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I.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.¹

By J. GEORGE ADAMI, M. A., M. D., F. R. S., Montreal.

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F a truth it is with a certain amount [285]

of trepidation that I bring before you my subject this evening. It is a border land subject—on the border land of medicine, on the border land, some may even think, of the proprieties. My hero in the first place was unheroic: nor was he even a medical man: the main achievement through which he deserves to be remembered by medical men was

what we now regard as a most commonplace matter of domestic hygiene: the work in which he announced his invention was not a sober scientific treatise, but, on the contrary, a squib of such questionable Elizabethan humor that Elizabeth herself instead of, as he delicately—or rather, indelicately—suggests, making him one of her Privy Council, banished him from court and he came perilously near prosecution by the Star Chamber. The subject may be said to savor of the unclean.

And yet, gentlemen, I protest that in making this almost

¹ Paper read before the Johns Hopkins Hospital Historical Club of Baltimore, April 13, 1908.

[285] apologetic preface I convict myself, and by implication you also, of a false modesty. The application of hydraulics to sanitation is as regards the welfare of the community a matter of the highest moment. There are things more inherently obscene which we write about and discuss freely in our medical societies without a thought of prudery: but this thing is so intimate a part of our every day life that it is difficult for us to separate its scientific from its every day aspect: we carry the feeling of "taboo"² with which custom and decency have invested it into the medical assembly. But if I am correctly informed there still exist districts in Baltimore in which it has not been installed, districts still burdened with back yard cess pools with, as a result, pollution of the air and an annual toll of infantile lives and enteric disease far above what ought to be. Here, therefore, it would still not be a work of supererogation to chant the praises of the water closet, or to trace the subject of the disposal of domestic ordure from ancient Nineveh with its well built shafts passing through the clay subsoil to the underlying porous sand; through Moses and his regulations for the camps of the children of Israel when in the wilderness,³ and other biblical allusions—that "very fat man" Eglon, King of Moab, who was supposed to be "covering his feet" in his summer chamber when he was lying dead with the dagger of Ehud the Benjamite, deep within him:⁴ or again the house of Baal that Jehu turned into a "draught house":⁵ through Rome with its public latrines or *sellæ*, and cloacæ so abundant that parts of the city appeared to be built over close [286] set water courses; through Pompeii with its *sterquilinia*, or seats with running water beneath; down to the era of patents: to the first patent by Alexander Cumming in 1775 through Bramah, famous for hydraulic devices, infamous for his pan closet of 1778, down to Jennings and Doulton and Mott and

² As an illustration of this "taboo" I may note that the Encyclopedia Americana does not give it a heading or recognition.

³ Deuteronomy, ch. 23, v. 12.

⁴ Judges, ch. 13, v. 24; see also I Samuel, ch. 24, v. 3.

⁵ II Kings, ch. 10, v. 27.

the host of perfected forms of the present day. I might from [286] the examples of Munich and other cities and their mortality and morbidity statistics trace the effects upon the well-being of the community of replacement of the abominable cess-pool by water disposal of ordure. Not that thereby I should teach you anything of which every one of you is not absolutely convinced already, but because possibly something of what I put before you might eventually filter down to the fathers of the city.

But I am going to do nothing of the kind.⁶ All that I want to do is to impress upon you that the subject of this evening's paper, Sir John Harington, deserves to be held in memory by medical men as the inventor of the first apparatus in which the disposal of ordure by water carriage was controlled by mechanical means. It is difficult for us now-a-days to realize what an advance this indicated in not merely the comfort and decency but also in the health and well-being of the household. It was a notable advance that for years, not to say centuries, gave England the supremacy in domestic hy-

⁶ Those interested will find a sedate and quaint disquisition on the latrines and sewage disposal of the ancients in a rare piece of Oxoniana which Dr. Osler was so good as to put at my disposal: A Philosophical | Dialogue | concerning | Decency | to which is added | a Critical and Historical Dissertation on | Places of Retirement for necessary occasions | together | with an account of the Vessels and Utensils | in use among the Ancients | being a Lecture read | before a Society of learned Antiquarians | by the Author | of the Dissertation on Barley Wine | London | Printed for James Fletcher in the Ture, Oxford; and sold | by J. and J. Rivington in St. Paul's church yard, London | MDCCLI. 4to. pp. 48.

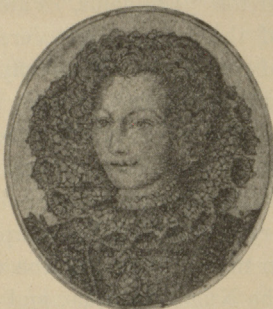
The author was Archdeacon Rolstone, a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. The work affords several examples of bizarre etymology and, with many wise, not a few remarkable deductions, as that the decadence of Rome dated from the time when it became the custom for the lasanophori to carry round silver and golden vessels at the feasts.

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[286] giene, even if during the last quarter of a century other civilized lands have made such rapid advance that now-a-days it may be questioned which actually leads. In France in 1750 it may be noted (my authority is Brockhaus' *Konversations Lexikon*) that water closets were known familiarly as "*lieux à l'Anglaise*" and even to the present day the English name for the apparatus, or the abbreviation of the same, is of international usage. Having said this, I want so far as possible to dismiss what I freely admit is not a congenial subject and to bring before you the inventor rather than his invention.

Some months ago I delivered an address upon an English provincial practitioner, Charles White, of Manchester, and Professor Welch writing to me about that article urged that it would be well for some one to take up other English provincial medical men of the eighteenth century, citing the able coteries of physicians and surgeons, not only in Manchester but also in such centers as Warrington (from which you at Johns Hopkins have recently obtained so interesting a medical library) and Bath. What I am about to place before you to-night is largely extracted from the work as I once thought—and still think, despite the *Dictionary of National Biography*—of a versatile Bath physician: of Henry Harington, M. A., M. D., physician in the first place, physician even to the Duke of York (that popular compound of Bishop of Osnaburg and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army), but yet more noted in his day and generation as a composer of glees, trios and other compositions sacred and profane, founder of the Bath Harmonic Society, Mayor of Bath, and author of a *Geometrical Analogy of the Doctrine of the Trinity*—in his versatility a worthy descendant of the subject of to-night's paper. Now it is quite true that the second volume of the first edition of the work in question—the *Nugæ Antiquæ*—published in 1775, is stated both on the title page and in the dedication to be compiled by Henry Harington, Junior, A. B., of Queen's College, Oxon. But the first and more important volume was published anonymously in 1769, when Henry Harington junior was but 14 years old. That a youth of 14 should not

merely compile, but publish the family papers is highly im- [286]
probable: nor during his father's lifetime would he be likely
to have in his possession (as the edi-
tor of that first volume states upon
page 4), so valuable a family heir-
loom as an engraved plate of her
portrait (said to have been) given
by the Princess Elizabeth to her at-
tendant Isabella Harington in 1554.
That first volume at least must have
been compiled by or under the direc-
tion of the father, Dr. Harington.



That this was so gains confirmation from the reproduction in it of an old melody by John Harington, Treasurer to the King's camps and buildings, which Henry VIII, Defender of the Faith and disperser of monks, used to sing when in a cheerful mood, being nothing less than the Black Sauntus, or Monks' "Hymn to Saunt Satane." The reproduction of this ancient canon would appeal to the mature musician of antiquarian tastes but scarce to a boy of 14.

