



The first separately printed English translation of Horace

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NOTES

The First Separately Printed English Translation of Horace

THE library of Helmingham Hall, Suffolk, some ten miles north of Ipswich, still contains many remarkable books and manuscripts, including a Caxton Cessolis and the Lauderdale manuscript of King Alfred's translation of Orosius, a copy coeval with Alfred. And as some of the books which once were there have been dispersed (including the fine early fifteenth-century English Psalter now deposited in the Department of Graphic Arts at Harvard), the tradition that the great collection of English black-letter ballads which George Daniel bought about 1832 from William Fitch, postmaster of Ipswich, was sold to Fitch by the housekeeper at Helmingham Hall is probably correct. Henry Huth stated that when Fitch purchased them they were merely wrapped in a piece of parchment and tied with whipcord. Doubtless, to the housekeeper of Admiral J. R. D. Halliday Tollemache, owner of Helmingham Hall at the time, they would seem to be merely a bundle of old songs and of value only to an antiquary such as the postmaster of Ipswich. That collection, however, though numbering probably less than 160 pieces, contained a very large part of the printed Elizabethan broadside ballads which have been preserved.

It is said that George Daniel paid Fitch only £50 for the collection. If so, it was a great bargain even for that day, for at the fourth Bindley

sale, in 1820, the Luttrell seventeenth-century ballads had sold for many times that figure. Daniel soon traded eighty-five of these broadsides to Thomas Thorpe, the bookseller, for some unidentified Shakespeariana. Later Daniel described those which he had disposed of as 'chiefly of a religious and moral character and insufferably tedious and dull,' even though they included six by Thomas Churchyard, five by William Elderton, and one by Richard Tarlton. As Daniel himself probably watched them sell at the fourth Heber sale in 1834 for over £120, his unflattering remarks need not be taken too seriously, although it is apparent that on the whole he kept the better ones for himself.

Daniel published, in 1856, twenty-five copies of an account of the ballads he had retained under the title *An Elizabethan Garland*, and at his sale, in 1864, they were bought for £750 plus ten per cent by Henry Huth, who first published them, with an introduction by W. C. Hazlitt, in *Ancient Ballads and Broadsides* (The Philobiblon Society, 1867). On the death of Henry Huth's son, A. H. Huth, the Trustees of the British Museum were generously permitted by the executors to select the Daniel ballads as one of the fifty books bequeathed to them, on agreeing to forego a variant block book and the 1604 issue of *Hamlet*.

Thorpe offered the ballads he had

acquired from Daniel to Richard Heber, who replied by return of post, '... Though I feel ashamed of my own folly and extravagance, I cannot resist the bait thrown in my way, and have accordingly written to my bankers to pay you on demand £200 . . . Mr. D. has certainly fallen into the inheritance of the Stationers' Company, or some ancient enchanted stall of ballads from which these sleeping beauties issue in their clean smocks, after a lapse of 250 years and upwards . . . He issues paper like the country bankers, — I wish I could find Bank of England notes as fast as he does old ballads. For, alas, he has spoiled the old proverb of buying for an old song.'

At Heber's sale the eighty-five ballads were sold in eleven lots, all but one of which were bought by Thomas Thorpe for William Henry Miller. While they were in the Britwell Court Library a selection was published by John Payne Collier in the first volume of the *Publications of the Percy Society*, 1840-41. In 1872, Wakefield Christie-Miller compiled an *Alphabetical List of the Black Letter Ballads & Broad-sides Known as the Heber Collection*, of which twenty copies were printed in quarto and one in folio; in 1912, Sidney Richardson Christie-Miller presented to the Roxburghe Club a reprint of them edited by Herbert L. Collmann and entitled *Ballads and Broad-sides Chiefly of the Elizabethan Period*. At the Britwell sale, 16 December 1919, these ballads, with five added from other sources, were sold to George D. Smith, acting as Henry E. Huntington's agent, for £6400, and they are now in the Huntington Library in San Marino.

