

**A New Discourse of a Stale Subject,
Called
The Metamorphosis of Ajax**

By

Sir John Harington

Published by the Ex-classics Project, 2015

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The Metamorphosis of Ajax

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INTRODUCTION

Long before Thomas Crapper, there was John Harington. Born in 1560 and dying in 1612, he was a courtier (and godson) to Queen Elizabeth I of England. Though he held various minor offices, he was principally a literary man, poet, translator and inventor of the flush toilet. His works included the first English translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which he produced as a punishment, ordered by Queen Elizabeth, for having shown a translation of some naughty parts of it to her ladies-in-waiting. He was intermittently in and out of favour with the queen, in, because of his wit, learning and poetical talents; out, because of his cheekiness and scurrility. On his return from a failed expedition to quell rebels in Ireland, he faced the full force of her anger: "'Go home,' she said. I did not stay to bidden twice; if all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have had better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared too." He was soon back in favour again, and survived the downfall and execution of his patron, the Earl of Essex, to become a sardonic observer of the drunkenness and ribaldry of the court of Elizabeth's successor, James I & VI. His account of the intrigues and roistering was published in 1769 as *Nugae Antiquae* ("Ancient trifles") and is well worth reading.

A New Discourse of a Stale Subject, called The Metamorphosis of Ajax (1596) is a book impossible to classify. It starts with a long prologue justifying its subject, with many examples from Biblical and classical sources relating to excretion and the disposal of sewage, before describing his invention – the first flush toilet. He had installed one in his own house, and persuaded some of his friends to do the same. There then follows his "Apology", a mock description of his trial for having written on so unworthy a subject, which ends, of course, with his triumphant acquittal.

The book was widely circulated in manuscript before being finally printed. Some critics have interpreted it allegorically as an attack on the faults of the times, which should be flushed away. Certainly it is full of direct and coded references to the politics and great men of the day, and this contributed to its great popularity at the time, but also to its subsequent obscurity when these were no longer topical. It is also full, however, of jokes and scatological puns (there are two in the title) as well as obscure learning, the whole presented in a droll and deadpan manner, still entertaining today to those with a taste for Rabelaisian humour.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND EDITORIAL NOTE

This edition of *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* is taken from a limited edition by Charles Whittingham, 1814. This included Harington's own notes in the margins; identified here by "Side note." Other notes have been provided by the Ex-Classics Project. The spelling has been modernised and obsolete words standardised using the primary spelling used by the OED.

Latin has been translated, as follows:

- Quotations from the Vulgate Bible have been taken from the Authorised (King James) version.
- Others have been taken from public domain sources if available; the translator has been credited in each case.
- Uncredited translations are by the Ex-Classics Project.

The Glossary is the work of the Ex-Classics project

Sir John Harington

TITLE PAGE OF ORIGINAL EDITION

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

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



{Illustration 1 – Publisher's device}

AT LONDON:

Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the BlackFriars.

1596.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tracts which constitute the following volume, are perhaps the first specimens of the Rabelaisian 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 resemblant to 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 *facetiae*.

Of the Metamorphosis of Ajax, the avowed purport is the description of a species of watercloset 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, affected to be much displeased, and forbade its author the court in consequence: like most satiric writings it 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^{<1>}, who is said to have conceived much disquiet on being told he had aimed a shaft at Leicester.

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. This first edition appears to have been published previous to the third of August 1596. The book was in a subsequent impression put forth without the name of the printer; and this edition, according to a copy collated on the present occasion, must have appeared in or before 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 facsimile 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 appears to have been published at the same time, or very shortly after; in October 1596, a former possessor of the copy above referred to, appears to have acquired this part of the work by gift: it should be remarked, however, that the signatures are continued through this part, which appears to have been reprinted with the Metamorphosis. The two editions have been compared, but the variations are chiefly typographical; indeed, they amount to very little more, except the occasional occurrence of a marginal note in one copy, which is not to be found in the other.

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.

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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 handwriting of Sir John, and a MS. dedication which enrich this copy, are now given from an accurate transcript furnished by a friend. The MS. notes occur in the *Metamorphosis*, and are here 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 such 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 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 now known to exist, and which certainly has something more than mere rarity to boast; for although its author everywhere 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 honourable & my special good Lady, having written not long since this fantastical treatise, & putting it to the print under a covert name. The first two leaves of it, (wherein is almost nothing but all scurrile & toying matter) was showed my Lord Treasurer, by my ill hap as I count it, if his goodness & honourable disposition do not the better interpret it; which makes me now thus bold to entreat your honour to send his Lordship the rest of it which I have before now for the most part of it, read unto you, humbly praying you, to deliver your favourable censure of it, at least so far that it is pleasant and harmless.

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

And for the devise itself, I know my Lord would not leave it, if it were at Tiballs for 1000l. and to do his Lordship service, I will ride thither, and instruct his workmen to do it for less than a thousand pence.

And that I may confess truly & frankly to you (my best Lady, that have even from my childhood ever so specially favoured me) I was the willinger to write such a toy as this, because I had lain me thought almost buried in the country these three or four years, 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 corn, to make him come to speech with him: But rather as Sophocles to save himself from a writ of dotage, showed the work he was presently in hand with. I observe this, that in all commonwealths, the gown and the sword rule all; and that the pen is above the sword, they that wear plumes above their helmets do therein (though they know it not) confess according to the saying *Caedant arma togae.*<2> My education hath been such, and I trust my limbs and spirit both are such, as neither shall be defective to the service of my prince & country, whether it be with writing or weapon; only my desire is my service may be accepted, and I doubt not, but it shall be acceptable; to the which his Lordship's good conceit of me, I count would be a good step, and to that good conceit your honour's commendation I persuade me would be a good means. So I humbly take my leave this xiiijth of August. (1596)

Your honour's most bound

John Harington.

NOTES TO THE ADVERTISEMENT

1. 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 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. will be found in the same collection, some of which I have subjoined at the end of this advertisement.

2. *Caedant arma togae*] "Let arms yield to the toga" i.e. let military power yield to civil.

DEDICATION

To the Right worshipful THOMAS MARKHAM Esquire this be d[edicate]d. I will not say much to you in the beginning of my book because I have said perhaps more than enough of you in the end.

I pray you take it well for I doubt not but some will take it ill, but if they do it will be because they do ill understand it; your interest is much in the work because it is most in the writer. so I end the iijd of August 1596
By the Author.

**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 willingly see. The one a fountain standing on pillars, like that in Ariosto,<1> 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.<2> 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 draft 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 love's 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*,<3> 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 censors very currently. And I thus expecting your answer hereto, at your convenient leisure, I commit you to God this - of - 1596.

Your loving cousin,
φιλοστιλπνος. [Philostilpnos]<4>

NOTES TO A LETTER WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN

1. *a fountain standing on pillars, like that in Ariosto*] Side note: 43. Canto.
2. *sh—g place:*] Side note: A shooting place written with Pythagoras' letter.
3. *de slovilitate morum*] "Of slovenly manners." A pun on *De Civilitas Morum* "Of civil manners", a famous work of instruction by Erasmus of Rotterdam. *Slovilitas* is a nonce-word, seemingly invented by Harington.
4. *Philostilpnos*] "lover of cleanness".

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 host's 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*.<1> But let him mock that list; *qui moccatur moccabitur*:<2>

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

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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.<3>

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*,<4> which I hear will come forth shortly 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 gooseneck, to be drawn between the legs against the feathers, is the most delicate and cleanly that may be.<5> Now it is possible that I may be reckoned after these seven, as *sapientum octavus*,<6> 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 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:<7> 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 civiller than the second, truer than the third, honester than the fourth, chaster than the fifth, modester than the sixth, and cleanlier than the seventh. And that you and

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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 of; 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 [Misacmos]<8>

NOTES TO THE ANSWER TO THE LETTER.

1. *Latrina lingua*] "The latrine language" – a pun on *Latina lingua* – the Latin language.
2. *qui moccatur moccabitur*] "He who mocks will be mocked."
3. Side note: Camden in his *Britannia*.
4. *Puttana Errante*] i.e. "The Wandering Whore", by Lorenzo Veniero, (1531).
5. Side note: This matter is discoursed by Rabelais in his 11th chapter of his 5th book. "*Un moyen de me torcher le cul le plus signeurial, le plus excellent, le plus expedient que jamais fut vu*" A method of wiping my arse which is the most princely, the most excellent, the most useful as could ever be seen."
6. *sapientum octavus*] "The eighth wise man."
7. Side note: This may be omitted in reading.
8. Μισακμος [*Misacmos*] "Hater of filth."

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**EPIGRAMS RELATING TO THE AJAX BY SIR JOHN
HARINGTON.**

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;

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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 alter, 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.

EPIGRAPH

NIUNA CORROTTA MENTE INTESE MAI SANAMENTE PAROLE; ET COSI
COME LE HONESTE A QUELLA NON GIOVANO, 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*.

["Corrupt mind did never yet understand any word in a wholesome sense; and as such a mind has no profit of seemly words, so such as are scarce seemly may as little avail to contaminate a healthy mind as mud the radiance of the sun, or the deformities of earth the splendours of the heavens." (J.M.Rigg)]

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE READER OF THE METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

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 without spurs, his purse without coin, his head without wit, and thus swearing he would kill and slay. <1> 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 nobody else to kill, [the] 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.