The Harington Engraving of Queen Elizabeth. Reproduced from the original given as frontispiece to the first volume of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, first edition.

The *Nugæ Antiquæ* is a delightful jumble of oddments from the family papers, over a period of more than three centuries—royal grants to Sir James Harington in the fifteenth century, verses by John Harington primus, tractates by Sir John Harington, letters to and from various members of the family connection, speeches of Queen Elizabeth and others, petitions of prisoners in the Tower, orders in Council, papers bearing upon parliamentary elections in the seventeenth century—all printed in no sort of order. For the miscellaneous nature of the contents an apology is made in the preface to the second volume. Several, it is stated, were met with on examining old family books of which the same leaf might contain on the one side a letter of political intelligence, on the other an excellent Ointment for Kibed Heels or a sovereign Balsam for Broken Shins.

It was my good fortune to be led by a kindly fate, now long [287]
years ago, to enter at that Cambridge college which as its
bright and particular stars claims John Milton and Charles

287] Darwin. Their glory dims that of a galaxy of lesser lights of various virtues: John Leland the antiquary, Francis Quarles of the "Emblems," Paley of the "Evidences," C. S. Caverley of the inimitable "Verses and Translations," Walter Besant of the "Golden Butterfly"—to mention some of the more generally familiar names. It is a college that should be held in esteem here in Baltimore for to Johns Hopkins it gave Newall Martin. Now among these alumni was imputed Sir John Harington: indeed the latest biography, that in the Dictionary of National Biography, still so imputes him. Browsing, in my piety, among the works of these worthies I came across the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, and in this jumble the letters and papers bearing upon Sir John Harington revealed so spontaneous and entertaining a character that for long years I have delighted in him, and when your President invited me to speak before you, rather than select some more noted figure upon which to expatiate, it seemed to me that I should give you the greater delectation if I pictured him to you as he reveals himself in his writings. As I shall point out, this assignment of Harington to Christ's is a mistake, but it was as a Christ's man that I thus first learned to know him.⁷

There was in the service of King Henry VIII a certain John Harington, who occupied the minor but responsible⁸ position of treasurer of the King's camps and buildings. He was of good family, though landless: the family estates at

⁷ Let me add that rejoicing over my discovery I wrote an article upon Harington in the College Magazine. That magazine was from its nature ephemeral: I doubt if it had a circulation of more than 200 copies. Add to this that the article has become doubly buried, now that we know that Harington had no relationship to Christ's College. I have therefore had no compunction in plagiarising myself and in using that previous shorter study as a basis for this.

⁸ How responsible is suggested by the controverted episode of John Bradford the martyr. Bradford was at one time clerk under Harington: according to his biographers he exposed an attempted misappropriation by Harington of a large sum of money: according to Styrpe the historian, Bradford was the thief and Harington magnanimously covered his defalcations out of his own pocket. Apparently in those days as in these, "graft" was difficult to expose.

Exton, and the many manors in Lancashire, Yorkshire and [287] Westmoreland granted to his ancestor, Sir James Harington, by Edward IV in 1465, in recognition of his having taken Henry VI captive, became forfeited through the said Sir James unwisely attaching himself to the wrong side at Bosworth Field. But he was a man of no mean culture and evidently a pretty courtier: he had been instructed in music under Master Tallis, the first English composer of note, some of whose chants are still in use in the Anglican service, and could on occasion weave a melody or turn a graceful verse—and these gifts commended him to the King who, in 1546, gave him in marriage his natural daughter Esther or Ethelreda (by Joanna Dyngley or Dobson), endowing her at the time with the forfeited monastic estates of Bath Priory in Somersetshire. This Ethelreda died within a few years without issue, leaving her lands to her husband, who now, Henry being dead, attached himself to one whom our Catholic friends would term another natural daughter of the King's, namely, to the Princess Elizabeth. To her he remained faithful during the gloomy days of Queen Mary, occupying his time by falling in love with one of her six gentlewomen, Isabella, daughter of Sir John Markham of Cotham, in the process composing some lover's ditties which, as Ellis remarks,⁹ if rightly attributed to him, are for elegance of taste and artifice of style far in advance of contemporary effusions. The two were married in time to accompany their mistress into captivity in the Tower in 1554, Harington being in addition fined £1000 for conveying correspondence between his mistress and her friends. It is little wonder, therefore, that Elizabeth held this trusty pair in particular esteem and transferred her affection to their son born in 1561, whose godmother she became.

And thus our hero was launched into the world with fortune smiling upon him. His childhood was spent at Stepney and Kelston, the family estate near Bath. He went to school at Eton, under the walls of Windsor. It was there that he made his first efforts in verse,¹⁰ and while there Elizabeth sent

⁹ "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 5th ed., 1845, p. 139.

¹⁰ According to the "Apologie" prefacing his *Orlando Furioso*.

[287] to him in 1575 a very remarkable letter, which has not received, I think, the attention it deserves. "Boye Jacke," writes the Queen, "I have made a Clerke wryte faire my poore wordes for thyne use, as it cannote be such striplinges have entrance into Parliamente Assemplye as yet. Ponder theme in thy howres of leysure, and plaie wythe theme tyll they enter thyne understandinge; so shallt thou hereafter, perchance, fynde some good frutes hereof when thy god-mother is oute of remembraunce; and I do thys because thy father was readye to serve and love vs in trouble and thrall." Remembering the desire of her parliament and people that the question of succession should be settled, preferably by her marriage: remembering all that had passed in the previous years with one prince after another seeking her hand; remembering Leicester's present ascendancy¹¹ and the troubles to come, certain portions of this speech are very remarkable. "It cannot be denied," says Elizabeth, "but worldlie wisdom rather bad me marry and knitt my selfe in league and alliaunce with great Princes, to purchase freendes on every side by worldlie meanes, and there repose the trust of myne assured strengthe, where force colde neuer want to giue assistance. Was I to lacke¹² in that which mans judgment owtwardlie must needs be thought the saffest course? Noe; I can neuer graunte my selfe to be soe simple, as not to see what all mens eyes discouered." And later she states plainly, "I wolde not forsake that poore and single state to matche with the greatest Monarche; not that I doe condemne the double knott, or judge amisse of suche as forced by necessitye, cannot dispose themselves to another life; but wishe [288] that none were drawn to chaunge, but suche as cannot keepe honest limitts. Yet, for yowr behalfe, there is no waie so difficulte, that maie towche my priuat person, which I will not well content my selfe to take. But let good heed be taken, that, in reaching too farr after future good, youe perill

¹¹ This was the very year of Leicester's celebrated Masque, known to all readers of Kenilworth—fifteen years, it may be noted, after the death of Amy Robsart.

¹² The *Nugæ* gives this word as "seeke," but "lacke" affords the better sense.

not the present and beginn to quarrell, and fall by dispute [288] together by the eares, before it be decyded whoe shall weare my Crowne I trust, God will not in suche haste cutt of my daies, but that, according to youre owne desart and my desier, I maie provide some goode waie for your full securitie."