In the introduction to the Roxburghe Club reprint of the British bal-

lads, Mr Collmann states, 'Something of a mystery surrounds lot 386 [of the fourth Heber sale], which consisted of three ballads, translations from Horace, Martial, and Francisca Chavesia. It is impossible to believe that these could have failed to arouse the interest of a classical scholar like Mr. Miller, yet the ballads did not come to Britwell, nor has any attempt to trace them proved successful.' Nonetheless two of them, the Martial and Chavesia, have been for many years in the Chetham Library, Manchester. The third, the Horace, has very recently been acquired by the Harvard Library. These three broadsides were bought at the Heber sale in 1834 by Payne and Foss, booksellers, for six guineas, and were still in their possession in 1842, for in that year they recorded them in their annual catalogue as lot 5556. According to the marked copy of this catalogue now in the Grolier Club, the Martial and Chavesia were bought at that time by J. O. Halliwell, who presented them to the Chetham Library in 1851. They are recorded in the catalogue of his gift, printed in that year, under Nos. 469 and 470. The Martial broadside is reproduced and elaborately discussed by Evan J. Jones in the *University of Wales Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies*, III (1927), 286-297, while the Chavesia was reprinted with commentary by William A. E. Axon in *Notes and Queries*, 8th Ser., XII (1897), 181-183.

The Horace, which is the last of the broadsides from Helmingham Hall to find a permanent home, has apparently never been reprinted. Indeed, except for the notice of it in the Heber and the Payne and Foss catalogues, and references obviously based on the former, it appears to have escaped at-

tention altogether. And yet it is apparently the earliest separately printed translation of Horace into English, for, though undated, it was entered to Thomas Colwell in the Stationers' Register as the next to the last book entry of the ninth year of the Company, i.e., on or shortly before 22 July 1565 (Arber I. 273). It was almost a year later (Arber I. 372) that Thomas Marsh entered for Thomas Drant's translation of Horace's satires, *A Medicinable Morall*, which he printed with the date 1566. In the address 'To the Reader,' Drant states, 'I began this work (a thyng of small accompt) two yeres agone, or more, and have dispatched it piece meale, or inche meale, with smal preiudice or none to my studie or profession,' but he is here referring to the translation, not the publication. Short poems and fragments of Horace had, of course, appeared earlier in English translation or adaptation, but always in collections or as quotations, not in separate publication. Translations of *Carmina*, IV. 7, and of various minor bits, for example, are to be found in the first edition, 1557, of *Tottel's Miscellany* (ed. Hyder E. Rollins, Cambridge, Mass., 1928-29, II, 273, and elsewhere).

Colwell's entry reads 'a boke intituled the fyrste twoo Satars or poyses of Orace englessed by Lewes Evans scholemaister &c,' but only the second of the two 'Satats' has been preserved. This was printed on a single sheet of paper which now measures 370 x 265 mm. The chainlines are horizontal and the watermark in the lower half is of a hand and star with the initials NR at the wrist and an outline 3 on the palm, similar to Briquet, No. 11378. The first satire was probably printed

on a similar sheet which was pasted to the left margin of the second, for the heading of the second satire is off center (see Plate I). Furthermore, the left margin of the second satire is not enclosed within double rules, as are the other margins, and the verso of it shows signs of having been pasted down. The full heading probably read somewhat as follows: '[THEFYRSTE TWO SATARS OR] POESYES OF HORACE / [Translatyd into Englyshe] Meeter, by Levvis Evans Schoolemayster./' The word 'OR' presumably was printed in the top left corner of the second satire, for at that point the paper has been repaired by kneading. If one may judge from the dimensions of the Daniel-Huth broadsides of about this date as given in the *British Museum Catalogue of the Fifty Manuscripts & Printed Books Bequeathed by Alfred H. Huth* (1912), pp. 83 ff., the second satire is an unusually large one, and the fact that it is trimmed close to the outer rules may not mean that it is now much smaller than when it was originally purchased, probably by one of the sixteenth-century Lionel Tollemaches of Helmingham. In any case, the first satire has been missing at least since the time when this great collection came out of Suffolk.

Very little is known about Lewis Evans, schoolmaster. He may well have been one of several Welshmen of this name who are recorded by Anthony à Wood as having been at Oxford in the middle of the sixteenth century, but he is almost certainly not the turncoat controversialist to whom the following publications have erroneously been given by Wood, Hazlitt, the *DNB*, and other authorities. In 1561, Owen Rogers published *A*

POESYES OF HORACE

Selected by Lewis B. Smith, Schoolmaster.