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 rother-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. <2>

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 Rabelais (*quem honoris causa nomino*; that is, whom should not name without save-reverence) writes in his first book, xiii. Chap. <3> But the story you shall find more at large in the xiv. book of his tenth decad.<4> 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) swore 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 bade *Skite upon Ajax*. But 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 Japan near China: where he met a French surgeon, in the university of Macao, 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*; <5> and crossing both the tropics, *Cancer* and *Capricorn*, he came by *Magellans*, swearing he found no straits 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.<6> 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 Holinshed'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 suppository: 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,<7> 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 church book, in the Austin Friars at Genoa. And it was proclaimed on this fashion:

AJAX, son of Telamon.
Son of Aeacus.
Son of Jupiter.<8>

Jupiter, *alias dictus* Picus.
Son of old Saturn,<9>

Alias dictus Stercutius.<10>

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*,<11> 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 *Catos* take exceptions, and any chaste *Lucretias* 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 qua hic scurriliter nimis dicta videbuntur, ignoscite, equissimum enim est, ut quam voluptatem scelerati male faciendo capiant, eandem (quod fieri potest) male audiendo amittant. Videtis autem cujusmodi farinae homines taxare instituimus: non pius, doctos, sanctos, continentes, sed luxuriosos, hereticos, barbaros, impios. Quibus ego me per omnem vitam acerrimum hostem, ut et verum misacmos semper profitebor. Nostris proverbium, Cretisandum cum Cretensibus, et certe hoc dignum est patella operculum. Nam similes habere debent labra lactucas
<12>

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

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.

{ Illustration 2 - Music }

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 laeta saecula.*
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. *Quae garrit ut cornicula.*
18. *Seu tristis seu ridicula.*
19. *Tum porrigamus oscula.*
20. *Turn colligamus floscula.*
21. *Ornemus ut coenaculum.*

22. *Et totum habitaculum.*
 23. *Tum culi post spiraculum.*
 24. *Spectemus hoc spectaculum.*<13>

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

<i>Sauntus Ablabius.</i>)
<i>Sauntus Acachius.</i>)
<i>Sauntus Arrius.</i>)
<i>Sauntus Aerius.</i>) Ora pro
<i>Sauntus Aetius.</i>) AJAX
<i>Sauntus Alnaricus.</i>)
<i>Sauntus Adiaphoristae.</i>)
<i>Saunti 11000 Anabaptistae.</i>)
<i>Et tu Sauntiss. Atheos.</i>)

And so ended the black *Sauntus*.

Some of these denied the godhead of Christ with Arrius, some the authority of bishops, as Aerius, which you may see in *Prateolo de vita haereticorum*. <14> 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* <15> (I pray you pardon me for being again in my Latin); oh, saith he, masters make much of youth, for I tell you, age aches, age, aches. I feel it, age aches. Upon which pathological speech of his, delivered in that place, the younger men that bare him special reverence, termed the place age aches: 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*,<16> 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

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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, <17> 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.

NOTES TO THE PROLOGUE

1. Side note: Ovid Metam. Lib. 12.
2. Side Note: Salt recovers baned sheep
3. Side Note: Rabelais. Liv. i. chap. 13. *Come Gargasier cognoit l'esprit excellent de Gargantua a l'invention d'un torche cul.* "How Gargasier realised the excellent talents of Gargantua by his invention of an arse-wiper."
4. Side note: *Lib. Fictit.* "fictitious book."
5. *Restinga des ladrones, St. Lazaro*] Islands in the Western Pacific.
6. *Capon de Bona Speranza*] Cape of Good Hope.
7. Side note: *Hic desunt non pauca de sermone ath. clerum.* "Here was wanting not a few sermons of atheist priests."
8. Side note: Thus far Ovid.
9. Side note: Thus much. Lib. 6. 8. Au[gustine] *de civitate Dei.*
10. Side note: Stercutius, the god of dung
11. *similiter desinentia*] "Similar endings" i.e. rhymes.
12. *Vos Vero, &c.*] "You truly learned men, if you do not want to see these filthy words, ignore them, for it is most true, that when evil men conceive of performing defiled pleasures, they (as far as they can) avoid hearing about them. You will see also how we severely punish this type of men, who are not pious, learned, saintly, and restrained, but lustful, heretical, barbarous, and impious. To these I have all my life been a bitter enemy, so that truly I will be everywhere acknowledged as Misacmos ("hater of filth") Our proverb is "One swindler swindles another" and certainly this is an appropriate lid for the dish. And similarly, we should have lettuce for lips." The last two sentences refer to proverbs meaning roughly "They will get what they deserve"
Side note: Such lips, such lettuce.
13. *O tu qui dans oracula, &c.*] "O thou who utt'ring mystic notes
The whetstone cuts't with razor
In mother-tongue permit our throats,
Henceforth to sing and say, Sir!
To rich, material breakfasts join,
These miracles more funny—
Fill all our cups with lasting wine,
Our bags with lasting money!
To us a guardian tow'r remain,
Through ages long and jolly;
Nor give our house a moment's pain,
From thought's intrusive folly!
Nor let our eyes for losses mourn,
Nor pore on aught but glasses;
And soothe the cares that still return,
By couching with our lasses;
Who loud as tattling magpies prate,

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Alternate laugh and lour,
Then kiss we round each wanton mate,
And crop each vernal flow'r,
To deck our rooms, and chiefly that
Where supper's charms invite;
Then close in chimney-corner squat,
To see so blest a sight!"

(John Hawkins, from his *History of Music*, 1776)

14. *Prateolo de vita haereticorum*.] "The lives of the Heretics, by Prateolus."

15. *Quod potest fieri per pauciora, non debet fieri per plura*] "What can be said briefly, need not be said at length."

16. *loquendum cum vulgo*] "We must speak as the common people do."

17. Mopsa] An exceptionally repulsive woman, character in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* by Philip Sidney.

**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 authenticall.
 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 FIRST SECTION

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 unsavoury 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:<1> 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 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:<2> neither let any disdain the comparison. For I remember, how not long since, a grave and godly lady,<3> 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 not long after by them, a woman gorgeously attired, well perfumed, well attended with coaches and torches, to convey her perhaps to some nobleman's 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. Secondly, 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 pew-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, *Scripturae stiles 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 obscene:
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

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said, that the sins of the people were, *quasi pannus menstruatae universae justitiae nostrae* <4> 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 men's shame, men's sins, men's 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. <5> 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 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 prepuce: 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 prepuce. 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*. <6> 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 foulmouthed beasts for their labours.

But to conclude these holy authorities, worthy to be alleged 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. *Aesculapius*, 10. *Hymen*, 11. *Lucina* and *Vagitanus*, 12. *Aether*, 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 *Dii 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.<7>

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,<8> 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 *Jupiter*; and *Cloacina* was long before *Priapus*, and so long before *Felicity*, 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

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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 *Arius*, 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 *Symposiums*, <9> that where the matters themselves, often are unpleasant to behold, their counterfeits are seen not without delectation.



{ Illustration 3 – an elder tempted while at stool }

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

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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. <10> 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 show that base fellows oft-times swim in the stream of good fortune, as well as the worthiest?

Nos quoque poma notamus. <11>

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
Vinco ceu vincor, semper ego maculor.*

I know if I contend with dirty foes,
I must be soil'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 show, as it were by an emblem, with what dross and druff 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 device, 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 <12> (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:
Sed bibis in vitro, carius ergo cacas.* <13>

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:

Sir John Harington

*Os et labra, tibi lingit Manneia, Catellus:
Non miror, merdas si libet esse cani.*
The dog still licks thy lips, but no hurt;
I marvel not, to see a dog eat dirt. <14>

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?
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.<15>

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 other's 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 foetorem si vis depellere cepe:
Hoc facile efficiant 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 garlic's savour, at one word,
I know but one receipt, what's that? go look. <16>

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 lief 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 aqua potest?*

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Thus illfavouredly 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; <17> and two or three shrewd examples, both of this last poet who died not of the colic, and 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*,<18> 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.

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. <19> 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 man's 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 put down by any of our country, though one M. Davies 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 gentlewoman's 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 vowed, while life did remain,
Without writing never to let thing again.
Husband, quoth the wife, that oath again revart,
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.

Sir John Harington

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 Augiae stabulum foedamque cloacam,
A te purgari Romanae σκυβαλα(skybala) tolli.<20>*

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 μαστιξ (mastix)<21> that confounds 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 (autos epha)<22>, 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 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 man's 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 Phoebum*. Oh, here I have it.

*Utere lactucis et mollibus utere malvis,
Nam faciem, duram, Phoebe, cacantis habes.<23>*

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 memoriae*, 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 leaves not to tell what *Saul* was then

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doing.<24> 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 men's 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,<25> some time 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 hawk's 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), show 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, <26 > 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 man's 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: 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.