The more one ponders over this speech the more obvious it is that it contains the kernel of the policy of the Virgin Queen. It was advantageous that she should seem ready to make possible alliances by marriage, now here, now there, in order to weaken alliances by force against her; but she was determined to remain single, save as a last resort.

From Eton he went up to Cambridge, certainly at first, as I learn from the Master of Christ's, to the Eton foundation of King's College,¹³ apparently later to Trinity, for he speaks with the greatest respect of his relationship to Dr. Still, later Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was master of Trinity when Harington was at Cambridge. Writing 30 years later, he states that his tutor spoke of him as "the divine Still," and continues, "who when my selfe came to him to sue for my grace to be batchelour first he examined me strictly, and after answered me kindly that the grace he granted me was not of grace but of merit, who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presence, who from that time to this hath given me some helps, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies. To whom I never came but I grew more religious; from whom I never went but I parted better instructed."¹⁴ Reading Harington's account of the exemplary bishop it is impossible to believe that in his green salad days at Christ's he was—as popularly taught—the "Mr. S. Mr. of Art" who composed the second known English comedy, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." It is profane to attribute to him,

¹³ This gains support from the references in the Apologie to his Orlando Furioso, already noted, to his tutor, "Samuel Flemming of King's College in Cambridge"; "a grave and learned man, one of very austere life."

¹⁴ Nugæ Antiquæ, 1st ed., Vol. I, p. 22.

I love no roast but a nut brown toast
 And a crab laid in the fire
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I do not desire
 No frost, nor snow, nor wind, I trow
 Can hurt me if I wold.
 I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
 In jolly good ale and old.

With its rollicking chorus

Back and side go bare, go bare
 Both foot and hand go cold
 But belly, God send thee ale enough
 Or be it new or old.

and its intimate appreciation of the alcoholic anorexia:

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good,
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.

The present indications are that "Gammer Gurton's Needle" was first performed at Christ's College in 1559 and that "Mr. S." was a Mr. Stevenson.¹⁵ It is interesting that Still's connection with the College (he began his Cambridge career there) and Harington's praise of him were the cause of the latter's being regarded until the last few years as an alumnus of Christ's. Volume IX of the new series of "Notes and Queries" gives a list of a rich collection of Elizabethan plays which were in Harington's library—so abounding in Shakespeare's separate dramas as to make the mouth water. It is obvious thus that Harington was keenly interested in the stage, and when at the same time he had so keen an enjoyment of gossip about the Elizabethan bishops,¹⁶ it is scarce

¹⁵ Will. Stephenson, a Bachelor Fellow, superintended the College Plays in 1550 to 1553. He also made "songs for the quere." He was subsequently Prebendary of Durham. Will Stevenson (sic) is also recorded as Fellow in 1559 and 1561. Dr. Peile suggests that he is the same man re-elected after Mary's death (see Cambridge College Histories—Christ's College, by J. Peile, Litt. D., Master of the College, pp. 54 and 73).

¹⁶ He wrote for Prince Henry a most entertaining account of the state of the church in the Elizabethan era.

likely that he would have made no reference to Bishop Still's [288] dramatic adventure had there been any such.

His career in Cambridge was evidently being watched with interest, for in June, 1578 the great Lord Treasurer Burghley writes from court to "my good Jacke," thanking young Harington for his letters, "which I lik not for the praise thei giue me, but for the promise thei make me; that is, that you will continewe in your endeavour to gett vnderstandinge, without the which a man is lytle accompted of, and, in deed, can not tell truelie how to accompt of him self." The letter is a long and excellent essay upon the obtaining of knowledge, with a strong recommendation not to skip lectures. "For at a good lecture youe maie lerne, in an houre that (which) a good Teacher, perhapps, hath bene studyinge for a daie, and yourself, by readinge, shall not fynd oute in a moneth." And the letter ends, "Your fathers frende that loves you." But all this excellent advice did not prevent young Harington running into debt at the University and finding it necessary to write to an old friend of the family to intercede with his father to pay what was owing.

From Cambridge Harington went up to London and entered at Lincoln's Inn¹⁷ to study the law, but of that law we hear little: the court had greater attractions.

There is something of the morning of life about the Elizabethans. Above them towers the good solid Lord Treasurer Burghley, whom everybody trusted, full of the responsibilities of state, and rejoicing in faithful statecraft: he forms, as it were, the steady *bourdon* to the abundant fresh melody of the time. His very sureness seems to have left it to all, or [289] almost all the rest whom we know and admire, to conduct themselves like youthful giants, rejoicing in their strength, with a sense of power to undertake anything and everything, God's sunshine in their hearts and a "joie de vivre" that no succeeding generation has attained unto. To me Harington presents himself as the quintessence of that freshness and spontaneity with, it must be acknowledged, an exaggerated irresponsibility, the irresponsibility of the spoiled child of

¹⁷ In the "Metamorphosis" he describes himself as having been "a punie (puisne) of Lincoln's Inn."

[289] fortune. But he was not the mere butterfly courtier: with all his lightheartedness he was a keen observer, a steady student, an omnivorous reader, familiar with many languages. It is true that he was neither great nor glorious. Those living at courts do too often but minister to greatness: too often their glory is but reflected: nevertheless, the little that Harington has left behind him, most of it written without thought of publication, is of so admirable a quality that the reader cannot but wish that he had left more such excellent material to posterity.

Rapidly he appears to have established himself as a ready wit, a master of repartee and of epigram, there being included under that term not merely the epigram proper with the sting in its tail, but what we would now regard as occasional verse—*vers de société*. A considerable collection of these verses was published after his death, the fullest being in the third edition of the *Orlando Furioso* (1634): there is a Ms. collection of other verse in his handwriting in a copy of the *Orlando Furioso* in the Cambridge University Library, which had belonged to his mother-in-law, Lady Rogers. Two at least of the epigrams are widely known although not always correctly attributed. There is first his rendering of Martial's epigram:

The goodly haire that Galla weares
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears it is, and true she swears
For I know where she bought it.

and next that brilliant

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
Why; if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

So also we come across memorable lines here and there in verses which as a whole are of little present interest. Such are,

Books give not wisdom where was none before
But where some is, there reading makes it more.

And those opening lines of an address to his wife when they had been married 14 years:

"Two prentiships with thee I now have been,
Mad times, sad times, glad times our life hath seen."

Equally happy are such as the following address:

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TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTIE.

For ever dear, for ever dreaded Prince,
 You read a verse of mine a little since,
 And so pronounced each word and every letter,
 Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.
 Sith then your Highness doth, by gift exceeding
 Make what you read the better for your reading
 Let my poor muse your pains thus farre importune
 Like as you read my verse so—read my Fortune.

This last he signs "From your Highnesse' saucy Godson," and copies into his "Breefe Notes."¹⁸ He prefaces it there with the following remark: "(Essex) bids me lay goode holde on her Majestie's bountie, and ask freely. I will attende tomorrow, and leave this little poesie behind her cushion at my departing from her presence." In the same "Breefe Notes and Remembrances" is to be found this jotting: "The Queene stooode up and bade me reache forth my arme to rest her thereon. Oh, what swete burden for my next songe! Petrarcke shall eke out good matter for this business."