The second Poesye of Horace rebuking Ate.

The Argument.

There Horace doth by right rebuke, Ate as heepe not the meane
But leaning eke discontented those, which to theyr lustres do leane.

Hee cometh a creature of broken dyables, a cynicall they say
 The beggers, bowdes, & all the kind of latterers to be
 Hee would say when they beate, of Tyll: fingers deathe:
 For that he spent his wealth on them. But this will not beate
 For want to be so prodigall, youe to his depende in neede.
 Theche his hunger a his colde, to dyne away with sordide.
 If thou thy one demand tohy, hee his fathers wealth doth wast,
 And substance great on daintye fare, with persons byle bechast,
 Spending so such gluttonous feast, with money had by byre.
 Seruice (saith hee) to swaine the name of Algard I requyre.
 Which one his mates do much comend, but him the toyle do blame.
 Paradies party on thospee side, of gluttons great the name.
 When that he hath great gooddes a che, much money lent for gaine,
 Who doth requyre for every pounce, spere pounce to hym agayne.
 And looke thynk thyselfe out, the more hee wyngt he of him,
 And so hee haunteth ydneers out, that wolde goe spere and tryn.
 But yett ydneers hard do spere, what God could now lo, lo,
 Chase hee exlayme, and reye on such, when those they do knowe,
 But this mans charge is no his gaine, thou shalt bye in byre,
 How small a scrope vnto him selfe, is hee that thus doth byre,
 Like he the father, (Tarence saith) was sad, his sonne awaye,
 A greater greife loste hee, then doth this churle allwaye.
 If any man do aske of mee, what meane these tales begun
 To hee that foolles auoyding faultes, to faultes querwardly run.
 Meighner, walke hee withy gowne so long, as flappeth of the ground
 I meyer than doth weate agayne, a cutted clothe and rounde.
 Ruffles, smylle of Gushbals still, and Gorgon smylle as Gole,
 There is no meane, there are which will not touch but those I wote
 Whose gownes do traile the ground, & so ar toynes & matrons such.
 Another on the other parte, but bynding hoodes will turbe,
 Whose that from browes was ebbing southe, a certayne throned man
 To whylle Ceres sayd, procede in vertue if thou can,
 For so as thone as for the lute, the passed bye with desyre.
 Such youth then here for to descend, right lawe doth I requyre.
 And not to tulpke the matron wyfes; but I desyre that prayle,
 And hee Copernicus which did loue, none els but wifes allwaye.
 For you to heare is labour worth, which that aduocatus men
 Wolde not to specke, of haue theyr will, how they are payned then
 And how the pleasure rare they haue, corrupted is with griefe,
 Still charming vnto dangers greate, that dapply bene a reif.
 The one from window bygh in house, hath fallen headlong round,
 The other whylt almost to deathe, & third theye thenes haue found.
 Another caught compelled is, to saue him selfe with byre,
 With spots, & scollions, byle the spere, a fiste I will describe.
 Whose chance is for to suffer payne, and gelded for to be.
 Which theye deserue as all men saye, yett saye sayth Gylba hee.
 But how more late the next degree of women men may be,
 I meane all such as are made free, whom Satia could not chuse
 But the aduocatus fante much, yett if that hee had so
 Bene free, as wealth a misdone wolde, & them wolde gine no mo
 Then might become one lyderall, and bounteous sayne wolde be,
 Hee would them gine as that hee might, not hurting his degree
 As that would to his shame rebound, but this was his desyre,
 And this hee spate, that hee might say, no dhatron I requyre.
 As Marcus feruent Louer once, Originer of the queare,
 And gine that daining dyab his ground, his house no substance
 Than did say when theyr wyfes, I neuer had lo to do. (meane,
 But yett vile dyables a naughty queares, thou Marceus off didst kno
 By whom thy name susteinet loss, more then thy goods I graunt,
 Thinkst thou enough to by some sort, & that which hurts to haue
 For thee to lose good name, and spend thy fathers wealth awaye
 Still and hence, wher so thou spendest vnto thyselfe that I loye,
 What difference if thou spere, in matron graue or parlot gape
 Anas also conne in lawe of Silla foole in thyre,
 In having pleasure in such name, hee suffred payne I wote
 More then enough, for bullets had, with swords hee was beif.
 And dyuen southe when longate, with in his love did get.
 To him with wordes of pyre part, peccading all his woe.
 If reason sayd what meane it how do I of thee looke to,