NOTES TO THE FIRST SECTION

1. Side Note: Some say amend; and so done, were very well said.
2. Side note: Ajak's home preferred before a bawdy house.
3. Side note: The Lady Rogers; called, in her young days, the fair nun of Cannington.
4. Side note: Isaac, lxiv 6. ("All our righteousnesses are as menstrual rags").
5. The word given here as "emeralds" actually means an anal sore. Side note: Regum. Lib i. cap. 6 v.4 (1 Samuel, not Kings, in most modern editions).
6. Matthew xv. 17.
7. Side note: These gods were of the Privy Council to Jupiter. Chap xxiii, book 4.
8. Side note: St. Augustine book vi. Chap 10.
9. Side note: Lib. v. Quest. i.
10. Side note: For want of the good take heed.
11. *Nos quoque poma notamus.*] "We also take account of apples (or horse-dung)" Side note: *Poma* signifies horse-dung, as well as apples.
12. Side note: M. D'Alençon.
13. *Ventris onus puro, nec te pudet excipis auro:
Sed bibis in vitro, carius ergo cacas.*] "You deposit your excretions, without any sense of shame, into an unfortunate vessel of gold, while you drink out of glass. The former operation, consequently, is the more expensive" (Bohn). Side note: Lib. i. ep. 38 [37 in modern editions].
14. Side Note: Lib. i. ep. 84.
15. Side note: Lib. iii. ep.44.
16. *Tollere merde potest* actually means "You can take a turd"
17. Side note: *Non est bonum ludere cum sanctis.* ("It is not good to play with saints") It is good to play with your fellows. *An nescis longas regibus esse manus.* ("If you do not know the long reach of kings") He was beheaded.
18. *Murus aheneus esto nil conscire sibi,*] "Be this to you a wall of brass, to know you have done no evil." Horace, Epistles i. 60.
19. Side note: Two apophthegms of Sir Thomas More
20. *Italici Augiae stabulum foedamque cloacam,
A te purgari Romanaque σκυβαλα(skybala) tolli.*] "I undertake to clean from you the Italian Augean stables and filthy sewers of Roman [i.e. Catholic] excrement" Side note: M. Rainolds much more seemly useth the metaphor Lib. 1 chap. 8 p. 200. *Jesuitae fimum in ipsius caput retorquere.* "To turn back the Jesuits' deeds on their heads."
21. μαστιξ (*mastix*)] "a whip."
22. αὐτος εἶπε (*autos epha*)] "he said it", a phrase used by disciples of Pythagoras when quoting their master.
23. *Ad Phoebum
Utere lactucis et mollibus utere malvis,*

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Nam faciem, duram, Phoebae, cacantis habes.

"To Phoebus:

Take lettuces and take aperient mallows,
for you have the appearance, Phoebus, of one straining at stool."

(W. Ker) lib. iii ep. 66.

24. Side note: 1 Sam. xxiv. 3. *Spelunca quam ingressus est Saul, ut purgaret ventrem*

"A cave where Saul went in, to empty his bowels."

25. See <http://www.exclassics.com/richard/lpm008.htm>

26. *Melampus or Ringwood*] Common names for dogs.

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 man's own care to provide for that which concerned his own peculiar necessity. It is not so, for I can bring very authentical 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 profane 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^{<1>}); 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 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

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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 haec magnificentia quicquam aedeqavit*: 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 exhaurendis 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*<2> because one was shent for calling one of thy posterity, *ultimus Romanorum* <3>; 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: <4 > and yet you would both make us believe you had reason; and why so? forsooth because

Victrix causa placet superis sed victa Catoni.<5>

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 raillest 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;<6> secondly, Tarquinius himself might have *Scandalum magnatum* <7> against you; and, thirdly, a bill should have been framed against you in the Star-chamber, 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 A JAX, I dare undertake to prove it, that your own laws, your religions, your customs, yea, your conscience is against you, and shows 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.<8>*

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.<9>* Or rather I would say, O Hercules! come and bend thy bow against Brutus, that shoots arrows through thy sides to slay Tarquinius.<10> But now let me leave playing the lawyer, and lawyer-like 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.

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 court 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 *Aediles, praetores urbis*, that made inquiries *de stillicidiis, de aqua ductibus,<11>* 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.<12>* What officers were to license him that would *privatam cloacam facere, qua habeat exitum in publicum.<13>* What special care was to be had of *Tubus* and *Fistula.<14>* 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.

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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*,^{<15>} 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*.^{<16>} Now hearken to my tale. Claudius, Emperor of Rome, and husband to that filthy *Messalina* (*vilissima qua fuerunt vel sunt*),^{<17>} 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 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: ^{<18>}; 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*,^{<19>} put the case by a whole knight's service, or half a knight's service, yet if he be covert baron^{<20>}, 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*.^{<21>} 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 man's 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. ^{<22>} And lastly, without that, the said Claudius, at his being in England^{<23>} was (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; but I care not, seeing thou art dead, *Mortui non mordent*,^{<24>} and it were fitter now to preach for thee, than to plead for thee: well then for thy gentle proclamation's 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, ^{<25>} 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,^{<26>} 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 husband's 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. <27> 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 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 *Aedilis*; 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 Aedile 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. FLAVIUS VESPASIANUS PATER PATRIAE, SEMPER AUGUSTUS, &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.

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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*; <28> 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 sweet gains of stinking wares; <29> 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*) <30> that Vespasian should as well be deified for finding a means to make money of urine; and accordingly to be named *Urinatius*, 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 knight's fee, *recepti* <31> . . . 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 horsekeeper, 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 stayed 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.<32>

Plinius Secundus Trajano Imp. S.

Amastrianorum civitas, Domine, et elegans et ornata, habet, inter pracipua opera pulcherrimam eandemque longissimam plateam, cujus a latere per spatium omne porrigitur, nomine quidem flumen, revera cloaca foedissima. Qua 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:

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 <33> not vouchsafing to answer your letter himself, hath commanded me to write thus much to you; that he marvels you will presume to trouble 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.

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Argumentum.

*Permittit conformicari cloacam,
TR. PLINIO. S.*

Rationis est, mi Secunde charissime, contegi aquam istam, qua 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*<34> with an *s* and say I could not English these three words, *permittit conformicari cloacam*; what the good year, what is this same *conformicari*? 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.*<35> Which then, that with the French afore the Latin, or *Thomas Thomas*? Yea, bring me them two. What, hast thou brought the two dictionaries? I meant but the two *Thomases.*<36> Come old friend *Tom, Tom, Qui fueras quondam clarae praepositor aulae,*<37> 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 *conformicar* in the French: look in the Latin for *fornicor*. *F, fa, fe, fi, fo, for, for, foramen, forfex, forica, forma, fornicator* <38>(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 expenses, 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 laniantur.*<39> 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 man's 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 respectively: 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*,^{<40>} 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*,^{<41>} 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;^{<42>} 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 titan scripture, *ex inferno nulla redemptio*,^{<43>} 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 profane 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 audible voice begun with *Incipit libri Deuteronomium, caput vicesimum tertium*.^{<44>} And then suddenly we have been all *s't tacete*,^{<45>} 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. ^{<46>}

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 nature.*

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 faeditatis, 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.

13 Carrying a spadestaff^{<46>} 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

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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, cleanings, 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*.^{<48>} 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 viva*,^{<49>} to say now to him, *Da Domine quod jubes*.^{<50>} 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 media castrorum derelinquat nos*; lest 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 mistress, 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*,^{<51>} and by an honest and necessary figure (in this age) called *reprehensio*,^{<52>} 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 lest old Priscian should say I brake his head when I never came near him,^{<53>} 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*.

Haec tibi Traiano, terraque marique remoto,
Scribit Misacmos, nulli pietate Secundus.^{<54>}

"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.* <55>

"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.*<56>

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, ante fontem draconis, et ad portam stercoris, et considerabam murum Jerusalem dissipate, et portas ejus consumptas igni.*<57> And in the third chapter, showing who repaired all the ruins, *Et portam vallis aedificavit 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 sterquilinii edavit 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. <58>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 cupbearer to Artaxerxes, writes it as I have recited it.

But now to the purpose; perhaps you will say, that this makes nothing to the present argument, that the gate is called doungate; 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*,<59> I find

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it was so called, because it lay on the east side of the city, toward the brook Cedron, whither all the rainwater 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 southeast and by south to the temple; and thither, I say, the scavengers carried their loading, as they do at London beyond Golding Lane.<60> 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 thoroughly 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 as 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 *circumscriptive*, yet at least *definitive*): then he showed the etymology of the word *gehenna* to be derived in Greek of $\gamma\eta$ και $\iota\nu\nu\nu\nu\nu$ (ge kai innon), that is, the earth or valley of Hinnon; then he told, that this place was as it were the common dunghill or mickson 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 woeful 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.<61> 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;

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 superintendents, that they might superintend the goodly lordships of rich bishoprics; 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*,<62> so they would ruin our cathedral churches, and make them *spelunca latronum*,<63> 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 profane 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 honester and easier reformation; and I doubt not but the magistrate that hath charge to see *ne quid respub. detrimenti capiat*,<64>.will provide, lest our receipts prove deceits, our auditors frauditors, and our reformation deformation, and so all run headlong to gehenna; where the sport will be torment, the music clamours, the prospect smoke, and the perfume stink. <65> Which two last, I mean smoke and stink, I have verily persuaded me, are two of those pains of hell, which they call *poena sensus*:<66> 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

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am also superficially seen in these three other matters of shrewd importance to all good housekeepers; 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.