We hear nothing of Harington during the stirring times of the Armada, nor does he seem to have taken part in any of the continental expeditions of the years following its overthrow: nor again did a parliamentary career have any interest for him. Elizabeth in fact would seem to have acquired at most respect but little love for her parliament, nor would she willingly have seen her godson a member of that assembly.

He seems in short to have been one of those men of talent who wasted themselves in constant dallying around a fitful queen: a queen who nevertheless with all her fitfulness possessed to a remarkable degree the power of preserving the affection of her subjects, nay, more, of attracting and binding to herself the ablest among them and of guiding the ship of state aright. As the younger Cecil writes to Harington after her death¹⁹ she was "more than a man and in troth, some-

¹⁸ These "Breefe Notes" are given in the 1804 reprint, edited by T. Park, F. S. A., but not in the first edition of the *Nugæ*.

¹⁹ Letter from Sir Robert Cecil to Harington, 1603.

[289] tyme less than a woman," and as Harington himself describes her: "When she smiled it was a pure sunshine that every one did chuse to baske in, if they could, but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike. I never did fynde greater show of understandinge and lerninge than she was bleste with." ²⁰

[290] Thus it was that the brightest men of the time collected at her court, subjected themselves humbly to each outburst of her more-than-feminine irrationality and held themselves to have gained the object of highest ambition if perchance the Queen deigned to smile upon some well turned sonnet, or to

²⁰ This is but the concluding portion of a very full study of Elizabeth's character in a letter to his cousin, Robert Markham, in 1606. It begins: "I marvell to thynke what strange humors do conspire to patch up the natures of some myndes. The elements do seem to strive which shall conquer and rise above the other. In good soothe, our late Queen did enfolde them all together Hir mynde was oftime like the gentle aire that comethe from the westerly pointe in a summers morn; twas sweete and refreshinge to all arounde her. Her speech did winne all affections, and hir subjects did trye to shewe all love to hir commandes; for she would saye hir state did require her to commande what she knew hir people woude willingly do from their owne love to hir. Herein did she showe hir wysdome fullie; for, Who did chuse to lose hir confidence; or Who woude wythholde a shewe of love and obedience when their Souereign said it was their own choice and not hir compulsion? Surely she did plaie well hir tables to gain obedience thus wythout constraint; again she coud pute forthe suche alteracions, when obedience was lackinge, as leftte no doubtynges whose daughter she was Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to saye the Queene did fishe for mens souls, and had so sweet a baite that no one coude escape hir network.

I have seen her smile, soothe with great semblance of good likinge, to all arounde, and cause everie one to open his moste inwarde thought to her; when on a sudden, she woud ponder in pryvate on what had passed, write down all their opinions, draw them out as occasion required, and sometyme disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence she knew every ones parte, and by thus fishing, as Hatton sayede, she caught many poor fishe, who little knew what snare was laid for them."

receive with approval some choice euphuistic address wherein [290] flattery was applied as it were the best butter laid on by a subtly wielded malt shovel.

What this court life was is evidenced throughout Harington's notes and correspondence: the pageants: the elaborate dress: the costly offerings that it was the custom to present to Elizabeth, with little return from this descendant of Henry VII: the rivalries and jealousies: the strange admixture of strong religious feeling and very open speaking: the queenly or rather unqueenly rebuffs, and withal something in that Queen that is royal and dominant and great. It was a strange court. Take for instance this little insight into its ways: "The queene loveth to see me in my last frize jerkin, and saithe 'tis well enoughe cutt.' I will have another make liken to it. I do remember she spitt on Sir Matthew's fringed clothe, and said, 'the foole's wit was gone to ragges.' Heaven spare me from such jibinge."

Or again this piece of ineffectual self-communing: "In August I was much troublede at sundrie grievences from divers menne in high state: but envie doth haunte manie and breed jealousye. I will bid adieu to good companie, and leave sueing and seeking at courte: for it I have no more frends at Heavens courte than at this I shall beginne to thinke somewhat of breefe damnation." And again in a similar strain regarding one of these men in high state: "I will write a damnable storie and put it in goodlie verse about Lord A. (? the Lord Admiral Howard, Earl of Nottingham). He hathe done me some ill turnes. God keepe us from lyinge and slander worke."

It must indeed be admitted that Harington was not the perfect courtier. He had too keen a sense of the humor of it all, and evidently, if we can draw any conclusions from his letters, a tongue too ready to express that sense of humor. No wonder if he shocked those to whom the pomp and pageantry of the court was a very real means to an end.

In 1584 Harington married the daughter of Sir George Rogers²¹ of Cannington, one of his Somersetshire neighbors,

²¹ Son of Sir Edward Rogers who was Elizabeth's first "controller of the household."

[390] and by her he had eight children. His married life, judging from the letters of husband and wife, was a happy one, although, as many an epigram shows, the mother-in-law, Lady Rogers, was a veritable thorn in the side. Marriage, however, did not mean neglect of court, although he now busied himself in building or rebuilding the house of Kelston and spent in the process more than he could well afford. The year 1691 saw the publication of his most considerable poetic effort. He had translated and circulated in manuscript the story of Giacondo from the XXVIIIth book of Orlando Furioso, and by chance this came to the notice of the Queen, who as a punishment for his having circulated among her ladies-in-waiting not the most creditable of Ariosto's tales, commanded his absence from court until he had translated the whole. It was a paradoxical punishment, nor is it perhaps surprising that the work shows sign of haste: nevertheless, it was very popular, passing through two editions during his lifetime and a third in 1634. Few, I think, in these novel-reading days, will find this interminable chain of tales and marvellous adventures anything but flat and insipid; but the versification is smooth and in general not forced, save in what is its main interest, namely, the use of the *terza rima*, which for all his cleverness Harington could not popularize: it is unsuited to the genius of the English language; it has an artificial effect. In the history of English printing the book has, if I am not mistaken, the distinction of being the first work illustrated throughout with copper engravings. The frontispiece from which the portrait of Harington is taken ^{21a} is signed by William Rogers, the first Englishman known to have practiced the art. To him, I doubt not, we owe the engraving of Elizabeth already referred to and reproduced.

In the following year the Queen, while on one of her royal progresses, paid him a visit at Kelston: that same year he was made High Sheriff of his county and now he may be said to have reached the hey-day of his prosperity. His new house besides costing him more than he could afford, and

^{21a} Given as an initial letter at the beginning of this paper.

running him into the expense of a royal entertainment, con- (290)
 tained that which, while it has brought him posthumous
 fame, was the cause of his temporary undoing. Briefly, to
 make that house more perfect he invented and installed a
 water closet, and in 1596 he described and illustrated his
 invention in pamphlet under the title, "A New Discourse
 Upon a stale Subject called the Metamorphosis of Ajax,"²²
 issued under the pseudonym of "Misacmos"; upon which
 came a succession of anonymous pamphlets—"Ulysses upon
 Ajax," "An Anatomie of the Metamorphosed Ajax," and
 "An Apologie (1), or Rather a Retraction (2), or Rather a
 Recantation (3), or Rather a Recapitulation (12), or
 Rather none of them."

