



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 englesshed 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 Vice.

The Argument.

There Horace doth by right rebuke, such as keepe not the meane
But leaning eke vnto each chace, which to theyr iustice do keane.

He cometh a crewe of drunken drabs, a cynicment they þ sell,
 The beggers, bawdes, & all the kind of flatterers to be a fell
 The meane he had when þ they beate, of Tigris: fingers deathe:
 For that he spent his wealth on them. But this will not vnto
 For want to be so prodigall, vnto his dependt in neede.
 The cheere his hunger a his colde, to dyne alway with sordide.
 If thou the one demandst why þ his fathers wealth doth wast,
 And what manner great on daintye fare, with persons vnto bechast,
 Drinking to such gluttonous feast, with money had by byre:
 Vergil (saith he) to shame the name of Aligard I requyre.
 Which one his mates do much comend, but him the toyle do blame.
 Paridus party on thosce side, of gluttonous great the name.
 When that he hath great gossides a che, much money lent for gaine,
 Who doth requyre for every pounce, foure pounce to him againe.
 And looke thynk thyselfe out, the more hee wyngt he of him,
 And so hee haunteth vnder out, that wolde go fyne and tryn.
 But yett vnto fathers hard do spede, what God could now lo, lo,
 Chase hee exlayme, and crye on such, when those þ they do know
 But this mans charge is no his gaine, thou shalt vnto bypate,
 How small a scrope vnto him selfe, is hee that thus doth bypate,
 Like þ the father, (Tarence saith) was sad, his sonne a waye,
 A greater greife loste hee, then doth this churle alwaye.
 If any now do aske of mee, what meane these tales begun
 To what that fooler auoyding faultes, to faultes quertwarty run.
 Meighner, walke hee with gowne so long, as flappeth of the ground
 I meyer than doth weare againe, a cutted clothe and rounde:
 Ruffes, smilke of Gushbals styll, and Gorgon smilke as Gote,
 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 vnto bypate, will turbe,
 Whose that from vnto was coming forth, a certayne in vnto man
 To what hee Cree sayd, procede in vertue if thou can,
 For so, as thone as for the iust, the passed bypate with desyre.
 Such youth then here for to vnto, right lawe doth I requyre:
 And not to toulpe the matron wyf, but I desyre that praye,
 And hee Copernicus which did loue, none els but wifles alwaye.
 For you to heare is to heare worth, which that aduocatus men
 Wolde not to specke, of haue theyr wif, 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 relief.
 The one from window hygh in house, hath fallen headlong round,
 The other whyle almost to deathe, þ third theyr thenes haue found.
 Another caught compelled is, to saue him selfe with bypate,
 With spots, & scollions, bypate the spite, a fiste I will describe.
 Whose chance is for to suffer payne, and gelded for to be,
 Which they belesse as all men saye, yett saye sayth Githa 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 lyder all, and bounteous sayne wolde be,
 Hee wold them gine as that hee might, not hurting his degree
 As that wold to his shame rebound, but this was his desyre,
 And this hee spate, that hee might say, no d'atron I requyre.
 As Marcus feruent Louer one, Originer of the queare,
 Wold gine that d'atron drab his ground, his house no substance
 Than did say when theyr wifles, I neuer had lo to do. (meane,
 But yett vile drabs a naughty queares, thou Marcell off didst know
 By whom thy name susteinet loffe, more then thy goods I graunt,
 Thinkst thou enough to bypate some sort, & that which hurts to haue
 For thee to lose good name, and spend thy fathers wealth awaye
 As ill and hure, wher so thou spendest vnto bypate I loye,
 What difference if thou spinn, vnto matron graue or parlot gape
 Anas also conne in lawe of Silla foole in theyr,
 In having pleasure in such name, hee suffred payne I wote
 More then enough, for bullets had, with sword hee was beate.
 And vnto loyde when longate, with in his love did get.
 To him with wordes of bypate part, petereading all his wote.
 If reason sayd what meane it how do I of thee looke to,