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 in have very sweet Jaxes too.<67> 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 vane 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.



{ Illustration 4 – A house with a chimney cowl }

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?

Sir John Harington

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 show 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 pillulae, fiant potiones, fiant pessi.*<68> 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 Paracelsus; 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.<69>

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

Haec tria: mens laeta, requies, moderato 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, coenato 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,

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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.<70>*

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

*Aer sit mundus, habitabilis ac luminosus,
Infectus neque sit, nec olens, foetore 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 plastered 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, ventrum dant mespila strictum.
Post pyra da potum, post pomum vade cacatum.<71>*

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 smallpox, 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 caviare, eringoes, plums of Genoa; all which may well increase your appetite to several evacuations: we will therefore 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 offered you the French courtesy, to go with me to the place where a man might very kindly finish this discourse.

NOTES TO THE SECOND SECTION

1. Side note: 33. Henry 8. For it is no reason M. AJAX should have a better gown than his mistress.
2. *primus Romanorum*] "the first of the Romans."
3. *ultimus Romanorum*] "the last of the Romans."
4. Side note: Caesar called Brutus son and said to him when he stabbed at him, και συ τεχνον (kai su technon) "And you, child?"
5. *Victrix causa placet superis sed victa Catoni.*] "The victorious cause pleased those above [i.e. the gods] but the defeated cause pleased Cato." Adapted from a phrase by Lucan, *Pharsalia* 1, 128.
6. Side note: It seems the writer hereof would fain be thought a Justice of peace.
7. *Scandalum magnatum*] a defamatory speech or writing published to the injury of a peer, judge, or other great officer of England (Merriam-Webster).
8. *Quis non Euristea durum, Aut illaudati nescit Busiridis aras.*] "Who knows not pitiless Eurystheus, or the altars of detested Busiris?" (H.R. Fairclough) Virgil, *Georgics* 3.1.
9. *in exhauriendis cloacis.*] "In cleaning of sewers."
10. Side note: Martial. 505. [V. 33] *Carpere causidicus fertur mea carmina qui sit, nescio si sciero ve tibi causidice.* "A lawyer is said to carp at my poems; who he is I don't know: if I do know, woe to you, lawyer!" (Walter Ker).
11. *de stillicidiis, de aqua ductibus*] "Of water running from roofs, of aqueducts."
12. *purgare et reficere cloacam*] "to clean and repair a sewer."
13. *privatam cloacam facere, qua habeat exitum in publicum*] "To make a private sewer, which would discharge into the public one."
14. *Tubus, Fistula*] "Pipes."
15. *obtorto collo*] "By the scruff of the neck." Side note: Some of our rude countrymen English this (*obtorto collis*) hanging an arse.
16. *a minore ad majus.*] "From smaller to larger," a method of legal argument which proposes a general rule from a particular case.
17. *vilissima qua fuerunt vel sunt*] "The vilest who ever is or will be." Side note: 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 reddit.* "And at last though worn out from all these men she was still not sated."
18. *beg for a fool*] to petition the Court of Wards for the custody of a an idiot.
19. *in Capite*] A feudal tenure held directly from the King
20. *covert baron*] "under the legal protection of a husband."
21. *plus digne de sang*] "Of nobler blood."
22. Side note: Two parts why Claudius was esteemed a fool. Look Sueton.
23. Side note: Claudius was in England.

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24. *Mortui non mordent*] "Dead men don't bite."
25. Side Note: He is called fool to his face.
26. Side Note: But hereby hangs a tale.
27. Side Note: Claudius' judgment like that of Solomon.
28. *deliciae humani generis*] "The delight of the human race."
29. Side note: Oils, woad, tar &c.
30. *a paribus*] "equally."
31. *recepi*] "I have received."
32. Side note: *Argumentum quaerit an contigenda sit aqua quae per civitatem Amestrianorum fluit.* The contents is, whether he shall cover the water that runs by the town of Amestri.
33. Side note: *Che scrisse taccia, et piu no'l faccia* "He wrote silently, and did nothing more."
34. *Magister incipiens*] "A novice teacher."
35. *Thomas Coperus omisit plurima verba*] "Thomas Cooper has left out very many words."
36. Side note: A great officer among the boys at Eton. Master of the rods.
37. *Qui fueras quondam clarae praepositor aulae*] "You who would be the brilliant prefect of the hall."
38. Side note: Eliot's Dictionary, and Cooper's, place these two words too near together.
39. *Nero, Domitianus, Trajanus, Antonius, Pontifices Romanos laniantur.*] "Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus Pius, persecuted the pontiffs of Rome."
40. *invincibilis ignorantia recusat*] "Invincible ignorance excuses." This is a theological principle, that if a person does not know, and cannot reasonably be expected to know, that what they are doing is wrong, then it is not sinful for them.
41. *Conquirendi non sunt*] "They should not be hunted down"
42. Side note: S. Damascen. S. Brigid writes this of Trajan: believe them who list; for though it seem popish, yet it ministers an argument against some popish opinions.
43. *ex inferno nulla redemptio*] "there is no redemption out of Hell."
44. *Incipit libri Deuteronomium, caput vicesimum tertium.*] "Here begins the Book of Deuteronomy, chapter twenty-three."
45. *s't tacete*] Shh be quiet."
46. Side note: Authorities of Scripture.
47. Side note: Or a trowel.
48. *Omnia munda mundis*] "To the pure all things are pure." Titus. i. 15.
49. *Fac hoc et viva*] "Do this and you will live."
50. *Da Domine quod jubes.*] "Give me to do what you command, O Lord."

51. *poetica licentia*] "poetic licence."
52. *reprehension*] "Refutation", the sixth section of a classical oration, where the speaker answered the opponent's arguments.
53. Side note: There is a comedy called *Priscianus vapulans*; ("The Flogging of Priscian") where if one should say *ignem hanc*, ("that fire," but ungrammatical – should be *ignem hunc*) Priscian would cry, his head were broken.
54. *Haec tibi Traiano, &c.*] "Micasmos, not Secundus, here writes respectfully to you, Trajan, far across land and sea."
55. *de claro viis et modis, per annum CCCClxxx.d.* "Net of all expenses, 480 pence [2 pounds] a year."
56. *Tu autem*] "You also", a phrase near the end of a grace or prayer.
57. *Et ingressus sum &c.*] "And I went out by night by the gate of the valley, even before the dragon well, and to the dung port, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire." Neh ii. 13.
58. Side note: There is a noble and learned lady, Dowager to the Lord John Russel, that will not name love without save-reverence.
59. *Porta stercoris*] "Dung gate."
60. Side note: The Brick-kilns.
61. Side note: A reverend bishop told me that the Brownists have written a book called Josias's reformation, to this zealous purpose.
62. *spurcitiarum latrinam*] "A filthy privy."
63. *spelunca latronum*] "Dens (lit. caves) of thieves." Hary-Osto i.e. Ariosto, whose *Orlando Furioso* Queen Elizabeth ordered Harington to translate in full as a punishment for having shown a translation of the naughty bits to her ladies-in-waiting.
64. *ne quid respub. detrimenti capiat*] "that nothing may be done to harm of the state."
65. Side note: Isiae C. 3. 24. *Et erit pro suavi odores foetor.* "Instead of sweet smell there shall be stink."
66. *poena sensus*] Punishment of the senses.
67. Side note: One taught an excellent rule to keep a chimney from smoking and a privy from stinking; *viz.* to make your fire in the privy, and to set the close-stool in the chimney.
68. *fiant clisteria, fiant pillulae, fiant potiones, fiant pessi*] "They make enemas, pills, potions and pessaries."
69. *Anglorum regi, scribit schola tota salerni.*] "The whole school of Salerno writes to the King of the English."
70. *Quatuor ex vento veniunt, &c.*] "Four things come from wind held in, spasms, dropsy, colic, dizziness."
71. *Multiplicant mictum, &c.*] "Medlars increase the urine, and tighten the bowels; after pears, drink; after apples, go to the privy."