I have looked through the first of these. What perhaps is
 its most striking feature is the wide and varied reading that
 it discloses; the power, somewhat akin to that of Sterne of
 later days, of recondite reference; the simultaneous parade
 and parody of scholarship. But I have to confess that it (291)
 leaves the impression of rather poor wit. There is the inevi-
 table quotation from Rabelais (or, as he is termed, Rables),
 but nothing that I can see broader or more indecent than
 was commonly both printed and to be heard and evidently en-
 joyed in the playhouses of the era. Most wit, it may be
 urged, is of the topical, allusive, type, and so is elusive
 to another generation or community: those on this conti-
 nent, for example, cannot, in general, for this very cause,
 appreciate "Punch." I was horrified the other day, taking
 up what I remembered with delight and had regarded as an
 established classic, and beginning to read "Alice in Won-
 derland" to my youngster, to find how many of its good
 points were to him pointless. And that inevitably. He had
 had a different education from the ordinary English child:
 the parodies to him were merely nonsense verses: all their
 allusiveness and their main humor was as if it had never
 been; and so with many of the allusions to tags of school
 teaching, such as is doled out to English youth. Most
 of the quips, therefore, of the "Metamorphosis," doubtless

²² Ajax = a jakes.

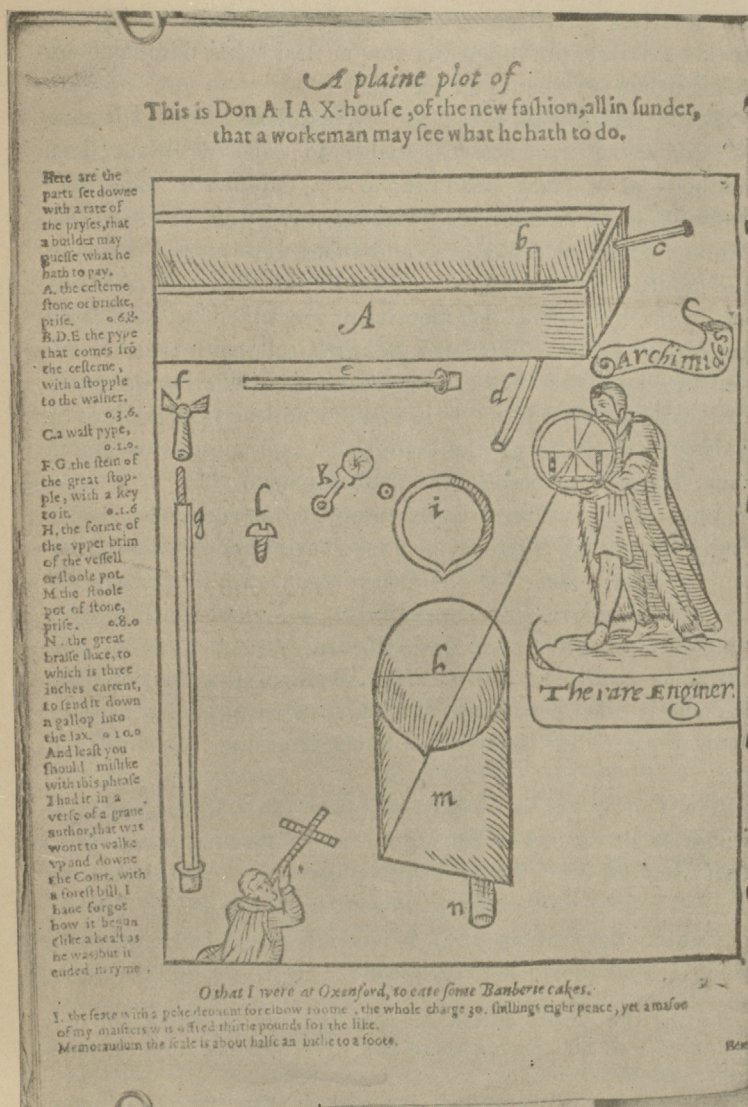
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[291] fall flat upon the modern reader. But it would seem that the work was not in itself and for itself regarded as offensive, save for a suspected innuendo directed against the (second) Earl of Leicester. This it was that led to the danger of a Star Chamber prosecution, warded off through Elizabeth's instrumentality. Regarding the invention it may be noted that as indicated by the illustration, it consisted of a cistern with overflow pipe, a discharge pipe of generous dimensions, permitting a rapid and full flush, such as only within the last few years has again been recognized as essential, and a valve, a plug-like apparatus controlling the discharge. The Queen herself would seem, eventually if not throughout, to have taken the work in good spirit, and verses in the collection of 1634 indicate that she instructed that a water closet after Harington's design be installed in the palace at Richmond, and what is more, sent her thanks to Harington for the invention.²³ Nevertheless, it would seem that for months Harington deemed it advisable not to appear at court, and we hear little about him until the time of Essex's disastrous Irish campaign against Tyrone, in 1699, to which he was attached as master of horse under the Earl of Southampton. There are indications that prior to the ill-fated expedition Harington was known to and liked by Essex, although he cannot be said to have belonged to his faction. The government would seem to have thought it politic to have on the staff one firmly attached to the Queen's interests. From the instructions received prior to his departure it is evident that Essex was regarded with mistrust, not only by Sir Robert Cecil,²⁴ and the dominant court party, but even by Elizabeth herself. Harington was commanded to keep and forward to the Queen a full journal of all that he observed, and this was to be done with the utmost secrecy: further, influential

²³ Thus the 44th Epigram is addressed to the Ladies of the Queen's Privy Chamber at Richmond, and accompanying it was "The Booke hanged in chaines" and the 52d is addressed "To the Queene when she was pacified and had sent Misacmos thanks for the invention."

²⁴ Second son of Lord Burghley, who was subsequently appointed Commissioner to try the Earl of Essex for leaving Ireland, and later made Earl of Salisbury by James I.

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Working plan of the parts of Harington's water closet reproduced from a copy of the "Metamorphosis" in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. For this I am indebted to C. Sayle, Esq., of the Cambridge University Library. The accompanying figure showing the parts put together is of no particular merit.

[291] friends wrote urging him to beware lest his relations with the Lord Deputy should appear too intimate: relatives, with the relatives' privilege of direct language, wrote urging him to keep a restraint upon his tongue lest "his damnable uncovered honesty should spoyle all."

But brilliantly as Essex had accomplished the cutting out at Cadiz, he was utterly unable to cope with the Irish methods of warfare. He was not a Cromwell. The campaign dragged itself along without any clear advantage accruing: slight successes here and there were more than counterbalanced by the defeat of small detached bodies of his troops, each defeat being more than magnified by Essex's detractors at home. The Lord Deputy's sole consolation would seem to have lain in the large indulgence in his prerogative, [292] in knighting his officers. He created no less than 81 knights during the course of the inglorious campaign, and among them Harington received the doubtful honor.²⁵

When in the autumn Essex completed a truce with Tyrone and rushed back to court, he took Harington with him, possibly with the idea that the Queen's godson might be able to secure him a favorable reception. If so, he was bitterly mistaken. With advancing age Elizabeth's temper was becoming more and more violent. The death of Burghley in 1598 had sorely tried her:²⁶ him she had trusted implicitly: no one could replace him: no one had like restraining influence upon her.

