medicine against the pestilence; how happy shall many mens neighbours be that have horns of their own to burn and drive the plague out of their chambers.*

This is a form I inform you of, because I know some exceptions taken against your other deformed observation. Mend it, mend it, or burn your books, as the desperate *Zanthians* did their city; lest from the *Babel* of your pride, men say you derive your babbling. Hark what a tale I heard in *Gracious-street*, of an ungracious turn, which was returned upon a gentlewoman.

Alias dictus a Bable.

A pleasant wench of the country (who beside *Chaucer's* jest, had a great felicity in jesting) encountered in a morning with a far-

mer of her husbands, who came that Michaelmas-day to pay his quarter's rent (beside a dozen of powtings for my landlady, his mistress), seeing him scrape his courtesies afar off, and very loath to come near and salute her, pleasantly said thus; Come near, *Thomas*; be not afraid, I neither fling nor bite. The poor fellow (gathering heart of grace on this encouragement) returned her this answer: Bith mass, mistress, and you be so gentle, you are the fitter beast to be ridden: here is *quid pro quo*; a gird for a gibe: beware of mocking plain fellows, lest after this sort in plain terms they thus mock you.

Go to, *Menippus* in wit; God keep you from his fortune. Use citizens well; and though you be as familiar with some of their wives, as *Tully's* epistles, yet to the husband read nothing but his offices, lest they prefer you to an office or officer. I have to talk with you for the *Markhams* too, my worthy, worshipful, and beloved friends; and therefore prepare new weapons: for I must wring you for wronging them. Though their desert can outlive your disgrace, yet shall your disgrace

Diog. Laertius
in vita Menip.
præmœrore
laqueo vitam
sibi extorsit.

live by your disgracing them; get therefore the grimsire to seal you a pardon of course, or my second course shall be so current, that I will course you out of breath; these are but easy tricks, as wrestlers use before they begin their utmost. The other shall be laboured like your own; as ready to move laughter, as *Naphtha* to take fire; which till you meet, make a register of your best conceits, for I mean to make trial of the utmost of your learned courage. Enough of this, till the feast of enough follow. They say, once warned, well amend; thank me kindly for these courtesies.

What remaineth now, but in few words to counsel *Misacmos*: first (if he pretend to jest), to observe the custom of the Spartans, in avoiding scurrility; next, in the modest carriage of his words, to become an Athenian; who had a custom to cover and colour obscenities and filthiness, with apt and decent names, according as *Solon* taught them. A lubber to cry, Mother, go cack, when he is able to truss himself, is indecent. Remember what your grandmother taught you, *Misacmos*, and

make your books more mannerly. Lastly, in correcting, learn of Plutarch to do all things in way of commiseration, and not in contempt: for who reproveth in derision, defaulteth in humanity and judgment. To be short, instead of the salt of bitter language, let *Misacmos* learn to seek the salt of wisdom: for as the one is fretting, galling, and a sucker of blood, so the other (as saith *Gregory*), *Acquiritur per pacem*, is gotten by peace, breedeth peace, nourisheth virtue, instructeth error, and maketh the life savoury, which appeareth in that of the Evangelist Mark; *Habete in vobis sal, et pacem habebetis inter vos*; have salt among you, and you shall have peace among you. To conclude with *Misacmos*, let me teach him two receipts, and so leave him. First, to avoid evil smells, let him get him a clean tongue and a sweet breath, for that is pleasing to gentlewomen; let him use the incense of prayer, to kill the stinking venom of serpents lurking in his heart; let him put less wormwood in his ink, and more continence in his thoughts; and if his tongue will not leave clacking, let him learn to light the candle of charity before him,

Plutarch in
vita Alexand.

Trincavel de
usu med.
Lib. i. cap. 14.

Bouchet au
10^{me}. Seree.

Car je pense-
rai acquerir
plus de lou-
ange au service
de la vertu que
je ne ferai a la
suite de vice.

Bouchet au
7^{me}. Seree.

as gardeners are wont to set lamps by lakes' sides, to put croaking and troublesome frogs to silence. Finally, to purge his lunacy of wit, I neither prescribe him turbith, agaric, sarcocolla, nor a dram of scammony, according to Dioscorides; neither rhubarb of Pontus, nor manna of Calabria, but an ounce of good thought, mixed with a scruple of *Pythagoricum silentium*, which shall so purge him of ambition, heal the inflammations of his tongue, and exhale the venom of his heart, that when he next meets me, he shall say, I am the happiest of physicians (of whom Bouchet jestingly speaketh in the presence of a *bon drole* or francatripe); that the sun beholds their good cures, and the earth covereth their grievous faults.

Thus kindly leave I *Misacmos* with his cure; which if he requite with choler, let him resolve himself, that I have wit and learning enough to make him as tame as *Crassus'* lamprey. For having truth on my side, and diligence my friend, I neither fear his grim looks nor his Martial's pen. Let him write never so soon, I will become *novus homo*, a new man (with

Cato), rising from obscurity to fame by his disgrace, and so I leave him. For thee, *Philaretus*, and thy friends, I end in heartily commending me: and since I am assured of your well meaning, you may boldly command my service. But even here in shutting up of my letter, a merry jest encounters me which I must needs tell you. *Henry* the Eighth in his youth, a prince of famous memory, riding a hunting in grass time, with certain of his nobles and familiars, by chance made towards a gentlemen's park of good estimation and reckoning, whom he highly favoured; where (finding the park gate locked, and being very desirous to enter) he set his horn to his mouth, and merrily winded it to call the keeper. *Sir Andrew Flamoche* (a valiant and quick witted gentleman) standing hard behind him (and that very instant troubled with the colic), even at the very time the king drew his horn from his mouth, lets me fly a rouncing F from his T. The king looking back, and angerly asking who it was that durst be so beastly in his presence? *Sir Andrew* (after a low congee) made this answer: If it please your majesty,

Plutarch in
vita Cat.

you blew for the keeper, and I blew for John, the keeper's man. Now to allude this, *Philaretus*, in this sort conceit me. For those of thy faction that kindly interpret, courteously accept, and friendly protect my pleasures, I commit the kingly blast of encouragement; I mean the matters of weight, worth, and discretion. For the rest, that captiously desire to pry, carelessly to condemn, and injuriously detract, I commit the filth, worse than Sir Andrew Flamingo's f—t, to their digesting. And so to Tarlton's testament I commend you; A little more drink, then a little more

bread; a little more bread and

a few more clothes; and

God be at your sport,

M. Tarlton.

MISODIABOLES.

FINIS.

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