THE THIRD SECTION

Showing 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 journey's 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, press 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 farfetched 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 under ground to convey away both the ordure and other noisome things, as also the rainwater 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,

'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 of; 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 underground 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 showed him his own of a worse fashion, and told him that at a friend's house of his at Peterhill 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 <2>

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* <3> 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 everything. Wherefore, though I am but a punie <4> 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:<5> not so much for furnishing the realm with most honourable, upright, and well learned magistrates, great serjeants, grave counsellors, towardly barristers, young gallants of worth and spirit *sans nombre*;<6> but also (that I may now deal with my equals, and

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not with my ancients) with two such rare engineers, me for this one device, and Master Plat for very many.<7> 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 willing 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;

You have so sweet a piece to carry by you,
As you are sure that no man will envy you.<8>

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's 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),<9> 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 show of reason and good to the commonwealth as theirs doth. As, first, for yours I would frame these reasons; I would show 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 Cannonrow), 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. <10>

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 JAX 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. AJAX might be allowed for a saint by Pope Sisesinke, *Sixtus quintus* (I would have said), or one of his successors (which if it be so easy a matter, as Boccaccio and other Italian authors write, will not be very chargeable);<11> 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 my sixth part of an assize a month, of all that will not be recusants, to do their daily service at these holy shrines.<12> 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 device do in some respects to the state of Christianity, in a matter that St. Peter nor 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 shows 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. <13> You may make a great fire of your gains, and be never the warmer; and may throw all mine into AJAX, 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. <14>

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 waterworks, yet I assure you this device of mine requires not a sea of water, but a cistern; not a whole Thames

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full, but half a tun full, to keep all sweet and savoury: for I will undertake, from the peasant's cottage to the prince's palace, 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 highway 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: Archimedes 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 bathingtub, 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, εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα ("eureka, eureka"); 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, εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα ("eureka, eureka"): so might I be likened to Archimedes, and there be some perhaps would be so very fools to believe it. But lest that any idleheaded fellow should devise, or any shallowbrained 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 showed 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

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fire. Wherefore, I assure me, the magnificos 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;<15> 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.* <16> 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 quoit's cast further, and then upon the next green we will bid farewell, and turn tail as they say: wherefore, 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,<17> a thousand pounds; in Greenwich, Richmond, and Hampton-court, ten thousand pounds.

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*,<18> or in *rhetoricorum pompa potens*,<19> or *caeteris scientiis saginatus*,<20> as doth our *Pedantius* of Cambridge; yet I take it, that in this invention I shall show 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, &c.*<21> 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 show,
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*. <22> 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 gog's nouns, <23>, 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.

<24> 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:

<25> 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.

<26> 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 man's 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 entitled the book, *A Sermon showing 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 AJAX, 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 show you what petty pills you have swallowed in your pleasant quadlings, and what wholesome wormwood was inclosed in these raisins of the sun.

<27> 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 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.

<28> 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

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

defacing of their adversary) in one leaf of their books, than is in all this.<29> 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?<30>

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

<31> 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*. <32>

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 resounded in so many books and sermons, in Cambridge, in Oxford, in the court, in the country, at Paul's Cross, in Paul's Churchyard; 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*, <33> 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. <34>

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

Sir John Harington

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 <35>); 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*<36> three times, and so came down from 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—'s 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.

NOTES TO THE THIRD SECTION

1. Side note: The principles are these: *Aer non penetrat aquam, Natura non patitur vacuum*. "Air does not penetrate water. Nature abhors a vacuum".
2. *Sensus non fallitur in proprio objecto*] "The senses are not deceived by nearby objects".
3. *tertiam partem*] "third part".
4. Side note: Puisne.
5. Side note: A true praise of Lincoln's Inn.
6. *sans nombre*] "Without number".
7. Side note: M. Plat set forth a book of engines.
8. Side note: Ariost. Cant. 20.
9. Side note: Some conjecture, that stale and cow dung must effect both these multiplications.
10. Side note: The author could have said honourable of both; but he takes honesty in this place for the higher title.
11. Side note: Boccaccio writes, that S. Ciappelletto was canonised.
12. Side note: if I had such a grant, he that were my *heres ex asse* ("sole heir") would be the richest squire in England.
13. Side note: I protest Micasmos 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.
14. Side note: A worthy matter to be put into a Chronicle, and fit for such worthy historiographers.
15. Side note: The Magnificos of Venice are called *Figliuoli di S. Marco*.
16. *Cara signora, &c.*] "Dear lady, please do that which you do in front of shitting."
17. Side note: Theobalds, Burleigh, Holmby.
18. *dialecticorum dumetis doctus,*] "learned in thorny logic".
19. *rhetoricorum pompa potens*] "able to parade my rhetoric".
20. *caeteris scientiis saginatus*] "The rest of these puffed-up sciences".
21. *ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum, &c*] "As of the gods, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, so are men, &c."
22. *Bellum gramaticale*] "The Grammatical War." Side note: This comedy was played at her Majesty's last being at Oxford.
23. *gogs nouns*] A mangled oath = *God's Wounds*.
24. Side note: the epilogue, or conclusion.
25. Side note: Three reproofs of this pamphlet.
26. Side note: Answer to the first objection of fantasticalness.
27. Side note: A brief sum of the true intent of the book.
28. Side note: Answer to the second objection of scurrility.

Sir John Harington

29. Side note: This cannot be denied.

30. *Quod decuit tantos cur mihi turpe putem?*] "Why should I be ashamed of that which was becoming to so many?" adapted from Ovid, *Amores*, III 8.14, where *regem* "a King" instead of *tantos* "so many".

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

32. *Regnare nequitiam et in deterius res humanas labi.*] "Wickedness rules, and everything human is getting worse" Side note: Seneca. (*Of Benefits*, I.10.1.)

33. Side note: Allusion to the former words

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

35. Side note: Misacmos.

36. Side note: That is to say, what a fool was St. Peter.

AN ANATOMY OF THE METAMORPHO-SED AJAX.

WHEREIN BY A

**Tripartite Method, is plainly, openly, and demon-
stratively declared, explained, and eliquidated,
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 HOUSEOWNERS.**

BY T. C.

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

*Invide quid mordes? Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.<1>*

At London:

**IMPRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD,
DWELLING IN THE BLACKFRIARS.**

1596.

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 servingman, 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 man's 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 servingman 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 master's 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 illfavoured vizor, such as I have or footpad, seen in stage plays, when they dance Machachinas, which covers as sweet a face sometimes as any is in the company.<2> 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,

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 scholar's 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 AJAX' 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 profanes, 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) <3> 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*<4>, and the old verse is,

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter

Goodness is best, when it is common shown:

Knowledge were vain, if knowledge were not known.

<5> 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.

<6>"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 in 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.

<7> "Next make a vessel of an oval form, as broad at the bottom as at the tap; 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.

<8>"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 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.<9>

<10>"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.

<11>"To the washer's stopple must be a stem of iron, as big as a curtain rod; strong, and even, and perpendicular, with a strong screw at the tap of it; to which you must have a hollow key with a worm fit to that screw.

<12>"This screw must, when the sluice is down, appear through the plank not above a straw's 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.

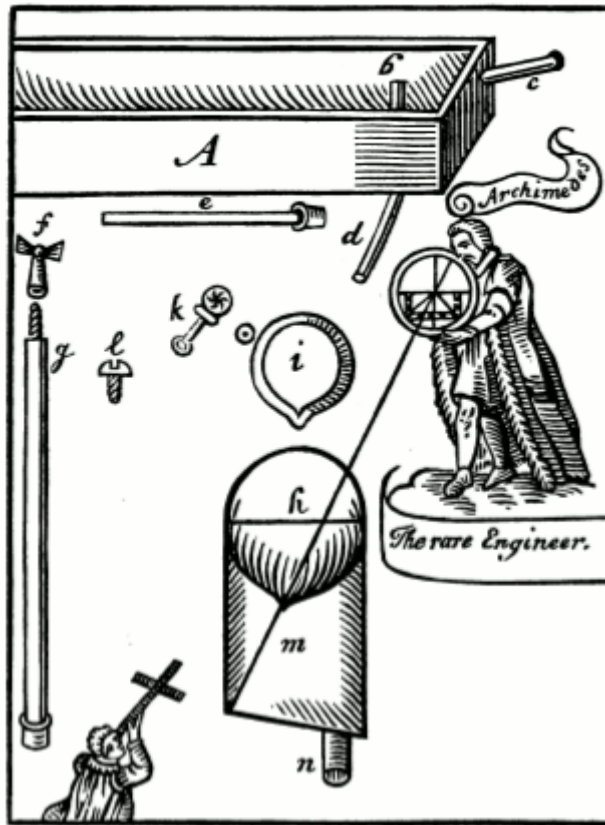
<13>"*Item*, That children and busy folk disorder it not, or open the sluice with putting in their hands without a key, you should have a little button or scallop shell, to bind it down with a vice pin, so as without the key it will not be opened.

"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, <14> 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.

"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 the highest. <15>

But now 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.



{ Illustration 5 – The parts of AJAX }

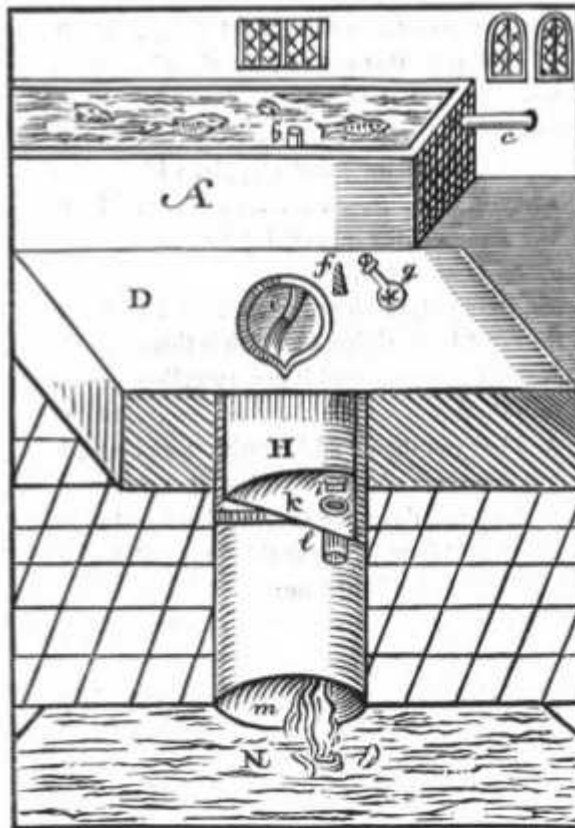
Here are the parts set down, with a rate of the prices; that a builder may guess what he hath to pay.

	s.	d.
A. the cistern; stone or brick. Price	6	8
b, d, e the pipe that comes from the cistern, with a stopple to the washer.	3	6
c a waste pipe	1	0
f, g the stem of the great stopple, with a key to it	1	6
h the form of the upper brim of the vessel or stoolpot		
m the stoolpot, of stone	8	0
n the great brass sluice, to which is three inches current to send it down a gallop into the Jax<16>	10	0
i the seat, with a peak <u>devant</u> for elbowroom.		