To haue a mate begotten this, of Consoles lately rare,
 And clad in robes when that my lute, doth the so feruent chere.
 What would hee say, the mayde (I wote) of father noble great.
 But hee how much thynges for more meete, & contrasting this
 Doth nature rich her selfe vs wote, but if thou well wilt knowe
 Wouldest thine intent, & not things fond, to things being good if thou
 Wilt forne, to differ thynd thou not, though folly if thou spere.
 Or though the neede of want of things, then longer not, be gynie
 And leue to haunt the matron wyfes, by wote of truth more payne
 And hurt doth come, then I theol, thou mayst receyue of gaine.
 For of this matron haue I wote, being precious white & greene,
 (Although Cherine thine be so) the spynes are right spere.
 But pea, sometimes of smon dhatron, the spynes are far more fine
 Who what they haue to sell do shewe, not for spere face to spere.
 And if some honde they haue, they bragge not of the same,
 Another seke theye looke for to bye, theyr bodies faultes a byde,
 Byche men so ble when they do buy, great byses clad to knee,
 To beate the same least nature tall, and comely for to see.
 Being oft set footy with feete so lyght, a bayte to buy should be,
 Or that for buttocks saye, thou head, or necke couragious be.
 They do this well, but thou wilt not, of matron make with hee
 The best part, wher gett more blind, the spere blind indede;
 Thou wouldest beholde the meane part, & legges, & arms, but well,
 So hee bouged buttocks, & great nose, thou spere & feete hath sell.
 Of matrons thou mayst not beholde nowght els but hee of face,
 Which w long gownes be hid on lesse, the legges haue Ceres grace.
 But if the place so byd thou seke, that trencheth is to thee
 That mayst madde many things a let, to thine intent wher
 Her keepers, spere, and sayd spere, of dhatron a thron,
 Her robe & frailty to ground, a clothe shall lase & couereth all,
 Which doth byde that thou shouldst see, & which the Ceres call
 The other dhatron wyfes no fathe, whom so thin wyde & thron
 As naked see, to be weill legged, or lyppe feete doo halt,
 Thou mayst beholde with spere her spere, wilt thou the spere I saye
 Be so begyde and suffer dhatron, to haue theyr gaine awaye,
 Before they purpose haue but yett as harder deepe in facte
 Doth hunt the dhatron, not touching her, & spere her selfe doth wote
 Such as hee takes with paine her spere, to whom any loue is loye,
 To byde thynges so rare had doth dhatron, & things hard out doth bye
 With verres such, and hopest thou awaye to put and paye
 Quite from the breast thy greif & heate, & crooked curled eare,
 Hath not to lute dhatron a nature made, a bound and measure seare
 As her what spere of both mayst, or what contentes her mayst
 To seare doth more anaple and so thynges fond from spere to seare
 As when pour lawes do bye for thyre, seare you of golde to gette
 I cuppe wher her hungryng lothe you, all meates and fare be seare
 A dhatron and a Turbot nothe, when lute the dhatron so wote
 If madra or wote bye be by, in whom shall the dhatron
 Take place or wote thou rather hunt through dhatron of thy spere
 I lute not her (for one loue I, all edre at desyre)
 That will appoynt anon (the mate being southe) but at more byre,
 Such one left pranking seare men take, (saith dhatron) I lute
 Let one be had of meane spere, that glad to come will be,
 So wote, by spere a spere let her appere that not more longe
 For spere more that would be seare, then nature wrought and ge
 When this in dhatron her selfe doth spere, and I therin also,
 When the her and dhatron I lute by names and mo.
 For seare I ought as I thys do, lead man from countrey come
 And gatre dhatron dhatron, or dog dhatron barke, & then againe by some
 And that great noise be made in house, or that then pair seare head,
 The dhatron shall seare, and call her selfe, both wofull & wote head
 For taken, hee must seare her bones, yea least hee dhatron lose
 And I my selfe with gowne on garte, must barefoote seare my seare,
 Least I wote money pay and seare my wote, or eke my name
 To be taken is wote, I wote, though Pallas Judge the lute
 I lute dhatron the second Poesye of Horace.
 Printed at London in flete streete beneath the Conduitt, at
 the byrge of S. Iohn the Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell, 1611.