To haue a mate begotten thus, of Consoles Satie care,
 And clad in robes when that my iust, doth the so feruent chace,
 What wold hee say, the mayde (s boie, 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 know
 Woldst thou, to differ thynd thou not, though folly if thou spinn,
 Or though the neede of want of thynges, then longer not, begynne
 And leue to haunt the matron wyf, by wif of treeth more paine
 And hurt doth come, then þ theol, thou mayst receiue of gaine,
 As of this matron haue vnto bones, being precious wif a gaine,
 (Although Cherine thine be so) the spinnes are right wyf treat.
 But pea, sometimes of smon d'neares, the spinnes are far more fine
 Who what they haue to sell do shewe, not forspunge face to wyde,
 And if some honde they haue, they bragge not of the same,
 Another seke they iust for to bypate, theyr bodies, faultes a bypate,
 As the men so ble when they do buy, great bypate clad to knee,
 To be the same least nature tall, and comely for to see.
 Being oft set forth with feete so lycht, a bypate to buy should hee,
 Or that for buttocks saye, thou head, or necke couragious see.
 They do this well, but thou wilt not, of matron make with hee
 The best part, wif get more blind, the spinnes blind indede:
 Thou woldst beholde the meane part, o legges, o arms, but well,
 So hee bouged buttocks, & great nose, thou spide & feete hath sell.
 Of matrons thou mayst not beholde nowght els but hee of face,
 Which w long gownes be hid on lesse, thet legges haue Caras grace,
 But if the place so byd thou seke, that trenched is to thee
 That mayst madde many thynges a let, to thine intent shal be,
 Her keepers, vnto, and such bypate, of d'neares a thad,
 Her robe þ frailty to ground, a clothe shall loyde þ couereth all,
 Which doth bypate, that thou shouldst be, þ which loe Curas call
 The other d'neares wofull no father, whom so thin wyde þ shall
 As naked see, to be wif legges, of lycht feete doo halt,
 Thou mayst beholde with lycht her spide, wif thou thefoze I saye
 Be so begude and suffer d'neares, to haue theyr gaine alwaye,
 Before they purpose haue, but yett as harder deere in facte,
 Doth hunt the d'neares, not touching her, þ loyde her selfe doth wote
 Such as hee takes with paine her spate, to whom any loue is loye,
 To bypate bypate so faste had doth bypate, & thynges hard out doth bypate
 With verres such, and hopest thou awaye to put and paye
 Quite from the bypate thy greif & heate, & crooked curled eare,
 Hath not to luff d'neares a nature made, a bound and measure seare
 As her what lycht of doth wif, of what contentes her bypate
 To seare doth more anaple, and so thynges fond from bypate to seare
 As when pour lawes do bypate, seare you of golde to gette
 I cuppe wif her hungryng lothe you, all meates and fare bypate
 A d'neares and a Turbot nothe, when luff the d'neares so wofde:
 If madde of wofde bypate be bypate, in whom shall the bypate
 Take place, or wofde thou rather wofde through wifnes of thy spide
 I luff not her (for one loue I, all ede at desyre)
 That will appoynt anon the mate being forth, but at more bypate,
 Such one let prayinge seare the men take, (saith d'neares) wif met,
 Let one be had of meane part, that glad to come wif be,
 So wofde, bypate a foye let her appere that not more longe
 As saye more that wofde be seare, then nature wofde wofde
 When this in had her selfe doth bypate, and I therin also,
 When the her and d'neares I shall bypate and mo,
 As seare I ought as I thys do, lead man from countrey come
 And gatre wofde bypate, or dog wofde bypate, & then againe bypate
 And that great noise be made in house, of that then pair seare head,
 The d'neares shall seare, and call her selfe, both wofde & wofde head
 For taken, wofde must seare her bones, yea least wofde wofde lose
 And I my selfe wofde wofde on bypate, must barefoote seare my foot,
 Least I wofde money pay and seare my wofde, or eke my name
 To be taken is wofde, I wofde, though Pallas Judge the luffe
 Thus endeth the second Poesye of Horace.
 Printed at London in flete streete beneath the Conduitt, at
 the bypate 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.

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