The whole charge thirty shillings and eight pence: yet a mason of my master's was offered thirty pounds for the like. Memorandum. The scale is about half an inch to a foot.

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

Here is the same, all put together; that the workman may see if it be well.



{ Illustration 6 – The whole of AJAX }

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 the chamberlain 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.

Sir John Harington

Your worships' to command.

T. C.

Traveller.

NOTES TO THE ANATOMY

1. *Invide quid mordet? Pictoribus atque Poetis, Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.*] "Who will attack me from envy? But painters and poets have always shared the right to dare anything." (A. S. Kline) Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 9-10.
2. Side note: Or to a toad, or a snake made in sugar, that looks unsightly, but tastes sweetly.
3. Side note: M. Plat in his book against famine, fol. ultimo penultimo.
4. *bonum quo communius eo melius*] "The more common a good is, the better it is."
5. Side note: If that which follows offend the reader, he may turn over a leaf or two, or but smell to his sweet gloves, and the savour will never offend him.
6. Side note: 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 at E; but it ought to lie out of sight.
7. Side note: This vessel is expressed in the first plot H, M, N; in the second H, K.
8. Side note: The current is expressed in the second plot K.
9. Side note: A special note.
10. Side note: In the second plot I, L.
11. Side note: In the first plot G, F; in the second F and I.
12. Side note: In the first plot between G, I.
13. Side note: This shows in the first plot K, L; in the second G; such are in the backside of watches.
14. Side note: Else all is vain.
15. Side note: These forces, as also the great washer, you shall buy at the queen's braziers in Lothbury, at the Boar's-Head.
16. 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.

AN APOLOGY.

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.<1> 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,<2> though, he should be thought for his labour, *As in praesenti, perfectum format in avi, ut no, nas, knavi,*<3>&c. Well, yet you see, I have not forgot all my grammar. I wis it were better for us servingmen, if you masters would do more in the dative case, and speak less in the imperative mood.<4> 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 master's betters, may say for themselves:

Mea (contendere noli) stultitiam patiuntur opes.

To strive with us it is but vain,

Our wealth our follies will sustain.<5>

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 master's 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)<6> 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 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;

<7>*Cum hac me peste et labe confero? Meministi, caenum; nescio quo egurgustio te prodire obvoluto capite soleatum? foetidam nobis popinam exhalasti. Unde tu nos partim turpissime respondendo, partim foedissime eructando ejecisti.*<8>

<9> 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* <10>; 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;

<11> *O rem non modo visu foedam; sed etiam auditu, etc. In coetu Populi Romani negotium publicum gerens, cui ructare turpe esset, is frustis esculentis, vinum redolentibus gremium suum et totum tribunal implevit.*<12>

Thus, you see, your M. T. C. <13> 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 will teach one to mend his

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fault, will show the fault in themselves first.<14> 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.

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.<15>

But lest some bad disputers, confessing the premises to be true, should deny the conclusion, let me deal *sillogistice* in mood and figure.<16> And that the syllogism may be suitable to the proposition, let it be in the third figure, the fifth mood, called *Bocardo*.<17>

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*.

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: <18>

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 *coelarent*; <19> 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*.<20> Wherefore, to conclude, and to grace myself a little with you and your friends, let me tell you some of my adventures. A servant's boast, you know, is to be like his master. Lo! then how many ways I can liken me to him.

1. First, we are near of an age; past our fool age, neither young nor old.<21>
2. Both of a complexion; inclining to the oriental colour of a Croydon sanguine.
3. Like in disposition; not idle, nor well occupied.
4. One of my kin did teach him at Eton, and one of his kin taught me at Oxford.

5. We have been beyond sea, but never out of the queen's dominions. In England, beyond Wales;<22> in Ireland, on this side England:<23> 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.

Excellent religion; mass in the morning, common prayer at noon, common dancing at night;<24> 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.

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6. Since this travel we have been both poetical, and I musical and pictorial; and though we may lie and steal by authority, yet we are taken for true men, and have holp 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.*<25> 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. <26> But soft, if I shUld 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. <27>



{Illustration 7 – device canting John Harington's name}

*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.*

NOTES TO AN APOLOGY

1. Side note: All this is sweetened with this one sentence; *Humani nihil a me alienum puto*. ("I regard nothing human as foreign to me" Terence, *The self-tormentor*, act i 1.77) or, *Dulcia non meruit qui dedignatur amara*. ("He who has despised the bitter does not deserve the sweet")
2. Side note: *Fidelis servus perpetuus asinus* ("A faithful servant is always a beast of burden.")
3. *As in praesenti, perfectum format in avi, ut no, nas, knavi*] A pun on a school mnemonic for remembering Latin grammar—"as in the present, forms the perfect in -avi, as in no, nas, **navi**, &c.")
4. Side note: *Quae mala sint Domini, quae servi commoda nescis. Condile, qui servum, te genus esse diu*. ("Having been a servant for a long time, Condylus, you do not realise how unhappy masters can be, or how easy a servant's life") By your leaves, masters.
5. Side note: Horace (*Epistles* bk 1. Ep. 18 l. 28-29)
6. Side note: *Nolo stercus curiae dici Glauciam. De orat. 157*. ("I would not call Glaucis "the shit of the senate." Cicero, *On Oratory*, Bk. iii. par 41.) *Supra stercus injectum. De divinat. 92* ("I was cast into the dung" Cicero, *On Divination*, Bk. i. par 27)
7. Side Note : *Oratio in Pisonem* ("The oration against Piso")
8. *Cum hac me peste, &c.*] "Should I compare myself to this plague, this disgrace? Do you remember, you filth, when you came out of a hovel with your head wrapped up and in slippers? You breathed the filthy stink of a cheap eating-house on us. Where you replied most disgracefully to us with foul-smelling belching."
9. Side note: *Pauci tua lutulenta vitia noveramus, Epicure ex hara producte*. "Few of us knew of your filthy life, O you Epicurus bred in a pigsty."
10. *purgare* and *reficere cloacam* "Cleaning and repairing a sewer."
11. Side note: O matter, slovenly to be seen, to be heard, hateful, &c. *Orat. in M. Ant. II*.
12. *O rem non modo, &c.*] "A filthy thing not to be seen or even heard of, &c; but in an assembly of the Roman people, a man holding a public office, in whom it would have been disgraceful even to belch, he filled his own bosom and the whole tribunal with fragments of what he had been eating reeking with wine." (C. M. Yonge.)
13. M. T. C.] i.e. Marcus Tullius Cicero.
14. Side note: Grammarians, Musicians, Dancers, Fencers.
15. Side note: A good trial of what spirit a book is written in.
16. *sillogistice*: by means of a syllogism. Side note: This is to you that be scholars.
17. Side note: A syllogism in Bocardo.
18. Side note: A syllogism in the first mood of the second figure.
19. I would our *festino* had been *coelarent*;) Technical terms in formal logic. A *festino* is "the mnemonic name of a mood of the second figure of syllogism having the major premise negative and the minor particular", *coelarent* is "a term designating the

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second mood of the first figure of syllogisms, in which the major premiss and the conclusion are universal negatives, and the minor premiss a universal affirmative."

20. Side note: Eagles stoop not at flies.

21. Side Note: This I learn of my cousin M. Thomas Cicero, to, praise myself.

22. Side note: Milford.

23. Side note: Waterford; because it is on ths side the English pale.

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

25. Side note: Now if the man such praise will have,/Then what must he that keeps the knave. *Dametas in Arcadia*

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

THE TRIAL OF MISACMOS

An Apology

1. Or rather a Retractation;
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 showed 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 some finer meats, and making some cullisses and restoratives, for myself out of some other men's 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. <1> For, whether it were overwatching 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), <2> , 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 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 politic (that learned to speak so good English but awhile since) had written a book *de Cruce*<3>, 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 men's 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*,<4> 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 Churchyard, 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 author's 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 *Rabelais* named, then they were at home; they looked for pure stuff where he was cited for an author.