New Balet Entitled Howe to Wyue Well by Lewys Evans, of which the only known copy is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. It may be by the schoolmaster Lewis Evans and, if so, is of particular interest, for it is one of the earliest surviving printed ballads which are truly ballads and written in ballad metre. The scholar who corrected and augmented several of the Purfoot editions of John Withal's *Shorte Dictionary* was almost certainly the schoolmaster, and it may have been he who wrote *The Abridgement of Logique*, of which the only recorded copy, lacking the title, is in the Bodleian (attributed by Colonel

Frank Isaac, in unpublished notes, to the press of Henry Denham, ca. 1569).

If one of Evans's two translations had to be lost, it is something of a pity that the second, with its repulsive subject matter and sensational tone, should have been the one to survive — not that Evans's version of the first, to judge by his treatment of the second, would have been a great addition to the canon of Tudor translations. In any event, the surviving portion of the 'fyrste twoo Satars' is a very welcome foundation piece to the Harvard collection of English translations and editions of Horace.

WILLIAM A. JACKSON

The Purchases of a Seventeenth-Century Librarian

THE letter quoted below (from a collection of autographs deposited in the Harvard College Library) is an interesting document for the history of libraries and of book-collecting. The writer, Antonio Magliabechi (1633–1714), keeper of books for Cosimo III de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was gifted with a miraculous memory,¹ and possessed an insatiable thirst for learning. His

¹Of many examples, perhaps the most famous is the following, given here in the words of Joseph Spence: 'One day the Grand Duke sent for him after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, Sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and it is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."' — *A Parallel, in the Manner of Plutarch, between a Most Celebrated Man of Florence and One, Scarce Ever Heard of, in England* (Strawberry-Hill, 1758), pp. 25–26. Spence's work, one of the early publications of the

knowledge became so encyclopedic that the most eminent scholars from all parts of Europe sought his advice, but, because of his eccentric habits, his friends were few. Ugly in appearance, he lived in an ill-kept house, so deeply intent on his work that he often failed to eat or undress.² He assembled for himself a collection of books which he bequeathed to his patron; this library of more than 30,000 volumes,

Strawberry Hill Press, was written to secure financial support for Robert Hill, a self-taught and indigent tailor and schoolmaster, whose learning and reputation are compared to Magliabechi's.

²'When any one went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books by a number of cobwebs: At their entrance, he commonly used to call out to them; "Not to hurt his spiders!"' — *A Parallel*, pp. 30–31.

List of Contributors

- KEYES D. METCALF, Professor of Bibliography, Director of the Harvard
Harvard University Library, and Librarian of Harvard College
- AGNES MORGAN, Keeper of Drawings in the William Hayes Fogg Museum of
Art, Harvard University
- CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON, Custodian of the Harvard University Archives;
Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society
- HAMILTON VAUGHAN BAIL, Deputy Treasurer of the Franklin Institute,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- REGINALD FITZ, Lecturer on the History of Medicine, University Marshal, and
Assistant to the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Harvard University
- ROBERT W. LOVETT, Assistant in the Harvard University Archives
- WILLIAM A. JACKSON, Professor of Bibliography and Assistant Librarian of the
Harvard College Library in charge of the Houghton Library
- ADRIANA R. SALEM, Department of Printing and Graphic Arts, Harvard
College Library
- EVA FLEISCHNER, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Massachusetts
- LOUISE B. GRAVES, Boston, Massachusetts
- PHILIP HOFER, Curator of Printing and Graphic Arts in the Harvard College
Library
- PHILIP J. McNIFF, Superintendent of the Reading Room in the Harvard College
Library
- FRANK N. JONES, Administrative Assistant in the Harvard College Library