The Queen was in a fury with her Lord Deputy and the whole Irish business: Harington never forgot his reception that September, "When I did come into hir presence she chaffed much, walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, catched my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no

²⁵ After the defeat of the Armada Howard of Effingham only knighted five, and among those five were Thomas Howard, Hawkins, and Frobisher.

²⁶ In a letter to Sir Hugh Portman in that year Harington, writing of the Lord Treasurer who was at Bath taking the waters, reports that his distemper did marvellously trouble the Queen "who saith that her comfort hath been in her peoples happiness, and their happiness in his discretion."

Queen, that Man is above me; Who gave him commande to [292] come here so soon? I did send hym on other busynesse."²⁷ She then bade Harington go home: he "did not stay to be bidden twise. If all the Iryshe rebles had been at my heeles, I should not have made better speede." After reading the journal which Harington had kept she swore they were all idle knaves, and the Lord Deputy worse, and she accused Harington of having gone for his knighthood.

Once more then Harington was in disfavor, this time from no fault of his own. Apparently judging from a letter to Sir Anthony Standen he ventured to court again in February, this time with a shade more success. "After I had been there but an hour, I was threatened with the Fleet; I answered poetically, that coming so late from the land-service I hoped I should not be prest to serve in her Majesty's fleet in Fleet-Street But I had this good fortune that, after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and gracious audience in the Withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge and witness, I was cleared and graciously dismissed." But through the ensuing months of Essex's disgrace and rebellion he appears to have kept away from court, although characteristically shortly before the end he adventured to visit the prisoner in the Tower, once if not twice. His description of the fallen favorite is striking. "I was entrusted (by Essex) with a message to the Queen's Majestie setting forthe his contrition and sore grievance for his manie offences. I was righte glad to hear such contrition, but ere I coude beare these tydings (which I was well advysede to do) the Earle's petition reached her hand and I feared her displeasure." And so he took no active steps. "I said Charitie did begin at home and shoud alwaies sayle with a fair winde, or it was not likelie to be a prosperous voyage I had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast in my late venture, as I tolde the Queene." "I have heard much on bothe handes but the wiser is he who reporteth nothing hereof. In my last

²⁷ Letter to Mr. Robert Markham, 1606.

[292] discourse he uttered strange wordes borderinge on such strange desygns that made me hasten further and leave the presence." Harington could only conclude that "ambition thwarted in its career dothe speedily leade on to madnesse." To judge from his account Essex in those last days was not responsible. "Thank Heaven," he says, "I am safe at home and if I go into such troubles again I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool." Only in October, 1601, after the execution of Essex do we hear of another visit, and gain a brilliant picture of the failing Queen, still more broken by the death of her old time favorite. Thus he writes to Sir Hugh Portman: "Much was my comfort in being well received, notwithstanding it is an ill hour for seeing the Queen. The madcaps are all in riot and much evil threatened. In good soothe I feared her Majestie more than the Rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my Lord of Essex's honor of knighthood. She is quite disfavored and unattird and these troubles waste her muche. She disregardeth every costlie cover that cometh to table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. Every new message from the city doth disturb her, and she frowns on all the Ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my Lord Buckhurst (Sackville, the joint author of *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy and that in blank verse—another of these astounding Elizabethans playing many parts—now Lord Treasurer in succession to Burghley), namely, thus: 'Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home: it is no season now to foole it here.' I liked this as little as she dothe my knighthood, so took to my bootes and returned to the plow in bad weather. I must not say much even by this trustie and sure messenger, but the many plots and designs hath overcome all her Highness' sweet temper. She walks much in her privie chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage. My Lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else since the city business, but the dangers are over and yet she always keeps a sword by her table."

In another letter of this period he states: "The Queen was reduced to a skeleton: altered in her features: her taste for dress gone: nothing pleased her: she stamped and swore

violently at the ladies of the court, whom she tormented beyond measure."

Late in December, 1602, Harington writes from court to his wife. "Sweet Mall," he writes, "I herewith send thee what I would God none did know, more ill bodings for the realm and its welfare. Our deare Queene, my royal god-mother, and the States natural mother doth now bear show of human infirmitie, too faste for the evill which we shall get by her dethe, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her release from paine and miserye.

"Nowe, on my owne parte, I cannot blote from my memories table the goodness of our Sovereigne Ladie to me, even (I will saie) before borne; her affectione to my mother who waited in privie chamber, her betteringe the state of my father's fortune (which I have alas! so much worsted), her watchings over my youthe, her likinge to my free speech and admiration of my little lernynge and poesy, which I did so much cultivate on her commande, have rootede suche love, suche dutyfull remembraunce of her princelie virtues, that to turne askante from her condition with tearlesse eyes would staine and foule the springe and founte of gratitude."

Altogether it is a pathetic picture, this of the twilight of Elizabeth. Witness this little note regarding one of his last audiences. The Queen had made enquiries about some of his recent verses and Harington, "to feede her humoure," read them to her, "whereat she smilede once and was pleased to saie: 'When thou doste feele creeping tyme at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee lesse; I am paste my relishe for such matters: thou seest my bodilie meate dothe not suite me well; I have eaten but one ill tastede cake since yesternighte.'" Poor old Queen! Bereft of steadfast support when with advancing age and heavy infirmity she most needed it, feeling her impotence, recognizing, as she must, that those surrounding her were full of thought concerning not herself but that successor she so hated to contemplate: her very impatience and temper over these things estranging that court.

That Harington loved the old Queen there is no doubt: the affection shines through all he writes about her. Nevertheless, he was a courtier and with the others he had to pre-

[293] pare for the future. It is a politic but not a pleasant episode. At this very period we find him writing a tract upon the succession to the crown,²⁸ showing that James of Scotland was from all considerations the right and the acceptable heir to the throne—while to make assurance doubly sure he sent a Christmas gift to James at Christmas, 1602, of which the following is a partial description:

A dark lantern made of four mettels, gold, silver, brass and iron. The top of it was a crowne of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume pan. There was within it a shield of silver embost, to give a reflexion to the light, on the one side of which was the sunne, the moone and vii starres, on the other side, the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by a king of Scots, (David II) that was prisoner in Nottingham. . . .

The word was that of the good theife.

"Domine, memento mei cum veneris in regno"

And a little beneath "Post crucem, lucem," etc.

This was accompanied by descriptive verses.²⁹ The acknowledgment by James is characteristic:

To our Trusty and Weill belovede Sir Johne Haringeton, Knight. Ryhte trustie and welbelovite Frinde, we greete you heartily weill. We have raissavit your lanterne, with the poesie yow sende us be owr servande, Williame Hunter, gevinge yow hairtie thanks; as lykewayse for yowr laste letter quhawin we persaife the continuance of yowr loyall affectione to us and yowr servyce; we shall not be unmyndefule to extende owr princelie favoure heirafter to yow and yowr perticulers, at all guid occasions. We committe yow to God.

James R.

From our courte at Hally ruid
Howse, April the Thyrde, 1603.

When, therefore, we find jotted down in the "Breefe Notes" after the Queen's death: "Kelston, 1603. Here wyll I reste my troublede mind, and tende my sheepe like an Arcadian swayne, that hathe loste his fair mistresse: for in soothe, I have loste the best and faireste love that ever shep-

²⁸ Published by Sir Clement Markham, Roxburghe Club, 1880.