The letters being ended, they perused the pictures; they swore they were fit for a gong-farmer and a chimneysweeper. <5> 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 greybeards. 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 spelling, 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.<6> 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 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 idleheaded 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*;<7> 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 barrator. <8> Now therefore (said my little attorney), advise you how to answer it; for the session will be a 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 praevalet*, great is the truth and prevaieth; and then answered my accusers as I could.

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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: <9> but thus they objected, and thus I answered.

1. Some laid to my charge, I was an idle fellow, and showed 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.

3. Some supposed that because my writings now lay dead, and had not been thought of this good while, I thought (as Alcibades cut off his dog's 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,

Num iterum volito viva per ora virum.<10>

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

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

5. Some surmised against me, that because the time is so toying, that wholesome meats cannot be digested without wanton sauce, and that even at wise men's tables, fools have most of the talk, therefore I came in with a babble 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.

10. You did seek to discredit the honest meaning 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.

11. You did intend some scorn to great magistrates 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 year 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*,^{<11>} that shall inquire of the quality of your discourse, and bring in their verdict *quindena pascha*;^{<12>} 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*; ^{<13>} 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:

*Aurea 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,^{<14>} 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 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

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knight of our country said, gog's 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 volley; 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 και η φιλοστιπνος (O kai e philostilpnos)<15>, 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 show; 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 king's 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.<16>*

So I would they could ride on their footcloth, and had a house, and A JAX of their own. Yet, surely it may be, it were the wisest way to show 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 showed unto.

<17>1. First, to a good and judicious scholar; for he will read it, ere he will judge of it, and say, *omnia probate*;<18> and then perhaps, after he hath read it, he will smile, and say it is some young scholar's work, that would have showed more wit if he had had it; but it is well, *ridentem dicere verum quis vetat*,<19> 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 find faults, they will swear a man would have written as well, that had read but Marcus Aurelius.

2. Secondly, I would have it showed to a housekeeper 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.<20>

3. Thirdly, if one be a builder and no housekeeper, 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:

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In a short tale, when his long tale was done,
She pray'd his 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:

*Aedificare demos 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 show 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 show 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.

5. Fifthly, you may show it to all amorous young youths, that will scratch their head but with one finger at once (as Cato noted of *Caesar*), 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.

<21>Lastly, I would have it showed to all good, fat, corpulent men, that carry with them a writ of *Corpus cum causa*,<22> for they are commonly the best natured men that be; without fraud, without treachery, as *Caesar* said of *Anthony* and *Dolabella*, that he never mistrusted them for any practise because he saw they were

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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 the captain, to be employed in the conquest of that country,<23> 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 showing 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, freshmen and subsizars, 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:

<24>1. 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 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, show 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 anywhere 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 JAX 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 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

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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),^{<25>} they will sure say, *billa vera*, though they should say of right nothing but *ignoramus* ^{<26>}. 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 viscount's time, *Jupiter hospitalis*, is said to have dwelt); and the young lord I hear doth *patrisare*, or rather I should say *avisare*^{<27>} (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*,^{<28>} some that you love best will not be perhaps *intro quatuor maria*^{<29>}: wherefore the judge was your friend more than you were aware, that gives you choice of freeholders.

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, ^{<30>} 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*^{<31>} 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

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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 principal 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 housekeeper, 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*.<32>

Well, because he is a builder and a housekeeper, 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.
Haec loca quae veteri, rudere structa vides:
Aeternos vivat, magna Elizabetha per annos,
Quae me tam grato, laeto favore beat.*<33>

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), <34> 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 $\gamma\nu\theta\iota\ \sigma\epsilon\alpha\upsilon\tau\omicron\nu$ (gnothi seauton) <35> 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, wellfavoured, wellfeatured, wellstatured, wellnatured women, for plain country wenches; and they were married 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

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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.

5. Matthew Arundell, knight, of Wardour in the 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 freeholder's 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 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 baldfaced 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, Aegiptus prestigiator,
Aure perurantur, simul atque flagella sequantur.
All fortune-tellers, jugglers, and Egyptians,
Are burn'd in th' ear, or whipp'd by law's 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 fish. Now this, I take it, was more than common kindness; and so much for jury Arundell.

6. Francis Willoughby, knight, of Wollerton 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*,^{<36>} 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

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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*,<37> I hope they will not deny but I have good authorities for my teshe, and give a friendly verdict. Jury Sampoole.

9. Ralph Horsey, knight, the best housekeeper 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.<38>

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.

10. Sir Hugh Portman, of Orchard in the 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 show it as some that wear coifs. Besides, you have that same sovereign medicine against the consumption, called *aurum potable*:<39> 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<40>): if your *gratis* (quoth I) be an adjective, the fault is theirs, and the praise is his.

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 men's 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?*<41> 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 Sampoole, eight; Sir Ralph Horsey, nine; Sir Hugh

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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*<42> 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 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.<43> 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.<44> Oh, these same *oves et boves, et pecora campi*,<45> 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 courtier's commendation: For after they had roved three or four idle words to praise a man, straight they mar 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 Goodyeere nil nisi nigrum*,<46> he wrote underneath it, *Hic niger est, hunc tu regina caveo*;<47> a good year 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; haec nec hominis, nec ad hominem vox: qua qui apud te C. Cesar utetur, suam ipsi citius abiicient humanitatem, quam extorquebunt tuam*. Thus in English: take heed you pardon not; Oh, lewd speech, not fit to be spoken of a man nor to a man; which speech, whosoever shall use to thee (O more than Caesar), shall sooner discover their own cruel inclination, than extort from

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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*,^{<48>} 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 knave's soul. ^{<49>} Accused and said, Lopus had bid him say he was a dangerous man with *Cave credas Tanquam stercus memoria impiorum* ^{<50>} 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*:^{<51>} What is that? *Rara avis in terris nigroque similimo cigno*:^{<52>} 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 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 so? *Unton is undone; Markham is malcontent*. ^{<53>} 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), ^{<54>} and when he hath done there, he must go they say, to another bench at Oxford.^{<55>} 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*.^{<56>} I would you could name me your author; yet let us examine this *ignoto*, ^{<57>}if 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; ^{<58>} 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,^{<59>} doth now flourish with a gilt axe in his hand in a much more honourable service; and he that you said wailed,^{<60>} is well and merry (he thanks you not); and he you said was bankrupt, ^{<61>} pays the queen more subsidy than you

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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,<62> and the other will neither dodge nor doubt to show 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 Markhams 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 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*.<63> 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 grandfather's 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 son's 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

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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^{<64>} 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 Bescodd, 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 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 women's sex, they had quoted a stanza in *Hary Osto*,^{<65>} beginning thus;

Sir John Harington

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 host's 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, courtesans 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 showed 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 show a manifest evidence of intended love, where my author very sparingly had praised some wives, I added of mine own (<66>) so much as more

I think was never said for them; which I will here set down *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*,<67> and that all posterity may know how good a husband I would be thought:

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

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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.

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:<68> 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:<69>

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 acquit me. And as for those that articuled 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*,<70> 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*,<71> 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 showeth how predestination, and freewill, 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 soldier's 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 king's 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 have said.<72> 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.

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 nightcaps, 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 show very sharp and heinous, to this effect: That they supposed me to be in heart a Papist.<73> 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 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 (as 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*;<74> but he shall see by this little, that I have liberty if I list to reply in print *cum privilegio*;<75> and my replication may, fortune, be as forcible as his answer.

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)<76>, 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, byandby, 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:

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If a man think himself religious, not refraining his tongue, but seducing his heart, this man's religion is vain. <77>

Pure religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this;<78> to visit orphans and widows in their afflictions, and to keep yourself undefiled from the world.

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.<79> Yet, for my part, in my verdict I would not say any man's 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.

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. <80> 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 Aesop's Fables:

Gallus gallinaceus dum vertit stercorarium, invenit gemmam.<81>

FINIS.

NOTES TO THE TRIAL OF MISACMOS

1. Side note: Canaries were so called, of the dogs that were found in them.
2. Side note: The saying is, Thrice an an under sheriff, and ever a knave.
3. *de Cruce*] "Concerning the Cross."
4. *donatus rude*] "Given his discharge on retiemment"
5. Side note: And they both be honester occupations than Zoilus and Momus
6. Side note: Martial saith, *quincuncies puto post decem peractos* ("After finishing ten measures of wine")
7. *qui tollit peccata mundi*] "He who takes away the sins of the world" i.e. Jesus.
8. Side note: That they found in the 56th Page.
9. Side note: Canons signify nine rules of law. Now they are not right canons, but bastard canons, that batter innocency.
10. *Num iterum volito viva per ora virum*] "Now once again may I flutter from the mouths of men."
11. *bonos et legales homines*] "Good and law-abiding men."
12. *quindena pascha*] A report from the sheriff to a court saying how he had carried out the judgements
13. Side note: Ano. 1. 2. Phil. and Mar. cap. 3. Ano. 23. Eliz. cap. 2
14. Side note: I mean no lawyer of our time, but one that Martial speaks of.
15. ο και η φιλοστιπνος] O kai e philostilpnos = "And you hater of filth."
16. *Quid imprecabor O Severe liventi, Opto Mulos habeat et suburbanum.*] "How shall I curse his purple face, Severus? May he have mules and a suburban property."
17. Side note: Directions for showing the book.
18. *omnia probate*] "Try everything."
19. *ridentem dicere verum quis vetat*] "What prevents one from telling the truth while laughing?."
20. Side note: A common excuse of such as as break up house.
21. Side note: Praise of fat men.
22. *Corpus cum causa*] Literally, "The body with the writ," a court order for the imprisonment of a debtor.
23. Side note: Lubberland.
24. Side note: Four sorts of men that will mislike of this book.
25. Side note: Proud. Fools. Beggars.
26. *billa vera . . . ignoramus*] Verdicts brought by a grand jury, indicating respectively that there is, or is not, enough evidence to bring the accused person to trial.

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27. *patrisare avisare*] To inherit from, or take after, one's father or grandfather respectively.
28. *non est inventus in baliva*] "Not found within the bailiff's area of jurisdiction."
29. *intro quatuor maria*] "between the four seas" i.e. in England
30. Side note: Wooden stocks were fitter for them than silk stockings
31. *decem tales*] "Ten such persons."
32. *ultra reprisas.*] "Net of expenses."
33. *Erupuit sors &c.*] "You can see this building restored as it was of old in this place. She took many hardships from me, and gave me many benefits. May the great Elizabeth live forever, whose graciousness made me so rejoice."
34. Side note: There were earls of the Spensers
35. γνοθι σεαυτον] *gnothi seauton* "Know thyself," the inscription on the temple at Delphi.
36. *Tout beau*] "All good."
37. *Priscilla and Aquila*] See *Acts xviii*.
38. Side note: According to the tale in the Hundred Merry Tales. (*The Decameron*, by Boccaccio)
39. *aurum potabile*] "Drinkable gold", a colloidal suspension of gold nanoparticles, much promoted as a cure-all.
40. Side note: *Gratis* signifieth to thankful persons. But *gratis*, the adverb, signifies freely.
41. *Franco, sciolto, slegato, O che felice, stato?*] "Footloose, free, not tied down, oh how happy a state."
42. *tales*] Something just as good.
43. Side note: What is a knave's warrant worth? A by-word in Somersetshire.
44. Side note: And let him pray for Trajan's soul with St. Gregory.
45. *oves et boves, et pecora campi*] "Sheep and cattle, and beasts of the field."
46. *Candida sint comitum Goodyeere nil nisi nigrum*] "Let our companions be white; Goodyear is nothing but black."
47. *Hic niger est, hunc tu regina caveto*] "This is black, I warn you of this, O queen.
48. *quare impedit*] Literally, "Why does he hinder", a writ which begins a legal action for deciding a disputed right of presentation to a benefice. It is typically brought by a patron against a bishop who refuses to appoint the patron's nominee as a priest. (Wikipedia).
49. Side note: *In memoria aeterna erit iustus*. ("May the just man be remembered for ever.")
50. *Cave credas Tanquam stercus memoria impiorum*] "You must believe that the memory of the impious is so much dung."
51. *Candido piu nel cuor che di fuor cigno*] "Purer in his heart than the whiteness of a swan."

52. *Rara avis in terris nigroque similimo cigno*] "A rare bird on earth, black, and looking a swan."
53. Side note: A lewd libel made at the death of the Lord Chancellor Hatton
54. Side note: King's Bench.
55. Side note: Penniless Bench.
56. *libro fictitio.*] "A fictitious book."
57. Side note: Agrippa.
58. Side note: The libel is thus: Unton is undone; Markham is malcontent.
59. Side note: Flower fadeth
60. Side note: Swaile wailleth.
61. Side note: Bancroft is bankrupt.
62. Side note: Hatton is hat off
63. *Tu ments par la gorge*] French. Literally "You lie through your throat", corresponding to English "through your teeth" i.e. you lie outrageously.
64. Side note: A most honourable Earl, and true friend.
65. *Hary Osto*] i.e. Ariosto, author of *Orlando Furioso*, which Queen Elizabeth ordered Harington to translate in full as a punishment for having shown a translation of the naughty bits to her ladies-in-waiting.
66. Side note: mine own subauditor, verse, or wife, which you will.
67. *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*] "That its memory may last for evermore."
68. Side note: Aristotle ruled by his wife.
69. Side note: Semiramis asked leave to rule but a week, but you know what followed.
70. *Latrina lingua.*] "The language of the privy"—a pun on *Latina lingua*—"The Latin language."
71. *ultimi Ruffianorum*] "The greatest of all ruffians."
72. Side note: *Recantare*, is to sing the same song again
73. Side note: All that defend the queen's proceedings are counted no better than Papists with these hot fellows; and they call my Lord of Canterbury our Pope.
74. *cum licentia*] "With a licence to preach."
75. *cum privilegio*] Authorised to print by Royal permission.
76. Side note: For some of them I hope are but Protestants of anno Primo Eliz.
77. Side note: To have a bad tongue is bad religion
78. Side note: James, C. i. v. 26,27.
79. Side note: Judge Markham would have been of that opinion in the time of Edward the Third; and the Judge Portman, your grandfather, in Edward the Sixth.
80. Side note: *Sapientis est nihil praestare praeter culpam* ("It is wise not to pledge oneself against anything except doing wrong.")

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81. *Gallus gallinaceus dum vertit stercorarium, invenit gemmam.*] "The cock while searching in the dung, found a jewel."

GLOSSARY TO THE METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

Allege	To use as evidence in argument
An	If
Aposticchio	Something made by art, or counterfeit.
Articuled	Made accusations
Baned	Poisoned
Barrator	A judge who takes bribes
Bigamus	A bigamist
Biggin	A white skullcap or coif, worn by serjeants-at-law, a senior class of lawyer.
Black jack	A leather drinking vessel
Buckler	A small shield
Casting	Vomit, or excrement
Chaldron	A measure of coal (36 bushels, about 1½ tons)
Clyster	A syringe for administering an enema
Collation	A sermon
Commination	A denunciation of sinners, part of the Anglican service for Ash Wednesday
Complot	A conspiracy
Corsive	A corrosive poison
Culliss	A nourishing broth given to invalids
Devant	In front
Distichon	A poetical couplet
Draff	Literally, spent brewing grains, metaphorically, any worthless rubbish
Draught	A privy
Egestion	Defecation
Eryngoes	Candied roots of sea-holly (<i>Eryngium maritimum</i>); eaten as a delicacy, a cure for colds, and supposedly an aphrodisiac.
Fardingale	A framework of hoops used to support a wide dress or crinoline
Femishing	Deer's excrement
Foin	To thrust with a sword or knife

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Frump	A sneer
Gog	A euphemism for God in mangled oaths e.g. <i>gog's nouns</i> = God's wounds
Gong-farmer	A scavenger of dung
Grimsire	An austere, stern, morose or overbearing person. (OED)
Holp	Helped
Housekeeper	A householder, one entitled by law to vote, serve on juries, etc.
Inew	To drive into water
Intempestive	Unseasonable
Let	An obstacle or hindrance
Lineal	Made of linen
List	To want to do something
Lour	To scowl
Machachinas	A sword-dance performed by fantastically masked and costumed dancers
Mickson	A heap of dung
Minion	A kind of cannon, of about 3 inches calibre, firing a 4-pound ball
Mise	Expenses or payments
Momio	Mummy, i.e. the powdered bodies of mummified Egyptians, used as a medicine
Mute	Mucus
Naumachia	A mock naval battle, performed for entertainment.
Paranetical	Exhortatory
Philanders	A disease of hawks caused by intestinal worms
Plat	A patch of ground
Plot	Illustration, drawing.
Points	Laces used for tying clothes
Pome-cittern	A citron
Pontificalibus	The formal vestments of the Pope
Powdered	Seasoned with spices
Primero	A card game, often involving heavy gambling
Priorums	Front parts i.e. genitals
Punie	A new student or freshman

Sir John Harington

Pursuivant	A messenger or bailiff.
Quadling	A variety of apple
Rabinet	A kind of cannon, of about 1½ inches calibre, firing a ¾ pound ball
Rebato	A kind of stiff collar
Respectively	Respectfully
Rother-beasts	Oxen or cattle
Sad	Serious
Sadness	Seriousness
Saker	A kind of cannon, of about 3 ¼ inches calibre, firing a 4½ -pound ball
Save-reverence	With apologies
Scurrile	Scurrilous
Serjeant	i.e a serjeant-at-law, a senior class of lawyer. Only a serjeant could become a judge.
Sewer	At a large formal meal, a steward who supervised the laying of the table, directed the guests to their places, and commanded the serving of food and drink.
Shent	Disgraced
Sinkapace	Or <i>Cinquapace</i> : a kind of dance.
Sith	Since
Sleight	Crafty, cunning
Slicing	Excrement
Subsizar	A student who received free tuition in return for performing menial tasks
Suppedital	A shoe
Supplicity	Pleading
Tarris	A kind of cement made from powdered pumice
Taster	Snout
Teshe	A task
Traverse	To plead not guilty to an accusation
Trow	To declare something to be true
Untruss	To open one's clothing
Venu	A wound
Verol	Syphilis
Visor	A mask

The Metamorphosis of Ajax

Volley	In <i>taken at the volley</i> = taken impetuously, without consideration
Younker	A young man