²⁹ These are preserved in the University Library, Edinburgh, and are given in the 1804 edition of the "Nugae."

herde knew," we cannot help feeling that the shepherd was [293] not wholly Arcadian in his simplicity.

Nevertheless, the change from the capable if domineering Queen to the pedagogue of a king, with all the pedagogue's besetting sins, was too great for Harington to stomach. He made the effort, but possessing neither youth nor personal charm he did not attract James nor did James and his court appeal to him. This is abundantly evident in his description of the first audience with the king as described in a letter to his cousin, Sir Amyas Paulet:³⁰

It behoveth me now to recite my Journal respectyng my gracious commande of my Sovereigne Prince, to come to his closet: which matter as you so well and urgentlie desyer to heare of, I shall, in suchwyse as suitethe myne beste abilitie, relate unto you, and is as followethe: When I came to the presence chamber, and had gotten goode place to see the Lordlie attendants, and bowed my knee to the Prince; I was orderede by a specyal messenger, and that in secrete sorte, to waite a whyle in an outwarde chamber, whence in near an houre waitinge, the same knave ledde me up a passage, and so to a smale roome where was good order of paper, inke, and pens, put on a boarde for the Princes use. Soon upon this, the Prince his Highness did enter, and in much goode humour askede if I was cozen to Lorde Haryngton of Exton? I humblie repliede, His Majestie did me some honour in enquiringe my kin to one whome he had so late honourede and made a Barone: and moreover did adde, wee were bothe branches of the same tree. Then he enquiryrede muche of (my) lernynge, and showed me his owne in such sorte, as made me remember my Examiners at Cambridge aforetyme. He soughte much to knowe my advances in philosophye, and utterede such profounde sentences oute of Aristotle, and such lyke wryters, which I had never reade, and which some are bolde enoughe to saye others do not understand: but this I must passe by. The Prince did nowe presse my readinge to him part of a canto in Ariosto, praysede my utterance, and said he had been informede of manie as to my learninge, in the tyme of the Queene. He asked me, What I thoughte pure witte was made of; and whom it did beste become? Whether a kinge shoulde not be the beste clerke in his owne countrie, and, if this lande did not entertayne

³⁰ This letter gains an added interest when it is remembered that Sir Amyas' father had been one of the jailers of Mary Queen of Scots, and was intimately concerned, along with Secretary Davison in the matter of the order for her execution.

[293] good opinion of his lernynge and good wisdom? His Majestie did much presse for my opinion touchinge the power of Satane in the matter of witchcraft; and askede me with much gravitie, If I did trulie understand why the Devil did worke more with anciente women than others? I did not refraine from a scurvey jeste, and even said (notwithstandinge to whome it was saide) that we were taughte hereof in Scripture, where it is tolde that [294] the Devil *walketh in dry places*. His Majestie, moreover, was pleased to saie much and favouredlye, of my good report for merthe and good conceite: To which I did covertlie answer, as not willinge a subjecte shoulde be wiser than his Prince, nor even appeare so. More serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wantede roome to continue, and sometime roome to escape: for the Queene his mother was not forgotten, nor Davison neither. His Highness tolde me her dethe was visible in Scotlande before it did really happen, being, as he said, spoken of in secrete by those whose power of sighte presentede to them a bloodie heade dancinge in the aire. He then did remarke muche on this gifte, and said he had soughte out of certain bookes a sure waie to attaine knowledge of future chances. Hereat he namede many bookes, which I did not knowe, nor by whom written, but advised me not to consult some authors which woulde leade me to evil consultations; I tolde his Majestie, the power of Satan had, I much fearede, damagede my bodilie frame: but I had not farther will to cownte his friendship for my soules hurte. We next discoursed somewhat on Religion, when at length he saide: "Now, Sir, you have seen my wisdom in some sorte, and I have pried into yours. I praye you, do me justice in your reporte, and, in good season, I will not fail to add to your understandinge, in such pointes as I may find you lacke amendemente." I made courtesie hereat and withdrewe downe the passage, and out at the gate amidst the manie uarlets and Lordlie servantes who stood arounde. Thus you have the historie of your neighboures highe chaunce and entertainente at Cowrte; more of whiche matter, when I come home to my owne dwellynge, and talk these affaires in a corner. I muste presse to silence hereon, as otherwyse all is undone. I did forget to tell that his Majestie muche askede concerninge my opinion of the newe weede Tobacco, and said it woud, by its use, infuse ill qualities on the braine, and that no lernede man ought to taste it, and wished it forbidden. I will nowe forbear further exercise of your tyme, as Sir Robertes man waiteth for my letter to beare to you, from,

Your olde Neighbour, Friend and Cosine,

I. HARINGTON.

But James did what Elizabeth had not done, he made him a Knight of the Bath, giving him also apparently some sort of

supervision over the education of his eldest son, Prince [294] Henry, whose early promise was cut short by death as he was entering manhood. There are extant several letters and essays written to or on behalf of the Prince. It would seem, though, that the latter years of Sir John Harington were overclouded with debt and the sense of ill success. We hear rumors of violent quarrels with his mother-in-law over money matters; of forcible seizure by him of her effects: rumors of law suits and even of imprisonment: of sale of an estate to provide the necessary means. Possibly the need to provide for a large family, made it necessary that he should don his "clouted shoes" and "frize" and "gamoshes," and tend his "oves and boves" at Kelston. The old Elizabethan belief that he could accomplish everything showed itself amusingly in 1605, when upon the death of Archbishop Loftus, Chancellor of Ireland, he wrote to Cecil urging that his study of and sympathy with the Irish people, and his own character, would make him an eminently suitable successor, urging further that he might also be given the Archbishopric: that it was wise to unite the temporal and spiritual power!

The next and almost the last incident in his career has a peculiar interest for us as medical men. Everyone, I take it, knows about the *Regimen Sanitatis* or *Flos Medicinæ* of Salerno—throughout the middle ages and even through the Tudor period, the most popular domestic manual upon the preservation of health. Up to the year 1835 Choulant²¹ gives a list of 119 editions of the Latin text (of which 21 are incunabula), 33 editions of German translations, 14 of French, 9 English, 9 Italian, 3 Bohemian and 1 Dutch. Nor is this complete. That the work should have been popular in England is suggested by its opening lines: "Anglorum regi scribit Schola tota Salerni."

I doubt not that Dr. MacCallum in his discussion before this Society entered into the claims of the unfortunate Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, and dis-

²¹ *Handbuch der Bücherkunde für die ältere Medicin*, reproduced with additions by Renzi, *Collectio Salernitana*, Vol. I, 1852, p. 419.

[294] possessed of the throne by his younger brother Henry, to be considered as the courtesy king here referred to.³²

Sir Alexander Croke³³ notices five editions of Thomas Paynel's Regiment of Helthe, namely, of 1530 and 1541 (printed by Berthelet), 1557 and 1575 (printed by Vele or Veale), and 1597. Choulant only notices three (1530, 1541 and 1583). If Choulant is correct regarding the existence of a 1583 edition then there were at least six renderings prior to 1600. But, as shown by the 1541 edition brought before you, these are translations at most of Arnaldo di Villanova's commentary: the text is given in the original Latin. The translations of the text, if I mistake not, only appear after 1600 and then appropriately in verse. For it must be remembered that the Regimen is written in leonine verse—in rhymed hexameters: rhymed in order that they might the more easily be committed to memory. Time forbids that I should dwell upon the rhymed Latin verse of the middle ages, sacred and profane.³⁴ Sir Alexander Croke, already referred to, gives examples of 30 or more forms of rhymed hexameters, from the simpler forms encountered in the Regimen up to cases in which all the words of both lines in following verses rhyme together ("undique relato"), as in the following instance of appalling ingenuity:

Plura precatura pura, cura valitura,
Cura mansura procura jura futura.

And the first and the freest of these rhymed English translations was that by Harington.³⁵ Here again there is some

³² He is known to have visited Salerno in 1096 or 1098: the tradition is that on his return from the Holy Land in 1100, the year of his brother William the Second's death, he revisited Salerno, to be cured of a fistula which followed upon a deep arrow wound.

³³ Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum, Oxford, Talboys, 1830.

³⁴ Needless to say that the choicest examples of the former are to be found in the Breviary and perhaps needless to refer to John Addington Symonds' delightful cull of the best examples of the latter—the Goliardisms of the *Vagi clerici*—in his "Wine, Woman and Song," of which Mosher has published so admirable a reprint.

³⁵ The late Bishop Creighton, author of the article upon Harington in the Dictionary of National Biography refers mistakenly to this work as a rhymed version of certain aphorisms of Cardan.

doubt regarding the number of editions, a doubt which in the [294] time at my disposal I have found it impossible to clear up. There are copies in the British Museum and the Bodleian (which I have not seen), but none at Cambridge, at the Surgeon General's Library, the Astor and Lenox libraries of New York, nor again at the College of Physicians in Philadelphia. It is always an evidence of popularity of a sixteenth or seventeenth century work when, despite numerous editions, scarce an example has survived: it means that the copies were so well thumbed that they became disreputable, and banished from the shelves. The first edition was published anonymously and Croke who reproduces it was ignorant of the authorship.³⁶

Some old notes of mine mention an edition of 1608. There certainly was one in 1609 (given by both Croke and Choulant), another printed at Gateshead for the widow Helme in 1617 (Croke), and yet another printed by Dowe in London in 1624. These two last contained also, if I mistake not (for Croke is confused upon the point), a translation of the *De Conservanda Valetudine* of Ransovius.

In 1609, according to Croke, appeared a second rhymed translation, also anonymous, that of Dr. Philemon Holland, with reprints in 1617, 1624, 1634, 1649 and 1667.³⁷ It is safe to say, therefore, that prior to 1700 there were at least

³⁶ The | Englishman's | Docter | or | the Schoole of Salerne | or | Physicall observations for the perfect | Preserving of the Body of man in | continuall Health | London | Printed for John Helme and John Busby, Jun. | and are to be sold at the little shoppe | next Clifford's Inn gate, in Fleet | Street 1607.

The publisher in his preface says "It came to me by chance, as a jewelle that is found The author of the paines (? poem) is to me unknowne, and I put this child of his into the open world without his consent."

³⁷ Croke states that the 1634 edition is signed R. H. (Richmond Holland) and that the preface attributes the work to his father, Dr. P. Holland. The copy of the 1634 edition at Philadelphia has preface signed by R. H. with no reference to the authorship. It is the 1649 edition (also at Philadelphia) signed H. H., φ. F. (? Philemonis Filius), Londinopolitanus, and addressed to Sir Simon d'Ewes that refers to "my deceased learned father, Dr. Holland, his many emendations and additions."

[295] five reproductions of the original text in England and 10 (probably more) editions of rhymed versions.

I have entered into this bibliography of the Regimen to indicate that there is ample room for a thorough study of the English editions. I must not neglect to mention the latest excellent rhymed version of Dr. Ordranax, of New York, published by Lippincott in Philadelphia in 1870 (quarto), and 1871 (octavo).

But of all these the most spirited is beyond doubt that of Sir John Harington, as witness this translation of:

Si tibi deficient Medici, medici tibi fiant
Hæc tria: mens læta, requies, moderata diæta.
Use three physitians still, first doctor Quiet,
Next doctor Mery-man, and doctor Diet.

The translation it must be owned is free, but the spirit is well caught.

For water and small beare we make no question
Are enemies to health and good digestion;
And Horace in a verse of his rehearses,
That water drinkers never make good verses.²⁸

And it must be confessed that there are additions to suit the times which may still appeal to Baltimorians, although rumor has it that the stock of the latter wine is running sadly low both here and in Philadelphia:

Canary and Madera, both are like
To make one leane indeed (but wot you what)
Who say they make one leane wold make on laffe
They meane, they make one leane upon a staffe.

This I find reprinted in the Epigrams. It may, however be regarded as an expansion of the commentary: "That whyte wyne is weaker than other wyne apperethe by this that Galen saythe: It is impossible that whyte wine shulde greatly enflame any man. And he sayth, whyte wyne en-

²⁸ Line 221. Absit ab humano pectore potus aquæ.

Line 246. Potus aquæ sumptus fit edenti valde nocivus
Hinc friget stomachus, crudus et inde cibus.

Line 255. Grossos humores nutrit cerevisia, vires
Præstat, et augmentat carnem, generatque cruorem
Provocat urinam, ventrem quoque mollit et inflat.

flameth or heateth leaste of all wyne. Whiche thyng is [295] trewe if one wyll make comparison betweene whyte wyne and redde of one countre growyng, and none other wyse. For the redde wyne of France are not so hotte, nor yet so stronge as the whyte wyne of some other countre. And therefore the comparyson muste be made bytwene the wyne of one maner and countre, and whyte wyne nourishethe less than other wyne.³⁹

With this last important work let us leave Harington; for there is little more known about his later years, save that he died in 1612.

But what a strange life it was, what a strange mixture this favorite godson of the great Elizabeth—wit, courtier, master of horse, poet, translator of the School of Salerne, would-be archbishop—and inventor of the water closet. "I marvell," says Harington, "to thynke what strange humors conspire to patch up the natures of some myndes."

Perhaps, gentlemen, invited to come all this way, it had been a more fitting response to your courtesy had I chosen some more serious text, some less unheroic hero. And yet just as it is pleasant to wander off the commonplace and dusty high road into some side path among the fields and through the coppice, so has it been a delight to explore this bye way that strikes so far off from the main road of medical history. If I have conveyed to you a tithe of the pleasure that the excursion has afforded me then am I amply repaid.⁴⁰

³⁹ Paynel—The Regiment of Helthe, 1541 edit., pp. 20 and 21.

⁴⁰ A visit to Washington made after delivering the above address shows us that happily my statement regarding the absence of any copy of Harington's "Schole of Salerne" in the larger libraries of this continent is incorrect. The Surgeon-General's library possesses the 1624 edition printed by Thomas Dewe (not Dowe) in which the authorship is acknowledged. It contains further the 1535 (Berthelet), 1541 (do.), 1557 (Vele), 1575 (Veale), and 1597 (T. Crede) editions of Paynel's "Regiment," together with the 1617 (B. Alsop), 1634 (Alsop and Fawcet), and 1649 (B. Alsop) editions of Philemon Holland's rendering.

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